

Poetry.

A TRUE STORY.

ABBE KINNE.

"Where is the baby, grandmamma?
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy kitchen,
With its dainty white-washed walls
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its wavy hair,
No patter of tiny footstep,
No sign of it anywhere,
All through house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grows pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grow dim—
The father's gone to the village;
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother shooed to think
Of the mother in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her.
"Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there, by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to life's dream—
She was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a little dirt in the water;
She's just as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh, why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand—
Kiss Rover! Baby struck him.
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."
—Baldwin's Monthly.

FAITH.

"DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA."
When the shades of coming sorrow
Deepen into starless night,
Faith's bright rays illumine my darkness,
With her motto—"God thy Light."

Yes, my Light—though all around me
Groping, seek to walk by sight,
Let me follow where thou leadest,
God of Love, and Light of Light.
If by paths unknown, untrod,
Through deep gorges, o'er dizzy heights,
Guide my feet, uphold my goings—
Thou, Thou only, art my Light.

Then, though warring creeds be claiming
Old prerogative and right,
This my creed—and none more holy—
"In Thy Light behold we Light!"
Such the faith of those, our loved ones,
Standing now in robes washed white,
Now they know how all life's shadows
Brought them nearer to Thy Light.

On the shield of Faith borne homeward,
Rest they from the hard-fought fight,
And no more can powers of darkness,
Dim their vision of Thy Light.

Grant me power, dear Lord, to witness
How pure Faith gleams ever bright—
Thine the cloud and thine the sunshine,
Thou my Lord, my Life, my Light!
—The Quaker.

The Fireside.

WAS HE A HERO?

They were all at the sea-shore during this very
last July; among the rest my little friend, with his
aunt, who had taken care of him—wonderfully ten-
der and wise care—ever since his mother died,
which was when Arthur was a baby, fourteen years
ago.

The breeze at Prout's Neck was fresh and cool,
very different from the close air which had whiffed
them in the hot city. The ocean dashed against
the rocks, or surging upon the beach, was cool also;
more than that, it is always cool on this headland
off the coast of Maine.

That is why visitors cannot take salt baths, unless
the blood flows quickly through their veins, else
first a shiver, then a chill, at last a deadly coldness
comes over them.

But a certain clergyman, who was stout and full-
blooded, a hale and hearty physician, and our boy
Arthur were ready for anything in the swimming
line. They would probably have taken a dip in the
open polar sea, if they had changed to summer
there. At any rate, Prout's Neck did not daunt
them. The stout clergyman was diving and duck-
ing, the energetic doctor was plunging about in the
water, while the "summer boarders," stood on the
shore to laugh at their antics.

"Any under-tow?"

"Ten for every mother's son who puts his feet
under water."

"Be sure the Jamaica ginger is on hand."

"Hot-water baths furnished gratis to those out
from linen."

The water sparkled, tempting the reverend doctor
far from the shore, closely followed by the irrever-
ent doctor, who swam like a frog. But all at once
the latter turned toward the land. The spectators
noticed that he swam slowly; presently that each
stroke came with an effort.

But he gained his foothold.

"No more for me to-day, thank you. There's a
cramp waiting for some one out yonder. Come,
doctor, come."

But the clergyman didn't answer. He was float-
ing on his back.

"Roasting for another swim."

But the "rest" seemed to last a long time. A
big wave carried him farther from shore. Could
anything be wrong? An anxious thrill ran through
the watchers. They strained their eyes. It be-
came more and more evident that there was serious
trouble. Some cried, "Bring a rope."

A panic seized the group on the beach.

Farther and farther out floated the bathed.

He was trying to signal "distress." Only his head
could now be seen. The ladies wrung their helpless
hands. There was not a man near who could swim,
excepting the physician, and it would only be a
double death should he leave the ice-water again.

The clergyman was losing strength. He could
not keep above those rolling waves much longer.
The "distress" became agony. To stand by that
shore and see a man go down before one's very eyes
was too horrible. Suddenly the door of one of the
bath-houses opened. There stood the slender figure
of Arthur Starnes, bare-headed, bare-legged, clad
only in the close-fitting shirt and short trousers,
which left his limbs free play. He gave one instant

look, and seemed instantly to understand the situation.
"Swim," he said, "but don't speak. There was a
quick bound to the water, a rush into the surf, and
he had struck out toward the drowning man.

A cry of anguish went up from the beach. What
could a child avail at such a time? The large man
would seize him as one in his extremity clutches at
a straw. They would be swallowed up by that
pitiless water. How could they tell the awful tale
to the children's father? How could the mother-
aunt bear her misery when she saw her cherished
child sink before her very eyes?

Steadily on swam the boy. His brain was work-
ing through all the excitement. This is what it
told him:

"You remember, Arthur Starnes, how your
auntie was once saved from drowning by some one's
pushing her to land by pressing his hand against
her feet held out stiff and straight."

"I remember," said Arthur, and he swam
steadily on.

"I will," answered Arthur, and he swam
quickly on.

The on-lookers, breathless with suspense, saw
him come closer, closer—now reach the clergyman.
They shuddered with fear lest he should be seized
and dragged down.

He was pausing. One little hand was put under
the doctor's head. He was evidently speaking.
No one could hear, but they could discern that
probably his words were understood.

"I can push you ashore, sir, if you will keep
your arms close to your side, and your feet to-
gether stiff, just as you are doing now. If you
touch me we shall both drown."

The doctor's sense had not wholly left him. He
still knew enough to do as he was told.

With his left hand pressing the soles of the
clergyman's feet, Arthur was making vigorous
strokes with his right arm.

Slowly, slowly, but surely, they were making
progress. It was like a big man-of-war pushed by
a tiny tug-boat. But the "tug" did valiant ser-
vice. Nearer and nearer they came, till strong
hands could reach out to draw the half-drowned
clergyman to shore, and Arthur stood upright.

His work was done.

Then they praised him. How those ladies did
chatter and tinkle! They lauded the little hero to
the skies. They patted and caressed him. They
could find no word strong enough to express their
admiration.

All that confused the boy. He had gone to the
rescue of a perishing man. Of course he had.
What else was there to do? He had known how
to push him to land. Why, anybody ought to
have known that. What was all this fuss about?
It was very perplexing. He did not understand it.
—this simple-minded lad, who had been taught
always, under all circumstances, to do the right.

All day long their praises worried him.

But night came, and his aunt went up stairs to
see that he was in bed, the mother-aunt, who had
been greatly afraid that her boy had proved him-
self worthy of the task set him. It was she who
could always put matters in their true light.

"Arthur, dear," she said, "what you did to-day
was nothing wonderful, but it was very wonderful
that it was given you to do. That should make
you very thankful."

That view of the case was easy to understand,
and a happy boy closed his eyes that night and
slept.—Harper's Young People.

TO MOTHERS.

If you fail, my dear mother, unless you have a good
reason for changing a given command, hold to it.
Take an interest in your children's amusements;
mother's share in what pleases them is a great de-
light.

Remember that trifles to you are mountains to
them; respect their feelings.

Keep up a standard of principles; your children
are judges.

Be honest with them in small things as well as
in great. If you cannot tell them what they wish
to know, say so rather than deceive them.

As long as it is possible, let the children good-
night after they are in bed; they like it, and it
keeps them very close.

Bear in mind you are largely responsible for your
child's inherited character, and be patient with them.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the
one that is gone there is no more to do; for those
left, everything.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when
they are ill try to make them comprehend why; how
the complaint arose, and the remedy so far as you
know it.

Impress upon them from early infancy that their
actions have results, and that they cannot escape
consequences even by being sorry when they have
done wrong.

Respect their little secrets; if they have conceal-
ments, fretting them will never make them tell,
and time and patience will.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions
of their own; make them individuals, and not
mere echoes.

Find out all their special tastes and develop
them instead of spending time, money, and patience
in forcing them into studies that are entirely re-
pugnant to them.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your girls,
do not neglect to instruct them in the mysteries of
housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way
of making home happy.

HOME HINTS.

PURDINGS of all kinds should be plunged into
boiling water, should boil, not simmer, all the time
that the pudding remains in it. It is well-nigh im-
possible to boil a pudding to a good degree.

COLD PRUNES.—Take cold chicken or turkey, chop
fine, stew cranberries, sweeten to the taste, and
squeeze the juice, while boiling, over the turkey or
chicken. Mix up well, put in a mould to form.

A PASTE formed of shaving and benzine will
cleanse marble from grease and one made of whiting
and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry, in
the sun if possible, on the marble, will remove
stains.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—One of the plainest ways of
cooking eggs, but one of the best. Heat an iron
skillet and grease it with a little melted butter;
having your eggs ready broken in a dish near the
fire, pour them in, and stir them briskly for five or
six minutes until they are prettily mixed and done
to your taste. Just before you take them from the
skillet add a seasoning of a tablespoonful of butter,
a teaspoonful of salt, and a good sprinkling of black
pepper, to a dozen eggs. This will make a dish for
about eight persons of moderate appetite.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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

CONTRIBUTORS AND ANSWERS REPRINTED BY
HOLMIST.

N. B.—Address all communications intended for
this department to the above address, and not the
Editor of the INTELLIGENCER. All puzzles must be
accompanied by solutions to be noticed. All are
welcome! Come!

STORY AND POETRY.

PRAYERS FIRST.

A bright little four-year-old boy in a frightful
family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close,
and came to his mother that he might say his evening
prayer before going to bed.

"Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother;

"I am busy writing a letter. When that is done
you may say your prayer."

The little fellow waited a minute or two very
patiently, and then coming back to his mother,
said: "Mamma, don't you think prayers is more
precious than writing letters? God can't wait."
Ernie's mother quietly laid aside her letter at the
gentle rebuke, and the evening prayer took his
right place first.

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

What may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.

We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning;
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways;

And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 75.—BIBER QUESTIONS.
FROM "MAYFLOWER," KINGS.

Where is the verse, "The wicked cease
from troubling; and the weary are at rest?"

No. 76.—JUMBLES.

FROM "PEARL," CARLETON.
Suey temp.

No. 77.—DROF LETTER PUZZLE.

FROM "PEARL," SURREY.
FROM "BUTTERCUP," CARLETON.
Lal rmlnhtgthessss si na; dan tchrs si i si
two utno adth.

No. 78.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FROM NANNIE D. CLARK, WOODSTOCK.
I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is an affirmation.
My 7, 2, 8, 6 is a plant.
My 9, 13, 11, 10, 17 is a title.
My 3, 4, 6, 16, 12, 11 is a rebellion.
My 14, 11, 15, 16, 17 is a weight.
My whole is a command which Jesus gave.

No. 79.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

FROM "BLANCHIE," BIRSVILLE.
My first is in reap, but not in sow;
My second is in scatter, but not in strew;
My third is in peace, but not in calm;
My fourth is in water, but not in land;
My fifth is in send, but not in take;
My sixth is in serpent, but not in snake;
My whole is a command.

No. 80.—SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

The initials gave the name of a noted man of the
Old Testament.
1. One of the Books of the Bible.
2. One who fed one of the prophets.
3. A king.
4. A priest.
5. A king.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(No. 14.)
No. 61.—Deut. xxix. 9.
No. 62.—(1) Prov. xxvii. 3. (2) 1 Kings ii.
19. (3) Isaiah xli. 1.
No. 63.—Job vii. 6.
No. 64.—Matt. ii. 18.
No. 65.—Pharaoh, Saul, David, Achan, Michah,
Judas and the Prodigal said, "I have sinned."

CHAT.

BIBLE STUDY.

TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.

JESUS WILL BE OUR JUDGE.

"We must all appear before the judgment seat
of Christ." The man of sorrows will come again as
the God of glory, and "before Him will be gathered
all nations." "Behold, He cometh with clouds;
and every eye shall see Him, and they also who
pierced Him." How encouraging to believers! He
is the very person they themselves would have
chosen; and when they see Him on the throne they
will rejoice for their best Friend, who has prom-
ised to save them, will be their Judge, and there-
fore they will feel secure. "But how dreadful for
those who have rejected Him! How dreadful for
those who have rejected Him! How terrible his
look of reproach to those who pierce Him by their
sinful neglect! How dreadful to hear the voice
which now says, "Come unto me," say, "Depart,
ye cursed!" Suppose a prisoner is now to be tried
at the assizes, for a crime for which he will lose
his life. He is visited by a man of humble appear-
ance, but great kindness, whose heart seems to flow
over with pity for the prisoner. He has been labouring
very hard to obtain the culprit's escape at the trial.
He tells him what he has already done, and proves
that he may be safely trusted. He assures him
that he is quite able to secure his pardon, if only
the prisoner is willing he should do so. He says:
"I pray you, let me come forward at the trial, and
speak on your behalf; let me plead your cause. I
have saved many a prisoner whose case was as bad
as yours; I can save you. I ask no payment; I
alone prompt me. Consent to let me help you." But
the prisoner is reading, talking, or sleeping,
and takes no notice. The friend comes again and
again; but the prisoner dislikes his visits, and by
actions seems to ask him not to come and disturb
him. It is now the assizes. The prisoner is brought
into court. He looks at the judge in his robes of
state, and sees he is the despised friend who came
to him in his cell. But now his countenance is
solemn, and his voice severe. He who was refused
as a friend now appears only as a judge. Sinner,
He who, as Judge, will occupy the throne, at the
last day, comes to thee in thy prison and offers to
be thy Saviour! He is willing to plead thy cause,
and promises thee a free and full deliverance at
his bar. Refuse Him not, for soon you must stand at
his bar. Trust in Him as your Advocate, if you
would not trouble before Him as your Judge! Ac-
cept His invitation, if you would not hear Him
pronounce your doom! Welcome Him now to your
heart, that He may welcome you then to His
Kingdom!
See Matt. xxv. 31-46; 2 Cor. v. 10; 1 Thess.
iv. 16-18; Rev. i. 7.

OUR LETTER BOX.

ABOUT SCRAP-BOOKS.
March 23, 1885.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I send you a piece of poetry
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old, but good advice. If you think it nice enough
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Ed.] I like Scrap-Books. I have made four, and
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