

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS TERRY COLE.

What shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The things that cannot die,
Laid softly on thy cradle rock,
Their myrrors and gems and gold,
Thy mother gave thee heart's warm blood;
They asked thee when thou wast a child,
They asked their lives as dreams and dust
To speed thy coming day.
We offer thee now life and death;
O gifts to man we give;
Dear Lord, on this thy day of birth
O, what dost thou receive?
Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert thou here in want and need,
Lord, I would give thee all!
Show me heaven in flesh once more;
Thy feast I long to spread;
To bring the water for thy feet,
The ointment for thy head;
There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unleash thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me."
—Christian Union.

THE ANGELS VISIT.

A shining angel, hardly seen
Through the gathering mists and the falling snow,
Came fluttering down from his heavenly home,
To visit his earthly home below;
Two Christmas morn, and he wandered on
With eager step from door to door,
Leaving some trace of heavenly grace
For young and old, for rich and poor;
He went to the rich with silent tread,
And filled each heart with tender love
As he gave to each, with a whispered grace,
God's Christmas greetings from above.
He went to the poor and lingered there,
With tears in his radiant eyes the while,
And on his face he seemed to wear
A sad and a kinder smile.
God everywhere brought down the earth
He seemed to hush each pain;
White light came back to saddened eyes,
And warm-things grew young again.
Then, when his joyful task was done,
And the whispered message all was given,
With the same glad smile on his angel face
He floated back through the mists to heaven.
—P. H. P.

The Fireside.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS M. S. REAR.

"Oh! is not this a merry, merry Christmas?
And isn't we the luckiest ones of all?" said Johnny
Omond to his sister, Mary.
"I am sure," said Mary, "that this is a very
merry Christmas, and we are very lucky."
Mary was holding in her arms, in a very motherly
way, a beautiful doll, with eyes that would open
and shut, and real hair. Johnny was examining a
splendid new sled, looking again and again to see
if those shining lights on its top really spell his
name.
"J—o—h—n—y, J—o—h—n—y, O—m—o—n—d—y—
There it was just as plain as could be.
Perhaps you will think it not so very strange
that a boy should have a present of a nice new sled
at Christmas time, and a girl a pretty doll. It may
be very wonderful that Johnny and Mary should be so
very happy with their, and think themselves so
very fortunate. I will tell you why it was so:
Their father, though a skilled workman, and earning
good wages, when asked had seldom been sober
in his recreation; and had done very little to-
wards supplying his family with the necessities of
life. They owed what they did enjoy of these
things to their mother, dear, brave, patient woman
that she was! She was a Christian, and was ad-
mired by her children for her piety; neither were
her children allowed to be absent.

A year before the time of which I am speaking
there was a Christmas gathering in the vestry of
the Church of which Mrs. Omond was a member.
She and her children received an invitation to at-
tend. She could not afford to spend time herself,
but as it was quite near she allowed the children to
go in. It so happened that it was seated quite near
the Christmas tree was very beautiful; it
was heavily laden with nice presents, and as one
after another of these presents were taken off and
passed to the owner, whose name had been called,
Johnny would clasp his hands and whisper to
Mary: "Oh! isn't they lucky! I am so glad for
them!" Only once did a shadow come over his
face, as he heard his own name called. "I don't suppose
there is any luck for us to-night."

But there had been money raised by ball presents
for the poor children. Of the wisdom of the way
in which it was expended we will not speak now.
Johnny's name was called, and then Mary's, and
when they held up their hands, one of those who
passed the presents brought each of them a little
red sugar topper. They took them and held them
very tightly in their hands, as though they were
afraid they might lose them. It was a good deal
for children like them to have their names called at
such a time and place. The room was warm, and
they were pleased. The room was warm, and they
felt something warm on their hands, and looking at
her mother's smile and one wing. Johnny's
was in a still worse state, having lost head and tail
and both wings. They wrapped up the remnants in
their handkerchiefs, and wiped their sticky fingers.
When the exercises were over, the children were
told that the next day was a very special day,
and their father came home in a very nice state
usual, so the children, instead of having a merry
Christmas, had a very dismal one.

There were times when John Omond longed to
break the strong chain that bound him to his
dreadful habit, and wondered if he could. O, how
he wished he could! He knew that his wife
was praying for him. Some of his former blood
companions were members of the R. F. C. Club, and
with strong hearts and steady hands were reaching
out to try and save him. There seemed at times a
little gathering up of mental force in the right
direction.

It was the day before Christmas, a year after the
time when Johnny and Mary had received their
little red toppers. Another Christmas festival was
to be held in the evening, and they were going.
Their mother had said they might.

"I wonder," said Johnny, "what we shall have
to-night; maybe a little red topper."
"On I hope not," said Mary; "I hope it may
be a book. Then we can keep it, and read it, and
learn nice things from it—same as we do from
mother's little book that was given her one Christ-
mas eve and ever long ago."
"Yes," said Johnny, "and a book wouldn't
have cost any more; for, it says in mother's book,
price five cents; and I was in the store one day and
a boy brought a red sugar topper, just like those we
had, and he gave five cents for it."
"Well, we must take what they give us, and be
as glad as we can."

"I suppose so; but let us think what we would
like to have if we could. I would like a sled; such
a one as Charlie Gopher has, with my name on the
top of it shining letters."
"And I," said Mary, "would like a doll like
Charlie Gopher's, with eyes that will open and shut,
and real hair."
"There will be no such luck as that for us," said

Johnny, "as long as father spends all his money at
Gopher's for rum."
"I wish he wouldn't," said Mary.
"So do I; not just because I would like a sled;
I am afraid poor mother is wearing herself all out
with hard work, and she wouldn't have to work so
hard if father did not drink, and he wouldn't have
such dreadful headaches."
It so happened that John Omond heard every
word of this conversation. Conscience seemed sud-
denly to awaken from its long slumber.
"I am a miserable wretch," he said, as he went
out of the door.
Now, it so happened that Abner Adams met him
as he was going down the street, and said: "You
are just the man I was looking for. I have a job
I want you to do for me."

Abner Adams was a man who had been led by his
love of intoxicating drinks far down the road to
ruin two years before he had stoned the plague.
Prospering himself in all his affairs, he had to help
others up the steep declivity, which they had as-
suredly gone down, was strong. You may judge
better of his influence with John Omond if I tell
you what happened that Christmas eve.
Mrs. Adams persuaded Mrs. Omond to go with
the children that night. The tree was more beau-
tiful than it was the year before, and more heavily
laden; and we do not wonder that John Omond
was the luckiest of all; for there was not only a
sled for himself, but such a one as he wished for,
and a doll for Mary, like Charlie Gopher's, but
in a neat envelope, which was headed to Mrs.
Omond, was a temperance pledge on which was
written the name of John Omond.

The money which the R. F. C. Club lent Mr.
Omond that day was soon paid, and the club gained
a member whose untiring efforts to rescue others
from drunkenness was a continual inspiration.
Still River, Mass.

THE DYING YEAR.

The year is dying, sobbing the trees
Are following with a dull sad face
They lean against the sadness of the sky:
The glory of the summer has gone by,
Gone is the smile of gladness from the place.
O, and to see the sun come later up,
And to see him pass his autumn away,
And to see the pallid clouds he throws across
The leaf-strewn garden; and the sense of loss,
The all-pervading fragrance of decay.

Y—t at the open window, as I sit
With closed eyes, and hear the gentle rain
Fall on the damp green earth like lover's sighs,
And feel the breath of earthy life
From far and near, from hill and from plain.
The same soft drip of lightly falling showers,
Upon the moss-greens growing everywhere,
The same strange stillness warms in the life,
The cawing of the rooks, the gentle drift
Of odorous distillings in the air.

Daff-dill growing on the fields green breast,
Buds all a-blow, and the enchanted breeze
Of violets peeping in the damp hedgerows,
Kindled to being—O mystery, that so
Death looks like life, and life so like death!

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SE-
TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

CONTRIBUTORS AND ANSWERS RESPECTFULLY
SOLICITED.

REWARD OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"To him that seeketh righteousness, shall be a sure re-
ward."—Prov. 10, 18.

Those who seek righteousness are generally re-
warded in this life; but it is in heaven where they
will get the best part of their reward. Nobody has
ever come back to tell us what that reward is,
but I want to tell you how it appeared to a little
boy, who was just going to his. His name was
Eddy. He had learned to love Jesus, and had
been trying to seek righteousness, and now he was
going to get his reward. He lay upon his dying
bed. He had been suffering from pain and fever
for days, but his mind was very clear. He was
thinking of his mother, and how she had been
N—thing was heard in that chamber but the sound
of his faint breathing and the sighs of his sorrow-
ing parents and friends, who had gathered round his
bed. He had been silent for some time, and ap-
peared to sleep. They thought that perhaps he
would pass away in sleep; but suddenly his blue
eyes opened, wide and clear, and a sweet smile
played over his face. He looked earnestly upwards,
and then turning to his mother he asked—

"Mother, what is that beautiful country? I see
beyond the mountains, the high mountains!"
"I don't see them, Eddy, dear," said his mother.
"There are no mountains in sight of our home."
"Look there, dear mother, said the child, point-
ing upwards; "yonder are the mountains. Don't
you see them now?" His mother shook her head.
"They are not there now," said he; "so large and
high, and behind them the country looks so beau-
tiful, and the people are so happy. There are no
sick children there. Papa, can't you see behind the
mountains? Tell me the name of the beautiful
country!"

His parents looked at each other, and said—
"The land you see is heaven, dear Eddy, where
Jesus dwells."
"Yes," said he, "his heaven—the heaven! O! let
me go! But how shall I get across those dark
mountains? Father won't you carry me? They
are beckoning me from the other side and I must go."

There was no dry eye in that chamber. All that
deserted as if they were just on the borders of heav-
en. It seemed as if the curtains were drawn
aside, and that they might look in upon its glories.
"Mother, father, don't cry," said Eddy; "but
come with me across the mountains. Oh, come!"
Then there was silence in that chamber for a
while. No one was willing to speak. At last he
turned to his mother; his face was beaming with
joy, and stretching out his little arms for a last em-
brace, he said—

"Good-bye, mother, I am going; but don't
fear! the angel of Jesus is waiting to carry me
over the mountains. Good-bye!" These were his
last words. There was a "sure reward" for him
in that beautiful world which he saw beyond the
mountains. And if we love Jesus and are right-
eousness, there will be a sure reward for us there.
There is a reward of pleasure in loving right-
eousness; there is a reward of profit in serving
righteousness; and there is a reward of peace in
being right with God.

My dear children, pray to Jesus to make you his
children; to teach you to love him, and to help
you to all the powers of righteousness, and then there
will be a sure reward for you.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM YOUNG FOLKS.

PUZZLEDOM.

25.—SQUARE WORD ENIGMA.

FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.

A disciple; a sort of moulding in architecture;
a command of Jesus; the father of Sathiel.

26.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

FROM ANNIE NEWB ME. J. H.

1.—Where do we read in the Bible of a man
boring a hole in the lid of a chest to receive
money?

2. What chapter of the Bible has 52 verses each
beginning with the same word?

3. Who beat down a city and sowed it with
salt?

27.—BIBLE SCENE.

FROM "VAN L. W. PRINCE WILLIAM.

A woman in grief, after approaching where a
prophet is, takes hold of his feet. His servant
wishes to put her away; but the prophet says,
"Let her alone." He afterwards comforts her.

(Puzzle-dom explained in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY.

No. 270.—NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

A lady was asked her age, who replied thus:
My age, if multiplied by three,
Two-sevenths of that product tripled be,
The square root of two-ninths of that is four.
Now tell my age, or never see me more.

No. 271.—SQUARE WORD.

My first the son of Shem all name;
My second Jacob's name;
My third names a Syrian plain;
My fourth a Syrian herb.

No. 272.—ENIGMA.

"Doe to dog to li on taseret
Yeddoth, yeddoth, yeddoth,
Tub a dila to yeddoth, yeddoth,
Siral to to yeddoth yad."

No. 273.—DISCUSSION.

1. Richard what we cannot well do without.
And have what most people do, no doubt.

2. Richard a very fine and
And have instead a trade.

No. 274.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 6, 4 is of the male's age; my 1, 2, 3, 4 may
be the same; my 1, 6, 7, 4 consists of bones; my
5, 2, 4 is a song; my whole was one of the most
celebrated cities of antiquity.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

SOLUTIONS.

(December 5.)

PUZZLEDOM EXPLAINED:

13.—John xxx. 18.

14.—The Lord on high is mightier than the
noise of many waters.

15.—(1) Dan. (2) Levi. (3) Ruth. (4) O.
16.—Come to Jesus just now.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED:

No. 255.—RIDDLE'S INTELLIGENCE.

No. 256.—Grandchildren.

No. 257.—Wine and oil.

No. 258.—(1) Greece. (2) Daisy. (3) Joy.

(4) Happiness. (5) Happiness. (1) Tulip.

CHAT.

NOTE BENE.—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, in every case,
be sent before they appear in the paper, which is
three weeks from the time the puzzles are pub-
lished. Each competitor will cover the puzzles
published during each calendar month, and each
competitor must state that the solution is his or
her own original work. Answers must be ad-
dressed to "C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings
County, N. Y.," and marked PRIZE COMPETITION.

The New Year is fast approaching. We will
hope, if it be our lot, to make the coming
year (1885), one of cheerfulness and interest. We
wish the hearty cooperation of all. We shall
make some slight alterations. Of this we an-
nounce later. Let us hear from our young readers
concerning the column. Do you not wish to be
good?

ERRATA.—No. 23.—"Pug Nobs," Upper
Brighton, solved 6 puzzles correctly, instead of
5, as given last week.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE, a handsome book entitled "Chris-
tian Life," by L. N. C. M. V. has been awarded
to ALAN E. CHASE ("Pug Nobs") Upper Brighton,
Carlisle, who correctly solved 21 puzzles in the
MYSTERY OF N. Y. 23. The prize has been for-
warded to him. She will please acknowledge receipt
of same by mail.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO THE MYSTERY OF NOV. 28
has been received from—
L. S. S., L. R. STEVENS, 1.
D. C. S., L. S., L. R. STEVENS, 2; J. E.
S. M. D. G. L. S.; M. M. D. C. L. S.;
E. L. A. B. L. S.

TO PUZZLE NO. 28, 29th:
ANNIE M. NEWB ME, N. Y.

D. C. S. 5th.—M. M. D. C. L. S., Nos. 14 and 16;
E. L. A. B. L. S., Nos. 14, 15, 16.

STUDENT, Woodville, Hampstead.—Thank you
for the puzzle. We shall be pleased to insert
them. OF THE MYSTERY, No. 235, 253, 254 cor-
rect. OF PUZZLE NO. 10, 11, 12. Write again.

HARRY'S LETTER FROM SANTA
CLAUS.

Harry wrote a letter to "Santa Claus," invit-
ing him to come and see him in person on Christ-
mas eve, and to give him his presents, care of
the King of Norway and Sweden. After about a
week of patient waiting came this letter in a big
envelope, with a very indistinct post-mark and a
great many stamps:

MY DEAR LITTLE HARRY:

I saw on my way
The good King of Norway and Sweden to-day;
And just as I left him he handed to me
A nice little letter from over the sea.
A letter from Harry, so very polite—
Requesting my presence on Christmas night.
Now, I was all set to go, when I saw that
Harry was happy to know that good children love me
And will do their best to be good and obedient,
I do make their sweet faces look happy and
bright.

So I started and planned for as much as an hour.
I do grant you a request, and will do my power;
For, as little Harry, you can't understand
How thousands of children, all over the land,
Will be up on Christmas to call at their place.
I will do my best to be there to look on my face.
And Christmas, so full of delight and good cheer,
Is no longer than all other days in the year.
So I—on my way—will come on my track
And be with you on Christmas night, as I said,
That such shouting and laughing! such wondrous
surprise.

As the dear children watch me, with wide open
eyes!
I suppose you have seen them pictures your self—
And you know I am called "a right jolly old elf."
So I laugh with the children—then I listen to
their tales,
And proceed to distribute the gifts on my back.
Then laughing and kissing the children all round
With a gay "Merry Christmas," I'm off with a
bound.

"To the chimney!" O, no—I have stopped
doing that.
For, of late years I'm growing too clumsy and
fat.
Besides, modern children are different, you know.
From the olden times, when they used long
ropes to pull the gifts down the chimney.
So I, without knocking, walk in at the door,
And as I walk, I give you my presents as I go.
Well, Harry, if Willie and Edna will be good,
And mind papa and mamma, and good children
should.

"I'll be arranged if I can, I believe."
To make you a visit on Christmas eve.
You're a good little boy—on the whole I admit.
But you have some habits I don't like a bit.
Now, just to tell you of my latest attend,
And try hard to get these ugly old habits to mend;
You are not a very quiet ready to mind
When mamma commands you, you linger behind.
Now, "O dear!" or "O dear!" or "Can't I?"
Do it!

"I'm at something else, and I want to get
through it."
That's bad, little Harry—a very bad trick.
Leave it off, or you'll get no more gifts from St.
Nick.
Then, sometimes, you're given to bother and
tease.
A very bad habit, my boy, can't please.
Now, remember, my boy, to your brothers be
kind.
And when mamma calls you be ready to mind,
Try hard with God's help to be good as you can.
For you know the good boy makes the good,
useful man.
So Harry, try hard to drop these naughty tricks.
And, when Christmas comes, you will, I hope,
be a good boy.

ST. NICK.

HALL'S

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was the first preparation perfectly adapted to
cure diseases of the scalp, and the first suc-
cessful restorer of faded or gray hair to its
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It has had many imitations, but none have
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proper treatment of the hair and scalp.
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in favor, and spend time and medicine
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