

Poetry.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

BY THE REV. BENNY BURTON, M. A.
In the secret of His presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His presence is around me;
And while I am alone, I hear
His voice, his word fulfilling
Best advice, but cannot harm.
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest to a calm.

In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding, now!

In the secret of His presence
All the darkness disappears;
For a sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears.
The day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming near and soon.

In the secret of His presence
Nevermore can I be alarmed;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I can meet them with a calm.
For the strong pavilion hides me—
Turn their fiery darts aside,
And I know, while he betides me,
I shall live because he died!

In the secret of His presence
Is a sweet unbroken rest;
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fullness
Making earth like Eden blest.
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my Keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me!

In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding now!

"NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS."

FRANCES RIDLEY HANCOCK
"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
"Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic song,
But it comes again and again.
I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blest.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight palm,
Where the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord should know?
When the sorrow is a secret
Between the Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of his quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy
That dear ones could not bear,
To know the heavy burden
They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny
That others could not see,
Why it should be a trouble
And seem so real to me—
Either and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, along with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
My Lord, I bless thee now
For the secret gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

The Fireside.

HOW A DOG SAVED MANY LIVES.

The late Newfoundland dog, Heck, belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel in the neighboring town of Eldred, Pa., was known throughout the northern part of its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel, a kind-hearted, but intemperate person, was an especial favorite with the dog. The porter, a small man, slept in a little room back of the office. On Thursday night last the porter was awakened by the loud barking of Heck, who was jumping frantically on the porter's bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The intemperate and drowsy porter tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in its efforts, and it finally dawned on the befuddled mind of the porter that the house was on fire. The room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from the bed, but was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. The faithful dog at once sensed him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him from the room to the street. The fire was quickly extinguished, and the hotel was saved. The dog seemed to understand in looking out for their safety. All about the house seemed to have lost their heads in the excitement, and it is said that the hotel dog alone preserved complete control of himself, and alone took serious measures to save the inmates of the house. In and out of the burning building he kept continually dashing, plotting some half-dressed man or woman down stairs, only to at once return in search of others. Once a lady with a child in her arms tripped on the stairs while hurrying out and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman regained her feet and staggered in a dazed way out of the door, leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring in torrents from the office door. The brave dog saw the mishap, and jumping in through the smoke which was now becoming almost impenetrable, and seizing the child by its night clothes, carried it safely out.

Notwithstanding this rescue the mishap that made it necessary led to the death of the noble animal. The mother of the child on being restored by the fresh air, became aware that the child was not with her, and crying out wildly that "Anna was burning up in the house!" made a dash for the building as if to rush through the flames to seek her child. Heck had already brought the little one out, but it had not yet been restored to its mother. The dog saw the rush of the mother toward the burning building and gave forth a loud wailing cry, and the mother, seeing that some one was burning up in the house, and that Anna had been saved, now a mass of smoke and fire, and the dog sprang forward and, as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from her in-

sane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with animal never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt in anyone's mind that but for the intelligence and activity of Heck the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single inmate to have escaped from the building with his life; and that the noble animal understood from the half-crazed still another one in danger, and to rescue whom he gave his own life, is accepted as certain. The remains of Heck were given a fitting burial, and his loss is regretted as that of a useful citizen might be.—Northwestern Advocate.

NOT QUITE A LIE.

Bridget had set mamma's beautiful glass dish on the lowest shelf in the closet. Willie never tired of tracing its delicate fretwork of flowers and vines; so, when Bridget went back into the kitchen, he took the dish down very carefully and placed it on the table. He had never exactly been forbidden to touch it, and yet he knew that his mother would rather he should not. Still, he meant to be very careful and put it safely back when he was through with it. Probably he would have done so if Puz, his eldest brother's pet dog, had not begged him into a frolic. Suddenly, while Willie was in the farthest corner of the room, Puz seized the table-cloth in his teeth, and shaking it, dragged the dish a little too near the edge and it fell with a crash. Hearing the noise, his mother came in. "Why, Willie! Did you break this?" "No, ma'am; Puz pulled it off." "If Willie had not been frightened he might have told the whole story. As it was, since his mother asked no more questions, and only said, 'It should not have been left on the table,' he thought, 'I told the truth anyhow; Puz did break it.'"

But, though he was only six years old he knew that he had not done right, and he felt so guilty and unhappy about it that he finally at bed-time he told his mother the whole story. "It was 'n't quite a lie, was it, mamma? I told almost the truth. I just squeezed it a little." "Come with me, Willie; I want to show you something;" and she led him to a beautiful geranium plant that bore only one faded blossom. "Yesterday the baby saw this flower and wanted it. It was fresh and bright then. He tried to break the stem and pull it out, but he pinched it so hard that the flower withered away, and now it is good for nothing. Squeezing the truth, telling not quite all, almost always makes a lie of it, and that is an ugly thing a great deal than this faded geranium. Remember it dear, and always tell the whole truth.—The Morning Star.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

A peasant was one dry driving some geese to a neighboring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand, and so say the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to market in time to make a profit and not only geese, but men must expect to suffer if they hinder gain.

The geese, however, did not look upon the matter in this light, and happening to meet a traveler walking along the road they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on, and that, driving us as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow that he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us, for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor."

"But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?"

"Well, Nothing."

"Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you my friends are only fit for roasting!"

MAXIMS.

A prominent merchant has compiled the following maxims from his own enquiry and experience.

1. Choose the kind of business you understand.
2. Capital is positively required in business, even if you have real estate outside and credit ever so good.
3. One kind of business is as much as a man can manage successfully. Investments on the outside do not generally pay, especially if you require the money in your business.
4. Buy cautiously and just what you want, and do not be persuaded to purchase what you do not need, if you do you will soon want what you can't buy.
5. Insure your stock; insure your store; insure your dwelling if you have one. If the rate is high it is only because the risk is great, and of course you should not take the risk yourself. A business that will not pay for insuring will not justify running.
6. Sell to good responsible parties only. Sell on a specified time, and when your money is due demand it. Do not let the account stand without note or interest for an indefinite period.
7. Sell at reasonable profit, and never misrepresent to effect a sale.
8. Live within your income; keep your business on your feet; have patience and you will succeed.
9. Competition is the life of trade; but in trying to run your competitor out of business, be careful you do not run yourself out.

FLANELL CAKES.—One quart of sweet milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of yeast powder. Beat the eggs separately; put the butter in the milk and warm; stir in the yolks of eggs and flour to make a thin batter, sprinkle in the yeast powder and beat well; just before baking stir in the white of the eggs.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KING COUNTY, N. B.

FOR CONTRIBUTIONS AND ANSWERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

STORIES.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.
Dare to do right; have courage to follow the path pointed out by conscience unflinching of the taints, the sneers, or even the outcries of those who, to further their own ends, or to satisfy their prejudices would turn you from that path which you know to be right. We often hear men called heroes, when the only qualities which they possess are strong nerves, which enable them to face danger unflinchingly, but these are true heroes, who do the work which God has given them, faithfully, and then pursue their course without regretting that they did so because they lost thereby some valued friend; and the most regretful and envious cowardice is that fear of the world's censure which prevents men from doing that which reason as well as conscience tells them is right.

Perhaps when you have done your best to follow the dictates of conscience, and by great self-sacrifice have succeeded, you hear some one give good opinion to your deed, prize, say, 'The main motive in that action was self-interest.' In fancy then mortification and sorrow, to think that any one, especially your own much esteemed friend, should attribute such motives to you, fill your

breast. But mind it not, you have done right; and the opinion of no one else after that fact. If you consider your friend worth keeping, explain the matter to him, show him why you have done that particular thing which displeases him, and explain his distrust. If this fails to satisfy him, do not trouble yourself any more about the matter; continue to do right, and although you lose all your friends, you will have the approval of your conscience; and will be better and nobler than if you had weakly yielded to the opinion of others, and this is compensation for any loss which you may sustain.

The first step is to be firm, if you do not feel it, an indifference to idle gossip, and the opinions of those who see no further than the surface of affairs, who criticize acts but who cannot fathom motives; and the greater part of the battle is won, when you can manifest this indifference. You will not always have to feign this superiority over unjust criticism, for "use is second nature" and you will by and by come to feel it.

I admire that person's courage, who, no matter what emotions are conflicting in his breast, can remain outwardly calm, and continue a conversation on a topic not at all interesting to him, while thoughtful persons around him are criticizing and ridiculing acts which spring from the noblest impulses of his nature, and while speeches are being made, every word of which is meant to be a cut to him. It is not worth while to try to show to the world your true aim; they will only call you a hypocrite if you do so; but God knows whether your efforts are towards a noble or an ignoble end; and the truest heroism consists in daring to do right.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM YOUNG FOLKS.

PUZZLEDOM.

13.—BIBLE QUERY.

FROM "PUG NOSE," UPPER BRIGHTON.

Where is the word color mentioned in the Bible?

14.—SCRIPTURE JUMBLE.

FROM EVELYN M. SUTHERLAND, FARRINGTON, N. B.

He did not grieve his right hand hath eth soon for your sorrow.

15.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE NAMES.

FROM LOTTIE R. STEVENS, ST. JOHN.

1. I am very fond of dancing.

2. Please fill that little vial, mamma.

3. You should always tell the truth.

4. Who is sitting on that log?

16.—PUZZLE.

FROM "PUG NOSE," FARRINGTON.

M.

C.

NOW.

O.

T.

E.

SUTJ.

S.

J.

(Puzzle solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY.

No. 255.—CHARADE.

To be my first when young

Will save from many a snare,

Twice guide the accents of the tongue,

And lead to earnest prayer.

My second blessings to you may bring

Or news of dear distress;

It sometimes comes with secret wing

Toadden or to bless.

My whole glad tidings bring

And sure to you;

Brings us pleasant things—

Without it, what could we do?

No. 256.—PUZZLE.

If Mary's mother is Martha's daughter, what relation is Mary to Martha?

No. 257.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, is possessed by many a man,

And by the 1, 2, 6, 9, 4 of your brow you earn

the same if you can;

But you must not 4, 3, 7, 6 if often you do fall,

For in the 3, 5, 6, you're shown the size of all;

I am a country very small,

And 1, 2, 3, 1, 1, are natives of the all.

No. 258.—BOTANICAL ARITHMETIC.

(a) 200 and one.

(b) 501 and say

(c) 6 and y.

(d) 101 and hytha.

(e) 51 and othroep.

(f) 51 and put.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

SOLUTIONS.

(November 14th.)

PUZZLEDOM EXPLAINED:

1.—Matthew 11, 28.

2.—He that trusteth in his riches shall fall.

3.—(1) 2 Thess. ii, 13. (2) Malachi ii, 2.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED:

No. 239.—(1) Jordan. (2) Tyne. (3) Trent.

No. 240.—(1) Dame. (2) Gers. (3) Cur.

(3) Earn, car.

No. 241.—noun No. 242.—o

akra APE

urim OPERA

name ERA

No. 243.—(1) St. John. (2) Frederick. (3) Shoshias. (4) Newcastle.

CHAMAT.

NOTE:—To the boy or girl who sends in the greatest number of correct answers to the puzzles published during the month we will give a handsome book. The answers sent in, in every case, be sent before they appear in the paper, which is three weeks from the time the puzzle is published. Each competitor will cover the puzzle published during each calendar month, and each competitor must state that the solution is his or her own, and that it is not a copy of any other.

WANTED.—A number of original puzzles for PUZZLEDOM. Who will be the first?

CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE MYSTERY OF Nov. 7th has been received from H. O. L. B., St. John, 5; "PUG NOSE," Carleton, 5; "Yan," York, 5; "MARIANNE," Kingston, 5.

Nov. 14th.—LOTTIE R. STEVENS, St. John, 5; "BLAKE," Quebec, 1; "PUG NOSE," Carleton, 5; "Yan," York, 5; "MARIANNE," Kingston, 5; "MARIANNE," Kingston, 5.

CORRECT explanations to PUZZLEDOM of Nov. 14th has been received from A. M. NEWCOMB, St. John, 1; "MARIANNE," 3; "BLAKE," 3.

ANNE M. NEWCOMB.—Thanks for Bible Questions. Wear in need of each.

"Yan."—A very good word. We will consider the matter shortly.

BAND OF HOPE.

ROLL OF HONOR.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, do hereby pledge ourselves, with the help of God, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, and to refrain from using profane language.

1. C. E. BLACK, 2. MAUDE A. CALE, 3. J. R. VANWART.

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