

Poetry.

SHINE AND SHADE.

BY MARIANNE FAIRBANKS.

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." God said the one over against the other.

A peaceful radiant dawning,
A cloudless glad sunrise;
And then a shrouded morning,
Black clouds athwart the skies,
And not a ray of sunshine to greet the wistful eyes!

A turbulent joy-chorus,
A merry laughter-song;
And then a change comes o'er us,
And thunder peals along,
And all the mirth is ended, and grief alone is strong!

A life where love reigns only
And hearts are beating high,
A life all sad and lonely,
With old friends passing by.
A prayer pressed out by anguish, and none to heed the cry.

So is it through the ages,
First sunshine and then shade;
Life is a book whose pages
Are read and joyful made.
There is a time of blossom, and a time when all things fade.

Then let us take the sorrows
And joys as they appear;
Dark days with bright to-morrows
Are scattered through the year.
They all come from our Father, who holds His children dear.

But when the near skies darken,
And silent grows the day,
It is that we may hearken,
To the words that He shall say,
And patiently consider the lessons of the way.

The loyal unto duty,
Shall find that they are blest,
With happiness and beauty,
And joyous work and rest.
God tries us with His discipline; how do we bear the test?

LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow,
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night;
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light.
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow,
Drooping down in the valley,
The field, anywhere.
There they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow clothed in glory, by heaven's own light;
Safely they grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more

Will He clothe you and feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him, He has everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him;
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
"Nath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care—
You, you know.

The Fireside.

STOPPING THE PAPER.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat late in thought, not very pleasant thought, indeed, for the manner in which she knelt her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mrs. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute, needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jane and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk-bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jane's pants, and next week two dollars and a-half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder"—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabby-bottomed foot went on.

Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:

"I believe it will have to be done. Of course, I can't expect Jane to give up her daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard; but really, I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with my growing family and increasing expenses, I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I can not do without; so I see no other way to begin saving, but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. James Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping her paper.

"And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mrs. Willis remarked to her wife that as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said.

"Stopped it?" he ejaculated blankly, "why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling; "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have," answered Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes, such as you

allowed me to copy, and I knew you would spare it a few moments."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! oh, well, never mind," said the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jennie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school Lesson. Where's the paper?"

"I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jennie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jennie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do?"

"And there's the story mother always read to us after the Sunday-school Lesson was learned," wailed Jennie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come," exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough."

No more was said that night.

The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along was coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning, Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said it would be good as a cordial, any day, to hear me read."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with your wife's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner, then Jennie asked, a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie asked, thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a lesson every week than to have plum-pudding."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother, "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt; and when, towards the last of the week, the paper came, impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a comfort," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments, but afterwards, when only himself and wife were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the value of a good religious paper. Absolutely ashamed that my poor neighbors, and my own children know more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me as ever likely to about being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that is how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—Golden Rule.

ON PICKET DUTY.

"Oh, Rob, how headless you are!" cried Fannie. "I told you to be sure you shut the door when you went out. You didn't do it, and now the biscuits are so cold they won't be light in time to bake for tea."

"I'm sorry, Fannie, I am—but I forgot all about it."

"I suppose you did, but it would be a comfort if you could remember anything."

At the supper table Mrs. Bertram asked:

"Rob, did you do that errand at Edson's?"

"Oh, mamma, I'm awful sorry! The boys wanted me to play ball, and I thought I would go there when we came home, and then I forgot it."

"Did you go to the post-office?" said his father.

Rob's face showed plainly that he had forgotten that, too.

"I should think a boy of sixteen was old enough to remember a few things," remarked Mr. Bertram; but Rob's untutored memory had become such an old story that little comment was made.

"I wish I'd lived in war times," exclaimed our hero a few days later, as he laid down an exciting book that he had just finished. "The battles must have been grand, but I should have liked picket-duty too. What an inspiration it would be to a man, as he walked back and forth in the dark, to remember that perhaps the safety of the whole army lay in his keeping!"

His mother shook her head: "I don't think you would have made a good picket."

"Now, mother, why not?" asked Rob, quite indignant that his patriotism should be thus assailed.

"I doubt whether you would have believed in a danger you could not see, and so you would have laid down your gun and been at the mercy of the foe."

"Why, mother, a fellow would be a fool to do that."

Mrs. Bertram smiled.

"Did you ever see me do anything so silly?"

"Very recently."

Rob looked his incredulity.

"The comfort of a family, if not the safety of an army, often lies in your keeping, and you prove a very negligent picket. You surrender to the first temptation that presents itself, with no farther excuse than 'I forgot.' It was he who was 'faithful in little things' who was made a ruler over many things."

THOUGHTS FOR FARMERS.

Keep the best and sell the rest.
Weeds exhaust the land as badly as useful crops. Better kindly the fire with dry wood than a heated temper.

There is more profit in keeping one good animal than two poor ones.
Brains are the cheapest fertilizer that can be employed on the farm.

Nearly all diseases arise from impure air or water, or from impurities in the food.
Weeds are most easily and cheaply killed when just appearing above ground.
The manure bank is of more importance to the farmer than the money bank.
A portion of green feed, in winter, is better for a horse than manure.

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POETRY.

GOD IS LOVE.

All things beautiful and fair,
Earth and sky, and balmy air,
Sunny field, and shady grove,
Gently whisper, "God is love."

Every tree and flower we pass,
Every tuft of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us, "God is love."

Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

He who dwelleth high in heaven
Unto us all things hath given;
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love."

—The Sunbeam.

PRaise THE SAVIOUR.
Come, ye children, praise the Saviour!
He regards you from above;
Praise Him for His great salvation!
Praise Him for His precious blood!

—The Sunbeam.

THE MYSTERY.
No. 154.—HIDDEN TREES.
1. Please Ethel make up the fire.
2. Love lived in the City of Rome.
3. I think he will own two farms after awhile.
4. That pony has a short neck.

Oak Point, Kings.
"MARIANNE."

No. 155.—PIZZELLE.
Dan her old cake two eth and, and it timed
two hings omph the ydr dail. "BLAKE,"
Hamstead, Queens.

No. 156.—BIBLE QUERIES.
1. What chapter and verse of the Bible contains
all the letters of the alphabet, except 'f' and 'j'?

2. What two chapters of the Bible are alike?
Central Hamstead, Queens. "STRABO."

No. 157.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
What four things are little upon the earth, but
are exceedingly wise? BERTHA BENNETT.
Sussex.

No. 158.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 9 letters.
My 7, 8, 9, 3, 4, 2, 5 is a plant.
My 2, 4, 7, 6 surrounds me a building.
My 9, 2, 7, 6, 4, 1 was one of Jacob's sons.
My whole is the name of a Jewish ruler.

Hamstead, Queens. "BISMARCK."

No. 159.—DEEP LETTER PUZZLE.
—k—u—s—a—l—e—n—d—n—o—o—
—k—e—s—l—e—n—d—n—o—o—
—l—o—o—b—f—r—t—e—g—e—t—n—d—
—l—e—n—d—n—o—o—b—f—r—t—e—g—e—t—n—d—
Please give the passage.
Frederickton. LILLIE AND ELIZA.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.
(June 27th.)
No. 123.—"Some good basket, even on a foe,
Among your labours;
Be true as steel, in war or woe,
To friends and neighbours."

No. 124.—Scribbler.
No. 125.—1. Prov. xxi, 20. 2. Psalm cxi. 9.
No. 126.—"Truth is as impossible to be soiled
by any outward touch as the sunbeam."
No. 127.—1. Love lightens labour.
2. Let lovely lilies like Lee's lonely
lane.

No. 128.—Baalam's ass.
No. 129.—L E V I
E D E N
Y E L I
I N L Y
U—z—l
D—avid.
A—ndrew.
S—amuel.
JUDAS.

CHAT.
BERTHA BENNETT, Sussex, sends us a Bible Question.
We publish it this issue. Thank you. She also sends correct answers to Nos. 137 and 138. Write again.

ANNE M. NEWCOMB, Carleton, St. John, sends us a correct solution to No. 135.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.
1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers, and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts, and conclude that Christ would have done so in your place.
4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often much more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember our own nature, whose development we must expect, and we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forgiveness ourselves.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.—Selected.

HOME HINTS.
A CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take a teaspoonful of black currant jam or jelly; put it in a tumbler, and fill up the tumbler with boiling water. Take this several times in the day, and drink whilst hot.

DEER FRUIT SAUCE.—All kinds of fruit, or mixtures of them, cooked until well done and properly thinned with water, make good dressings or sauces for puddings and mushes.

CRACKER.—Keep on hand for this a phial of camphor. Camphor one, ladanum one, and sweet oil two parts. Warm the affected part a bag of bran well heated; cover up with something warm to the feet, and drop to sleep.

EXCELLENT YEAST.—Parasol ball enough potatoes to make a pint when mashed. While yet very warm, mix thoroughly with it two tablespoonfuls sugar and a teaspoonful salt. Then save the starter for next time. Sauté one tablespoonful of flour with the potato water. When lukewarm, add the yeast and the remainder of the potato and sugar. Set to rise over night. Then knead twice—that is, mould up; let rise; then make out into loaves; let rise, and bake.

An experienced sheep-raiser says that a good way to control a flock of sheep is to take a ewe lamb to the house and make a pet of it. Use nothing but kindness, and give it a name, teaching it to come at the call. Whenever the lamb obeys give it something as a reward, such as a grain of corn, piece of bread, or anything that is acceptable, but never give it a blow. When the lamb is grown, place it in the flock and you will only need to call that one sheep, when all the others will follow. As sheep follow their leader the training of one is the training of all, and it is a saving of time and labor to do so.

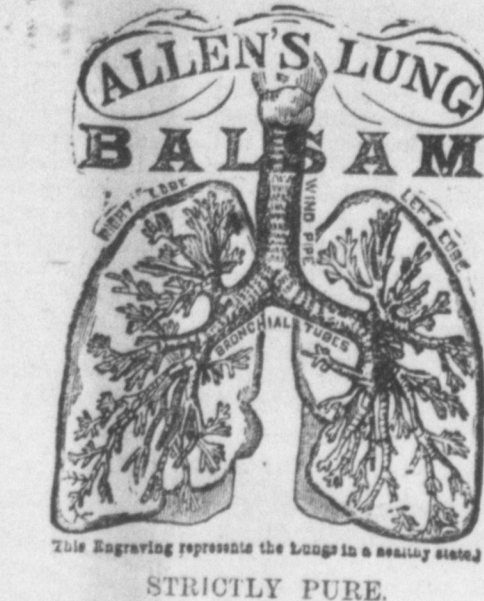
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