

Poetry.

A QUIET SUNDAY.

I would have been, with all my might
Doing the work I leave undone;
But from the ranks of those who fight,
Where many a triumph has been won,
God calls me out to quiet be,
And lifts the flag of truce for me.

No human voice joins mine in prayer,
I hear no tramp of churchward feet,
For me no bells chime through the air,
No fellow-worshippers I meet;
But I may be as true as they,
And God as near me while I pray.

Here there are aids to hearts devout,
For everything is praising God,
His swift-winged choristers sing out,
His flowers send perfume from the sod,
His ministers draw near to teach
Through stately aisles of oak and beech.

Perhaps, in the deep solitude
Where dew-drops glisten gently low,
Have rested in this whispering wood
Women and men of long ago,
And felt God's presence in the air,
And thought, or looked, or sighed a prayer.

The oldest church in all the land,
The oldest and most wonderful,
Is this rock-temple where I stand,
Which God Himself made beautiful;
And here the ancients must have stood
As longed, as I long, to be good.

And so, although I am alone
There seems a mighty company
Beside me in this hall of stone
Who help me with their charity,
And through the silence and the haze
They bear my soul aloft for praise.

And I thank God for many things,
For home and friends, for work and rest,
For joy and quiet Sunday brings,
And most of all, for this best,
That He who blesses me to-day
Has loved and blessed the world away.

And this I ask, that in all time
God's children may their Father know,
And understand His love sublime,
And love Him back who loves them so,
And let them wander where they may,
Find everywhere a place to pray.

—Marianne Farnham.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Tell me about the Master!
I am weary and to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light:
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.

My poor heart is weary, weary,
And longs like a child for rest,
Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.

For to me life's seventy-mile-stones
Be a sorrowful journey mark;
Tough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs he freely forgave;
Of his love and tender compassion,
Of his love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,

Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife,
Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.

So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

The Fireside.

STAYING MAD.

Grace and Maggie lived in neighboring houses,
and usually played together with great satisfaction.
But one pleasant morning a serious difficulty arose.
They were sitting with their dolls under the big
maple in Maggie's yard, when young Mr. Melville
passed, followed by a new black terrier that he
had never before seen. This led to a discussion in
regard to the color of the dog before this one
that Mr. Melville had owned. He had departed
this life fully two years previous, and his memory
must have been rather indistinct in somebody's
mind, for Grace insisted that he had been white,
and Maggie that he was yellow, "real bright yellow,
like cheese."

Grace felt it her duty to defend the deceased
Major from this charge, and the result was that
Maggie displayed a very disagreeable amount of
temper, and rushed into the house leaving her com-
pany to stay alone, or go home as she saw fit.
"The hateful old thing!" snapped Maggie, "she
knows he wasn't white, any more than the moon is
white; he was just about that color. But Grace
thinks she says anything is so, that makes it so,
and she's just as ugly and provoking as she can be;
and I'll never, never play with her again in the world."

Now Maggie was quite noted among her play-
mates for "flying off the handle," as they ex-
pressed it, with remarkable ease; but they all
knew, that however "spunky" she became, it
would all be over soon, and she would be as sweet
and smiling as ever. So it came to pass that when
Aunt Frances arrived the next morning, bringing
Maggie a present of a large doll with a beautiful
blue silk dress, the first impulse was to run over
and show it to Grace, without a thought of the
quarrel and dreadful threats of the night before.
The doll had driven it all out of her head as if it
had never been, so Maggie stayed a long time, and
Grace's mamma let Dredget make them molasses
candy.

Along in the afternoon Maggie began to suspect
that she had eaten too much candy, she had such a
queer disagreeable feeling, and thought perhaps she
would feel better if she took the new doll out for a
walk. So she was putting on her hat, when she un-
fortunately saw Mr. Melville and his dog pass again.
This suddenly brought back the recollection of yester-
day's quarrel, and Maggie was fairly shocked to
think how she had compromised her dignity by rushing
over to Grace's in the morning and staying so long,
just as if nothing had happened. And the more she
thought about it, the more she was provoked and
grew, and at last she began to whimper. Aunt
Frances came down stairs just then, and insisted
on knowing the trouble, but was quite unprepared
for Maggie's answer in indignant, explosive tones:
"I'm—I'm crying because I can't stay mad!"
and she detailed the whole story about the yellow
dog that had died two years ago, and tried to im-
press it upon Aunt Frances' mind how necessary it
was that she should have said mad, and how she
had gone and forgotten all about it, and what to do
she didn't seem to quite know. As she had been so
friendly with Grace all the morning, it seemed a
hard thing to gracefully get back to the mad point
again.

"That's just the way it always is," she said, "I
always forget how ugly I've been treated, and then
when I do think of it again, I feel so foolish to
think I've forgotten it easy."

Aunt Frances laughed heartily for a moment,
then looked sober again and said:

"My dear little girl, you've no idea how thank-
ful you ought to be, or how much trouble you are

saved by that very thing that you feel so vexed
about—that you get over being angry so easily. It
was just the other way with me when I was your
age; when I quarrelled with any of my playmates,
or considered myself injured by them in any way,
I couldn't forget it. I'd just keep thinking and
thinking about it until it made me perfectly miser-
able, and everybody about me, too; I was so sullen
and disagreeable. And I also lost a great many
pleasures by it. I remember one time in particular,
I had some difference with a little friend, which she
forgot about as soon as you would, but I 'staid
mad,' and when about a week after, I was passing
her house and heard her call to me to stop, I made
no answer, but marched on as stiff as a poker. I
afterward found out that she wanted to invite me
to take a long, beautiful ride to a place that I had
always wanted to visit."

"That was too bad!" said Maggie, much inter-
ested. "Did that cure you?"

"Perhaps it helped," said Aunt Frances. "But
it was not until I grew older, and fully realized
how unhappy my life was going to be if I kept on
in the old way, that I began a real fight with my-
self about it. I used to find that when anything
happened that I didn't like, and was going to feel
hateful over, the best way was to find something
else to think about just as soon as possible, or some-
thing to do that would take up my mind and not
give me bad thoughts any chance at all."

"Perhaps if somebody had given you a new
dress or something else nice every time, that would
have helped. You know my dolly drove away my
mad feelings," said Maggie.

"I've no doubt it would," Aunt Frances replied,
"but it's a very bad plan to depend upon other
people to help you about such things. If you do,
you're almost sure to be disappointed."

"Auntie," said Maggie, "do you ever feel that
bad lady like you used to be?"

"Yes, sometimes I do, even yet, although I
have fought so long against it, so you see what a
great advantage you have over your poor Auntie,
that you can get rid of such feelings easily; but if
you should go on trying to keep them, I am afraid
you would soon get to be just as bad."

Said Maggie:
"I think when I say my prayers to-night I'll
thank God that he made it easy for me to get over
being mad, and I see what a naughty girl I was just
now to say what I did, but Auntie, I do believe it
must have been the molasses candy that made me
do so; I guess I ate too much, from the way I
feel."

"I wouldn't at all wonder," said Auntie, "I've
noticed a great many times that if I ate too much
candy or any of those things that put people's
stomachs out of order, it would make it ever so
much easier for me to get mad and to stay so; it's
a good thing to remember."

"I will remember it," said Maggie, "or I'll try
real hard to, and now I'll find mamma and ask her
to give me something to make me feel better."

In a few moments Maggie came running back.
"Auntie," said she, "I come to think of it, I do
believe Major had some white on him after all. I
guess I didn't remember straight. I shouldn't
wonder if he was most half white, and I think I
ought to go over and tell Grace so right away."

"I think you ought," said Auntie, "and that's
another thing to remember, that, as a general
thing, other people are just about as likely to be
right as you are yourself, and that it's always best
not to be too positive, especially about things that
happened a great while ago, and were not of much
importance anyway."

"Like old yellow dogs—I mean yellow and white
dogs," said Maggie.—*Christina at Work.*

THE TUGS.

"Just see what a terrible tug those poor horses
are having," said Rob, looking out of the window.
"Fine fellows—how they pull!"

Two or three others came to the window and
watched the horses. They were pulling a sled,
heavily loaded with wood, over a broad, bare space
in the road left by clearing the snow from a double
line of street-car tracks.

"It seems too hard for them," said Ruth, look-
ing pityingly at the noble animals as they strained
every nerve in obedience to the voice of their
driver.

"Yes, but they know it's coming easy soon, I'm
sure," said Rob. "Hip—hip—hurrah! Pull away,
my hearties—there they go! Well done!
Well done! Now they are sailing off on the good
sleighing as if they had never had it hard."

"I believe I feel just like those horses some-
times," said Ruth, looking thoughtfully after them.
Sometimes I have so many lessons to learn that it
seems as if I never could be done. But I know
that if I gave a strong pull, and do my very best,
I shall get through and reach a smoother place."

"That's so," said Rob. "I've had a dozen just
such times over my arithmetic. And when I have
a good lot of wood to pile, or I idle and dawdle
about it, it goes right, grin, all day, just as those
runners would if the horses hadn't held with a will.
But I give a good tug as they do, I get into
smooth sailing before I know it, and then off I go."

"I guess it's always so in this world," said Ruth.
"Tugs and then easy places, and then tug again.
I guess the Lord meant it to be so, didn't he, ma-
mum?"

"Yes, dear; if he made the way of this world
too smooth for us, we might always want to stay
here. He gives us smooth places all along the way
to rest us and give us courage for the rough ones."

"I see," said grandmother, looking out upon the
white snow which lay all around, "and when the
long, long tug is over, there will only be smoothness
and sweetest rest to come."

Ruth looked at the dear, patient eyes, which
seemed almost to have caught a glimpse of the glory
which belongs with the eternal rest.

"Dear grandmother," she said, putting her arms
around her with a very tender kiss, "it is better
to be old than to be young?"

"No, my bird," said grandmother. "It is best
to be exactly what the blessed Master will have us.
I have passed the tugs, and my old feet are
tired with many steps. But you have the tugs yet
before you, and he has given you happy young
hearts and strong courage for the battle of life.
Put all your strength and energy into the hard
pulls, dear, trusting him for help in all your
needs, and at the last you will be sure to hear him
say:

"Well done, good and faithful servant!"

—New York Observer.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

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

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

STORY AND POETRY.

I AM GOING TO JESUS.

Katie drew the bed-clothes round her little sister,
and left her alone. Annie had been ill for a long
time, and she often grew weary lying there, and
wanted something to look at, for she was only
seven years old. So slipping out of bed, she
glanced round the room, and seeing a paper on the
table, she took it up and began to read. It was
about a wicked man who did not believe in God,
and when he died, he said: "I'm going, I'm going,
I know not where!" He did not believe in the
home nor in the things that God has prepared for
those who love him. The child did believe, so she
sifted repeated his words, altering them to suit
herself: "I'm going, I'm going, I do know where!
I'm going to Jesus; his home I shall share."

The poor man who thought himself so wise, "by
wisdom knew not God." The child did not under-
stand all about the great God, but she had learned
that He loved her, and knew Jesus as "the way,
the truth, and the life."

Reader, where are you going?

EVENING PRAYER.

I hope all the INTELLIGENCER family make a
habit of daily prayer. Just as you go to your
earthly parents asking for what you need, so you
should go to your Father in Heaven asking pardon
for all your sins, the cleansing and renewing of
your heart, and the guidance of God's good spirit
to lead you into all truth. How happy the boy or
girl who trusts in God and prays to Him daily!

I want you to learn the following beautiful hymn,
and often to repeat it ere you go to sleep:

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep us, O keep us, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The life that I this day have done;
That, with the will, and myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose!
And my sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall seem more vigorous make,
To serve my God with all awake.

Contributions from Young Folks.

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FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.

A prince of Meshech.
He who named city of Hebron.
A prophet.
A seriousness.

One of the apostles.
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But that thy blood has cleansed me,
And that Thou biddest me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood has cleansed each spot,
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"Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, righteousness, holiness, all left behind,
Yet, all I need, in Thee to find,
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"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fights within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

"Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to thy throne, ye, mine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

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it thoughtfully and prayerfully. Oh, will you
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heavenly of the above stanza be your answer. May
they be spoken with the whole heart. We hope
and trust that the few lines, written from week to
week, have been the means of bringing some to
Jesus. Give God your hearts when you tunc! You
will never regret it. Evil impressions are very
hard to erase. "As the twig is bent, the tree is
inclined." Remember now thy Creator in the
days of thy youth. "Those that seek me early
shall find me." Seek Him with your whole heart.
Review the past studies. COME! COME NOW!

HOME HINTS.

APPLE SNOWBALL.—Boil one-half pound of rice
in milk till nearly cooked; then strain, peel and
core some large apples without dividing them.
Put a clove and some sugar in the centre of each
apple, and the rice around them. Tie each up in
a cloth separately, boil for three-quarters of an
hour; remove the cloth and place on a warm dish.

COLD MEAT PUDDING.—Rub half a pound of
beef-dripping into one and one-half pound of flour,
with a little salt. Moisten the paste with water
and roll it out half an inch thick. Mince any kind
of cold meat; season it and add a few spoonfuls of
gravy. Spread the minced meat on the paste and
roll it up. Tie it up in a cloth buttered and floured
and boil for an hour and a-half.

BARBADOES MOLASSES.
NOW discharging at Victoria Wharf, cargo of Bright,
N. B. A. Claiborne's
285 Puns
35 Tierces
35 Bbls.

For Sale by
GILBERT BENT & SONS,
5 to 8 South Market Wharf.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., N.Y.
Oct. 21, 1885.
Outlines: My father resides at Silver,
Vt. He has been a great sufferer from neuralgia,
and the enclosed letter will tell you what a
marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
has had in his case. I think his blood must
have contained the humor for at least nine
years; but it did not show, except in the form
of a scurvy sore on the wrist, until about
five years ago. From a few spots which ap-
peared at that time, it gradually spread so as
to cover his entire body. I assure you he was
terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when
he began using your medicine. Now, there are
few men of his age who enjoy as good health
as he has. I could easily name fifty persons
who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly,
W. M. FULLER."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a
pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I
have derived from the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with
a terrible humor and scurvy sores. The humor
caused an incessant and intolerable
itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause
the blood to flow in many places whenever
I moved. My sufferings were great, and my
life a burden. I consulted the use of the
SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used
it regularly since. From a few spots which ap-
peared at that time, it gradually spread so as
to cover his entire body. I assure you he was
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