THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

Poetry.

caressing gesture ;

" Gals are funny critters."

feed me."

a moment.

"Yes, sir."

AN ANSWERED PRAYER. "O, give me a message of quiet,"

I asked in my morning prayer; " For the turbulent trouble within me Is more than my heart can bear. Around there is strife and discord. And the storms that do not cease, And the whirl of the world is on me-Thou only canst give me peace.'

I opened the old, old Bible. And looked at a page of psalms Till the wintry sea of my trouble Was soothed by its summer-calms ; For the words that have helped so many, And that ages have made more drear, Seemed now, in their power to comfort, As they brought me my word of cheer.

They did not find it easy-Those writers of long ago-To live in this world of sorrow, And its lights and shades to know ; They often were sad and weary, Their hearts were sore afraid. But they knew in whom they trusted, And they were not quite dismayed.

Like music of solemn singing Their words came down to me: ' The Lord is slow to anger, And of mercy, great is he ; Each generation praiseth His works of long renown, The Lord upholdeth all that fall, And raiseth the bowed down.'

That gave me the strength I wanted ! I knew that the Lord was nigh ; All that was making me sorry Would be better by and by ; I had but to wait in patience, And keep at my Father's side And nothing would really hurt me Whatever might betide.

I found that when he gives quiet, No other can trouble make ; Pardon and perfect safety Lie in the path I take ; So, stronger to carry the burden, I met my day of care, For my heart was lightened and joyous With the peace of an answered prayer. -Marianne Farningham.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE. The days are brief, and dark, and cold ; The barren fields are brown and sere ; The world is chill, the world is old, And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away, Or sleep in mother Earth's warm breast. But I amid the storms must stay, And toil and never rest !

hold one of them pretty dollies in my arms than to Neenah could hear the key distinctly as it turned eat, I believe," and Tilly's eyes glowed over a sweet- upon her friend, but she also felt a keen sense of faced doll, dressed in snowy white, with a sash like her own freedom. a band of gold. In her stolid way she tried to enjoy her liberty.

"Dolls won't feed you when you're hungry, Tilly It was Saturday, and in the general bustle of a Mount. Your're purty, but ye an't got much holiday Miss Chapin was scarcely missed. sense," Jem said decidedly ; but Tilly answered, The affair was known only to a few; and no exputting her little grimy hand to her breast with a planations were necessary. Sunday evening found her still a prisoner. That

"You don't know, Jem. I think a doll would night the chapel was crowded, for a stranger addressed the students, and the singing was especially Jem looked at Tilly ; there was a longing look in attractive her pretty eyes he could not fully understand. He

During the services Mr. Allen received the urgent laid his hands upon hers tenderly as if to show her message that Miss Chapin desired to see him imthat he did care for her, but he said gruffly : mediately. She had been conscious for an hour that some

"Jem," called the gentleman, as he returned with one was stealthily moving outside her door, and at a softened light in his handsome eyes, "come here last a paper had been thrust under it. She had sent for Mr. Allen to ask that this paper might be examined as soon as possible as she had no light. It was from Neenah. In rude, unformed letters

"I've been over in the court to enquire about you. You're a brave boy, Jem, and I'm proud of the poor child told how she had lain awake all the you. Will you let me call you friend ?" long night thinking of her teacher, and what she "Sir?" said the boy in amazement. A gentlewas suffering for her sake. She could bear it no man asking him if he could be called friend ! longer, and she humbly begged to be forgiven, pro-"I heard how kind you were to your poor mother | mising to be a good girl always.

and those five little brothers and sisters ; how you Even Mr. Allen's heart was touched, and Miss wore rags, and almost starved to keep them alive. Chapin wept for joy. They went together to God will bless you for it, Jem ! It's hard to have Neenah's little room and found her crying bitterly. a drunken father, my boy," and the gentleman low- Nor was she ashamed of her tears. She repeated ered his voice, "but keep working and praying as her promise of obedience most gladly.

you have done, and I believe God will bless your Ignorant and unreasoning, Neenah faithfully kept efforts to uplift him." her word. And in this, as well as in her tender A little more conversation between the gentleman | love for her teacher, this Indian girl put many a and little Jem, and then the latter started toward follower of the blessed Jesus to shame ; for we often his home in the wretched court, while the former, forget who bore our punishment because he first with a heavy bundle in his arms, entered a cab and loved us.-Sunday-School Times. was rapidly driven to a beautiful home on the

PLAYING SANTA-GLAUS.

home a moment. It's a wretched-looking place Now Christmas is over, I'm aching to tell generally, but there has been a grand transformation How I played I was Santa, I liked it so well. scene going on. Jem's face is fairly radiant I had a nice apple, so large and so red, as he talks to his mother and brothers and sisters, I wrote grandma's name and tied it on with thread; who are laughing and crying for joy. The floor is Then in her work-basket I put it with care, covered with packages.

And hoped she would think Santa-Claus had been "Mother," he says, "isn't he a friend worth havin' ? Just think of his givin' Tilly a home an'

watched till she found it ; she said, " Who'd have rememberin' us. Here's sugar an' tea an' chickins, thought ! an' a whole roll of calico, an' flannel, an' cloes for

This must be an apple that Santa-Claus brought." me, an' dolls, an' a book, an'-O mother ! let's I hid in a corner and laughed, full of glee, kneel down an' thank God for him," Jem finished To think grandma's Santa was only just me. huskily.

Just a peep into the home on the avenue and we | A case for his glasses I made my papa, are done. In a beautiful room a lady sits at the And an apron so dainty for precious mamma; (My grandma, she helped me to keep out of sight piano, playing and singing-Any untidy stitches, and do it all right.)

' Open the doors to the children, Tenderly gather them in."

Christmas eve has come. Just glance into Jem's

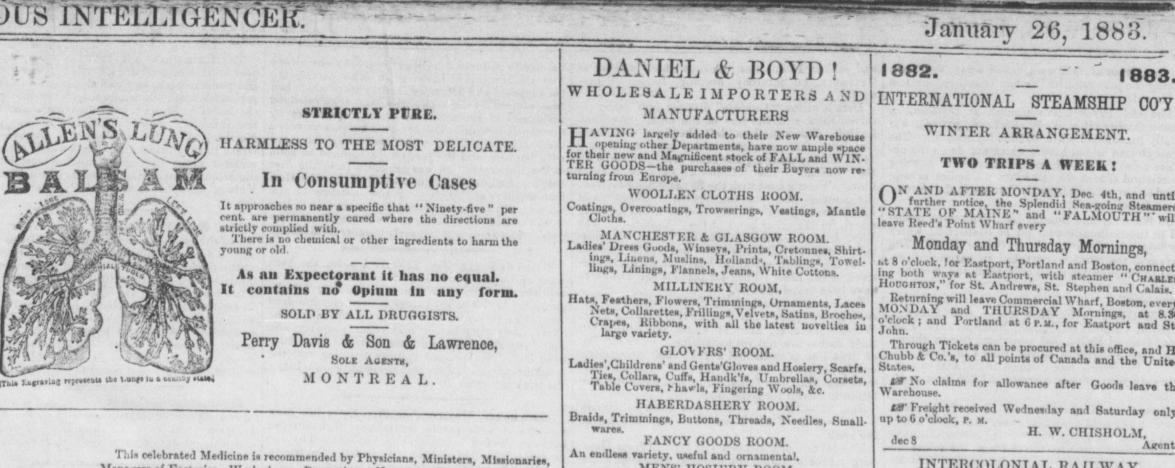
Santa-Claus even thinks of such old folks as A lovely child seated in a gentleman's lap listens we ! " to the sweet words with rapt attention. She glances Exclaimed my papa as he called me to see.

at the Christmas-tree, the vines and red berries, And mamma sweetly said, "Nothing nicer than the beloved gentleman holding her so tenderly, and this the golden-haired dollies held close to her happy Could Santa have brought me," and gave me a kiss.

little heart, and whispered softly : I like to play Santa, and now I've begun "Isn't I tenderly gathered in ?"

I mean every Christmas to keep up the fun. The gentleman looks into the sweet, uptur

of the mortar the other mast toppled over.



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Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c. Used externally, it cures VEGETABLE Boils, Felons, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the PAIN KILLER Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands,

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT. **TWO TRIPS A WEEK:** ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 4th, and until WOOLLEN CLOTHS ROOM. Coatings, Overcoatings, Trowserings, Vestings, Mantle Cloths. "STATE OF MAINE" and "FALMOUTH" will leave Reed's Point Wharf every MANCHESTER & GLASGOW ROOM. Ladies' Dress Goods, Winseys, Prints, Cretonnes, Shirt-ings, Linens, Muslins, Hollands, Tablings, Towel-lings, Linings, Flannels, Jeans, White Cottons. Monday and Thursday Mornings. at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connect-ing both ways at Eastport, with steamer "CHARLES HOUCHTON," for St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais. MILLINERY ROOM, Returning will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8.30 o'clock; and Portland at 6 P.M., for Eastport and St. Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Trimmings, Ornaments, Laces Nets, Collarettes, Frillings, Velvets, Satins, Broches, Crapes, Ribbons, with all the latest novelties in Through Tickets can be procured at this office, and H. Chubb & Co.'s, to all points of Canada and the United GLOVFRS' ROOM. Ladies', Childrens' and Gents'Gloves and Hosiery, Scarfs. Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handk'fs, Umbrellas, Corsets, Table Covers, Fhawls, Fingering Wools, &c. and No claims for allowance after Goods leave the HABERDASHERY ROOM. 13" Freight received Wednesday and Saturday only, Braids, Trimmings, Buttons, Threads, Needles, Smallup to 6 o'clock, P. M. H. W. CHISHOLM, FANCY GOODS ROOM. dec 8 Agent. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. MENS' HOSIERY ROOM. Knitted Shirts and Drawers, White and Colored Shirts, Socks, Mitts, Guernseys, Felt Hats, &c. 1882. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1882. CLOTHING ROOMS. O^N and after MONDAY, the 4TH DECEMBER, the Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted), as folspecial lines of their own make; every requisite Lumbering Parties. lows :---BLANKET ROOM. WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. White Bath, English and Canadian, Colored Camp, Shaped Horse Blankets, Sleigh Rugs, &c. RAILWAY ST. JOHN. EXPRESS for Halifax, connecting TIME. TIME. at Moneton with accommoda-DOMESTIC ROOMS. . 7.55 A. M. 8.00 A. M. tion for North. Bales Grey Cotton, Bales Cotton Warps, Sheetings, Cotton Flannels, Ducks, Drills, Cotton and Jute Bags, Hemps. Orders by mail, by travellers, or from personal inspec-tion of the largest stock ever held by them, shall receive ACCOMMODATION for Point du-On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday a Pullman Car for Montical will be attached to the Express leaving at 7.25 P. M., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Moneton. WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. RAILWAY ST. JUHN TIME. 7.30 A. M. 7.35 A. M. 9.10 л. м. 9.15 л. м. 1.55 P. M. 2.00 P. M. south of Campbellton..... 8.20 P. M. 8.25 P. M. HE EXPRESS train from Quebec runs to destination on D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. dee 8 Sun Life and Accident **INSURANCE** Co Assets \$1,000,000.

1882.

THOMAS WORKMAN, M. H. GAULT, M. P.,

January 26, 1883.

1883.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

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june 17-tf

Sheriff.

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Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed ! Soon shall the sun in strength return: Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid ? Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day preludes the light, However man its depth bewails ; After the longest, loneliest night The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near it's end ; . If failing heart and flesh be faint : What if thy lovers, kin, and friend, Be deaf to thy complaint :

Even as turns the faithful year In the slow days of storm and gloorn, And Springs begins her journey here To tempt the earth to bloom,

So shall thy Sun unveil his face And all these mists in radiance burn. Wait but his hour ; take heart of grace ; Thy year begins to turn !

The fireside.

TENDERLY GATHERED IN. BY ERNEST GILMORE.

Just two evenings before Christmas a gentleman | teaching to help her, I should not feel so badly." hurrying through a gay London street found his "Bat you would have her obey, surely ! I see way blocked for a moment by a crowd of children | no way left now but the 'solitary confinement standing in front of a brilliantly lighted booth. His with bread and water diet and the hard bed-yes, face was very sad, for his only child, a lovely little Miss Chapin, that above all," Mr. Allen urged. daughter, had been taken from his love and care. " A wholesome use of both will be beneficial to She had made the last Christmas a merry, happy Miss Neenah Crow Wing. At all events we'll try day ; she had danced and laughed about a beautiful | it. Christmas-tree, shining with tapers, and laden with Seeing that all discussion was useless, the teacher choice gifts. But now all was changed. As again returned to her willful pupil. This time she Christmas drew near the father was almost over- entered without the permisson which she had asked whelmed with the sad and tender memories of in vain.sweet little Bess. He stood still, glancing over Seating herself beside the girl, she took one of the little sea of heads all turned toward the two Neenah's tawny hands in her own, and tried to win great windows of the booth. He took a fatherly her to a right mind by gentle argument. Now and interest in the sweet, expectant faces of the little then the dull red of the Indian girl's cheek grew a girls looking at the wonderful toys. A gymnasium shade more bright, but by neither word nor sign did was represented faithfully in one window ; and it she reply. was no wonder that the children were enthusiastic After half an hour spent so fruitlessly, Miss gum-camphor. The lamp should not be quite full, over the graceful evolutions of the many fair-faced Chapin left her. With a light step she hastened and the camphor may be left to float upon the sur-

blue-eyed, golden-haired dolls that took part in the once more to the study. exercises.

faced girl to another. " Pretty soon the policeman business." will order us to move on." A little joy crept into the gentleman's eyes as he | case !

watched for a few moments the children's faces. "Bless them !" he said montally ; " of such is girl off scot free," he said at length.

the kingdom of heaven.'

A smothered sob reached his car. He paused tell me what it is ? again. Could there be tears intermingled with the ... "If you insist, certainly ; but I would rather not. laughter, greeting him even then? Yesf he felt | Will you not wait to see the result ?" sure he heard muffled sobbing, and it seemed to | "I would like to know beforehand." proceed from a little bundle of rags perched upon "Very well, then," and the bright flush rose to the curb-stone. He bent down. A pair of black Miss Chapin's cheek, but she spoke very quietly ; eyes from a second bundle of rags looked up into | "I am going to bear Neenah's penalty for her." the kindly eyes over him.

blue eyes, presses the little form still closer to his sheltering bosom, and answers huskily, "Yes, my child, you are tenderly gathered in." MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING. Even as he speaks his thoughts take an upward

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along flight, and his unspoken prayer is : the coast of England. In one bay (Hartlepool) it " Dear Jesus, Thou hast tenderly gathered my wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was one lamb into Thy bosom, and I have the blessed at its height the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on privilege of gathering in one of Thy lambs."-Tem- Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one perance Advocate.

top-masts above the foaming waves. MISS CHAPIN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY. "Neenah, are you ready to come out ?"

No answer.

"Neenah, Neenah, do you hear ?" A rustling noise as of some one moving about was

" But may I not choose her punishment ?"

the only sound. Sadly Miss Chapin turned from the closed door,

and went slowly to the study. Once admitted, she said dismally short time he became conscious.

"I have come to see you about Neenah. She still refuses to yield, and there is but one penalty of kind and sympathizing friends. He looked up laft "

into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman "Well, well," Mr. Allen replied, a little imnear him, and asked. patently, " I can't see why that should not be re-" Where am 1 ?" sorted to, if she remain surly and disobedient." "Thou art safe, my lad." " This is her second day of confinement in her "Where's the cap'n ?" own room without communication, and she is as " Drowned, my lad." hard as ever," Miss Chapin went on. " If the poor " The mate, then ?" girl were not an Indian, having had no mother's " He's drowned, too.'

> " The crew ?" "They are all lost, my lad ; thou art the only one saved.'

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments ; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud

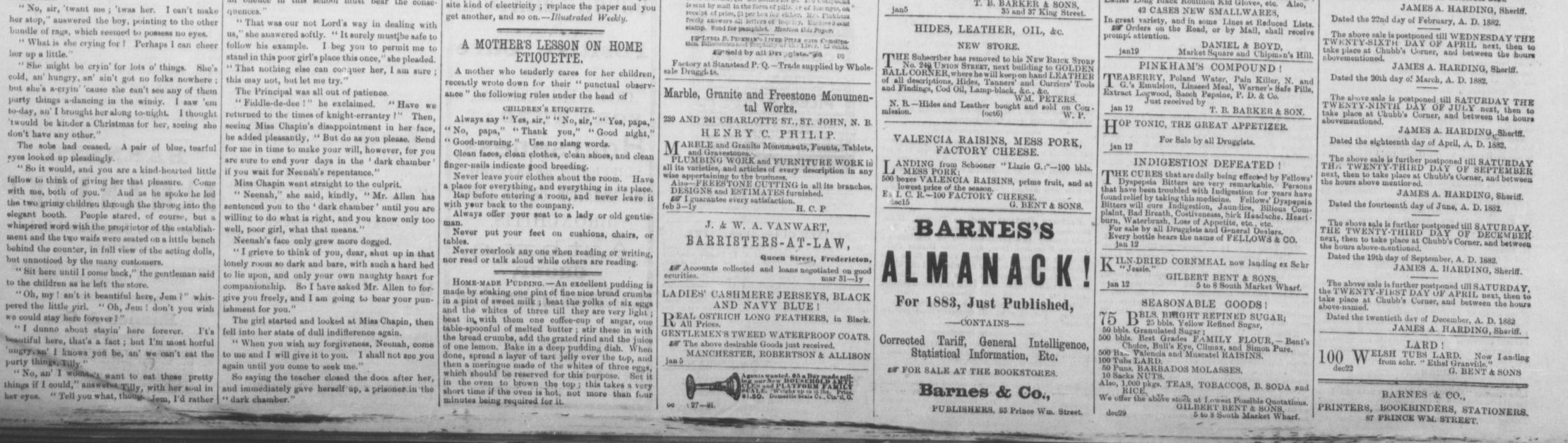
" My mother's been praying for me ! my mother's been praying for me !" and then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS. 1. To apparently born water, fill a glass lamp with water, and put into it for a wick a piece of

face of the water. On touching a lighted match to "Mr. Allen, at the risk of being unwelcome, the camphor, it shoots up a clear steady flame, and "We'll enjoy it while we can," said one happy- I have to trouble you again upon the same seems to sink below the surface of the water, so that the flame is surrounded by the liquid. It will "Will you let me try an experiment in Neenah's burn for a long time. If the camphor be ignited in a large dish of water, it will commonly float Mr. Allen hesitated. "You must not let that about while it burns.

2. Wet a piece of thick wrapping paper, then dry Then he endeavored to make his way through the "Well, if you will really inflict a punishment- nished table or dry woolen cloth, and rub it briskly by the stove ; while warm lay it down upon a varsmall army, going as near the curbstone as possible. yes. I think I can trust your discretion. Will you with a piece of India-rubber. It will become strongly electrified, and if tossed against the wall or the looking-glass, will stick some time. Tear tissue paper into bits one-eighth inch square, and this piece of paper, electrified, will draw them. Or take a smooth tea-tray, and put it on three dry tumblers. Lay the electric paper on it; and, on touching the tray you will get a little spark ; lift "You will do no such thing, madam," he ex- the paper out of the tray, and on touching the tray "Were you crying, my child ?" asked a full, claimed, excitedly. "The person who commits again you will get another spark, but of the oppoan offence in this school must bear the conse- site kind of electricity ; replace the paper and you



eyes looked up pleadingly.

sweet voice.

her up a little.

behind the counter, in full view of the acting dolls. but unnoticed by the many customers.

to the children as he left the store.

pered the little girl. " Oh, Jem ! don't you wish | ishment for you." we could stay here forever?"

"I dunno about stayin' here forever. I't's fell into her state of dull indifference again. purty things, Tilly."

her eyes. "Tell you what, though Jem, I'd rather |" dark chamber."