

Poetry.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE BOWARD.

There was tumult on the water,
And a tempest raged the deep,
But the Saviour on his pillow
Lay in calm and peaceful sleep.

Vainly did the poor disciples
Toll and strive to pass the shore;
Fiercely, wildly, wind and tempest
Beat them backward, faint and sore.

Hear us, Lord! Oh, save us! we perish!
Without thee we can but die!
All in vain our toils and efforts!
Save, dear Lord! Oh, hear our cry!

Doth he sleep? Ah yes! he sleeps,
Bids the raging tempest cease!
At his voice the tempest lulleth;
In a moment all is peace.

Do the waves of fierce temptation
Beat upon thy troubled breast?
Do the storms of tribulation
Leave thy heart no place of rest?

Go to Jesus; he will hear thee—
Bids the raging tempest cease!
All in vain our toils and efforts,
Hark! he speaks, and all is peace.

NEARER HOME.

A sweet, sweet thought invades my mind
This eve, as 'mid the fading light
I feel the busy cares of day
Subside before the peace of night.

'Tis this: as sure as speeds the ship
Across the ocean's crested foam,
By just the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.

And further from all pain or care,
From every human fear or cross,
Much less to know of woe or tears,
Or taste the cup of earthly sorrow.

And, oh, the rapture that it brings
To know I'm near my waiting crown,
And closer to my Father's feet,
Where earth's burdens are laid down!

And now the night-shades drift aghast
The splendor of thy sunset dome,
And by the journey of a day
I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home.

—Sunday Magazine.

The Fireside.

A SUNDAY IN NAZARETH.

BY CHARLES EDWARD LOGGIE.

Boys and girls, this is Sunday afternoon; if you
will gather around me I will tell you about a visit
to Nazareth. Tell me first, "Why are we particularly
interested in this town?" Yes, that is correct—
because Nazareth was the home of our Saviour.

I hope you may all have the privilege some day of
making a tour through the Holy Land, and visiting
all the places consecrated by the presence of Christ.

We reached Nazareth last Sunday afternoon, very
much wearied; for during the week just closing
we had been constantly on horseback, travelling
from Jerusalem, where we had spent the preceding
Sunday. Our tents were pitched on an open grassy
field at the border of the town. We were asleep early
that night, and awakened Sabbath morning, re-
freshed and much invigorated. The sunlight was
streaming down in gladness upon us, as if welcom-
ing us to the city of our Lord.

The people of Palestine are Mohammedan in their
faith, and consequently do not observe the
Sunday. We had scarcely breakfasted when we
heard strange noises: firing of guns, music, and
cheering. We rushed out of our tents, not to find
a band of wild Bedouins come to carry us off, but
wedding procession. It was headed by two men,
who carried guns and discharged them alternately
into the air. Then came a man leading a camel,
and upon the camel's back, dressed in gay colors
and heavily veiled, sat the bride. There followed
other camels, horses, and asses, bearing the
near relatives and friends of the bride. They
were all joking and smiling, and were going, not
to the church, nor to the preacher, but to the
house of the bridegroom, where the marriage cere-
mony was to take place.

Women are not allowed and esteemed in this
land as among us, but are barely more than the
slaves of the men. Children, when you come to
examine the subject, you will find that in nations
where women are not respected, vice, ignorance, and
general debasement reign supreme, and little is
known of the true nature of God.

We spent several hours that Sunday morning
reading about the blessed Jesus, who so many long
years ago, walked about these streets. We thought
of him as a boy playing on a green and watching
his father in the carpenter shop. We would often
imagine how Christ would sit among the shavings;
but, of course, these days disappeared long ago.
There is a little building, which has been converted
into a chapel, containing an altar and some lighted
tapers, which is said to be occupied by the carpen-
ter's shop; but this is called conjecture.

In the afternoon we climbed a hill which rises in
the rear of the town, in order that we might view
the Holy Ordinance—a mission school for girls.
It would have done good to have seen what we
saw. They led us through a long hall, and as
we passed open doors we peeped in and saw the
sleeping compartments; long rows of beds on both
sides of the room, all dressed in the neatest and
large room, where the girls were housed in a
seventy-five girls, arranged in order of age, the
front seat being filled with two things that were
just learning to talk. What a beautiful sight!
They all wore brown dresses and white aprons,
and red ribbons in their hair; and their black eyes
shone out brightly from their brown faces as they
listened to the native minister, who was preach-
ing to them in Arabic. Yes, these little girls have
been gathered from these towns than heaven vil-
lages, and are given homes in the beautiful build-
ings, and are taught by self-sacrificing lady teachers
about Christ.

This school is supported by an English missionary
society; and who can tell the great results that
some day will flow from the prayerful instruction
given these every day to these little girls! They
will grow to be Christian women, and will carry the
Gospel to their degenerated friends, and the bread
of life to the water "will return after many days."

Boys and girls, thank God that you live in a
land that is enjoying the bright smile of a risen
Saviour, and lay up your pennies that the message
of salvation may be carried to the villages and towns
where Christ's voice was first heard.

A GAME OF MARBLES.

Uncle James watched the boys as they played a
game of marbles in front of the house. At least
Ned and Harry were talking and taking loud and
excitedly; but Will seemed against the fence, with
his hands in his pockets and a very discontented
look upon his face. The boys were so eager and in-
terested in their play that they did not at first see
Uncle James. But as Harry won the game, and
stood to gether up the marbles, he caught sight of
his uncle.

"O Uncle James!" he exclaimed, "this is the
sixth game I've won straight along!"
"Well, add 'Will' in an aggrieved tone, "and
you and Ned have got all my marbles away from me!"

Harry laughed, and shook his marble-bag. "I
only had five marbles when I began to play, and
I've got a dozen now."

"Sorry to see my nephews gambling!" said Uncle
James quietly.

"Gambling!" exclaimed Ned, looking up from
the ring he was rearranging; "who's gambling?"

"If Harry strikes a marble to a certain point, he
takes that marble, does he not?" asked Uncle
James.

"Yes, sir; but that isn't gambling."

"Isn't it? What do you think gambling is?"

"Why, men put up a lot of money, and take
chances to win with cards or dice."

"And when some boys put up a lot of marbles,
and take chances to win them away from each other,
what do you call that?"

Will laughed, but Ned and Harry were silent.

Uncle James went on: "If you, Harry, had but
five marbles when you began to play, and by chance
have won away all of Will's and a part of Ned's,
except so far as the value is concerned, you might
as well have been playing for money. Gamblers
proceed on exactly the same plan. You boys shoot
a marble to a given point; the gamblers depend on
a certain number on his dice or cards. The prin-
ciple is the same, my boys, whether you work with
marbles or money. Games of chance are dangerous,
however innocently you may begin. After you
have played for 'keeps' in marbles awhile, a game
of cards or billiards, with a small stake of money,
may be very apt to follow. Men rarely become
gamblers all at once, and many, no doubt, can
trace their evil career back to even such a simple
beginning as playing marbles for 'keeps.'"

Uncle James knew boys too well to talk any
longer. He turned and went away.

Ned dug in the ground with his boot-heel, Will
whistled, and Harry industriously sorted the
marbles. He put aside five, and tossing the rest to
Will and Ned said: "Here, boys, pick out your
own. I'm done gambling, if that's what we were
about."

THE COOK'S TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND
MEASURES.

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.
Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.
Butter, when soft, one pound is one quart.
Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.
White sugar, powdered, one pound two ounces is
one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one
quart.
Eggs, ten eggs are one pound.
Flour, eight quarts are one peck.
Flour, four pecks are one bushel.

SOLIDS.
Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are one-half pint.
Eight large tablespoonfuls are one gill.
Four large tablespoonfuls are one-half gill.
Two gills are one-half pint.
Two pints are one quart.
Four quarts are one gallon.
A common sized tumbler holds one-half pint.
A teacup holds one gill.
A tablespoonful holds one-half ounce.
Forty drops are equal to one teaspoonful.
Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

LIQUIDS.
Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are one-half pint.
Eight large tablespoonfuls are one gill.
Four large tablespoonfuls are one-half gill.
Two gills are one-half pint.
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YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.
CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SET-
TLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. Y.

STORY AND POETRY.
"HERE I AM."

A lawyer had a cage hanging on the wall in his
office in which was a starling. He had taught the
little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy
named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer
told the boy there while he went out for a few min-
utes. When he returned the bird was gone. He
asked, "Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that
he did not know anything about it. "But," said
the gentleman, "Charlie, that bird was in the cage
when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where
is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing
about it, that the cage door was open, and he
guessed the bird had flown out. The lawyer called
out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke
right out of the boy's pocket, and said just as plain
as it could, "Here I am!" "Ah, what a fix that
boy was in! He had stolen the bird, and hid it,
as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two
lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from
his own pocket which told the story of his guilt.
It was testimony that all the world would believe.
The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living
witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a
conscience—not in our pocket, but in a more secure
place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our
guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when
the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our
conscience will reply, and give such testimony as
we cannot deny nor explain away.—Canadian Band
of Hope.

"BIRNIE."

FROM "MARIANNE'S SCRAP-BOOK," KING.
Look out of the window, Birnie,
And tell me what you see!
Something away in the cross-road,
Beyond the walnut tree;
A man that reels and staggers,
With hair as white as snow,
Tossing all over his wrinkled forehead,
Who is it, dear old you know.

Climb up in my lap, sweet Birnie,
And take a better look;
He strops, afraid of the foot bridge
That crosses Willow Brook;
"Old Shaw" with a scowling frown,
And a look of proud disdain,
And Birnie turns from the window
On where he stands alone.

It's hard for my heart, sweet Birnie,
When I hear the angels say,
"Go, call the dear little children
Away from their sinless play,
From the singing birds and the sunshine,
And everything that you know,
And make them sick with grief,
For all earth's sin and woe."

Look out again on the snow-path:
The hard words must be said;
See the hands that shake with palsy,
And the shame that bows the head;
All cold, and dark, and lonesome,
His days and nights go by;
"Old Shaw," that no one cares for,
Afraid to life or die.

You'll almost always see him
Half-drunken; if he's no worse,
Singing a low song, maybe,
Or hobnobbing with a curse;
A rich man's son, little Birnie,
He once was, brave and tall;
Lost of his boys in the village,
And he was the pride of all!

Twas him he drank in the parlor,
With ladies young and fair;
They gave him the cup of poison,
With such a coaxing air;
Bright eyes and smiles and the wine-cup,
Then, brandy with a friend;
At last, 'tis all and whiskey,
And rum and shame the end!

Do you think he is ever happy,
With sin grown sick and old;
So tired, with no one to love him,
Trottering on in the cold?
Run fast from the first temptation!
Remember, God can see,
And the sin begun in pleasure,
Shall end in misery!

Contributions from Young Folks.

THE MYSTERY.
No. 66.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
FROM "BLAKE," QUEENS.

1. A grandson of Seleg.
2. One of the coast boundaries of the tribe of
Naphthali.
3. One of the judges set over Israel by Moses.
4. One to whom Paul sent his salutation.
5. To prohibit.
6. A place that Moses desired to see, but God
refused his prayer.
Primals and finals read downward give the names
of two judges.

No. 67.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
FROM WARREN H. McLEOD, KINGS.

1. Whose child died in consequence of a sun-
stroke received while following the reapers?
2. What thing did Jesus call a "fox"?

No. 68.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
FROM "BRUCE," PORTLAND.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 14, 10, 13 is to go down.
My 12, 6, 11, 4 is a pronoun.
My 10, 3, 7, 2 is mentioned in the Bible.
My 7, 10, 1 is an insect.

My 15, 11, 9 a name mentioned in the Bible.
My 14, 8, 16 is sick.
My whole is a commendation.

69.—RHOMBOID.
FROM "VAN," YORK.

A village of Galilee.
Where one was raised from the dead.
A slender nail.
A place.

Down.—A consonant; an adjective; to catch; a
glow of pride; part of cloth; a verb; in Titus
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.
(No. 12.)
No. 51.—Oh, for a tender pitying love
For the perishing souls I see,
For an earnest heart
To take active part
In work for eternity!

No. 52.—(1) 1 Kings xvi: 18. (2) Hosea vii: 8.
No. 53.—"Do not drink wine nor strong drink."
Lev. x: 9.

No. 54.—ONAM
NEBO
ABDA
MOAB

No. 55.—1. Milcom.—Gen. xi: 29.
2. Milcom.—1 Kings xi: 5.
3. Cilicia.—Acts vi: 9.
4. Dimon.—Isaiah xiv: 9.
5. Emin.—Gen. xiv: 6.
6. Levi.—Gen. xxix: 34.
7. Semel.—Luke xi: 26.
8. Tidal.—Gen. xiv: 1.
9. Urim.—Dan. xxxiii: 8.
10. Demas.—Col. iv: 14.
11. Adlai.—1 Chr. xxvii: 29.
12. Amiel.—2 Sam. ii: 4.

CHAT.
BIBLE STUDY.
TOPIC: GONE TO JESUS.

JESUS IS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.
Jesus said, "I am the way; no man cometh unto
the Father but by me." We can only reach the
Father from God by coming to Jesus for it. All God's
mercy for sinners has been placed in the hands of
Christ, and no one can obtain a part from Him.
Some who neglect Jesus yet hope in God's mercy.
But to them God will only be an angry judge, "ac-
cording to their works." Our own good works cannot save
us. Our best actions are sinful; and if they were per-
fect, they could not atone for the past. St. Paul
says, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living
be justified." If we could have entered heaven by
our own merits, why should Christ have died?
We have saved ourselves. Oh, trust not in your
own works, your good character, your honesty and
charity; nothing but the righteousness and death
of Jesus can save! Some think that because they
have been baptized and taken the sacrament,
because they read the Bible, keep the Sabbath, and
do to church they will be saved. Multitudes have
done all this, yet never having come to Jesus, are
now in hell! No sacrament, ceremony, creed or
church can save! None but Jesus can. So me-
rely on your priest. Sad mistake! Poor man,
he needs a Saviour for himself! He cannot save
his own soul, much less yours. None but Jesus
can give absolution. His blood alone cleanseth
from sin. "Sinners, pray to saints, angels, and the
Virgin Mary; but who can tell whether they can
listen at once to all who address them?—and if
they could, can they save the soul? The Bible
tells us plainly, "There is no mediator between
God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. Neither is
there salvation in any other, for there is no other
name given among men whereby we can be saved."
Look, then, to no one else. Trust only in Jesus.
He is seated on a throne of glory, and invites all
poor sinners to come at once close up to Him. He
alone has power to give. Why, then, stop to talk
to fellow-sinners, or even to those who profess
to be Christians, but who can tell whether they can
introduce you to Him. The beggar and the priest,
the black man and the white, the ignorant and the
learned, those clothed in rags and those in silk
attire, are equally welcome. All are invited. You
sin by looking anywhere else for help. He says,
"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of
the earth." Look away from men, away from
yourself; look only to Jesus, for he alone can save!
See Acts ii: 41—Rom. iii: 20—28; Gal. ii:
15, 16; Phil. iii: 1 Tim. ii: 5, 6, etc.

OUR LETTER BOX.
A young contributor writes as follows:
January 19, 1885.
Mr. C. F. Bruce, Dear Sir:—Perhaps you do
not care to read my new year's contribution. My
sister has commenced taking the INTELLIGENCER,
and I am very much interested in the YOUNG
FOLKS COLUMN. Enclosed please find some Biblical
puzzles. Please accept them if you think them
worthy a place in the COLUMN.

We are always pleased to hear from new corre-
spondents. We cheerfully welcome all original
puzzles. Please to have puzzles and answers at all times
from new and old correspondents. Let us hear
from many more of the readers of the YOUNG
FOLKS COLUMN. We would dearly love to hear
from all our old contributors again. Come on,
come all!

TO CONTRIBUTORS.
LOTTIE R. STEVENS, St. John, acknowledges re-
ceipt of prize. Other work correct. Thank you
for puzzles.
ANNIE NEWCOMB, St. John, correctly solves Nos.
46 and 62 (2). Thanks for Bible questions.
HARRY S. ST. JOHN, sends correct answers to
PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS. Thanks for puzzles.
NELLIE G. VANWART, Woodstock, sends correct
solutions to Nos. 40, 42, and 43. Thanks for
Bible questions.
"MARIANNE," Kings, sends a poem from her
scrap-book. Thank you. We shall say something
to the Young Folks upon scrap-books are long.
Thanks for chromo! We shall offer it. Thank you
for your kind remarks! We shall consider the
matter of which you write. Glad to see your deep
interest in the work.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar (yolks
and sugar beaten till very light, and whites beaten
separately, one cup of flour, into which has been
sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavour
to taste.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of
youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich
brown color, or deep black, as may be desired.
By its use light or red hair may be darkened,
thin hair thickened, and baldness often,
though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimu-
lates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It
prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and
renders the hair soft, glossy, and
scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the
Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil,
silk, nor any other dangerous or impure
ingredients, and imparts a delicate,
agreeable, and lasting perfume.

Mr. C. F. BRUCE writes from Kings, O.,
July 3, 1884: "Last fall my hair commenced
falling out, and in a short time I became
scarcely able to comb it. On seeing an adver-
tisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor, I bought a
bottle, and used it according to the directions.
I have now a full head of hair growing vigor-
ously, and am contented that but for the
use of your preparation I should have been
entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur*
(Ohio) Enquirer, says: "AYER'S Hair Vigor
is a most excellent preparation for the hair.
I speak of it from my own experience. It
has promoted the growth of my hair, and
makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also
a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my
knowledge has the preparation ever failed
to cure scalp itching."

MR. ANSON FAIRBANKS, leader of the
celebrated "Fairbank Family" of Scotland,
writes from *Edinburgh*, June 2, 1884:
"I have used your Hair Vigor for some
time, and I find it to be a most valuable
preparation. I have used AYER'S Hair
Vigor, and so have been able to maintain
an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of
considerable consequence to me, as I am an
actor, and in fact every one who lives in
the eyes of the public."

Mrs. O. A. FREEDMAN, writing from 18 Elm
St., Charleston, Mass., April 14, 1884, says:
"I bought your Hair Vigor, and I was
fast growing bald. On using it I found my
hair falling stopped and a new growth
commenced, and in about a month I had
before I fell. I regularly used but one bottle
of it, and now use it occasionally as a
dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials
to the efficacy of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and
need but a trial to convince the most skep-
tical of its value.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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OUR NEW COTTON

IS 36 INCHES WIDE,
—AND—
SOFT, PURE FINISH FOR HAND OR MA-
CHINE SEWING.

O. N. C.
Is the Best Bleached Cotton in the Market, and is suit-
able for making Shirts, Ladies' and Children's Under-
garments, and all household purposes for which any
First-Class Cotton is required.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
Wholesale Agents for O. N. C.

ALWAYS READY
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PAINS AND ILLS

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,
PAIN EXPELLER,
Solely Prepared by
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price, 50c, 75c, and 1.00 per Bottle.
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Spring Dress Goods!
—AT—
Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Cachemire Cloths,
Chevron Cloths,
Cachemire Longs,
Cachemire Satens,
Nun's Yellings,
Jersey Cloths,
Dray's Jersey,
Croix de France.

OUR SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
are now on hand, and ready to ship in all the
All the Newest and Most FASHIONABLE SHADES.

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SUCCESSIONS IN BELLS TO THE
BILLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO.
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THE BRYAN & STRATTON
COMMERCIAL
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BOSTON.
Largest and most Successful in the World.

THE COURSE OF STUDY is thorough, complete
and practical. Pupils are fitted for the duties and work
of every day life.

THE FACULTY embraces a list of twenty teachers,
and is under the supervision of a principal, who is a
graduate of the University of Michigan. THE STUDENTS
are young people of both sexes, and of all ages
and degrees of education. The course is of the highest
order, and includes all the subjects of a liberal edu-
cation. The instruction is given in the most thorough
and practical manner. The school is centrally located
and is well equipped for the instruction of its pupils.
The school is open to all, and no fee is charged for
tuition. The only charge is for board and books. The
school is open from September to June. The term
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