

The Fireside.

OUR HEROES.

BY EREN K. REXFORD.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right.
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights his single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempt-
ed
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The Right" be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

WHAT NEWS DO THE ANGELS TELL?

BY REV. J. D. WYCKOFF.

What news in heaven do the angels tell
That I toiled for the Master well?
What bolted heart has unlocked its door?
What wayward feet go astray no more?
What wasted life to the truth has come?
What lost one found has been brought
back home?

What hands are strong for the help I
brought?
What sightless eyes see the light they
sought?
What poor, parched lips can a new song
raise?

What silent tongue has a hymn of praise?
What hungry soul has to-day been fed?
What home made glad by the words I
said?

What have I thought of his work so dear?
What have I planned for his kingdom
here?

What have I given of the wealth he gave?
What have I learned of his power to save?
What have I done that the world may see
What Jesus did when he died for me?

What gathered sheaves from the scattered
seed?
What help in store for the time of need?
What treasure there for the life to come?

"Search me, O God!" at thy feet I fall;
"Try me and see," let me know it all.
—Journal.

BLACKSMITH LUDLOW: OR, WHAT THE HAMMER SAID.

BY MRS. FANNY D. BERGEN.

One summer, when we wanted a quiet vacation in the country, we established ourselves in a great airy building a few miles distant from one of the tiny villages which nestle among the New England hills. The house we took had been a busy workshop in more prosperous days, but the manufacturing had not succeeded, and at last the large building was quite deserted and only opened now and then in the summer when some family of Bohemian tastes, like ourselves, chose to rent it for a camping-out sojourn. In full view of our front windows was the neatest, prettiest little shop, on whose front gable-end was fastened a sign bearing the words: "J. Ludlow, Blacksmith."

Maybe you don't think a blacksmith shop could look pretty. Well, then, you are mistaken, for this small, shapely building of stone-gray tint, with brown trimmings about cornices and windows, with plenty of vines trained up the sides, and there and there creeping up along the roof, really made a very pretty picture against its background of sweet-fern and woodland of pine and birch.

A drive from the road led up to the large, brown door of the shop, but for a long time I never saw the door open or the smoke rising from the red chimney. From the neat-looking cottage near by, I now and then saw walk out a powerfully-built man whose tottering gait and dull pallor, however, plainly told that he was in ill-health.

One day as I started for a tramp, I saw him carefully directing his steps towards the shop, so I turned up the sandy path, now thickly dotted with brilliant blue-curls and rabbit-foot clover, and managed to meet the man near the door of the smithy.

"Good-morning!"
"Good-morning, ma'am!"
And he stopped, leaning heavily on his ash staff.

"You are the former smith, I think?"

"Yaas, I built this," nodding pathetically toward the shop, "with my own hands; 'n I hed a good trade; fact is, I hed mor'n I c'd 'tend to, but I hain't ben able to do nothin' for most a year now, 'n it's kin' o' hard on me."

"You have ben sick, then?"

"Yaas, after my haouse there wuz done—I built my shop myself—I painted it, 'n h'n'y, seein' the eave-spouts leaked, I jest thought I'd daub the leaky places with some thick paint that wuz left from paintin' the haouse; 't wuz white lead, 'n wuz dried up till 't wuz thick ez putty. Wa'al, we hev no well, 'n use rain-water, which we ketch in hogeds set 't the corners 'f the haouse, 'n I s'pose I got lead-pozoned, fer by spring the lead paint wuz about all gone from the spouts. I'd put it on in the fall, 'n w'd ben drinkin' rain water 'n melted snow all winter. 'T any

rate, I hed a stroke, 'n wuz mighty sick all spring, 'n I'm still only jest able to crawl about."

"But you are getting better now?"

"O yaas—I'm gainin', 'n hope to swing my hammer agin afore long, but it's pretty tough, pretty tough! You see, I git so plaguery restless. Can't do nothin', 'n thet's what I can't git used to."

"Do you care to read? I have some stories we brought for summer reading which I should be glad to lend to you."

"I like to read the papers, tho' 't wuz a long time I couldn't hold one, but now I kin use my fingers enough fer thet. But ez fer stories, I don't keer fer 'em. I jest feel they're all lies anyway, 'n I don't see no good in hearin' 'em; never could see why folks keered for sech yarns. But ef you've got any papers, I like to hear all thet's goin' on in the world."

The summer days went on, and day by day I hoped I saw this old worker walk with more ease and strength, and now and then the shop door stood open the greater part of the day, and I saw the owner's steps tended that way as he took his constitutional. One day we had a bit of stovepipe to cut, and one of the men was awkwardly enough trying to chop it apart with a dull axe, when Mr. Ludlow called over in a wavering, stentorian voice:—

"Jest bring that over to my anvil, 'n you can make a better job."

The pipe was quickly trimmed by aid of the proper tools, and as it came away with it, Mr. L. said:—

"Come over when you have anything like this to do. I'd like to hev you. It does me good to hear the hammerin' once more. I'd like to be hammerin' all day!"

Sometimes, as I walked up into the pine wood behind the little shop, I peeped in at the door, now so often open, and found all within as orderly and twig as a new yacht, but spiders had attached their webs to bellows and forge, and deep dust lay upon the silent anvil.

A little later, and I now and then saw the smith busy dusting a window, or cleaning away the cobwebs with his cane, or rearranging the horse-shoes hanging in rows upon the wall.

At last, one warm day in early autumn, as I sat sewing under a tree, I suddenly heard a few feeble strokes of the hammer on the long-used anvil ringing out "kling, kling, kling!" Brave and clear, though far from strong! It made the tears start, I am not ashamed to say. "Eager to work!" "Work is best!" "Eager to work!" "Work is best!" I heard those taps of the hammer, lifted with great effort, say. And I thought of the working spirit struggling in the long-suffering and paralyzed body of the old smith, and wished, more than I can tell you, that each healthy boy and girl of this generation could be filled through and through with such desire to work.

Oh, how I wish I could carry all of you to whom I speak off under the maple tree where I sat when I heard the short but very eloquent sermon preached by the attempted strokes of that half-helpless man! You would hear and heed, I do believe.

Don't be lazy. Don't be aimless. Don't shirk the useful work, whatever it may be that it is given you to do. Keep in mind the text and sermon of the hammer: "Work is best!" "Eager to work."

I used to tell the invalid blacksmith that I felt sure he would recover health and strength, because he was so full of hope and grit. I could but feel that such a spirit of industry would finally be allowed to act in useful work. If you are only ready and willing to work, and happy in working, I believe you will reach and every one find something to do exactly fitted to your capacity and strength. "Eager to work!" "Work is best!"—Zion's Herald.

BY HEART.

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart. "Why," Fred said cousin Mary, quietly, "you surprise me!" Now, Fred liked to have cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked an inch taller, as he replied, with a show of humility—"It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that! Only ten verses!" "Oh, it was not the length of the lesson but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my dear boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart." "What do you mean, cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few moments ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived." Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart.

When he had it all in his head, and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject. Was cousin Mary right? Do we ever really know a thing until we do it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive," by just forgiving Ralph, in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that the words of Jesus were meant to be done and not said merely, he honestly set about doing them. This must be the way, then, to learn a lesson "by heart," to put it into practice! We don't always do that, when we learn a lesson by heart. Jesus must have meant something very practical when He said: "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

HONOR TO PARENTS.

A little boy, about nine years of age, entered one of our city coal-yards with a large bucket, with which he went up to the superintendent and, asking to have it filled with coal, handed the money to pay for it.

"What are you going to do with the coal, my little man?" asked the manager.

"I am going to carry it home to mother, sir," was the ready answer of the boy.

"But it is too heavy for you," said the man, "you had better run home for somebody to come and help you to carry it."

"I have nobody at home but my mother, sir; and I am sure I had rather carry it than my mother should, if it was twice as heavy," answered the noble boy.

"Then make two trips, and take half at a time," still urged the considerate clerk.

"No, sir, I had rather not," was the reply, "for then I should be late at school, and I promised mother that I would get back with her coal before the school bell rings, and so I will," said the earnest, thoughtful child, as he hurried off with his load.

Happier no doubt he was in thus doing his duty, than he could possibly have been in the game of marbles, which he had given up to help his widowed mother.

As I passed out after him, I thought, what a priceless treasure is such a son as that. However poor his mother may be in other respects, she is rich in having such a little son; and I am sure God will bless him in thus honoring his mother.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

We were sitting at a table in the largest restaurant in the city of Chicago. A lady said to the waiter: "I do not see how in the world you ever remember what each one has ordered when you have so many to wait upon at once."

"It is a mystery," laughed the waiter, "but practice makes perfect."

"Ah!" I thought, "you have hit upon the secret."

We admire the skillful musical performer, we look almost with envy upon a perfect picture or choice piece of statuary, we read with wondering admiration the song of the poet, we listen entranced to the finished orator, but seldom does the thought come home to us that all this is the result of days and nights of patient practice and tireless labor.

Arago, the French astronomer, tells in his autobiography, how in his youth he one day became puzzled and discouraged over his mathematics, and almost resolved to give up the study. He held his paper-bound text-book in his hand. Impelled by an indefinable curiosity, he damped the cover of the book, and carefully unrolled the leaf to see what was on the other side. It turned out to be a brief letter from D'Alembert to a young man like himself, disheartened by the difficulties of mathematical study, who had written to him for counsel. This was the letter: "Go on, sir, go on. The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness upon your path."

Arago followed the simple suggestion, "Go on, sir, go on," and became the first astronomical mathematician of his age.

COLOR OF BEEF CATTLE.—A Western journal avers that many breeders and feeders claim that their white or roan Shorthorns feed better than the reds, and is glad to note that breeders are ignoring color in breeding for beef. It adds that roan is the Shorthorn trademark, and will again be the popular color. The Jerseys, since they have ignored the color craze, have made great progress in their more practical points of butter records. The white Kirklevington prize steer was a better handler and better feeder than any red or black steer at the fat stock show.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 21.—JUMBLE.

("LITTLE GOOSIE," SHELBURNE, N. S.)
Domisw si terbet hnat pwanose fo arw, utb neo nrsein yorttetsdi chum odgo.

No. 22.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLE.
(FROM HARRY McDONALD, SUSSEX VALE.)
Th fi hth sd n h hrt thr s n Gd.

No. 23.—PI PUZZLE.
(FROM CHAS. FREEZE, PENOBSCUIS.)
Ey orwipsh ey nkwo otn ahtw: ew wnoh wth ew rahowip: rof lasavoint si fo eth wsej.

No. 24.—HIDDEN SCRIPTURE BIRDS.
(FROM "FLO," JACKSONTOWN, C. CO.)
1. She had two sprays of leaves on her bonnet.
2. With a fierce howl the animal retreated.
3. Look it eats the green leaves!

No. 25.—WORD SQUARE.
(FROM "VAN," YORK.)
An article that was found in the tabernacle; to quit; received; to turn aside; leases.

No. 26.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)
I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 5, 6, 7 was a Roman Emperor.
My 10, 11 is a pronoun.
My 1, 3, 2, 4 is a piece of music.
My whole is a Book of the Bible.
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 2.)

No. 6.—Cowper.
No. 7.—Bible, bile.
No. 8.—"And your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel."

No. 9.—
A—bb—A
D—au—B
A—bl—E
M—ar—L

CHAT.

OUR thanks are due the many who have written us, sending puzzles, solutions, etc. Yet there is room. We would love to hear from more of the INTELLIGENCER readers. Come on—come all!

"LITTLE GOOSIE," Shelburne, N. S.—Yes we are always pleased to receive new puzzles, and are thankful to you for those which you sent. We are glad you like the COLUMN. You correctly solved the puzzles in No. 1. Come again soon.

HARRY McDONALD, Sussex Vale, correctly solves Nos. 6 and 8 in issue No. 2. Well done, Harry. Thank you for the nice puzzles. We will give them due insertion. Let us have more from your pen.

CHAS. FREEZE, Penobscuis.—Thank you for the puzzle which we publish. You have correctly solved Nos. 6 and 8. Come often.

OUR LETTER BOX.

"Marianne's" Interesting Letter.
OAK POINT, Kings Co.,
Dec. 30th, 1885.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am writing this at 7 o'clock, P. M. I am so glad to find the COLUMN is continued, and that new cousins are coming in to join in making it so nice. I have been persuading another of my young girl acquaintances to join in sending puzzles, and she has promised to do so. Dear Uncle, I thank you for your kind wishes to us all, and hope you and our dear Editor of the INTELLIGENCER may have many Happy New Years and prosperous ones for the kind and comforting words which—to me the best of all papers—the INTELLIGENCER has contained. Although not having the pleasure of ever seeing either of you I do thank our Heavenly Father for giving us such kind friends to look after our mental welfare, and give us such choice reading. We have had a very quiet Christmas season, as the storm prevented the ministers from attending to have worship, which we miss more at this time of the year than any other. Beside attending to my other duties, I have occupied my time in trying to make some puzzles, and also to try for the prize. Good night. From "MARIANNE."

"Flo's" Nice Letter.
JACKSONTOWN, Dec. 28th, 1885.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—In trying to get the prize I find it becomes my duty to write to you. Although I have not taken a very active part in the "Young Folks' Column," yet I have been quite interested and have worked out many of the puzzles. My Christmas holidays are being spent at home, trying to make myself useful. I will close by wishing you and all the cousins a Happy Year. Your niece, "FLO."

LITTLE GOOSIE says: "I like the COLUMN very much, and hope it will continue to be in the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER."

Winter Hosiery.

OUR STOCK of Fall and Winter HOSIERY is all in and ready to show—comprising all the Leading and Standard Makes, viz.:

MERINO, CASHMERE & LAMBSWOOL.

MERINO HOSE—Plain and Ribbed, 5 to 9½ inches.
CASHMERE HOSE—Plain, in Medium and Best Grades. Colors—Black, Navy, Seal, Steel, Myrtle, Bronze, Paon, and Assorted Garnets. 5 in. to 9½ inches.

CASHMERE HOSE—Ribbed, in 4 Qualities, Ladies' Size. Colors—Navy, Seal, Garnets, Black. 5 to 9½ inches.
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 safely 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.

CHILDREN'S KNITTED OVERALLS, GAITERS for Boys, Misses' and Ladies.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
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Grey Flannels—all widths;
Navy Blue Flannels;
Scarlet Saxony Flannels;
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3 Cases Colored Dress Goods;
Black French Merinos;
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Superfine Worsteds Coatings;
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Complete Ranges of Union and All-Wool Homespuns from the best makers;
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Grey Union Blankets for lumbermen;
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Letter orders receive prompt attention, and where selections are left to us, goods are carefully selected by a competent staff, and the best value given.

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MARKET SQUARE.
jan6

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OF
HOUSEHOLD LINENS AND COTTONS.

Cotton Sheetings,
Linen Sheetings,
Pillow Cottons,
Pillow Linens,
Linen Towellings,
Damask Napkins,
Damask Table Linens,
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Linen Towels of all kinds,
Honeycomb Quilts,
And Marseilles Counterpanes.

During the month of January Sheets, Pillow Cases, Napkins, and Table Cloths will be cut and hemmed (as has been our custom for the past two seasons), FREE OF CHARGE.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
jan13

OUR FALL STOCK

—OF—
Gentlemen's Underwear.

Is now complete, and comprises all the well known standard makes, of first-class reliable GOODS, for which our House is so well known.

GENUINE SHETLAND SCOTCH LAMBSWOOL SHIRTS & DRAWERS in 7 sizes. SHIRTS Single and Double Breasted. These Goods, if washed with care and attention, are practically UNSHRINKABLE.

Scarlet Saxony,
White Cheviot,
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Medium and Heavy Weights,
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Medium and Heavy Weights,
Heavy Cotton,
Natural Wool, &c., &c.
ALL SIZES IN THE ABOVE.
And a very large and varied Stock of CANADIAN SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, IN ALL QUALITIES.

Also—BOYS' & YOUTH'S UNDER-CLOTHING,
In all sizes and qualities of Merino and Woolen.

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Under the direction of the Union Baptist Education Society.

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L. F. WORTMAN, M. A., Principal;
Teacher of Classics, French and German.
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AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

Nos. 5's to 10's.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.
Made of good American Cotton with great care. Correctly numbered and War-ranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Warp to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn. It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 less of 120 yards each. 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 WARE,
Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.
WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c.
All fast colors.
Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 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 can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

W. M. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.
July 12

PARKS' COTTON YARNS.

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New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
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July 12

J. H. MORRISON, M. D., M. S., F. A. S.

Late Professor Natural Science, Normal College, Pa. Late Lecturer to Columbia Institute of Medicine.

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EXTRA FINE SILK AND WOOL MIXTURES, light in weight, that make a very NEAT SHIRT.

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ALSO—44 Boxes FINEST CHERREE, 104 packages TOBACCO.
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