

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's
scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live on honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where my grave,
On the land, or on the sea;
By purring brook, or "neath stormy wave,
It matters little or nought to me;
But whether the angel of Death comes
down
And marks my brow with his loving
touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—Wm. Andrew Sigourney.

The Fireside.

For the INTELLIGENCER.]

GOONDIA.

BY REV. CHAS. N. SINNETT.

Quite a hard name for a little boy to have, isn't it? But he seemed as contented with it as though it had been Tommy or Dick. He lived in Bombay—and I think he lives there still—and all the people there have hard names, some of them much longer than Goondia's, and perhaps that made him feel more pleased with his title. And he would laugh heartily perhaps when he saw the way in which I have spelled it, for he used to laugh that way when American sailors looked puzzled when they heard it spoken quickly. Do not some of my little readers feel glad sometimes that their names are not attention and lead a stranger to question them about it with an eager face?

Goondia had no father or mother. They had died when he was quite small; and as he had no brother or sister to care for him he had worked pretty hard. When the foreign ships from England and America were in the harbor our little hero would guide the captains and crews about the streets, and show them the great city, with every nook of which he was well acquainted. So he earned a little money. Then he would also help at loading and unloading the great ships. He would often watch the sailors, and when he saw one whom he thought kind-hearted, he would give him some little keepsakes to take home, though the other boys were more fond of selling them.

Goondia became very much attached to an American sailor who was good to him and taught him some English words. And one day he was rejoiced when he got a chance to work with three other boys at unloading the ship on which that sailor had gone to Burma from his home in Maine. The most of lads would not have liked to work at such a task in that hot climate, and in such company, for the old fellow who had charge of the boys was both lazy and cross, and the other boys were much like their master. When he was lounging in some cool place one or two of the little fellows would not lift with half their strength. So Goondia would have to use all his skill to bear his part of the load; and he would do it cheerfully, for he knew that it would be of no use to complain to his cruel master. He knew, too, that his sailor friend was watching him, and knew when he was doing right, and that helped him a great deal.

But one day the other boys, not satisfied with treating Goondia in the way of which I have spoken, told their employer some cruel story about his unwillingness to work. And then the poor lad got a severe beating. What do you suppose Goondia did? Some boys in his place would have gone to the sailor who had seen all of the trouble and asked him to interfere, and so get revenge, and got them all into trouble. Others would have called the master and boys hard names. Do you think this little Burman did either of these things? He did not say anything harsh. He shook his head a little, but checked back the hard words, and then he crept up to the bow of the ship, as soon as he could, with his bruised body. He could not keep back the tears. But he tried to hide them from his American friend. When he saw him looking towards him he would wipe his eyes. When he had sat there a while he went back to his work as well as he could. But God had watched over him, that same God who caused it to be written in the Bible, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And before he went home that night his sailor friend gave him a present of something which he would like most to eat. So he went away quite happy. And in the morning, with a grateful smile, he brought his friend a handful of betel-nuts to take home to his schoolmates and others. One of them lies close by me while I write,

for Goondia was a real, live boy, and all that I am telling you of him is true. And I wonder if many of my little readers have seen a betel-nut. The one I have, the one which was touched by the hands of our brave little Goondia, is shaped much like a strawberry, about as large as one such of common size, dark outside, and quite red inside. Goondia's master used to chew pieces of these nuts, wrapped in the betel-leaf with a little quicklime, all the while he was at work, and also when he was idling in the shade. And so his lips and tongue were stained red, and his teeth made very black. He and all the others who work much in that country, and even some of the rich people, think that it makes their food digest better to use the nuts, and that it makes them strong and well. But this seems much like the pleas of those who discolor their mouths in the same way with tobacco.

Well, when Goondia gave the nuts to his friends, that friend told him, as well as he could in English, that if he would go home with him he should never have to be beaten, but should be sent to school, and have a pleasant time each day. "Will you go with me?" he asked many times. And, though Goondia was sad to part with his friend, he shook his head each time the question was asked. "I must stay home," pointing to the shore. And so one day the great ship sailed off and left the orphan in Bombay, thinking much the Saviour of whom the sailor had told him. And there he was waiting to-day for some one to tell him more. If not, there are scores of boys and girls like him who might be saved if some one would go to them. They cannot cross the seas to us. Noble missionaries must go and live among them, as many have already. I hope my readers will remember them in their prayers, and, if the Lord asks them to go there and work, that they will gladly do so.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

This must be a sermon because it has a text:

"I Keep my Body Under."

Little Bertie Blyn has just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples, a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading the newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master."

Dropping his paper he said:

"I thought we were alone, Bertie."

Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, pa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now,

"Thank you, little master?"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said,

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you will make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you, but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat my green one, too. Just then I remembered something I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master; but I know I said it myself.'"

"Bertie, what is it Miss M'Laren has been teaching about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do they will give us pure, living blood that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss M'Laren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss M'Laren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

"At this papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When in a minute it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:

"Were not these the words: 'I keep my body under?'"

"O, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks on earth."—Exchange.

TEMPER AT HOME.

I have peeped into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean—and old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are neat and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants; nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and God's grace make life what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society can make it—the opening stage of an everlasting psalm; the fair beginning of an endless existence; the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule in a temple of God's building that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—Dr. John Hall.

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

Are you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I do not know how I can be about my Father's business, I do not know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to-day; will you do as Jesus did? Not set thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your heavenly father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask? Not of learned doctors but of Jesus Christ himself? He who once asked questions in the Jewish temple now answers many a question in his own temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to-day to tell you how you too can be about his Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which he wants you to do, when you come away.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

HOME HINTS.

Don't allow the water to freeze in your hen-house and stand all day in a solid body of ice. Fowls can't drink it, and they have no means of quenching their thirst if you confine them and thus neglect this important matter.

THIMBLE BOX.—Take an English walnut, cut it in half and remove the insides, press tin foil into it, and gild the outside, and tie together with scarlet ribbon. To make the holes, use a hot knitting-needle.

Peas make excellent sheep food. If we begin in the spring and sow marrowfat peas broadcast upon enough land to furnish sufficient fodder for a time, and then in a few weeks sow another place, and in a few more another, and so on, we shall have peas for the sheep and any other stock to which we desire to feed them all through the season. The pea is such an excellent food that it ought to be grown for that purpose more generally than it is.

Young Folks' Column.

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

All are cordially invited to contribute to this Column. See instructions given in a previous issue.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 86.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(FROM "MINA," KINGS.)

Eh hatt sivel glon elisy llwe dna mite simstpsne si out deivl tub tosl.

No. 87.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM JENNIE WILLETT, KINGS.)

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 4, 7, 2, 8 is to furnish.

My 1, 6, 3, 4, 7 is a relative.

My 4, 5, 8 is a metal.

My 8, 1, 6, 3, 7 is a dolt.

My whole is familiar to the readers of this Column.

No. 88.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

My first is in wood, but not in stick;

My second is in art, but not in trick;

My third is in mountain, but not in hill;

My fourth is in water, but not in mill;

My fifth is in wish, but not in hope;

My sixth is in crash, but not in broke;

My seventh is in music, but not in sing;

My eighth is in summer, but not in spring.

My whole is the name of an ancient Bible city.

No. 89.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS.)

R-j-i-e-n-h-L-r-O-o-

i-h-e-u: f-r-r-i-e-s-o-

o-y-o-t-e-p-i-h.

No. 90.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)

Rof ehs tethsi ta eth orod fo reh

seuoh, no tase ni eth ghiih acespl

fo eth tyei.

No. 91.—SQUARE.

(FROM "TOPSY," KINGS.)

A way; an adverb; a gum; colours.

No. 92.—TWELVE HIDDEN BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

Will you not cease from answering,

Nan, and learn

That you may meet them at the wharf

and return?

Who was the prophet anointed King

Saul?

Just go down to Johnstone's and ask

cousin Paul!

Did you hear Anna humbly crave

Agnes' pardon

For saying A. Jam esteemed Enoch

Arden?

Frank's hope terminated with that lost

gem;

But Clara thinks, perhaps, alms would

help him.

Come, Eugene, sister is here from

Hants:

Be careful, those ants will destroy

your plants!

Look, James, there are those horses

wild

On a mossy bank near Laura's child!

No. 93.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM J. P., QUEENS.)

Oen holdus seke rfo sehtro eht

nipahpses no iseder rfo conalesf.

No. 94.—QUERY.

(FROM LIZZIE A. KERR, YORK.)

What verse in the Bible contains the

words "cucumbers," "melons,"

"leeks," "onions," and "garlick?"

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 11.)

No. 62.—H

YOU

HOUSE

USE

No. 63.—C R O W

R U D E

O D E S

W E S T

No. 64.—Tabitha.—Acts ix. 36-43.

No. 65.—1. Judges iii. 20, 23-25.

2. Revelation xviii. 17.

No. 66.—Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

No. 67.—Henry Longfellow.

No. 68.—1. Rome. 2. Tarsus. 3.

Sodom. 4. Bethany. 5. Philippi.

CHAT.

TO BE SOLVED.—This issue we give the first lot of puzzles to be solved under the "Prize Competition." Of course all will try. We do not mean to say that you cannot send us the solutions without entering the competition. Not at all. Let all try; and let us hear from many new contributors.

LIZZIE A. KERR, Stanley, York, has our thanks for the nice batch of puzzles sent us. She correctly solves Nos. 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57, 59 and 60.

J. P., Queens, sends us puzzles, and correct answers to Nos. 54, 57, and 60, for which he will please accept our thanks.

L. R. STEEVES, St. John, has forwarded correct solutions to the puzzles in "The Mystery" in issue No. 10.

HARRY C., St. John, will please accept our thanks for the nice puzzles. He has correctly solved all the puzzles in "The Mystery" of No. 11.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, Carleton, has again brightened the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN by sending correct solutions, under the *nom de plume*, to Nos. 62, 65, 66, 67 and 68. You are correct in your answer to No. 64, but it is not the one given, as you will see by looking at "The Mystery Solved." In Acts xx. we are told that Paul restored Eutychus to life.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Pleasant Words.

HIBERNIA, Queens, March 16, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am much interested in the

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. I am always anxious to get the INTELLIGENCER.

I remain, yours, etc.,

J. P.

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and also saves a great deal of waste.

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