

THE BARREN FIELD.

BY CLARE.

A laborer stood in a barren field
When the sun arose, and the day was new,
And he saw as he gazed with hopeful eyes
A burden of work to do,
For seed had been sown by the thorns
Of life,
Had dropped on the rocks and been
washed away,
And more and more barren the field had
grown,
Each swift recurring day.
But the laborer set about his work
With a hopeful heart and an earnest
will,
As he said, "I could not choose a field
That there was more need to till."
I will work while I may, and the sun and
rain
Perchance may soften, and warm, and
cheer,
And the seed in weakness and weariness
sown
Will bear fruit some coming year?
Ah, hopeful worker! He worked away,
Through days of sunshine, and days of
shade
He labored in time of budding leaf,
And when leaves began to fade,
But the desert sands had heavy grown,
And with the winter's chill,
Yet ever and ever he spoke to his soul
Words of comfort and words of trust,
As he said, "It will blossom and bear at
last."
This barren field, it must.
Then as seed time and harvest came and
went,
And the days grew shorter for earnest
toil,
And he sorrowed over his fruitless task
In the cold, encrusted soil,
He cheered his heart with the song of hope,
It was well he did—not faint by the
way.
To-morrow, to-morrow will bring the sign
Of the harvest's golden day.
Ah! many to-morrow came and went,
While he waited himself with their
care and toil,
And his heart began to feel the weight
Of dust from the barren soil.
His once bright eye lost the light of hope,
And weariness burdened every limb,
When a fierce upheaval wrought a work
That fanned hope's flame, so dim.
Sorrow and joy alike it wrought,
And the laborer felt cheered again,
For the soil seemed ready at last to yield
The long, long looked for grain.
But the poor tired worker—be pitiful,
Ye who have just begun your task—
The days of labor and weariness
Had wrought their work at last,
And he had not strength to sow the seed;
So he called to others, just over the wall
In another field, quite close at hand,
But they heeded not his call.
Yet, he sowed as he could, but the drought
came on,
And the promising soil was hardening
fast,
The laborer saw the cup of hope
Shivered, just within his grasp,
Then laying his implements aside
He said, as he looked into hopeless years,
And back at the sorrow and weariness
Of hours overburdened with tears,
What will it matter by and by?
Both field and worker alike will be,
And the fruitful will never know our pain
In their happy eternity.

The Fireside.

DOING HIS BEST.

It may seem at first sight, as if
the boy mentioned in this incident,
which is given by Edward Everett
Hale in his Boys' Heroes, did not
thing either heroic or remarkable;
but it is a good illustration of the
value of doing one's best:
There was a boy whom we will
name Luke Varnum. He was fifteen
years old, and he was lame of his
left foot. So, when every other
boy in Number Five, and every
man, old and young, shouldered his
firelock and marched off to join
General Stark and go and fight the
Hessians at Bennington, Luke was
left at home. He limped out and
held the stirrup for Lieutenant
Chittenden to mount, and then he
had to stay at home with the babies
and the women. The men had been
gone an hour and a-half when three
men galloped up on horseback. And
Luke went down to the rails to see
who they were. "Is there nobody
here?" said one of them.
"Yes," said Luke, "I am here."
"I see that," said the first man,
laughing. "What I mean is, is there
nobody here can set a shoe?"
"I think I can," said Luke. "I
often tend fire for Jonas. I can
hold the bellows, and I can hold a
horse's foot. Anyway, I will start
up the fire."
So Luke went into the forge and
took down the tinder-box and struck
a light. He built the fire, and hunt
ed up half a dozen nails which Jonas
had left unintentionally, and he had
even made two more when a fourth
horseman came slowly down on a
walk. "What luck," said he, "to
find a forge with the fire lighted?"
"We found one," said Marvin,
"with a boy who knew how to light
it."
And the other speaker threw him-
self off the horse meanwhile. And
Luke paled the hoof of the dainty
creature, and measured the shoe,
which was too big for her. He
heated it white, and bent it closer,
to the proper size. "It is a poor
fit," he said, "but it will do."
"It will do very well," said her
rider. "But she is very tender-
footed, and I do not dare trust her
five miles unshod."
And for pride's sake, the first two
nails Luke drove were those he had
made himself. And when the shoe
was fast, he said: "Tell Jonas that
I let up the forge—and put on the
shoe."
"We will tell him," said the col-
onel, laughing, and he rode on.
But one of the other horsemen
tarried a minute, and said: "Boy,

often men who left you to-day have
served your country as you have.
It is Colonel Warner."
When I read in the big books of
history how Colonel Warner led up
his regiment just in time to save the
day at Bennington, I am apt to
think of Luke Varnum. When I
read that that day decided the battle
of Saratoga, determined that Amer-
ica should be independent, I think
of Luke Varnum. When I go to
see monuments erected in memory
of Colonel Warner and General
Stark, and even poor old Burgoyne,
I think of Luke Varnum and others
like him. And then sometimes I
wonder whether every man and boy
of us who bravely and truly does the
very best thing he knows how to do,
does not have the future of the world
resting on him.—*Congregationalist.*

WHAT MADE TOMMY BROWN
GENTLE.

"Ye—are—the—light—of—the
—world." Ruthie read the verse
out slowly, then looked up at her
mother, who sat near, and said:
"I don't know what that means,
mamma."
Mamma smiled, but didn't answer
for a moment; then she said:
"Was Tommy Brown at school
yesterday?"
"Ruthie brightened up imme-
diately. "Yes, mamma, he was,
and he gave me a big, red apple.
I like him a great deal better than I
used to do. He isn't cross and hate-
ful any more, and he doesn't get
angry and fight the boys, either.
Fred struck him right in the face
the other day. I saw him, but he
did not strike back again at all,
though I guess he wanted to for a
minute, for I saw him raise his
hand; but he didn't."
"Does he trouble you little girls
any more?"
"Oh, mother! not a bit. You
know he told us he was sorry, and
wasn't going to do it any more."
"What has changed him so,
Ruthie?"
"Why, mamma, you know he has
become a Christian. He joined the
church last Sunday, don't you re-
member?"
"Oh, what was your verse,
Ruthie?"
Thus recalled to her Bible, the
little maiden read again: "Ye are
the light of the world."
"Who was talking, Ruth?"
"Jesus Christ."
"Who does he say is the light of
the world?"
Ruth studied the chapter.
"Ye," it says, "ye."
"Read the first two verses, dear."
"Oh, it was the disciples. His
disciples! It says so."
"Yes, he told his disciples they
were the light of the world. What
is light for?"
"To—to—why, to make things
clear, to show things."
"And what should Christ's dis-
ciples show?"
"Show that they love him," said
Ruth, softly, after a pause.
"Yes, and that loving Christ
makes them better and kinder, too."
"Yes," said Ruth, meditatively,
"it is so with Tommy. Everybody
knows that he is a better boy, and
everybody says it is because he has
become a Christian."—*Philadelphia-
an.*

LAYING THE CLOTH.

I have only just found out what
makes it so nice to dine at Mrs.
Leslie's. If you are asked to stay
to any other meal it is just the same.
The fare is simple, for they are far
from rich, yet it always seems to me
much better than it could be in a
palace. And I have just found out
that the whole secret, next to the
careful cooking is the pretty way
they have of laying the cloth. Who
would have thought so much de-
pendent on this trifling. The cloth is
not damask, but is as white as snow,
and has been folded neatly. The
spoons and forks shine just like real
silver, and the knives are a wonder.
The glass sparkles so that the very
sunbeams like to play about it and
every plate and dish is as bright as
a new pin. It is the same with
everything on the table. The mats are
put on straight; the salt is nicely
smoothed, and so on; and the chairs
are placed round the table as if wait-
ing to welcome each to his own par-
ticular seat. And Mary Leslie al-
ways has some sort of flower or
green thing on the table. She says
it costs nothing and makes all the
difference, which is quite true.
I mean to lay our cloth myself
to-morrow, and see if I cannot save
trouble and give pleasure. There is
so much to do in our house that
there seems no time to think of any-
thing pretty. Yet, as we lay the
table three times every day, and
sometimes oftener, it is right to do
it nicely. Father is sure to notice
if the room looks tempting when he
comes in to dinner. I hope he will
ask who laid the cloth.
I have never used that little white
and gold cup Aunt Margaret brought
me from Mayfield last summer. It
will be the very thing to hold flowers
for the table. I will put only a few,
but freshen them every day. How

long it seems to wait. However, its
nearly bedtime now, and I really
think I will get up earlier and lay
the cloth for breakfast. It will be
such fun to be as nice as the Leslies'.

SAVED BY A DOG.

A paper called *The Age* tells how
in Birmingham recently a child's
life was saved by a Newfoundland
dog. A little two-year old girl, the
daughter of the train-master at the
railroad depot, is very fond of her
father's Newfoundland dog, an af-
fection which the animal is evi-
dently aware of and reciprocates by
constant devotion. The two are play-
mates, and the attachment between
them is most interesting. A few
days ago the dog was observed to be
acting strangely. He went from
one room to another until he found
the mother of the child, when he
rubbed himself against her hand
and pulled at her dress. The lady
took no notice of him, and the dog
persisted in his efforts to draw her
toward the door. "Go away," said
the lady, "go and find Nellie." The
dog went away whining. A few
minutes afterward the mother went
to look for her little daughter, and
found her lying asleep so close to a
large fire that her clothes were
scorched. They would have blazed
had it not been for the dog, who had
crouched down between her and the
fire, taking care to protect her well.
Marks on the child's clothing showed
that the dog had tried to drag her
out of danger. When he failed he
interposed his own body, and the
mother found him in that position
whining, while the hair was being
singled from his back. The child
was still sleeping peacefully. If a
dog, without any soul, can be so
loving and self-sacrificing, what
should we expect from little chil-
dren who have been trained in the
Sunday-school and at home?

HOME HINTS.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—Four table-
spoonfuls of water put into a teacup,
and fill up with molasses, one tea-
spoonful ginger, four tablespoonfuls
shortening, one teaspoonful soda,
flour for soft batter.
GREEN MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One
and-a-half cups of sugar, two-thirds
of a cup of sweet milk, two-thirds
cup of butter, two cups of flour,
whites of four eggs, one teaspoon
cream tartar, half teaspoon soda.
Flavor to taste.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 124.—SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.
(FROM W. AND B. MACF., ST. JOHN.)
The primals name a prophet, and
the finals an instrument he used in
performing a miracle.
1. Where the Israelites rested on
their way to the Red Sea. 2. A trades-
woman of Philippi. 3. A judge of
Israel. 4. A spy sent to search the
land of Canaan. 5. The father of
Abdon. 6. Once a division of Pale-
stine.

No. 125.—RHOMBOLD.

(FROM "VAN," YORK.)
Across:—An apostle; consisting of
three; a term in astronomy; a noted
Biblical mount.
Down:—A consonant; a preposi-
tion; a vessel; an animal; a song;
two-thirds of ebb; a vowel.

No. 126.—ARITHMETIC.

(FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.)
(Biblical Trees.)
1. 54 and 60.
2. 1501 and nanon.
3. 600 and ear.
4. 1050 and gau.
5. 1150 and hoke.
6. 1502 and othwsto.

No. 127.—PUZZLE.

(FROM A. ADAMS, OAK PARK, N. S.)
What was it that was born without
a soul, died without a soul, and yet
had a soul?

No. 128.—ENIGMA.

(FROM R. L. BLACK, KINGS.)
We are little simple creatures,
Used by Greek and Roman teachers;
One of us in hair does live;
One of us is found in sieve,
One of us is placed in axe;
Whilst the fourth is found in flax;
One of us in cent is found,
But the sixth is in the ground;
If the last you wish to see
It will always be found in me.

No. 129.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(ED. Y. F. C.)
1. A certain king was at one time
stoned and cursed. Who was the
king, and by whom was he cursed?
2. Through whom were thirty and
one kings put to death?

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 16.)
No. 104.—"Physician, heal thy-
self." (See Luke iv. 23.)
No. 105.—Ephesians vi. 1.

No. 106.—

"Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in con-
tent,
Than to be perked up in glistening
grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

No. 107.—2 Kings xxv. 7; Jer.
lii. 11.

No. 108.—Ecclesiastes xi. 6.
No. 109.—

(The dotted lines show the three to
be erased, and thus leave "three whole
squares only.")

CHAT.

To Be Solved.—This issue we give
an excellent batch of puzzles to be
solved. The Scripture Acrostic is a
fine example to begin with, and
"Van's" Rhomboid is something new.
W. S. Lewin's Biblical Trees need
some mathematical calculating. No
doubt our smart young friends will
soon figure it out and pass to the
strange sounding puzzle from the pen
of A. Adams. R. L. Black gives an
excellent mental Enigma: then fol-
low some Bible Queries.

IDA MAY B., KINGS, sends us cor-
rect solutions to Nos. 95, 97, 98, 99,
100, 101, 102, 103; and answers to
Nos. 105, 106, 108 and 109. Write
again.

R. L. BLACK, KINGS, will please ac-
cept our hearty thanks for Bible Quer-
ies. His solutions to Nos. 95, 98 to
103 are correct.

W. MACF. AND B. MACF., Fairville,
St. John, have our thanks for nice
puzzles. Eight puzzles in "The Mys-
tery" of No. 15, and all in No. 16
correctly solved.

"AMERICA," QUEENS, sends us four
nice puzzles. Thank you. All solu-
tions in issue No. 16 answered cor-
rectly.

"VAN," YORK, cheers us again with
his excellent batch of puzzles, etc.
Thank you. All correct from issue
No. 14, but in No. 15 you have only 8
correct.

WILLIE B., QUEENSBURY, correctly
solves Nos. 95, 97, 99, 101, 102. Come
often.

W. S. LEWIN, BENTON, sends two
puzzles. Thanks for puzzles and kind-
ness. All in No. 14; 8 in No. 15, and
2 in No. 16 solved aright.

AUSTIN ADAMS, Oak Park, N. S.,
accept our thanks for puzzles. Nos.
86, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 99, 100, 102 and
query correctly solved.

"MAYFLOWER," BARRINGTON, N. S.,
suits the action to the *nom de plume*,
sends us a fine bunch of Mayflowers.
We are pleased to hear from one of the
puzzle-workers during the time of
Ellsworth of the United States. The
present editor was then a contributor
("Ed" or "Charles E. Black,")
and still delights to hear from those old
puzzle-lovers. Who next? All the
puzzles in "The Mystery" of April
7th; April 14th (except one), and April
21st, except No. 108, are correctly and
neatly solved.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers have been
received to No. 14 from "Marianne,"
9; "Mayflower," 9; "Van," 9; W.
S. Lewin, 9; A. Adams, 6.
To No. 15: "Van," 8; W. S. Lewin,
8; A. Adams, 3 and query; "Marian-
ne," 7; "Mayflower," 8; W. and
B. MacF., 8.

The following have sent correct solu-
tions to "The Mystery" in No. 16:
L. R. Steeves, 6; W. and B. MacF.,
6; W. S. Lewin, 2; "Mayflower," 5;
"America," 6.

OUR LETTER BOX.

QUEENSBURY, April 19th, 1886.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—Please accept
my efforts. I do enjoy trying to solve
"The Mystery." WILLIE B.

BENTON, April 26th, 1886.
DEAR UNCLE NED,—As I am very
much interested in the Puzzle De-
partment, I shall enjoy entering the
Prize Competition. I am somewhat
late with answers; but I wished to
send solutions to Nos. 14, 15, 16 at the
same time, and so save Uncle so much
trouble examining so many letters.
Will try to comply with terms in send-
ing original puzzles. Enclosed are a
few.

Yours truly,
W. S. LEWIN.
[Uncle Ned considers it a pleasure
to examine the letters from our young
folks. He is pleased to see the deep
interest manifested.]

"MAYFLOWER," BARRINGTON, N. S.,
writing under date of April 23rd, says:
"Dear Uncle Ned,—As I am very
much interested in the Puzzle De-
partment of the INTELLIGENCER, I think I
will enter the Prize Competition.
When Ellsworth conducted the Puzzle
Department, I contributed occasion-
ally."

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