

For the INTELLIGENCER]

LIKE THE DAISIES.

BY JANE M. READ.

Beautiful daisies, with hearts of gold,
Lend me the calm of your blossoms white;
Tell me the secret you lightly hold,
Half unfolded to mortal sight.

Whispered an angel, in accents sweet,
Something of trust in the daisy's ear?
Tell it to me till my heart-throbs beat
More and more softly, that I may hear.

Sometimes, methinks, in the long ago,
Over the daisies the Saviour trod,
Bending the flowers mid the grasses low,
Bending them down till they reached the sod.

Gently they yielded, content to lie
Under those holy, toilsome feet;
Never presuming to question why,
Never aspiring to lot more meet.

Sometimes the Master may pass my way,
Bidding me bend to the brown earth low,
Then let me lie, like the daisies, I pray,
Close to the ground if He wills it so.

Then let me rise, with a brow serene,
Smiling on all who pass me by;
Just as the daisies, with quiet mien,
Smile on the world from among the grass.

Belchertown, Mass.

The Fireside.

STANDING UP FOR GOD.

"You'll not forget your mother's words to you, Jimmy."

"No, I won't, Aunt Ruth."

"What were they, my boy?"

"Never go to sleep without saying my prayers, and read my Bible whenever I have a chance."

"Don't let her words slip away from you, Jimmy, and don't let folks make you ashamed of doing what is right. It is easy enough at home where you're always being encouraged, but you'll find it far different when you get amongst folks who don't think as you have been taught to think. And don't let them laugh you out of doing your duty."

With the remembrance of his mother's last words and her newly-made grave, Jim thought there was little danger of his failing to keep her words in mind. He was going away from everything he called home and friends, to work in a large factory town, and was fully resolved in his own mind to be steadfast in the performance of his Christian duties. He fully expected to meet with many who might ridicule him, but he felt quite sure he would take a manly stand against it, and never yield a jot of his firmly fixed principles.

He found work in a noisy room, full of whirling, humming machinery, which at first made him dizzy, in a great mill in which were hundreds of boys, the most of them older, and a few younger than himself. They took but little notice of him during the hours at work, or at the long table in the boarding-house where he took his meals, for everybody seemed too hungry to spend any time in talking. But at night when the tired workers sought their place of rest, Jim found himself in a large room which he was to share with a number of boys of various ages. Rough jokes and loud talk and laughter were going on all about him, led on by one who seemed older than any of the others, a young man whom they called Van. The boy from the country felt a little more in awe of him than any one else.

And now he felt his courage melting away like snow before the sun of an August day. How could he kneel down and pray before this careless crowd? He could easily tell, as he looked from one face to another, and listened to coarse remarks with here and there an oath, that not one of those about him could be in the least degree in sympathy with all he had been taught to hold most dear and sacred.

It was a trying position for a boy to be placed in, but if poor Jim had come out of it with triumph, we may be sure he would have rejoiced over it all his life. It may be that his heavenly Master, looking down in tender kindness upon the weak ones of his fold, had seen that our boy needed to be shown how weak were his best resolves.

"How can I?" he said to himself in great perplexity. "If I kneel down now, these boys will never let me alone about it. And any way" (how carefully the evil one watches at the door of our poor hearts to slip in his crafty suggestions) "it's no time to pray in all this noise. It wouldn't do me a bit of good."

"Come, youngster," shouted Van, as he sat on the side of the bed, hoping they would soon be quiet and put out the light, "ain't you goin' to turn in?"

"Yes," said Jim, hesitatingly.

"What you waitin' for?" Van eyed him curiously.

"Nothing," Jim undressed himself and lay down, feeling more wretched and lonely than he had even by the side of his mother's grave. When all was quiet, he got up and prayed, but lay down again feeling that he had put a distance between himself and the Saviour whom he had failed in confessing before men.

When the next night came he wished he had begun right on the night before, for it seemed harder than it had seemed then. But he knelt down as before in the dark,

after being quite certain that all those about him were sleeping. Sunday came, and he found his way alone to a little church, in which he listened to words which seemed to carry him back to the days when it had never been so hard to do right. He had almost begun to excuse himself, but as he now listened his cheek reddened with shame at the thought of his cowardice.

Taking his bible in his pocket, he took a long walk in the afternoon, not stopping until the green grass was beneath his feet, grand old forest trees arching over his head, and no sound in his ears except the whispering of the soft wind and the songs of the birds among the branches. Here he settled the matter for life with his own conscience. With tears of sincere repentance he laid his burden before the mercy-seat, exchanging it for the burden of earnest resolution manfully to fight the good fight of faith, and feeling sure he should never find it so heavy to carry as the others had been.

That night he drew near the tallow candle which lighted the room, and took out his Bible. There was a hush as keen eyes followed his movements, for the sight of any book among them was a novelty. Then a hum arose as one or two peeped over his shoulder.

"Hello, boys, here's a saint among us!"

"Hi! a preacher. Give us a text, parson."

"Can't you let a fellow read, boys?" said Jim, good-naturedly, as hands were held before his face and his book was rudely jerked. "This is a free country, you know."

Stockings were rolled up and flung into his face. Shoes followed, amid the hubbub which grew and increased, and his light was thrown over and put out just as he caught sight of the dreadful Van coming toward him.

"Quit this fuss, all of you," said Van, angrily, relighting the candle. "What are you up to, anyway?"

"It's the parson's doin's. He's getting ready to preach. Make ready, boys."

"You're that sort of a chap, are you?" said Van, looking at the book. "And you've been getting up these nights to pray, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Jim, in a low voice.

"I wasn't asleep, I used to be where they did that kind of thing, and praps I'd a done better if I'd a stuck to it. Why did you wait till we was all asleep, hey?"

Jim's only answer was his reddening cheeks. Van sat down on a low bed near him, and rested his chin on his hands.

"Seems to me," he went on, "you Christian folks make believe you've got the best Master there is a-goin', don't you?"

"Yes," said Jim; "and it's true."

"And that he's a-goin' to stand your friend all your life and never go back on you; and no matter what other folks does, he'll stick like a burr; and no matter how mean you treat him, he's ready to shake hands and forget it the moment you're ready to turn 'round and begin again, hey?"

Jim bowed his head.

"And that one o' these days he's goin' to take you to his own house and keep you there, and give you all you want, and never turn you out, and that he couldn't do all this till he died for you. You see I've heard 'em talk it all over. Is that the kind o' thing you believe in?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then," Van gave a stamp with his foot to emphasize his words, and spoke slowly—"if anybody was a-goin' to do that for me, I'd think I was the meanest coward that ever breathed, if I wasn't ready to stand up true and honest for him instead o' crawlin' round in the dark when I wanted to have a word with him. What do you think of that, now?"

If Jim's cheeks had tingled before, how they burned now with shame at the criticisms of the rough fellow from whom he had expected things so very different. He looked humbly at Van.

"If you know so much about him, why don't you take him for your Master?" he ventured to ask.

"Why," said Van, with a keen but good-natured look at his questioner, "I'd rather not do it at all, you see, than to do it and then be afraid to own him."

Poor Jim felt that this lesson was a very bitter one, as he crept into bed with the fear in his heart that the course he had taken would always stand in the way of any good which he might try to do to these boys.

"Look a-here now, all of you," said Van rising his voice, "you let this chap alone, or you'll settle it with me. A bad beginning makes a good endin', you know."

This gave Jim a little courage to mix with his firm resolve to wipe out, as far as lay in his power, the reproach he had cast on his best friend. Quietly he stood his ground—in time was able, as Van and others came to inquire more of what was in that Bible he loved, to lead others in that way of life.—Observer.

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

Boys don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a great many times everybody will loose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it is as you say; if you have any doubts, or if there is room for any, remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously.

Don't be too certain. "John, where is the hammer?" "It is in the corn crib." "No, it's not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is I saw it there not half an hour ago." "If you saw it there, it must be there, of course; but suppose you go and fetch it." John goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns with a small ax in his hand. "O, it was the ax I saw; the handle was sticking out from the half-bushel measure; I thought it was the hammer." But you said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement even about a small matter unless you are quite sure; for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain.

I HAVE two words to say. One is to the poor sinner. He says, "I am afraid to come to God in Christ Jesus." Do not be afraid to come for he knows what you are. "Oh, but I am so vile." He knows how vile you are. "But I am everything I ought not to be." He knows that. That is why he sent a Saviour. If you had not been lost, there would have been no need for him to seek you out. Come to Jesus just as you are, poor trembler, and let this word beckon you to him, "Ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men." You are poor, weak, feeble, erring, undeserving men, but your God is full of mercy, and his thoughts of love are as high above your thoughts as the heavens are above the earth. Come now and reason together with him, and he will put away your sins as a cloud and your transgressions as a thick cloud, and you shall sing, "Who is a God like unto thee?"—Spurgeon.

There is power in patience. It saves us from despair when victory is postponed. It makes it impossible for disappointment to crush us. Patience is a quality of the weak. Patience enables us to endure and persevere, and endurance and perseverance lead to triumph.

"Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Lead me, cloud of glory,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

Salvation is freely given, it is freely given to all; but if men reject it, then, as long as they reject it, it is rendered vain. God saves the sinner, but he cannot save the sin; nor can he save the sinner so long as he continues in the wilful, willing, defiant, disbelieving choice of sin.

Faith, without works, is not calculated to impress unbelievers with the necessity or value of faith. Religion, without morality, will not be likely to impress a godless man with the importance of religion. Faith and works, morality and religion, must be joined in the disciple of Christ who would bear a testimony for his Master that shall be heeded.

HOME HINTS.

TEA CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, six eggs; nutmeg to taste. Keeps well a long time.

STEWED BEEF STEAKS.—Roll with a rolling pin, flour, season and fry with sliced onion to a light brown; then lay them in a stew-pan, pour as much boiling water as will serve for sauce, stew half an hour, and add a spoonful of catsup before serving.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald three pints of new milk, when boiling hot, stir in fourteen tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian meal, add one cup of molasses, teaspoonful of salt, a little allspice, one pint of cold milk; stir well together, pour into a pudding dish, bake three or four hours in a steady oven.

SWISS CAKE.—One and a half cups of white sugar, two and a half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used instead; two eggs, flavour with lemon and add a little salt.

LILY CAKE.—Three quarter cup of butter, two cups of granulated sugar, three and a half cups of flour, half a cup of cold water, whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder

stirred in the flour. Use the same coffee cup for measuring all. Splendid cake for a tea party. Bake in a slow oven.

JELLY CAKE.—Three-quarter cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, half cup of cold water, three and a half cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stirred in the flour, put batter

quarter of an inch thick in pie pans, after they are baked lay them out to cool, then lay them on each other with jelly between each cake. Use a common coffee cup for your measure.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—Two teacups of sour cream or buttermilk, two-thirds cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful flour, a pinch of salt; beat well together, then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract. Line the pie tin with crust as for custard, pour in the mixture and bake until firm. While the pie is baking beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, add two table-spoons of white sugar, one-half teaspoonful lemon extract. When pie is baked spread frosting on top, and slightly brown.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 214.—DROP-LETTER.
(FROM W. E. KINGSTON, ST. STEPHEN.)
T—e—h—v—m—u—h—, b—t
—h—y—s—p—k—n—:—y—s
—a—e—t—y, b—t—t—e—s—e—n—t.

No. 215.—PI.
(FROM E. DRAKE, GRAND HARBOR.)
Dan ni het furo nad eettwnih ady
fo eht rist nothm, as I aw yb eth dise
fohte regat rriev, hhiwc si deekliih.

No. 216.—JUMBLE.
(FROM "ROSE," HAMPSHIRE.)
croerF eTh ohtYm heaeFrt eLveom
abcnoee layl wdVoYm iefL atthi itgmh
acktti anigA.

No. 217.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "TABITHA AND JEMIMA," KINGS.)
My whole, composed of 11 letters,
is an Assyrian king.
My 11, 8, 6, 4, 5 is a kingdom.
My 3, 9, 1 is an animal.
My 2, 10, 11 is a pronoun.

No. 218.—QUERY.
(FROM J. B. SHARP, KINGS.)
Among the animals, what one be-
longing to the cat tribe is not men-
tioned in the Bible?

No. 219.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(FROM "BLAKE," QUEENS.)
A day of the week; one of David's
mightiest heroes; that to which our
Saviour is compared; a scribe; a
musician in David's time; one bap-
tized by Paul; one of David's guards;
a building material.

The primals, read downwards, will
give the name of one of Nebuchad-
nezzar's generals; the finals, read up-
wards, a general of Sennacherib.

No. 220.—PI PUZZLE.
(FROM "IVY LEAF," GRAND MANAN.)
Het seye fo eht dlor rea ri revey
lapec hlogneb hte levi nad teh odgo.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 30.)
No. 192.—Proverbs xi. 1.
No. 193.—A
L A D
A R O N
D O T
N

No. 194.—Jezebel.
No. 195.—P
a l e
p l u m e r s
s u m e r s

No. 196.—Proverbs vi. 8.
No. 197.—F I R
I R E
R E D

No. 198.—1. (a) Acts vii. 5. 8.
(b) Acts viii. 9.
2. Ephesus. See Acts ix. 20.

CHAT.

L. R. STEEVES, St. John, will please
accept our thanks for kind words.
Readers, she says, "It is a pleasure to
me to solve 'The Mystery.'" We are
sorry that she did not solve the puzzles
in No. 24, but she writes us that other
duties prevented her. Success to you.

HELEN R., St. John, writes us again,
sending her full name and address, and
correct solutions to "The Mystery"
in No. 30. Thank you! Your prize
has been forwarded you. Please ac-
knowledge the receipt of same—a book
entitled, "The Best Work." Thanks
for puzzle.

TO BE SOLVED.—This week Ed.
Drake and "Ivy Leaf" each give us
excellent Pi(e). Perhaps it is berry
pie. Break the crust and taste it. Let
some one supply the dropped letters in
Willie E. Kingston's Drop-Letter.

"Rose" gives us a flower of mixed
colors—a Jumble. T. and J., gives
us a numbered king in the Numerical
Enigma. Let all try Jessie's Query
and "Blake's" Double Acrostic.

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in proportion to the number of ends in
width.

We have put more twist into this warp
than it formerly had, and it will now make
a more durable Carpet than can be made
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ness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chill,
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gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and
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