

## The Fireside.

## AS WISE AS SOLOMON.

As the sun shone one morning into the library, and upon two little brothers who sat upon the floor playing a game of marbles, it did not light up two faces that were as amiable as they ought to have been. The boys had been having a jolly play, but somehow out of a good time disputes often come, and fun may end in unkind feeling. Some people think that brothers do not quarrel so often as stranger boys; but the fact is, that without the love of God in our hearts, we are all prone to forget the "charity that suffereth long and is kind."

Rob and Ned generally got along pretty well together, but something was evidently wrong with them on that morning. It could not be the bit of clay that was in the marbles, so the trouble must have been with the boys.

Aunt Sue was coming to read to them, as she had promised, and as she walked along the hall she heard Rob say in a loud and angry voice: "I tell you, I never play with cranks." She waited by the door to hear what Ned's reply would be, and it came quickly: "But you, you are as wise as Solomon."

Rob heard the sarcastic ring of his brother's words, and, springing to his feet, with flushed face and doubled fists, was already for a fight.

Aunt Sue's gentle touch quieted him, and his hands fell by his side. "Auntie!" he exclaimed in a voice from which the anger had faded, "Auntie, Ned is as mean as—"

"Mean, dear boy!" she gently interrupted, "you do not seem to have as good an opinion of him as he has of you. I think I heard him say that you were as wise as Solomon. I wish that I knew as much as he did. Do you know, my lads, that that great king is spoken of as the wisest man who ever lived? Only this morning I was reading a description of the beautiful temple that he built for the service of God. There is one verse that attracted my attention: 'There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.'"

"What does that mean, Aunt Sue?" asked Ned.

"It means that all the parts of the building were fitted before they were brought there, so that no tools were necessary, just as we are being fashioned by God to be parts of the temple in heaven; but into that temple, we are told, nothing that defileth can enter, and evil tempers come under that head."

The boys looked very sober, and both of them regretted the quarrel. Aunt Sue noted this with pleasure, and presently she said: "Shake hands and be friends, boys, and I will tell you a pretty story that I have heard about Solomon."

Ned held out his hand, but impulsive Rob threw his arms around his brother's neck and kissed him. "Ready now?" asked Aunt Sue.

"Oh, yes," replied the boys. "Not long after Solomon was made king God appeared to him in a dream and said, 'Ask what I shall give thee.' Solomon was an ambitious man. He desired to be rich and great, and, not less, he wished for a long life in which to enjoy his comforts; yet his answer was: 'Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart.' That meant that he wanted wisdom, so that he might know just what to decide for the people over whom he was king. God was so pleased by this request that Solomon received not only wisdom, but riches and a long life. So you see, Rob, it is a great compliment to be compared to Solomon."

Ned could not keep back the color that came to his face at this personal allusion; but as Aunt Sue did not even glance at him he found voice to say:

"Tell us more, Auntie."

"It would take me a long time, Ned, to tell you all that I have read about Solomon; but I came across a pretty legend the other day."

"Is it in the Bible, Auntie?" asked Rob.

"No dear, it is not in the Bible, but in another book that I have been reading. The story is only a legend. If you will go to my room you will find the book upon the table; bring it to me, and I will read it."

Ned brought the book, and opening it Aunt Sue read as follows:

"The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited the poetical king at his own court; there one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural and the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labor of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely imitated the lively hues of nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide which

was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened; the bees rushed into the court and alighted immediately upon the natural wreath, while not a single one fixed on the other. The surprised and delighted queen had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon."

"What a clever trick!" exclaimed Rob, and with a twinkle in his eye, he added as he turned to Ned, "Thank you for comparing my wisdom to that of King Solomon. I only regret that I do not deserve it."

Aunt Sue joined in the laughter, and said, "Dear boys, do be more careful about your tempers. Solomon does not seem to have been impatient because the queen asked him something that he could not answer at once, only grieved that he was not able to give her a reply. Do try to remember that although you cannot be as wise as Solomon you can still learn to control a high spirit, which is often the basis of a truly noble character."

"My talk is over, but as I know that both of you are waiting for the moral, that you know is sure to be tucked away in those words, I do not like to disappoint you, I think I will tell this wise king give it to you."

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."—Observer.

## HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

Scene in a library—gentleman writing, child enters:

"Father, give me a penny?"

"Haven't any; don't bother me."

"But, father, I want something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"You must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one."

"No, go away, I won't do it; so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror, and determines to renew the struggle in the afternoon with the certainty of a like result.

Scene in the street—two boys playing; mother opens the door; calls one of them, her own son:

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll beat you good."

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him and advises him to obey.

"You will catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh, no I won't! she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority, and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.—Presbyterian Banner.

## A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Evangelist Jones has no little power in touching the chords of the emotions and playing upon them as he will. Here is the story that closed his last discourse in Chicago: This incident, and I will close. During the revolutionary war one of the colonels of that army came out of it, and as soon as he had laid down the American flag he took up the flag of Christ Jesus, and he fought for Christ, and fought the battles of heaven; and all the rest of his life was an active, earnest, faithful preacher, and was preaching Christ to all men. Finally death came near to him. He had four grown daughters, and they gathered around his dying couch. They said to him, as they saw he was sinking into death, "Father," the oldest one said—"Father, I see you are sinking. Tell me, how is it with you? Is all bright and beautiful?" The father looked up into his daughter's face and said, "No, daughter, I cannot say it is as bright as I would it should be. Yet, I know in whom I am trusting, I am persuaded he is able to keep me against that day."

And the daughter turned pale and looked into the face of her

father and said, "Father, you have been a faithful, consecrated Christian for many years, and do you tell me that your sun will go down in darkness? Will God let you sink down beneath the waters? Oh, I may die an infidel unless your way brightens up!"

But the father answered, "Don't trouble yourself about your father. My faith is strong in Christ."

She walked into the next room and prayed, "Oh, God, brighten up my father's way, and give him a happy death." She then came back into the room of her father and said, "Father, tell your daughter how it is now."

He looked up and said, "Don't trouble yourself about your father. But it is not as bright and promising as I thought it would be. But I have faith and am trusting in God."

She commenced weeping over her father and then she said, "Oh, don't tell me that God will let a hero die in darkness. If there is a God your way must clear up."

He said, "Oh, don't trouble yourself about father."

She went out and prayed again, and came back, and she saw that he was sinking fast, and she said, "Father, how is it with you now?"

He answered, "Oh, it is dark with me, but my faith is the same; God shall show me the way."

And she saw he was sinking fast, and she took his hand in hers and said, "Father, the first you lose will be the sense of speech. Oh, father, if your way clears up before you lose the sense of speech, speak of it to your daughter. And the next sense you lose will be the sense of sight, and if you have lost the sense of sight, turn your eyes and look at your daughter, and then I will know that all is well. But if you lose the sense of speech and sight, the last sense will be the sense of feeling. And if you have lost the sense of sight and speech, but still have the sense of feeling—if your way clears up, father, raise the middle finger—that way—and press it on my palm, and I will know that your way has cleared up. And father, I am going to see you go down into the valley of death."

With loving word and earnest prayer she sat there; and directly she saw that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and that he would never speak to her again, and she sat there till his eyes were set in death, and her heart almost stopped beating, and she exclaimed, "He cannot speak; he will never turn his eyes toward me again. Oh, God, clear up his way and let me testify to it." And she sat through and watched right down through the jaws of death. And just as he passed out he raised his middle finger and he pressed it on her palm, and his face lit up like an angel's, and he went out to live with God forever.

SKIM MILK or butter-milk is one of the cheapest foods that can be given to chickens. It may largely take the place of flesh, and will induce them to lay early and often.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 110.—WORD SQUARE.

(W. G. AND BESSIE F. McF., ST. JOHN.)

1.—A diseased person; to expiate; divisions of the earth; over against; reclines.

2.—A people of Europe; illegal interest; a flower; sin; a prefix.

No. 111.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "CORNWALLIS," CANNING, N. S.)

H—t—d—e—l—t—i—t—e—s—c—e—p—a—e—o—h—m—s—H—g—h—l—b—d—n—e—h—s—s—o—o—t—e—l—i—h—y.

No. 112.—PIED BIBLE CITIES.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

(1). Sacamundus. (2). Reasacea. (3). Remo. (4). Mesaraju. (5). Rohamorg. (6). Sethadib.

No. 113.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM HERB. DAGGETT, GRAND MANAN.)

Tidwlu eb a pceurl et ece het ietdro fo eth gceurlelenti ta drgna raroub ihgt ttasoni itah mnuers.

No. 114.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)

I consist of 6 letters.

My 4, 5, 3 is for the head;

My 2, 1, 6 is a girl's name.

My whole is a prophet.

No. 115.—DROP-LETTER.

(FROM HARRY McDONALD, SUSSEX.)

O t s o sbe ht h bod f ul n f ot hud ae aa is.

No. 116.—ENIGMA.

(FROM "JOE," GREENWICH, KINGS.)

In apple, not in plum;

In going, not in run;

In found, not in lost;

In price, not in cost.

The whole is the name of the son of Japheth.

## No. 117.—BURIED FLOWERS.

(FROM "STRAPO," HAMPSHIRE, QUEENS.)

1. A hero, seeing the battle, marched on.

2. We saw a stereoscopic view of the city of St. John.

3. Can Nature's picture be outdone?

4. Were you ever in Japan, Syria, or any Eastern country? No.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 14.)

No. 86.—"He that lives long lives well, and time misspent is not lived but lost."

No. 87.—UNCLE NED.

No. 88.—Damascus.

No. 89.—Psalm xxxiii. 1.

No. 90.—Prov. ix. 14.

No. 91.—ROAD ON L O Y A L O E D Y E S

No. 92.—Romans. Matthew. Kings. John. Nahum. James. Peter. Psalms. Genesis. Hosea. Esther. Amos.—12.

No. 93.—"One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

No. 94.—Numbers xi. 5.

## CHAT.

"PRAIRIE," Canning, N. S., has correctly solved "The Mystery" in issue No. 11; and also Nos. 69, 70, 71, 72, 73 and 74 in No. 12, and Nos. 78 and 80 in No. 13. Write often.

"CORNWALLIS," Canning, N. S., will please accept our thanks for the nice puzzles. You have solved aright

"The Mystery" from No. 69 to 74, inclusive. Please write again!

L. R. STEEVES, St. John, has sent us correct answers to the puzzles in issues No. 13 and No. 14.

FAY ROBINSON, has written us, sending correct solutions to "The Mystery" of No. 14. Please send address. It will be kept confidential, if desired.

WELDON BURDEN, Fredericton, has sent a correct solution to No. 69. You are not too late to enter the "Prize Competition." We cannot publish the puzzles which you send, as they have all been answered in the INTELLIGENCER. Try again!

W. G. AND BESSIE F. McFARLANE, Fairville, St. John, will please accept thanks for puzzles. "The Mystery," No. 14, correctly solved. Come often.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, correctly solves 78, 80 to 85, inclusive. Try for the prize.

"YANKEE," Waterville, Me., correctly answers all the puzzles in No. 14. No. 86 is as given by Fuller, and not Shakespeare's quotation. Write soon, and send some puzzles.

"AMERICA," Queens, has all correct in the first lot of the "Prize Competition." Thanks for puzzles.

HERBERT DAGGETT, Grand Harbour, Grand Manan, has our thanks for puzzles. Nos. 84 and 85 correct.

PRIZE COMPETITION.—The following have sent correct answers to the puzzles in No. 14: L. R. Steeves, 9; Fay Robinson, 9; W. G. & B. F. McFarlane, 9; "Yankee," 9; "America," 9.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

Young "America."

HAMPSHIRE, April 9th, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—Wishing you every success, I remain, your nephew,

"AMERICA."

## Our Fairville Letter.

FAIRVILLE, St. John, April 7, '86.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—We thought we would write you a few lines to let you know that we are very much interested in the Young Folks' Column; and we would like to enter the "Prize Competition."

Yours truly,

W. G. McF., B. F. McF.

## CANNING, N. S., April 3, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I have taken an interest in the Young Folks' Column for some time, and I thought I would send some puzzles in "Prairie's" letter, as we live near. I am 13 years old, and go to school and Sabbath-school. If you think my puzzles worthy of publication, I will be pleased to send some more.

## "CORNWALLIS."

CANNING, N. S., April 3, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am going to try for the prize, and if you will excuse me I will tell you what I would like to have more than anything else—a likeness of yourself. Your nephews and nieces in N. B. have, probably, had the privilege of seeing their Uncle, which your Nova Scotia nieces and nephews have not had. Hoping that you may live long to conduct the Young Folks' Column, I remain,

Your niece, "PRAIRIE."

[We would love to accede to your wish, but, I fear, shall have to refrain. Nevertheless, strive for the prize.—UNCLE NED.]

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