

Poetry.

KEEP COOL.

It never did and never will
Put things in better fashion—
Though rough the road and steep the hill—
To fly into a passion.

And never yet did fume or fret
Mend any broken bubble;
The direct evil heavily met,
Is but a conquered trouble.

Our trials, did we often know,
Are often what we make them;
And molehills into mountains grow,
Just by the way we take them.

Who keeps his temper calm and cool
Will find his way in season,
And rage is like a foaming fool;
With neither strength nor reason.

And if a thing be hard to bear,
When brain and nerve are steady,
Let fury passions rave and tear,
It finds us unarm'd already.

Who yields to anger, conquered lies,
A captive none can pity;
Who rules his spirit greater is,
Than he who takes a city.

A hero he, though drums are mute,
And no bay banners flaunt;
He treads his passions under foot,
And meets the world undaunted.

Oh, then, to bravely do our best,
However the winds are blowing,
And meekly leave to God the rest,
Is wisdom worth the knowing.

The Fireside.

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX.

BENEFITS AT A CENT APICE.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

"That there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlor mantel, "that there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Miss Malcom, the things I've been a-savin' of, ever since Mrs. Pickett she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' set it out on the dinin' room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story. "I've had a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Miss Malcom. Some way you make me think of Mrs. Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece, you know. You've got just her colored hair and your eyes lighted like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett always was a master hand for laughin'! I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she came in there. She knowed I wasn't the missionary kind. I do not but she did jest for a time. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boardin', an' 'reus was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it wasn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked cross-rose to me, and I'd got to have hard feelings against every one I looked at. I went to church at all for all I was a professor, an' I never say but what I had murrin' against Providence—fist is I know I had—if I was a minister's wife! An' so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never thought of nothin' else. Then Mrs. Pickett she come home from school, where she'd been ever since she was fifteen, for she took all the money her pa left her to get an education, so to teach; an' she got a place in the grammar school, an' come to board with me, an' she'd heard about missions to that school till she war full of 'em, an' the very last meetin' day after she come, she walked out in the kitchen, an' says she,

"Aunt, an' you come in' to missionary meetin', down to the church," says she, "I'll meet you there after school," says she.

"An' if you'll believe me, Miss Malcom, I was that riled that I could have shook her! I says: 'Pretty doin' 't would be for me to go trappin' off to meetin' an' leave the 'nin' an' the cookin' an' set along of Lawyer Stapleton's wife here—the land knows what! Folks had better stay to home and see to their work,' says I. But law! nothin' ever made Mary Pickett answer back. She jest laughed and said Good-by, an' I stayed an' puttered over the kitchen work till I was hot as fire inside an' out; an' long about five o'clock, back she come with them two boxes.

"I've brought you a present, Aunt Mirandy," says she, settin' it down, an' when I see what it was, I jest stood an' stared. 'Twarn't that kind of thing, 'twas one jest like it an' it had a motto written on it to one end, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?'

"Well, you're smart," says I, an' Mrs. Pickett she dropped into a chair an' laughin' till I couldn't help laughin' too. 'Great benefits I have,' says I, standin' with my arms akimbo an' lookin' that hot all over. 'Guess the heathen won't get much out o' me at that rate!'

"I 'pose that depends on how much you render," says Mary, says she. 'You might try at a cent a piece awhile, jest for the fun of it. Nobody knows who's got this motto, you know, an' even a few cents would be some help,' says she.

"But Mary, says I, as I was more than usual low-spirited that night, an' I jest made up my mind I would keep count, jest to show myself how little I did have. 'Them few cents won't break me,' I thought, an' I really seemed to kinder enjoy thinkin' over the hard times I had, while I was settin' the table, with Mary helpin', an' I kep' sayin' 'little mean things, about how I 'posed she wanted me to put in a cent for the smoky stove, an' for the bread that wasn't fit to eat, an' I know all the boarders would begrumblin' at me, an' plenty more in that line, that she never took no notice of. Miss Stapleton said once that Mary was a girl of great faith, an' I guess I know it better'n anyone else.

"Well, the box set there all that week, an' I used to say it must be kinder lone some with nothin' in it, for not a cent went in till next missionary meetin' day. I was a-savin' on the back step gettin' a box of fresh air when Mary come home, an' I called out to her to know what them goods talked about to-day. That was the livin' word I called 'em—'them goods!' Well, she come an' set down along o' me, an' begun to tell me about the meetin', an' it was all about Injy an' the widens there, poor creatures, an' they bein' abused an' starved an' not let to think for themselves—you know all about it better'n I do—before I thought I up an' said:

"Well, if I be a widder, I'm thankful I'm where I kin earn my own livin', an' no thanks to nobody an' no one to interfere."

"Then Mary she laughed an' said there was my fault. Well, that sorter tickled me, for I thought a woman must be pretty hard up for benefits when she had to go clear off to Injy to find 'em, an' I dropped in one cent, an' it rattled round a few days without any company. I asked to shake it every time I passed by the shelf, an' the thought of these poor things in Injy kep' a-goin' up before me, an' I really was glad when I got a new boarder for my best room, an' felt as if I'd oughter put in another. An' next meetin', Mary she told me about Japan, an' I thought that till I put in another because I wasn't a Jap. An' all the while I was thinkin' of how little there was in that box, then one day when I got a chance to turn a

little penny sellin' eggs, which I wasn't in the habit of, Mary brought the box in where I was countin' of my money an' says:

"A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mirandy," an' I says:

"This ain't the Lord's benefit; an' she answered:

"If 't ain't His, whose is it? an' she begun to hum over something out of one of the poetry books that she was always a readin' of."

God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

"Well, I dropped in the penny an' them two kep' rattlin' in my ears, till I couldn't help puttin' more in, an' on account of some things I never thought of callin' the Lord's benefits before. An' by that time, what with Mary's tellin' me about them meetin's, an' me most always findin' some-thing to put in a penny for, to be thankful that I wasn't it, an' what with gettin' interested about it all, an' sorter searchin' round a little, now an' then, to think of something or other to put in a cent for, there really come to be quite a few pennies in the box, an' it didn't rattle near so much when I shook it. An' then one day, Mary she brought me a little pamphlet, an' she says:

"Aunt, here's a missionary magazine I've subscribed for you, bein' you're so interested in missions."

"Me interested in missions! But when I come to think it over, I didn't see but what I was, in a way, an' I said it over to myself, kinder curious, to see how it sounded. It was just what they said about Miss Stapleton, she 'twas the president of the missionary society. An' that night our new boarder he picked up the magazine, an' said:

"Why, what's this? An' I said, quite pleased, before I thought,

"That's a magazine that my niece, Mary Pickett, she's subscribed to for me, bein' I'm so interested in missions."

"My mother used to take it," says he. He was a young man, not much more'n a boy, an' home-sick, I guess. 'I'd like to look it over,' he said to me, he says. 'It looks like home.' So I was so pleased to hear him say that, for the boarders they don't much generally say much, except to find fault, that when I went out in the dinin' room, I just put another cent in, for the magazine itself, part for what he'd said, an' part for what I'd been readin' out of it that afternoon; an' while I was droppin' it in, Mary she come up behind me an' give me a big hug.

"You dear old inconsistent thing!" she says, an' then I knew she'd heard what I'd said in the parlor.

"Well, it went on that way for quite awhile, an' it come to be a regular thing that a cent would get in there every time I heard about the meetin'. I thought Mary would 'a' died laughin' the time I put one in because I wasn't born a cannibal—an' one day—I'll never forget that day, Miss Malcom—she was tellin' me about Turkey, an' she told how some missionaries heard a little girl sayin' how the smallest thing in all the world war'n any smaller than the joy of her father when she was born. Them words went right through me. I was standin' over the 'nin' board, an' Mary was opposite to me, but all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my Liakin's face, that had been dead ten year, an' him-a-leavin' down over our little baby, that only lived two weeks, the only one ever had. Seemed to me I couldn't get over it, when that baby died. An' I seemed to see Liakin smilin' down at it, an' I kin' there, all soft and white—she was a white little girl, such a pretty baby—an' before I knew it, I was droppin' tears all over the starched collar, an' I turned round an' went an' put another cent in that box, for the look on Liakin's face when he held her that time. An' Mary, she see somethin' was the matter, I guess, she walked off an' never asked no questions. But all the rest of the day I kep' a-savin' that little face before me, an' I think I had her before my own, an' how I knew she was in glory—I'd only felt it hard that I couldn't keep her before that—an' before I went to bed I went out in the dinin'-room, an' I put in a little bright five-cent piece for my baby, because I couldn't bear to count her just like everythin' else, an' I found myself cryin' because I hadn't enough money just then, to spare anythin' bigger. I suppose it was from thinkin' about her so much, that that night I dreamed about mother. I could see her as plain, an' father with her, an' we was back on the old farm, an' while I was kin' of 'em both, I heard some sayin' 'As one whom his mother comforted.' An' I woke up, an' I was sayin', 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungodly woman!'

"Miss Malcom, I don't suppose you could understand—you that's a minister's wife, an' thankful to the Lord in course—what I thought that night. I laid awake, thinkin' an' cryin', an' yet not all sorry, for half the night. I kep' thinkin' of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, an' the more I thought of mother an' the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, an' I just prayed with all my might an' main, an' that there box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A cent piece!' I kep' sayin'. 'A cent piece for all His benefits!' Why, they come over me that night while I laid awake, till they was like crowds an' crowds of angels all around me. In the mornin' I went up to the box, feelin' meaner than dirt, an' I put in a cent for father, an' a cent for mother, an' one for the old farm, an' the rose-bush in front of my window, an' for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, an' for heaps of other things that I'd been forgettin' in them hard times. An' when I laid myself to sleep that night, I was all right, an' I don't know what I was thinkin' of, but I was sure I was a different woman after that. For there was the verses in the Bible, that I used to get up early to read them mornin', an' I was there to love of God, that I'd never rightly understood, an' there was church, that I couldn't hear to mind now, an' there was the daily bread, that I'd never thought of bein' thankful for till after that night, when I found out how much I'd had in my life an' begun to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on, till the box grew heavier an' heavier, an' before the day come for it to be opened, three months from the time I'd had it, it was all full, an' I stuck in one cent into the slit at the top, an' said, 'That's for you, Mary Pickett, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you're one!' an' Mary she cried when I said it.

"So, when the day come, I said I was goin' too, an' I left the 'nin', an' we went off together, an' there was kin' an' everthin', just as there always is, only it was all new to me, an' every one seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been as rich as any of 'em, an' at last it come time to open our boxes. An' I brought mine, an' I says, 'Miss Stapleton.' I says, 'ever there was a mean feelin' woman come to missionary meetin', I'm the one, for I've been a keepin' count of my merits, at a cent a piece,' I says. 'It's all cents in there, 'cept one five-cent piece, that means somethin' special to me. An' I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I says, beginnin' to cry, 'for when I begun to find out what I had to be thankful for, I says to myself, 'Mean! you'd oughter feel, an' mean you shall feel!' You'll jest finish up this box the way you begun! An' here I is,' an' every cent is one of the Lord's mercies. So I set down, cryin' like a baby, an' Miss Stapleton she begun to count, with the tears a-runnin' down her own cheeks, an' before she got through, we was all cryin' together, for there was three hundred and fifty blessed cents in that box, not countin' the little five-cent piece, that nobody knew what it meant.

"An' now," says I, 'for pity's sake, give me another box, but don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it'll break my heart!'

"So they give me this one, with 'The Love of Christ constraineth us,' on it, an' Miss Barnes, that was the minister's wife then, she prayed for us all, about havin' thankful hearts, an' I went home with the new box that standin' there on the shelf, an' Miss Malcom, my dear, an' that's why that missionary box is worth its weight in gold.—The Advertiser.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET-
TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.ORIGINAL PUZZLES WITH SOLUTIONS, ORIGINAL
OR SELECTED STORIES, AND SOLUTIONS TO THE
MYSTERY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

STORY AND POETRY.

ONE DROP OF INK.

I don't see why you want let me play with Will Hunt, posted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a glass so!"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole. Has it not? Is it a shame to do this? Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, not a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that." "No, my son, and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impression on him."

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

THE SUNSHINY BOY.

His hat is battered, his shoes are worn,
And his outgrown clothes are sadly torn,
But cheerily comes his whistling song,
Now near, now far, as he trudges along:
Three times a day to his work or play;
And very merrier roundelay
Could not be to me one that will
Could not to me one that will
The story of his temper tell:
As I dine each time I hear
The cheery whistle far or near,
And watch the eager, happy face,
Unclouded by a single tear,
Till from his heart, brimful of joy,
We watch a ray—God bless the boy.

"THE YEARS

OF THE

WICKED

SHALL BE SHORTENED."

—Proverbs x. 27.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.

NO. 113.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

FROM "VAN," LOWER PRICE WILLIAM.

A vowel; decline; used by artists; the son of a great king; under; poor; a consonant.

NO. 114.—SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

FROM "BLANCHE," ELISVIVET.

Coyra tuno ouy nad esape dna vno eb lptedmul.

NO. 115.—BIBLICAL QUEREY.

FROM ELIA BLAKE, LAKEVIEW.

Where is the verse "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and thy days shall shine like brass?"

NO. 116.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FROM "BLAKE," HAMPSHIRE.

I am composed of 27 letters—a command of our Saviour.

My 7, 21, 3, 24 a cousin of Barnabas;

My 19, 10, 3, 26, 13 is a scribe;

My 14, 18, 22, 25, 7 a city in the south of Judah;

My 1, 2, 4, 5 a part of female attire;

My 23, 8, 16, 14, 3, 21 the home of Paul's chosen companion;

My 4, 9, 20, 12, 21, 15 the son of a prophetess;

My 16, 27, 6 to discover.

NO. 117.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.

FROM W. SPURGEON LEWIS, BENTON.

M r f b l n g n d h p p,

M r s u s b t t i,

M J a s b t e n t n t f n d,

N d m v y b t r.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

No. 99.—Gen. iv. 22.

No. 100.—L i n e

b u g l e

n a p h t a

l e v i t i c u s—LIGHT.

No. 101.—N O A H

O G R E

A R E A

H E A D

No. 102.—B—ether—. Solomon's Song ii. 17.

E—lihu—. Job xlii. 2.

L—alm—. 2 Samuel xlii. 37.

E—schol—. Numbers xlii. 24.

S—imeon—. Acts vii. 8.

H—are—. Leviticus vi. 6.

A—mos—. Amos vii. 4.

Z—ion—. Isaiah xlii. 8.

Z—ob—. Genesis xlii. 18.

R—ed—. Ezekiel xi. 5.

B—elteshazzar—. Daniel ii. 26.

CHAT.

BIBLE STUDY.

TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.

"BUT I FEAR I AM NOT ONE OF THE ELECT."

You have no cause for this fear but your own fancy. Has God, or an angel, or the Bible told you so? Election, whatever it means, is God's work, not yours. Do not perplex yourself with his secret counsels, but attend to your own plain duties.

"Secret things belong unto God: but those which are revealed belong to us, that we may do them."—1 Cor. xiv. 35.

"We must leave the secret things, and attend to the revealed. Our duty is to do according to God's law. And this law is not clear. You are nowhere told you are not elect; you are told that Jesus died for you, and you are invited to come to Him. For your mind, then, no longer about such difficult subjects as election, but promptly obey what God commands. Repent, and make you a new heart and a new spirit. Turn you from your evil ways. Repent, and believe the Gospel. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. But that cometh unto me I will in no wise boast of."—De what God says, and your salvation will be sure. Suppose you were very poor, and a rich man said that he would give a pound to each of a hundred persons whose names no one knew but himself, but at the same time promised that he would give to every one who applied for it, would you say, 'I am afraid I am not among the favoured number, therefore I will not ask for the money?' No; you would rather say, 'Whether I am among the hundred or not, every one is invited, and therefore I will go.' Do the same respecting eternal life. Do not sit still, teasing yourself with useless queries whether your

name is in God's Book. Are you a sinner? 'Oh yes! Well, then, you are invited; for, 'Jesus came to save sinners,' and He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world.' The invitation is universal. 'Whoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' Jesus said not, 'Come unto me, ye whose names are in the Book of Life,' but 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden.' Are you heavy laden with sin? Then come to Jesus, and your salvation is certain. Come to Jesus! and then you may be sure your name will be found in the Book of Life. Come to Jesus! you will be received among the elect; but you stay away, you will perish.

See Deut. xix. 20; Exod. xlviii. 31; Joel ii. 12, 13; 1 John ii. 2; Rev. xii. 17.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Nephews and Nieces.—The pleasant June month is fast rolling away. Many have been the changes in nature. The birds, the flowers, and in fact every thing, seems to welcome the approaching summer. We hope your young hearts are filled with pleasantness and sunshine. The holiday season is fast approaching, and you will then have a better time to appreciate these things, no doubt. We hope you will not neglect to write to us, and help all are cordially invited. We would be pleased to hear from both young and old.

UNCLE NED.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so tedious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs, and no other remedy is so effective as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting from a trifling or unimportant cause, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has proven its efficacy in a forty years' trial, with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

"In 1871 I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed eight or ten days in bed. I tried many remedies, but none gave me relief. I then tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which I bought of a friend. It gave me relief, and I was able to get up in a few days. I continued to use it until I was completely cured. I have since used it in many cases, and it has always given me relief. I can therefore recommend it to all who are afflicted with a cough or cold. It is a most valuable remedy, and should be kept in every household."—J. H. GARDNER, 150 West 12th St., New York, May 18, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and it has proven its efficacy in many cases. I have used it in cases of whooping cough, and it has always given me relief. I can therefore recommend it to all who are afflicted with a cough or cold. It is a most valuable remedy, and should be kept in every household."—J. H. GARDNER, 150 West 12th St., New York, May 18, 1882.

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