

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day,
And with a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close,
Thy form I cannot see;
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee, speak to me."
A still, small voice she heard within her soul—
"What is it, child? I hear, thee, the whole."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray;
Oh let me have thy hand,
To lead me in thy way."

"Fear not; I will not leave thee," said the voice,
"She thought she felt a soft hand press her own."
"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away;
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh let my parents live,
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"

"Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come;
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."
Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I've felt,
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt:
'Fear not, my child; whatever ill may come;
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

The Fireside.

LAURIE'S ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

BY CHARLES D. BAKER.

There was a bright wood fire burning in the great open fire-place of the Allison farm-house, and just at the moment our story opens, Laurie Allison was comfortably seated before the fire, absorbed in a book of travels, which he had drawn from the village library that very afternoon.

Laurie was so entirely unconscious of exterior objects that he did not notice his father's entrance, nor the expression of alarm upon his face.

Mr. Allison viewed in silence for a moment the bright, cozy fire, the old cat purring before it, and his boy, Laurie, as the expression of interest and pleasure played upon his fine, manly face. Finally, Mr. Allison said, reluctantly:

"Laurie, I am afraid your mother is worse, and you will have to go for the doctor."

Laurie started. He did not understand that his mother was dangerously sick, and the prospect of a long, cold ride gave him a shudder, sitting there by the bright and comfortable fire. But Laurie loved his mother very dearly, and in a moment the spell of the book and his cozy seat was broken, and he replied:

"I'll harness up pony at once, and have the doctor here in a jiffy."

Laurie put a mark in his book and laid it on the book-shelf, drew on his high-top boots and great coat, and then, standing before his father with his arms akimbo, said:

"Father, I've a good mind to try the short cut across the lake on the ice."

"No, my son," said Mr. Allison. "I am sure the ice must have broken up between here and the other shore by this time; and I heard old Dave Brackett say to-day that he guessed there'd be no more sleighing on the lake this season, and you know he has lived on the lake all his life."

"Well," said Laurie, "I can save more than two hours by that route, and I'm going to try it anyway."

And then, rushing into the pantry, he got his lantern, and in a moment more he was in the pony's stable, and calling his favorite all the pet names he could think of.

Laurie's pony was a remarkable animal, small, chunky, tough and full of fire. He would spin over the road as if he took delight in it, throwing his feet out in front, making the pebbles fly in all directions, and arousing the envy of every boy in the village.

Laurie felt a little twinge of conscience, as he thought how he shrank at first from his task, but as he clinched his teeth together, he thought to himself, "If I don't bring Dr. Bottle here in less time than he ever came before, then my name isn't Laurie Allison, and Billie isn't the pony I think he is."

The snow had nearly melted away from the road, so Laurie picked his way along for a short distance until he struck the shore of the lake, when the pony, well remembering many a hotly contested race during the past winter, sprang forward like an arrow shot out of a bow. Laurie shook words of encouragement, and the pony shook his head vigorously, as if in acknowledgment. Laurie fairly flew over the smooth ice, and in a few moments he could see the glimmer of a light on the other side of the lake which he had seen in Dr. Bottle's office. But suddenly he heard a dull, rumbling noise, which seemed to come from up the lake, and passed down until it faded gradually away. Then Billie stopped suddenly and snorted, as if there was something going on that he did not like. Laurie stood up in the sleigh and listened. There was that growling again, under the ice; looking back the lights on the other shore looked faint and dim, and then, looking ahead again, the doctor's light looked bright, as if it was not a little way to the house. "We must get the doctor," said Laurie, as he shook the lines, and Billie, responding promptly, again started ahead cautiously. A moment more, and Billie splashed the water in Laurie's face. This caused another halt, and Laurie, standing up in the sleigh again, saw a great open space just ahead of him, where the ice had broken and floated down stream.

"Oh! what shall I do?" said Laurie, almost despondently. "I can't go back. I must get there some way."

Getting out of the sleigh and running ahead a little way, he saw a strip of what looked like solid ice between two open spaces. "If I can get across there," thought Laurie, "I will strike the ice nearer shore, which I hope will be stronger." Getting into the sleigh again he gave Billie full rein, who, retreating under the delays, bounded forward, struck the narrow strip of ice, was nearly across when, with a loud splash, it broke, and Billie and Laurie and the sleigh were struggling in the water. The saying that great emergencies make great men, might be applied in some instances to dumb animals. This emergency at all events was to show that Billie was a great pony. He struck out as vigorously in the water as he was wont to do on land. He dragged the sleigh after him with Laurie standing upon the seat, with his head and shoulders above the water. He reached the firm ice, dug his fore feet into it and would have dragged the sleigh after him, but the traces broke and it was slipping back into the water again when Laurie made a bold plunge, and with the help of the floating ice was soon standing beside Billie, who was shaking himself vigorously to cleanse his coat from the soaking it had just received. Laurie did not wait to mourn the loss of the sleigh, but mounting Billie's back he was bounding along to the doctor's house.

When he rang the bell the servant looked at him in amazement, he exclaimed:

"O, you poor, miserable, drowned rat! where did you come from?"

Laurie's teeth chattered so with the cold, that he could only ask if the doctor was home, and was ushered into the cozy office where the doctor himself was reclining on the lounge. Laurie told him he had crossed the lake to get him to come and see his mother, who was very sick.

"What?" said the doctor, raising himself to a sitting posture. "do you mean to say you crossed the lake to-night on the ice? Why, that hasn't been safe for the past three days."

"Well," said Laurie, very coolly, "I didn't cross exactly on the ice, for I came part of the way through the water."

By this time Dr. Bottle was sufficiently roused from his nap to observe that Laurie was sadly in need of dry clothes, and as he had a boy about Laurie's size, a complete outfit was soon supplied. Billie was harnessed to the doctor's carriage, and they were soon on route for Mr. Allison's; it is needless to say by the road and not by the lake.

Laurie had time to tell the doctor all about his adventures, and when he had finished the doctor said, with a very impressive manner:

"Laurie, your experience to-night may be of the greatest value to you. That rumbling noise which you heard denoted a general breaking up of the ice. If you had turned back, Laurie Allison and Billie, your pony, would in all probability have been at this moment at the bottom of the lake. But you said, 'I must go forward,' and you went forward, and that was faithfulness to duty. Then Billie, when he found himself in the water, said, 'I'm going to dig out,' and he dug out, and that's faithfulness to duty, and show pluck and energy in all your undertakings, with perfect reliance upon your heavenly Father, the country will hear from you."

Laurie laughed at Dr. Bottle's quaint way of putting things, but when he put Billie in the stable that night, and rubbed him down thoroughly with handfuls of straw, he put up a prayer that God would take care of Billie, and never let him be sold for a car horse or be exhibited at a circus.

When Laurie went into the house, he found that the doctor had arrived none too soon, and his mother soon began to improve, and during the long night that Mr. Allison and Dr. Bottle sat watching by the patient's bedside, the doctor had plenty of time to tell all about Laurie's trip across the lake, and to give it as his opinion that Laurie was a brave boy, and would make his mark in the world.

When the ice was out of the lake, Mr. Allison and Laurie took their boat and went over and fished up the sleigh, and it was a funny sight to see them rowing across the lake with a sleigh across the stern of the boat. During the following summer old Dave Brackett went out fishing, and anchored his boat just where Laurie went through the ice. Pulling up his line he found a horsehoe on the end of it, which he carried home. It was recognized as that of Billie the pony, had knuckled off in his frantic efforts to drag Laurie out of the water. Old Dave nailed the horsehoe over his porch, and he never tires of telling passers-by who will listen, of Laurie's adventure on the ice—*Christian at Work.*

HOME HINTS.

OCTOBER CABBAGE.—Pare one dozen large ripe cabbages, take out the seeds and grate them; make a bag of this muslin, put the pulp in and let it drain all night; chop two or three onions and two or three green peppers, add a tablespoonful of salt and the grated cabbage; seal one quart of the best vinegar and pour over it. It will keep a long time sealed up in glass jars.

GREEN TOMATO Sliced Pickle.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes, and sprinkle liberally with salt; drain over night in a fine sieve; in the morning heat in a porcelain kettle, and add the green peppers, then add three pints of vinegar, a pint and a-half of brown sugar, two spoonfuls each of stick cinnamon, whole allspice, mustard seed and whole cloves. Simmer gently till the slices are tender. Seal up in jars while hot.

PROTECTING TREES FROM RABBITS.—At the last winter meeting of the Illinois Horticultural Society Dr. Sanborn stated that he completely protected his six hundred pear trees from rabbits and mice by using a wash of lime and water with enough copperas added to change the color to a deep green. Some cheap glue was added to make it adhere to the trees. Neither rabbits nor mice would touch the trees thus treated.

SPREADING WEEDS BY THRESHING.—As this is the season for threshing it may be well to repeat a caution. On many farms weeds not known before follow the travelling threshing machine. The seeds which are grown on one farm are thus spread over the entire neighborhood. They get into the manure pile, and are then carried to places where they are not looked for, getting a headway which the years of hard labor will not entirely overcome. Careful farmers should look to this and have the threshing machine well cleaned when coming from farms known to be foul.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.

DEAR YOUNG FOLK.—PLEASE SEND US PUZZLES, STORIES, AND SOLUTIONS TO THE MYSTERY.

STORIES AND POETRY.

EXAGGERATION.

The habit of exaggeration is one which rapidly grows into untruth, if encouraged. Never color a story for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred; never vary in the least degree. So when you attempt to tell something that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantages of this course.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

As you cannot sweeten your mouth by pronouncing the names of sweet things, but must actually taste them in order to enjoy the sweetness, so you will not grow virtuous or good by merely talking about virtue or goodness or professing the possession of such qualities. It avails nothing to talk of truth if you are not truthful, of honesty if you are not honest, of charity if you are not charitable. You must practice every pure and noble virtue if you would grow into an honorable and worthy character and life.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

"WATCH therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. xxiv. 42.

"WATCH therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour."—Matt. xxiv. 43.

"Take ye heed, and pray: for ye know not when the time is."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

"Blessed is he that WATCHETH, and keepeth his garments."—Rev. xvi. 15.

"If therefore thou shalt not come, I will come on thee as a thief."—1 Thess. v. 2.

"BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY."—Rev. iii. 3.

—St. John T. M. C. A. Association Record.

ADAM'S ALE.

I sing about a boy who dwelt some fifty years ago
Where forests spread for miles on miles, and mighty
rivers flow:
He laboured on his father's farm on Mississippi's
shore.

With sturdy arm he swung the axe and plied the
bending car;
None better knew to guide the plough or wield the
rattling flail.
And when athirst or faint he drank a draught of
"Adam's ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so sparkling,
pure, and free;
It cheers the heart of bird and beast, it gladdens
flower and tree;
It brings no pang unto the breast, it makes no
cheek grow pale.

Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah
for "Adam's ale!"

For many years this noble boy gave all his strength
and might
To help his parents and to make their heavy
labours light.

His food was of the homeliest kind, but it was ever
sweet,
For food and industry give zest to anything we eat;
And while he ate his humble meal in forest, field,
or dale

He freely took from stream and brook a draught of
"Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so sparkling,
pure, and free?
The cornfields drink it till they wave in gold
along the sea;

It makes the grass and flowers grow fair on
mountain and in vale.
Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah
for "Adam's ale!"

Years passed; this boy from home at last resolved
he should depart.
With many blessings, prayers, and tears his parents
saw him start;

But yet they did not sorrow long, nor sorely, for
they knew
Heaven's promise unto all who give their parents
honour due.

They knew temptation's many wiles not easily
prevail
Against him or her whose strongest drink is
"Adam's good old ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so sparkling,
pure, and free;
The sunbeams drink it from the lake, the river,
and the sea.

It feeds the dappled clouds that drift before the
summer gle;
Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah
for "Adam's ale!"

The once poor boy rose step by step, until he
came to be
The ruler of a mighty realm beyond the western
sea;

And when men said, where feasts were spread,
"Come pledge us in the wine,"
He answered: "Nay! for fifty years it ne'er
touched lips of mine."

Water alone has been my drink, and kept me strong
and hale,
And I owe half my rise in life to drinking
Adam's ale."

What drink is like to Adam's ale, so sparkling,
pure, and free?
Where'er it goes, where'er it flows, it beareth
health and gle;

Although we travel every land, o'er every ocean
sail,
We'll find no drink so wonderful, so old as
"Adam's ale."

Let all who wish through life to keep a bright and
stainless name,
Who'd rise, by dint of steady toil, to honour and
to fame,
Shun every drink of man's device that steals the
brain's away,
And drags its victim to the brink of ruin day
by day;

Good resolution in the end is certain to prevail,
Then make a firm resolve to drink no drink but
"Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so sparkling,
pure, and free?
While clouds shall gather in the skies and rivers
seek the sea,
While day and night, divide the light, the far-famed
shall never fail.

Of that, the oldest, best of drinks, the far-famed
"Adam's ale."

—Able Sunnyside.

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 188.—ARITHMETIC.

FROM A. C. BLACK, QUEENS.
251 + 20 = a vegetable.
6 + see run = the whole creation.
105 + 0 = ye-admirable.
82 + gray = a sorrowful noise.
101 + tea = pane to free.
1051 + R = E = a puzzle.
1500 + 0 = a province of Italy.
2100 + Raye = How = a bird.
1502 + T = fearful.
1601 + rate = a punishment.
1500 + 0 = a sacred mountain.
1500 + 0 = a province in France.
The initials form the name of a well-known novelist.

No. 189.—HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.
One who took a strange wife.
A grandson of Ham.
A woman of Joppa.
A prophet.
A tribe of Indians.
A vowel.
One of David's officers.
One whose name was changed.
Son of Nahor.
An orator.
One of the Nathenians.
Centred, downward, name Paul's companion.

No. 190.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FROM "RUBEN," PORTLAND.
My whole, composed of 15 letters, is found in
the book of Revelation.
My 6, 8, 14, 4, 15 is a musical instrument;
My 13, 7, 12, 5 is a figure of Mahomet;
My 11, 2, 10 was a son of J. A. B.;
My 1, 3, 13 is a timber used in building the
temple;
My 9, 13, 2 was the son of Jether.

No. 191.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

FROM A. C. BLACK, QUEENS.
A consonant; to spoil; a fowl; a slander; an
omission; at once; a Roman legislator; not
unity; fierce; a waterfall; to introduce; a liquid
measure; a consonant.
The centinals will give the name of a Roman
Tribune.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

No. 173.—David.

No. 174.—Aristarchus.
No. 175.—B Z
Elisha
R P
Ophrah
D N
Apphia
O C
Hannah
B P
Abheba
I A
Ashbea
D E
Aquila
N H
No. 177.—Dent. xxii. 2.

A cow giving milk should never be allowed to
drink any water which would not be fit for those
to drink who use the milk of that cow. As well
drink the water from a filthy barn-yard pail, as
allow a cow to drink that water and then drink her
milk.

JERSEYS, JERSEYS,
—IN—
BLACK AND COLORED.

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Plain and Braided, in Great Variety.

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BELL FOUNDRY
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NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS.

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WHOLESALE.

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We will submit for this week a VERY LARGE
SELECTION OF

SUMMER GOODS,
including all the LATEST NOVELTIES IN

COTTON, LILE THREAD, TAFFETA, AND
SPUN SILK.
Our stock embraces every length from 1/2 Elastic or 1
Button to 10 Button length, in various qualities and
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TOGETHER WITH AN UNBROKEN
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Scotch Tweeds,
Manilla Meltons,
Black Serges,
Black Suits,
Stockingettes,
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New Checkings,
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Honeycomb Quilts,
Hamburg Insertions,
India Linen,
Colored Trawlers.

Lace Valances, Turkey Cambric, Shirt Fronts,
French Cambric, Ottoman Silks, Novelties in Feathers.
10 Cases FINEST
DANIEL & BOYD.

MEENEY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorable known to the public since
1870, and for the last 15 years, we have
been manufacturing and selling
other bells, also, Chimes and Pans.

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OUR STOCK of Fall and Winter HOSIERY is all
in and ready to show—comprising all the leading
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MERINO, CASHMERE & LAMBSWOOL.
MERINO HOSE—Plain and Ribbed, 5 to 9 1/2 inches.
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Grades. Colors—Black, Navy, Seal, Steel, Myrtle,
Bronze, Pans, and Assorted Grays. 5 in. to 9 1/2 inches.
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SCOTCH LAMBSWOOL HOSE—For Boys, Misses'
and Ladies. This is our Standard Winter Hose,
and has been found to be so reliable in past years that
we can only guarantee it to be the Best Wearing Hose
in the Market. Colors as usual.

OVER STOCKINGS for Ladies' and Misses'.
INFANTS' SOCKS, all Colors and Sizes.
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tivation. A good dwelling house, two large barns and
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He also offers for sale one lot on Long Island. The
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Terms easy. Apply to G. Herbert Clark, Hamlet, or
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WM. L. CLARK.
August 7th, 1885.—101.

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GENTLE SHIRT AND SCOTCH LAMBS WOOL
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS in 7 sizes. SHIRTS
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ALL SIZES IN THE ABOVE.
And a Very Large and Varied Stock of
CANADIAN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
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Also "BOYS' AND YOUTH'S UNDERCLOTHING,"
In all sizes and qualities of Merino and Woolen.
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Have now in Stock and ready to show the largest
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Top Pans; Dress Cords; Pure
Mohair Shaped Brads, for
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Immense Varieties in Colored Lungs, Drops, and
Saddles, for Costumes and Outside Garments; Cloak
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Buttons in small size, Medium size, Large size, Saxon
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Dress Shirts. Real Whalebone. Bindings.
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In Six Sizes, well Sued for Lumbermen.
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