

Poetry.

BEYOND.

It seems such a little way to me
Across to that strange country. The Beyond.
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.
So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand,
I often think but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dwell
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet still I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a tier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one Over There—
And so to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And more for me there is no thing to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—From *Ellen Wheeler's "Poems of Passion."*

HOW EASY IT IS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is false, the flatterer's glow,
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little may the vessel crack;
And little wiles may the vessel wreck;
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth or power,
And, lo! the day is with ill wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled by well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude, it may be sweet;
Let us build together its thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—Watchman.

The Fireside.

HOW THE LEAK WAS MENDED.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Uncle Timothy,"
Uncle Timothy looked up from the shoe whose sole he was vigorously hammering.
"Why, bless you, John, if I'm not glad to see you, man alive!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, jumping up so suddenly that his hat went one way, taking the shoe with it, his hammer went another, while his spectacles fell into the water-pail close by.

There stood Uncle Timothy, grasping the arm of his favorite nephew, John, as if he were a pump-handle, and the day being hot, and Uncle Timothy being dry, the pump-handle was worked with emphasis.

"Set down, John, and tell us how the folks are," said Uncle Timothy. "You have come to make me a visit, and have time enough to tell me all I want to know."

John was telling about "the folks," when Uncle Timothy said:
"What's that? Thunder, I do believe, rollin' down old Bear Mountain! We shall catch a rain now. There it is comin' down the mountain!"
Come it did, furiously. Soon the water began to drip down from the ceiling.

"Uncle Timothy, your roof is leaking!"
"I know it, John; I know it. I will just put this nail under that 'ere."

"Why don't you have the roof mended?"
"Well, John, carpenters, you know, do charge so! La! John, they'd make a foreman's work of it stoppin' up that 'ere hole, and I don't seem to have the extra chick. Fact is, John, it costs a'thin' to live in this world, and it keeps a fellow poundin' all the time."

Here Uncle Timothy took up his work and began to ring out a series of responses to the thunder rolling at nine-pence overhead. In the course of his visit John noticed that every forenoon Uncle Timothy would leave his shop, step across the yard to his house, bring out an immense yellow mug, and passing to a saloon in the neighborhood, bring home a mug full of beer.

"Ah!" thought John. "I see how it is that the roof is not mended."

The next day a surly, growling wind brought rain that began to pour early in the morning.

"Uncle Timothy," said John, after breakfast, "could I borrow that mug I see in the closet?"
"Oh!artin,artin."

Uncle Timothy was not going to his shop very early that day, and John knew it, business at another part of the town calling him away. When he returned it was about eleven o'clock, and his beer-guzzling visited him.

"Where is my mug?" said Uncle Timothy, going to the closet. "Oh! John has it. Well, I guess I'll let my beer go this forenoon."

The rain was still dripping when he passed from his house to the shop. John was standing in the door.

"A wet day, nephew," said Uncle Timothy, "and yet so mighty in your power, that you can't get a drop of beer out of it!"

Here he looked up, and there on the roof, hovering the leak, he saw his old yellow beer-mug! For a minute Uncle Timothy gazed in silence. Then he broke out:

"Thank you, John; I'll take the hint."

It was the last day Uncle Timothy owned a beer mug. It was the last day that roof leaked, for it was soon mended with the beer money he saved.

—Golden Rule.

THE BOYS' PRAYER-MEETING.

BY L. L. T.

Let me give an account of a boys' prayer-meeting which we hope to save the rising generation in our church from the blight of stupid prayer-meetings and the dead weight of drones. It meets every Sunday morning before service. Nearly twenty boys between eight and sixteen years old attend regularly, and take their part in leading and sustaining it. One or two members of the Young Men's Union keep a general oversight of the meetings, and render such assistance as they can by way of suggestion, correction, and encouragement. Misquotations of Scripture and improprieties in prayer, address, or management are kindly pointed out in private. Leaders are selected, or rather volunteered, two weeks in advance, and announce

their subjects the next Sunday, one week before they lead.

The success of the experiment has been gratifying. Improvement is noticeable every week. The boys are constantly gaining in fluency, self-possession, and unction, and give substantial evidence of a growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. One of them has already led the regular Young People's Meeting, and several are ready to do so as well. We feel that we have taken a step towards answering the constant query, What shall we do with our young converts?

One or two practical suggestions may help any who would like to undertake this work.

1. Do not begin with a committee. Let one or two people, not more, start a little meeting with a few boys upon whose confidence and affection they already have a hold. The meeting will soon grow.
2. Begin informally. Make it just as easy as possible for the boys to take part. If they are afraid to stand up and pray, let them sit down and pray. They will soon gain confidence.
3. Use every means to stimulate interest in the Bible and to encourage the use of Scriptural phraseology in prayer.
4. Always have a word of instruction and encouragement, taking great care to set a good example in every particular, especially in pointedness and brevity.
5. Impress upon the minds of the boys their duty to their church and remind them of the responsibilities which will soon come upon them.

PROFANITY.

Vast effort and much time are devoted to the temperance cause. Grand results have been attained in this work, and we still implore the divine blessing upon every true effort put forth to crush the insidious monster. But while many a heart quakes at the wine-cup's glow, how often the foolish, wicked world is passed unheeded by! Comparatively little is thought of it. Many an active temperance worker is not arrested by that frightful sound, but rushes on to his reform club where he discourses both long and loudly upon the evils of King Alcohol, not for a moment realizing that he has just passed, unheeded, the widest gateway his foe in question ever had opened for his admittance. Numberless efforts have been instrumental in staying the liquor traffic, but what one public attempt has been made to stay the dangerous foe, profanity! If a human being libels his neighbor, our law provides for the offence, yet the name of the Holy and Just One may be continually defamed without rebuke. God's name cannot be impared, though polluted lips breathe curses upon it; yet He who said, "Thou shalt not kill," said first, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

While we believe something should be done openly to crush this evil, much more can be done by domestic effort. Let every parent, brother and sister trample upon the serpent, that its deadly fangs poison not those surrounded by its influence.

—*Lucy, in the Morning Star.*

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

Interference. This is the fire that Old Nick built.

Moderate drinking. This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Rum-selling. This is the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Love of money. This is the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Public opinion. This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

A temperance meeting. This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Eternal truth. This is the Spirit, so gentle and so true, that nerves the sledge with a will to give force to the blows which we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

—*Selected.*

A HINT TO YOUNG WOMEN.

As a rule, grown-up girls have more spare time than in good for them. Many of the occupations they are accustomed to look on as the toils of their lives—fancy work, paying visits, practicing, etc.—are, as many married women and not a few girls could tell them, little more than painful and pleasant recreations. If any girl would keep an account of her time for a week she would be startled to find how much of it, if not absolutely lost, is frittered away. She would discover that one or two hours' reading would hardly interfere, if properly arranged as to time, with any of her amusements and occupations, and would be simply invaluable in giving ballast to her mind, as would an hour a day devoted to the conquest of a modern or an ancient language, or to the study of mathematics.

Let a girl, even, if she cannot find time for self-improvement, give up novel reading for a time. She will find the deprivation will be far less than she would have imagined, and may console herself by reflecting that the taste for novel reading is easily regained, while the appetite for graver study cannot be found if once really lost. Girls who love good poetry will be astonished at how much they can get by heart by learning one or two verses every morning while dressing, and to find how infinite a treasure through their whole lives will be those "jewels which on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever," and which they have made their own by committing to memory.

—*Creed, and Leader.*

SLANDER.

Two but a breath—
And yet the fair good name was withered;
And friend once fond grew cold and stilled
And life was worse than death.

One venomous word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

Two but a whisper—one,
That muttered low, for very shame,
The thing the slanderer dares not name—
And yet its work was done.

A hint, so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

GLASS HOUSES.

It is now said that the house of the future will be of glass. The manufacture of that transparent material has reached such perfection, that it is claimed a glass house would be superior in every respect to one of wood, brick, or stone. Glass can be cast in any shape and in blocks of any size. It is quite as hard and durable and would not be more costly than granite. It will take any color and be made to imitate very perfectly any known precious stone. The proverb about the danger of throwing stones in glass houses is a mistaken one, for huge cobble stones would not hurt the material under consideration. What a splendid sight would be a city of glass! How it would sparkle in the sunlight and reflect all the colors of the rainbow! Some of our young readers may live to see not only many cities of which the houses will be mainly of glass—*Democrat's Monthly.*

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND ANSWERS RESPECTFULLY
SOLICITED.

STORIES.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE?
"Betwixt what?" you say. Betwixt God and Satan; betwixt Heaven and Hell; betwixt happiness and misery for ever.
"Well," you say, "I confess I haven't thought so much of it as I ought to have done, but there's plenty of time."

That is your awful mistake!
Amongst many who have made it, God gives us a most notable instance. There was one who vainly thought that his life consisted in the abundance of the things he possessed. Luke xii. His crops were large, his income great, his barns overflowing, and his heart taken up by his goods. I doubt not, thoughts of God and eternity sometimes stole over his mind, but Satan whispered, "Look at your goods—plenty of time to attend to the claims of God." He took the bait, believed the gilded lie, said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But he had committed a fatal error, and ere the morning dawned, life had fled from the pampered body, and a hopeless eternity had broken on his God-rejecting soul. He had deliberately made his choice, and God had taken him at his word, for, in choosing the world, he had chosen the God who is world-hater—Satan. 2 Cor. iv. 4. But, my reader, I firmly believe this one thing about him, that he never meant to be lost; for he says to his soul, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years." It may be, he cherished the delusion thousands are cherishing to-day, of turning to God on a sick-bed death-bed; promising himself many a year for that unwelcome time should come. How little the poor procrastinator thought that death was, as it were, waiting in an anteroom, ready to step in! One word from God, and the dread wail has calmly walked up to his victim, laid an icy hand upon his shoulder—it may be while he slept—and quietly retreated as he came; leaving upon the couch whereon he had lain the God-rejector, a lump of clay, and freeing the soul to lift up its eyes in torment. He had made his choice—is it possible yours can be the same?

(To be Continued.)

THE MYSTERY.

No. 87.—CROSS PUZZLE.
The vertical: One to whom the Lord imparted great riches.
The horizontal: One whom God sent to view the Land of Canaan.
Lottie R. STEVENS.

No. 88.—SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.
How often, and where, does "pearls" occur in the Old Testament?
Lizzie A. McNAIR.

No. 89.—TRANSFORMED PROVIDER.
A crotches celted daimon, dan idafite it ton;
tub glewdenk ki seya tnon nath hatt derastathedun.
Della STONE.

No. 90.—DECAPITATION.
Whole, I am a man's name; behind and I am a verb; behind again and leave a consonant.
"PUG NOSE."
Upper Brighton.

No. 91.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.
—y—t—r—n—, —m—n—
—s—e—s—, —w—n—t—s—, —a—l—
—e—v—t—, —t—e—e—e—, —c—n—e—l—
—t—o—, —O—R—L—E—F—M—C—A—R—T—H—U—R—
Waterville.

No. 92.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.
1. Where are your amber beads?
2. That is a hateful ambush!
3. Do you ever beg out!
IDA and MINNIE.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
THE MYSTERY SOLVED.
(April 18th.)

No. 70.—(1) Beware of false prophets.
No. 71.—Ham.
No. 72.—D
V A N
D A V I D
N I B

No. 73.—(1) Methuselah, 969 years. (2) Enoch, his father, did not die; "for God took him." Gen. v. 24. Heb. xi. 5.
No. 74.—"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

CHAT.
We hope our young folks—and all—will read carefully the story now being published. Take your Bible and search the passages given from time to time—whether it be in the story or the solution. Never rest content until you have found them! You may reap a great blessing by so doing. Try to give the Scripture passage for every solution. By so doing, you show us that you are carefully studying the Scripture.

"Mowah," Lower Brighton, Carleton, sends us a Drop Letter Puzzle exactly the same as the one we publish this issue over the signature of OLIVER J. McARTHUR. As we have a large number of puzzles on hand, we must decline the publishing of it.

IDA and MINNIE, Fredericton.—Thanks for Lipo-gram. Nos. 63, 66, 67, 68 and 69 are correct.

CORA SHAW, Hartland, Carleton.—Nos. 63, 65 and 67 are right. Write to us often.

X. Y. Z., Kingston, Ont.—Nos. 63, 66, 67 and 68 correct. Thank you for the nice puzzles.

FRED. C. JOWAN, Kings.—Again we say, send puzzles to the address of C. E. Black, and not to Rev. Jos. McLeod! I dropped you a postal. You have correctly solved Nos. 63, 66, 67.

LILLIE FENWICK, Kings.—You have correctly solved Nos. 63, 64, 1, 67, 68 and 69.

LOTTIE R. STEVENS, St. John.—The Mystery of April 18th solved correctly. Press onward!

MERA M. SLIPP, Queens.—Nos. 65, 66 and 67 are correctly solved.

MAGGIE J. LOWERY, Queens.—Thanks for the Anagram and Letter Puzzle. Nos. 65, 66, 67 right.

ANNE M. NEWCOMB, St. John.—No. 73: 1 is correct. Try again!

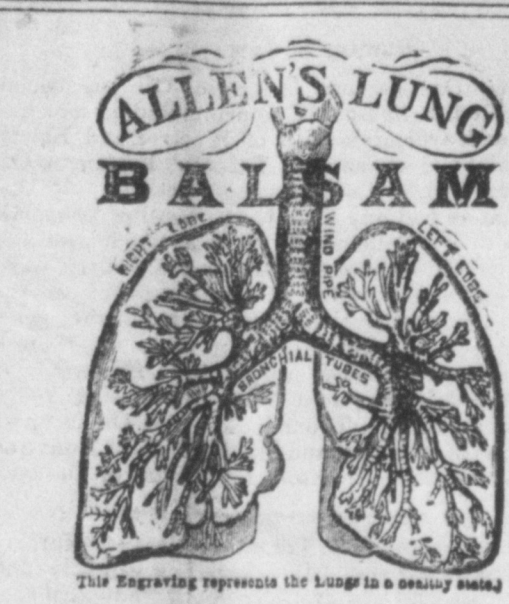
CLARA SCOTT, Sunbury.—Nos. 63, 66 and 67 are correctly solved.

LILLIE and ELIZA, Fredericton.—Thank you for your puzzle. It will be published. You have solved Nos. 62, 63, 64, 65, 2, 66, 67, 68 and 69 correctly. You have also solved Nos. 71, 72, 73, 74 correctly.

"PUG NOSE," Carleton.—Nos. 70, 71, 73 and 74 are correct.

IDA and MINNIE, Fredericton.—You have correctly solved Nos. 70, 71, 72, 73 and 74.

VEGETABLE BROTH.—This may be made of various combinations and proportions of the vegetables used in making soups, to suit different tastes or fancies. The following recipe will serve as a basis. Take four turnips, two carrots, one onion, and a spoonful of lentil flour. Cut the vegetables in pieces, and add all the ingredients together until well cooked, in water sufficient to make a thin soup.



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COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP,

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Alpaca, with Handles of Horn, Zonilla and

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