

## Poetry.

## "THEY TOLD HIM ALL THINGS."

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.  
 "They told him all," with rapid, eager speech  
 And Galilee's accents, they recount  
 The story of their mission, sent to preach  
 The gospel learned upon the holy mount.  
 And he, who spoke in words of wondrous grace,  
 Who put in speech the heavenly tone,  
 Now listens to their glory, reads their face,  
 As if he made their cares and joys his own.

The different orbits of their planets sweep  
 As round their thrones they bore their borrowed light;  
 How they had wiped the tears from eyes that weep,  
 Healing the sick, and making darkness bright;  
 "They told him all;" the words themselves had  
 Spoke,

The questions asked, the cynic's empty leer,  
 The new delights that o'er their heart had broke—  
 They kept back nothing from his listening ear.  
 What were their lives but of his life a part?  
 His echoes 'mid the Galilean hills?  
 Bearing his love, the beating of his heart,  
 As heaven's own beam for all earth's thousand ills.

And are not we apostles? called and sent  
 To lure men upward to heaven's better things?  
 To make erect the souls earth-bound and bent,  
 To lead on earth the life that shines and sings?  
 What is our Christ, and where? An infant child?  
 The swaddling clothes wrapped round his strengthless  
 Less form?

Can he say "Peace" when passion's waves are wild?  
 Can a child-Christ rebuke the angry storm?  
 What's our Christ? A son that's far away—  
 Shining, 'tis true, but only as a star?  
 An absent Christ, to whom we vainly pray—  
 Another Babel journeying afar?

What is our Christ? All voiceless now and dead,  
 Hid in some creed as in a new-made grave?  
 With seal and watch, and costly spices spread?  
 O, foolish heath, how can a dead Christ save?  
 What is our Christ, and where? Upon a throne,  
 All rainbow-wreathed, heaven's angels round  
 About?

And yet on earth, still calling us his own,  
 Knowing our coming in, our going out?  
 The Christ is ever measured by our heart;  
 He fills all places as we make him room;  
 The choice is ours—we give him all or part,  
 Cradle or crown, the throne or but a tomb.

Give him a cradle, and the Christ is small;  
 Give him a grave, you hide the Christ away;  
 Give him a throne, high-lifted over all—  
 Your Christ is Christ, omnipotent His way!  
 Our heart his throne, a palace for the King—  
 The New Jerusalem comes down to earth!  
 City of heavenly peace, where angels sing,  
 And joys in glorious fullness have their birth.

Christ over all, and in all, then we see  
 Back hush and light with Pentecostal flame;  
 The distant stars, the passing clouds, the sea,  
 Sing to our hearts the ever-present NAME.  
 With Christ in all, and all in Christ—ah, then  
 Our life becomes an anthem passing sweet!  
 Like that the Bethlehem angels sang to men—  
 All full of "Glorias," and of "Peace" complete.

## YEAR UNTO YEAR.

As year unto year is added,  
 God's promises seem more fair,  
 The glory of life eternal,  
 The rest that remaineth there;  
 The peace that breatheth deep,  
 The perfect, divine completeness  
 That the finite never know.  
 As year unto year is added,  
 God's purposes seem more plain,  
 We follow a thread in fancy,  
 Then catch and lose it again;  
 But we see far on in the future  
 A rounded, perfected bliss;  
 And what are the wayside shadows,  
 If the way but lead to this!

## The Fireside.

## A VOICE IN THE AIR.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. FRESTON.  
 "There is one thing about it," said George  
 Logan as he went out into the world to earn his  
 own living, "I am not going to church or to Sun-  
 day-school wherever I may be."

The lad's home had for years been in a large city,  
 where he had lived with an uncle, his parents being  
 dead, and this residence evidently felt that in keep-  
 ing the boy in the Sunday-school his whole duty to  
 him was being fulfilled.

George had spent his early childhood in the  
 country, and during the long years spent in a  
 crowded quarter of the city his heart had constantly  
 gone back with a great longing to the green fields  
 and rippling brooks of the dear old farm.

Now, through the kindness of the milkman, who  
 came every morning to their door, he had a place  
 on a great dairy farm where his waking hours were  
 busily occupied in doing chores and working in the  
 garden; but on Sunday he could roam at will.

His employer's wife had reasoned with him at  
 first, but finding him stubborn, had wisely decided  
 to let the matter rest for the time, when the lad  
 had said, on his own accord:

"I will ask no one to go with me, Mrs. Mainers.  
 I promise that; so you see, I shall have no one."  
 "No one but yourself, I admit," said the  
 good woman, "you cannot tell what harm may  
 work out of your disregard of sacred time in the  
 future. I hold that you can break one of the  
 ten commandments with impunity."

George laughed, stuffed his lunch of doughnuts  
 and cheese into his pocket, and walked away.  
 Sunday after Sunday he did the same thing,  
 seeming to find delight in the wilderness of the fields  
 and forests and in his own perfect freedom. At  
 last, one sweet June Sunday morning, as he was  
 climbing a steep hill, from the summit of which a  
 fine view was obtained, he seemed to hear a voice  
 speaking to him. It came upon him suddenly and  
 said:

"You had better be in church!"  
 The boy looked around; he was entirely alone  
 on the great pasture slope. He used to say after  
 wards that it was like a voice in the air speaking  
 aloud to him. He was startled at first, and then  
 said aloud:

"My time is my own, I suppose. I may do with  
 it as I please."  
 "Sunday is God's time," said the voice. "He  
 reserved it to himself from the beginning. You  
 had better be in church."

The lad was frightened now, and turning, he ran  
 down the hill and into the shade of a thick wood.  
 He crowded under the great dark hemlocks to a  
 thicket from which the light of day was almost shut  
 out. Here it seemed as if all the religious teaching  
 of his boyhood rushed in upon him with bewildering  
 force. Half forgotten chapters of committed  
 Scripture lessons, the words of pious hymns, and  
 at last a prayer that his mother used to repeat over  
 him when he was almost a baby. It was packed  
 away in his brain. Other matters had kept it hid-  
 den. He never had recalled it before; he had no  
 idea it was there. He remembered that his mother

used to kneel with him; now he heard the prayer  
 as if anew, "Oh Lord, let my little boy grow up  
 to love thee, to love thy house, and thy way and  
 thy work, and thus to make an earnest Christian  
 man."

"Yes, that was the prayer," he said aloud,  
 "and she prayed so long, and so earnestly, and so  
 faithfully, her prayers must be answered. Oh  
 Father in heaven who heard my mother's prayers  
 help me now as I pray for myself, and there in  
 the deep lonely wood he prayed until the assurance  
 came that his sins were forgiven."

He then went back to the farm house, and making  
 himself ready, went to the church, arriving in time  
 for Sunday-school, and astonished Mrs. Mainers  
 by taking his place decorously with her class of  
 boys.

He related his experience in the prayer-meeting  
 that evening, and when some one arose to explain  
 away the marvel of "a voice in the air" the pastor  
 interposed.  
 "It was the way the tender Shepherd took to  
 call back his own," he said. "The mother's prayer  
 had to be answered. God had passed his word. We  
 each have a different experience. The more spiri-  
 tual-minded we become the less ready we are to ex-  
 plain the non-explainable." George Logan united  
 with the church; he grew to love the Lord and his  
 little, his way and his day, and his work, and now,  
 as a faithful, earnest Christian man, if he has any  
 special department of work it is in setting forth to  
 all classes the beauty and sublimity of our obligation  
 as children of the Heavenly King to obey his  
 benedictive decree: "Thou shalt remember the  
 Sabbath day to keep it holy."

## HOW THE EARTH IS KEPT UP.

In an interesting book, entitled "Glimpses of the  
 Globe," written for young readers by Mr. J. R.  
 Blackinton, of Trinity College, Cambridge, we have  
 the following instructive conversation between a  
 little boy and his uncle:

"Uncle, I have often meant to ask you how the  
 earth is kept up as it travels spinning around the  
 sun?"

"I thought you would be asking me that some  
 day. I fear you will have to wait till you are much  
 older before you can hope to understand it. Do  
 you see your bright star rising over the windmill?  
 That also, like the earth, is a roamer round the sun.  
 Your star setting behind Dungeness is another  
 planet, and there are many others, some greater,  
 some less, which wheel day and night without  
 ceasing round the sun, spinning as they speed  
 along."

"Then they, too, have days and nights as we  
 have?"

"Yes; and perhaps seasons, for they all travel  
 as we do, somewhat afloat. Two of them are as  
 much larger than our earth as a large and a small  
 orange are than a pea; and have, one four and the  
 other eight moons, wheeling around to light them  
 by night."

"And they travel as quickly as we do?"

"The largest planet, large enough to make thir-  
 teen earths, spins more than twice as fast as the  
 earth. Even at the equator the earth spins only at  
 the rate of seventeen miles in a minute."

"Seventeen miles a minute? Why I wonder that  
 we are not all of us, houses and everything,  
 hurled off, as the water when you trundle a mop."

"Look at the hands of a clock. You know the  
 large hand goes all round every hour, and the  
 short hand takes twelve hours to go round once.  
 Well if your eyes are good enough to see the short  
 hand moving, you certainly cannot see the short  
 hand move, can you?"

"No, indeed?"

"Now the earth takes twice as long as that to  
 roll around once."

"Yes, I remember it takes twenty-four hours to  
 roll round. How many miles is it round the  
 earth?"

"Nearly twenty-five thousand miles at the  
 equator. Thus every hour the earth has there to  
 roll more than a thousand miles an hour. It would  
 take a train five weeks to go round the earth if it  
 went thirty miles an hour, day and night, without  
 stopping."

"You once told me that the sun was as much  
 larger than the earth as an orange is than a tiny  
 seed. Is the moon, too, as large? It looks to be  
 as big."

"Oh, dear, no! The moon is much smaller than  
 the earth, but it is not as far away as the sun is.  
 More than a million of earths could be made out of  
 the sun. Fifty moons might be made out of the  
 earth."

"And how many stars could be made out of the  
 moon? I've heard Widow Jones say the old moons  
 were cut up to make stars."

"Why, dear boy, the stars are mostly great suns,  
 so far away that if a new star were created every  
 second of time it would take light to travel through  
 space to reach our eye and enable us to see it. If  
 one of them were destroyed every second of time  
 before its light would come to twinkle. Such a thing  
 has really happened often before. A star has  
 blazed up, burst out, and been seen no more."

"What an awful thing to think of!"

"Ay, Charley, you know the Psalm, 'The  
 heavens declare the glory of God.' There are few  
 things more solemn than to sail for days together  
 over the great deep, and to watch the countless  
 stars rise and set as our keels cut the dark sea  
 at night. They go down to the south in ships like  
 the wonders of the sky as well as of the deep.  
 Along with God, we hear his small, still voice  
 speaking to us in the night watches."

"What a grand sight it would be to sit some-  
 where so that one could see the earth rolling round  
 the sun. How fast does it travel?"

"Every minute it speeds more than a thousand  
 miles on its way, every second more than eighteen  
 miles. But figures like these are more words to us.  
 We can neither see nor feel the earth's motion.  
 You may form some faint idea of a heavenly body's  
 motion from a sling. As long as you keep the  
 sling whirling around your head the stone is kept  
 tight. Let go the string, and off flies the stone.  
 The string is as the sun, drawing in the planets,  
 which else would fly off—who knows where?"

Church Advocate.

## HOME HINTS.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Lemon-juice, chalk, and  
 soap will usually remove mildew, if recent, and  
 these are not so liable to injure the fabric as chlor-  
 ide of lime. Wet the spots in clear water, then  
 make a paste of soft-soap, chalk, and lemon-juice,  
 and put on the spots and spread it in the sun. Re-  
 peat if the spots do not disappear on the first ap-  
 plication; then wash, boil, rinse, and dry.—  
 Lutheran Observer.

SLIGHTLY soiled white woollen articles, knitted or  
 crocheted, may be made to look as well as new if  
 they are carefully rubbed in flour. Cover them  
 with flour and rub gently as if washing, until the  
 flour becomes dark. Shake out the article and rub  
 in clear flour until all soil is removed. Shake well  
 and hang in the wind until no atom of flour re-  
 mains in the wool. Of course one would not care to  
 cleanse in this way articles that are worn next to  
 the body, but for shawls, capes and head cover-  
 ings flour answers admirably.

CHARLES DICKENS used to say that he judged the  
 quality of housekeeping by the condition of the  
 eaters on the table. If the mustard was freshly  
 made, the vinegar crystal stinkless, the silver bril-  
 liant, and the pepper-boxes perpendicular, he ex-  
 pected a good, clean, well-served meal, "with  
 favour to match." If, on the contrary, the eaters  
 were unclean and out of order, he knew what he  
 had to expect, and was seldom disappointed. It  
 is, in truth, simple things that denote quality. The  
 test of a good cook is not the cake she can make,  
 nor the mysterious sauces she can concoct, nor the  
 rich pudding she can produce. A good cook is  
 known by her boiled potatoes, her mutton chop,  
 her roasted joint. Such things require personal  
 care and judgment, and are the basis of "a good  
 meal."

Yours sincerely, UNCLE NED.

## YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET-  
 TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.

250 ORIGINAL PUZZLES WITH SOLUTIONS, ORIGINAL  
 OR SELECTED STORIES, AND SOLUTIONS TO THE  
 MYSTERY RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

## STORY AND POETRY.

## DAILY BREAD.

A little girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother  
 had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said,  
 slowly: "Give us this day our daily bread." Then  
 she went into the street and began to wonder where  
 God kept his bread. She turned round the corner  
 and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Nettie, "is the place." So she  
 entered confidently, and said to the stout baker,  
 "I've come for it!"

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the  
 tempting loaves. "I'll take two if you please; one  
 for my mother and one for me!"

"All right," said the baker, putting them into a bag,  
 and giving them to his little customer, who started  
 at once into the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly;  
 "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any," he repeated angrily; "you  
 little thief, who brought you here, then, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who,  
 bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I  
 am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us  
 this day our daily bread,' and then I thought God  
 meant me to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough but kind-hearted baker was softened  
 by the girl's simple tale, and he sent her back to  
 her mother with a well-filled basket.

Nettie had faith in God; she asked and expected  
 to receive.

Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in  
 their asking, they would have more joy in receiving.  
 God is ready to fulfil his promises, but we must be  
 in the appointed attitude of trusting expectation.—  
 Pleasant Hours.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS.  
 "Nobody knows but Jesus!"  
 Is it not better so,  
 That nobody knows but Jesus,  
 My own dear Lord should know?

When the Lord is a secret,  
 Between my Lord and me,  
 I learn the fuller measure  
 Of his quick sympathy.  
 —F. R. H. in Monthly Association Record.

HOME AND HEAVEN.  
 The bird let loose in Eastern skies,  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor lies  
 Where idle warblers roam;  
 But high she shoots thro' air and light,  
 Above all low delays,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Alight thy high faith's serene air  
 Till I reach my home in thee!  
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My soul as home she springs.  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom in her wings!  
 —Pleasant Hours.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.  
 No. 173.—ARITHMETIC.  
 (ED. Y. F. C. KINGS.)

If you to five hundred a vowel place,  
 Then add to it six more,  
 Then place five hundred by its side  
 You'll name a noted man of yore.

No. 174.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
 FROM "Y. F. C. KINGS."

My whole, composed of 11 letters, was one of  
 Paul's fellow-labourers.  
 My 8, 9, 7, 3, 11, 5 is the Messiah.  
 My 6, 4, 1 was a King of Judah.  
 My 2, 10, 5, 9 was a noted Bible character.

No. 175.—LADDER PUZZLE.  
 FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.

\* The beginning and end of a buzz.  
 \* A prophet.  
 \* The first and last of a rap.  
 \* A descendant of Judah.  
 \* Two consonants.  
 \* One beloved by Paul.  
 \* The head and tail of a story.  
 \* The mother of a prophet.  
 \* Two consonants.  
 \* One of the posterity of Shalah.  
 \* Always found in lamb.  
 \* Son of Gideon.  
 \* Cast in die.  
 \* A tent maker.  
 \* Two consonants.

The left hand upright, read downward, gives the  
 name of a King of Babylon. The right hand up-  
 right, gives the name which Pharaoh gave to  
 Joseph.

No. 176.—JUMBLE.  
 FROM "BRUCE," KINGS.

Yau reditah laud, prod sa hetsair, yu hupess  
 llhas idit as teh eht, as eth lamel arno eth noup  
 nerdtie berh, dan as his horrow jano eth sarg.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.  
 No. 159.—Ephesians v. 17.  
 No. 160.—N—ekod—A  
 A—hita—B  
 D—elph—J  
 A—hija—H  
 B—enim—U  
 XAP.  
 No. 161.—Tigath—pilesar.  
 No. 162.—1  
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No. 163.—Isiah liii. 3.

OUR LETTER BOX.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—I hope you feel when  
 reading the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN that it is in-  
 tended for you. I hope you will take it to heart  
 and think about it as though the words were spoken  
 to you, face to face, by a friend. I hope you re-  
 member that the object of the COLUMN is not  
 merely to catch your eye and hold your attention  
 for a minute, but to catch your mind and your heart  
 and hold their attention continually. The YOUNG  
 FOLKS' COLUMN doesn't mean to preach, but to  
 talk; it wants to establish a pleasant friendship  
 with its readers which shall be mutually helpful,  
 making each better for the acquaintance. Dr. Hays  
 says you cannot help a man unless you make him  
 your letter. So I feel about the YOUNG FOLKS'  
 COLUMN—if it does not make you happier and bet-  
 ter, it fails to help you as it ought; so I think  
 about you—must react on the COLUMN and help  
 it and make it better by being more and more at-  
 tentive readers, honest thinkers, careful workers.  
 Write to the editor, telling what you see, what you  
 hear, study, and think about; and what you do  
 with your time; and also send him puzzles for THE  
 MYSTERY—stories, &c.

Yours sincerely, UNCLE NED.

## PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTEN-  
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 For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.  
 Made of good American Cotton with great care. Correctly  
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WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to re-  
 member that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames, used  
 in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each  
 hank tied up in a 7 lb. or 12 lb. package. This  
 makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up  
 without less—as the American is—and also saves a great  
 deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the  
 great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this  
 manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP,  
 Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.  
 WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.  
 All fast colors.

Each 5 lb. bundle contains 100 yards in length and  
 will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number  
 of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than formerly  
 had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than  
 made with any other material. Since its intro-  
 duction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very gen-  
 eral use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them.  
 None other are genuine.  
 WM. PARKS & SON,  
 New Brunswick Cotton Mills,  
 St. John, N. B.

McSHANE  
 BELL FOUNDRY  
 Manufacturers of all kinds of  
 Cast Iron and Brass for  
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 In his localities, a person to  
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 Policies.

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 granted on lives.  
 Examine one of the SUN'S POLICIES before insur-  
 ing.

The SUN has three dollars of Assets for every dol-  
 lar of liability.  
 2. Twelve days of grace are allowed for payment of  
 Renewal Premiums.  
 3. Age is admissible at any time during the life-time  
 of the Assured.  
 \* Loans made on Policy to extent of Office value.

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 It now offers to the public incomparably the most  
 straight forward technical ACCIDENT POLICY in  
 Existence.

The following are a few of the Points of Superiority  
 1. Which gives 15 days of grace.  
 2. Should not claim be made in five years, the sixth  
 year of a surer will be allowed free.  
 3. Policies not void by engaging in a more hazard-  
 ous occupation than that assured against.  
 4. Residence—more liberal conditions than given by  
 any other company in America.

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 Risks taken also in the Glasgow and London Fire  
 Insurance Company of Great Britain.  
 J. B. GUNTER, General Agent for above Com-  
 panies, Fredericton. June 17—14

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 WHOLESALE.  
 GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

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 SELECTION OF  
 SUMMER GOODS,  
 including all the LATEST NOVELTIES in  
 COTTON, LISLE THREAD, TAFFETA, AND  
 SPUN SILK.

Our stock embraces every length from 1/2 Elastic, 1  
 Button to 10 Button length, in various qualities and  
 styles.  
 The assortment of Shades is complete in  
 TANS, DARK FANCIES, SLATES AND DRAHS,  
 TOGETHER WITH AN UNBROKEN  
 RANGE OF BLACK.

DANIEL & BOYD.  
 DRESS GOODS—WOOL PLAIDS  
 LIGHT WEIGHT.

Combination Costumes, Cashmere Gowns, Prints,  
 Cambrics, Satens, Nette Cloth, Lawns,  
 Sorattas, Southerns, Crapes, Ginghams.

Evening Dress Goods in Mullins, and Wool Goods,  
 Colors—White Pink, Sky, Cream, Black,  
 Evening Silks, in Plain, Spotted and Broadie; Evening  
 Gowns, in all the leading shades.

White Laces, Fishes; Collarettes, in great variety;  
 Lawn Tennis Flannels, in plain color and fancy stripes.  
 Shootings, Napkins, Damask Cloths, Damask Siding,  
 Crumpled Fabrics, Fancy Towels and Towelling,  
 Chemise Prings; Chemise and Silk Knives; Coffee  
 Laces; Champagne Laces; Oriental Laces; Curtain  
 Laces; Antique Laces; Laces for Dress Trimming;  
 Marabout Feather Trimming, Rubber Lace.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.  
 St. John  
 Business College,