

The Fire-side.

SLA-DEB.

A whisper wot the air;
A soft, light tone, and low;
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Not farther go.
But n: a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
A softer voice had breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world
Apart, and that it broke.
It was the only heart it found—
The only heart it meant to find
When first its accents woke.
It reached that gentle heart
At last, and that it broke.
Low as it seemed to other ears,
It came a thunder-crash to hers,
That fragile girl, so fair, so gay.
And thus her heart, unused to shame,
Her light and happy heart that beat
With love and hope so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird,
Then shut its wings, and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died.

—Selected.

FAITH'S LESSON.

"It is all humbug; I do not believe there is any religion in it," said Roy Wellington to himself, as he glanced around the beautiful and costly church, and at the elegantly dressed people who worshipped there.

He listened to a sermon which, unfortunately for him, happened to be a doctrinal one; to the music, beautifully and artistically rendered by the choir; and to the prayers that seemed to pray for everything and every one except him, and he concluded, with a bitterness partly due to an uneasy conscience, that it was all "humbug."

He had reached a point in his life where he no longer felt satisfied; when the soul within cried out for better things; but, following in the footsteps of many older people, he tried to satisfy it with intellectual food. No young fellow in college worked harder than he, and no one was a greater favorite with pupils and teachers, for he was upright and honest, generous and kind-hearted. Yet he felt that he lacked something. What was it?

And just here the plea for religion came in; but he made himself believe, honestly enough, that religion was a thing of the imagination, a superstition; beautiful, true in a certain sentimental way, by producing no real effect on the hearts or lives of those who professed to possess it. "If I knew some one who had been greatly changed by religion, I would believe in it," he used to argue with himself. Roy Wellington had come up to the city on a short visit to his friend and former room-mate, Willis Morgan. He had arrived the evening before, which accounted for his being in the Morgan pew that morning, and fighting over again this old question, which would keep coming up, if it was only a superstition.

"You must go to your uncle's while you are in the city," Mrs. Wellington had said; and Roy had promised he would; but he sighed dimly as he thought of it that Sabbath morning, when he lounged so comfortably in his friend's luxurious room.

"What's the trouble, old fellow?" inquired Willis: "you look solemn enough for a funeral."

Roy laughed. "Well, the fact is," he said, "it's enough to make any one look solemn to even think of going to Uncle Henry's, let alone actually going there, which dire fate lies before me."

"Really," said Willis, "this grows interesting. Do explain." "There is nothing exciting about it," answered Roy, "and it isn't just the thing to talk about one's relations; but I must say a visit to that home gives me the blues. They are poor, you know; that is, uncle has only a salary, and not a very big one, either, and Aunt Fannie is bound to live as though they were rich; and she worries and frets all the time because they can't. Then the children copy after her, I guess, for they are always crying for what they can't have. Why, I've seen the whole family, except poor uncle, who is off at work in the office all day and half the night, sit down and cry over some foolish thing, instead of getting up and going to work."

"But how about Faith?" asked Willis. "I thought you were rather fond of your Cousin Faith."

"Well, so I am; she is pretty and smart, and very ambitious in school; but at home she is just like the rest; hates to work; and, instead of trying to help when things are at sixes and sevens, will go off and bury herself in a book."

"It's a bad case," admitted Willis; "but I don't see any help for it."

"Nor I; but I mean to make a very short stay in so discouraging a place."

But Roy had reason to change his mind. It was not so discouraging at his uncle's after all. Uncle Henry himself appeared in better health and spirits than he had before in years; the children were less fretful and more content; even Aunt Fannie was better satisfied with the ex-

isting state of things than ever before. There seemed to have come a great change over the entire household and what was the cause? Roy saw and pondered, and finally concluded it must be Faith.

It was Faith who kept the house in order, and helped with the other work; so they had no girl, which lightened the household expenses and made things more comfortable all around; it was Faith who helped the children off to school in the morning, and assisted them with their lessons at night. It was Faith's smile and cheerful word that made their home the pleasant place it was. The children came to her with all their joys and sorrows, sure of sympathy and help; the mother grew cheered and encouraged with the loving help of a daughter, and the father seemed to find home once more home; and Roy looked on and wondered as he contrasted her with the selfish, ease-loving girl of a year before.

"Faith," he said, one evening when the children were in bed, the young girl came down stairs and entered the pleasant sitting room, "Faith, have you given up the education you used to think so much of?"

"No, I hope not," said Faith; then she added: "I had to stay at home this year; that is, I thought I ought to, for we could not afford a girl, and it seemed the only right way for me to stay at home and help mamma."

"So you will lose a whole year?" "Yes," answered Faith, quietly, "but I may have a chance to go to school yet; if not, it will be right anyway. Surely what He sends is the best," she added softly, as if to herself.

"Faith," said Roy, abruptly, "is that it?" "Is what it?" asked Faith smiling.

Roy made no reply for a moment, then he asked earnestly:

"Faith, are you a Christian?" "I hope so," answered the girl; "I believe so."

"Then that accounts for it," exclaimed her cousin.

"Accounts for what?" asked Faith, in a puzzled tone. "What are you talking about?"

"You," replied Roy, and that was all she could get him to say.

It was six months later and Faith Milton stood by the open window, an open letter in her hand, which she had just finished reading. It had been a hard winter for the girl. She sometimes grew so tired of the daily round of duties that were finished one day only to be taken up again the next. "What is the good of it all?" she would think bitterly, "and what am I doing for the Master?"

That very morning she had been so discouraged, so despondent, and now had come this letter. The first of it was filled with family news and talk of school work and plans for the future, but at the last came this: "I cannot close this letter without speaking of one thing more. When I came to your father's house last fall I was an unbeliever, and thought religion merely a pretty, sentimental notion; but when I saw it showed forth in the sweet unselfishness of your daily life, I could no longer refuse to believe. It has been a long, hard struggle; for I had resisted too long for it to be easy for me; but it is all right at last, and from this time on the Master you serve will be mine also; and I have you, dear Faith, to thank that it is so."

And Faith, as she read, rejoiced and was glad. Suddenly she felt the breath of spring in the air, and somewhere in the trees a little bird poured forth a song of melody.

In Faith's heart was melody and the breath of reviving life. "I will never doubt again," she cried, "but take my life as God sends it; for where he puts me is my place, and the work I find there is the thing he would have me do."—*Journal and Messenger.*

BOYS.

Don't tease girls and boys smaller than yourself.

Don't take the easiest chair in the room, put it into the pleasantest place and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

Don't forget to treat your mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in your service.

Remember—To be kind and helpful to your sisters as you expect them to be to you.

To make friends among the good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take your mothers into your confidence if you do anything wrong, and above all, never lie about anything you have done.

To make up your minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things are hard to unlearn.

Observe all these rules and they are sure to make you a gentleman.

A PRETTY TOILET STAND.

A pretty toilet stand is made in this way: Take an old four-legged stand (or a dry goods box will do) and cut a piece of pink cambric to fit the top. Draw this over it tightly and tack around the edge. Cut a piece of the cambric long enough to go around three sides of the stand, and wide enough to reach from the top to the bottom. Draw around plain and tack. Cut a piece of cheese cloth twice the length of the cambric and the same widths, allowing an inch and a half for a hem. Gather the edge opposite the hem, and tack around the edge of the stand. Cut a piece of the cheese cloth three inches wide, and a strip of cambric one and a half inches wide. Notch each edge of both these, box plait, or gather through the centre. Fasten together—the pink over the white—and tack around the edge of the stand with bright tacks, and also fasten just above the hem. Mats can be made to correspond, and it is very pretty as well as inexpensive.

HOME HINTS.

Save your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

CORN PUDDING.—Grate ears of green corn. Add to a quart of it a teaspoonful of cream or milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all well together; put it in a pan and bake one hour. To be eaten as a vegetable.

NOODLES.—Take four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, and as much flour as the milk and eggs will take up. Make a hole in the center of the flour, pour in the eggs and milk and stir until there is a soft dough, lay this on a board and work enough flour into it to make it firm and smooth. The longer it is worked the better will be the noodles. Cut the dough into four pieces, roll each piece as thin as paper until you can almost see through it, and lay it on a clean cloth to dry; but not too long or it will crumble in cutting. When you have finished rolling out the fourth piece, the first will be about ready to cut. Lay this piece on the board, dust a little flour over it and cut it across each way. Lay these pieces one on top of the other, roll them together loosely, and proceed to cut them as narrow as you desire them. For soup they are best cut as fine as possible. They can be either used at once or kept for several days. As a second course with veal stew, veal cutlets, or beef a la mode, in place of macaroni, they are excellent, but then they must be cut about half an inch in width. They can be served with cheese like macaroni, or with cracker-crumbs roasted brown in butter. They are also nice eaten with stewed prunes. This way they are very much liked by children.

Some one has said that while a last prayer will be offered, faith will culminate in sight, hope into fruition and love into oneness with God and the good of all ages, praise will last forever as the employment of the redeemed.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 206.—PUZZLE.
(FROM G. N. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U.S.)

2 Y U R 2 Y U B,
I C U R 2 Y U M.

No. 207.—PI PUZZLE.
(FROM H. DAGGETT, GRAND HARBOR.)

Oldbhe, woh oodg nla owh eeastnpl
ti si rfo eertnrbh of lldwe eettggor ni
tnuyi.

No. 208.—ENIGMA.
(FROM LIZZIE A. KERR, YORK.)

In up, but not in down;
In white, but not in brown;
In dress, but not in coat;
In bear, but not in goat;
In wheat, but not in oat.

The name of a woman mentioned in Scripture. Where?

No. 209.—BIBLE QUERIES.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

1. Where does it say: "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts?"

2. Where is: "As a man wipeth a dish?"

3. Where are the words: "The bells of the horses?"

4. Where do we find the following: "He is an honourable man?"

No. 210.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "CESAR," WOOD'S HARBOR.)

My 6, 7, 8, 3, 9 is to guide.
My 10, 8, 6 is an affirmative.
My 1, 2, 3 is an adjective.
My 4, 5 is a pronoun.

My whole, consisting of 10 letters, is familiar to the readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

No. 211.—DROP-LETTER.
(FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)

h ht h olet ed h haes, ht h olet
oe on, ht h mutis ih fo dw a ty peec.

No. 212.—DROP-POWEL PUZZLE.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS.)

Nw t cm t pas n—crtn dy, tht
h wnt nt—shp wnt hs deopls: nd
h ad nt thm lt s g vr nt th sd
f th lk. nd thy hnehd frth.

No. 213.—HIDDEN PROVERB.
(ED. Y. F. C.)

N. B.—Each sentence contains a word of the proverb, in regular order.

1. "Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

2. Waste not the present time.

3. All is not gold that glitters.

4. Never make haste to get rich.

5. Be not found among wine-bibbers.

6. I shall return again to-morrow.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 29.)

No. 186.—Prov. xxx. 17.

No. 187.—James i. 5.

No. 188.—Psalms cv. 5. (1 Chron. xvi. 12).

No. 189.—Rom. xii. 21.

No. 190.—1. H—oreb.
2. B—ear.

No. 191.—E
a s p
ch a i r
d i l u e n t
E S A U.

CHAT.

We trust that our young folk enjoyed themselves right heartily during the holiday season. A general rush of business and absence prevented us from writing a few words before the holiday season. Now, that you have settled down to work again,—or, at least, those of you who live in the country,—we trust that you will not forget the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. We, no doubt, shall shortly offer another prize. The result of the last competition is announced this issue. We have done our best to make it a fair and impartial one, and hope that all will feel satisfied. We have endeavored to give all justice to the solutions forwarded to us.

This week we give our puzzlers a nice batch of puzzles to solve. Who will solve them all? Who will try? The puzzle from the West Coast of America will, no doubt, be solved by the youngest Mysteryite. Then follows an excellent piece of Pi(e), of which most children are fond. Who can devour this? Lizzie's Enigma is a good one; and no doubt "Marianne's" Bible Queries will cause you to search your Bibles. The next we know will commend itself to all INTELLIGENCER readers. The Drop-Letter and Drop-Vowel Puzzles are nice ones. We hope we shall hear from these two contributors again soon, and "Marianne" as well. The Hidden Proverb is a good one.

HELEN R., St. John, sends us correct explanations to "The Mystery" in No. 28, except 180; also in No. 29. We are not overstocked with puzzles. Glad to have more. Wish you a pleasant time!

ERRATUM.—The solution to No. 184 in the issue of July 14th should have read Psalms 96: 9, instead of "Psalms 66: 9."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

FAY ROBINSON sends 8 correct solutions to the puzzles in No. 26.

The time has arrived when we must close the competition. We are sorry that the 21 who began the contest did not conclude it. We suppose other duties prevented. Eleven (11) held out until the end—two have not written lately. The work has closed. No more solutions in this competition will be accepted. Let all continue their interest in the COLUMN. During the three months (April, May and June) 88 puzzles were published. The highest lists of answers received reached 84. Appended is the names of the prize winners, with the number of solutions and name of prize; and several names that deserve honorable mention.

PRIZE WINNERS.—The prize winners are as follows:

NAME. NO. SOLUTIONS.

Helen R., St. John 84

"Mayflower," N. S. 84

They will please send full name and accurate address. The prizes are two handsome books entitled respectively "The Best Work" and "The Best Warfare," which will be forwarded on receipt of name, etc., as above stated.

Each of the competitors, including the two just named, have sent the correct number of puzzles. We are sorry that we could not give a suitable remuneration to all, but we cannot.

The following are deserving of honorable mention:

NAME. NO. SOLUTIONS.

"America," Queens 83

Fay Robinson, St. John 78

"Salvation Army," Grafton 78

Martha Colwell, York 77

*L. R. Steeves, St. John 76

"Van," York 78

W. S. Lewin, Benton 70

If Lottie R. Steeves sent us the answers to the puzzles in No. 24, they must have been lost in the mails. The six would have made the number 83.

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