

The Fireside.

"LIFTED OVER."

As tender mother guiding baby steps  
When places came at which the tiny feet  
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms  
Of love, and set them down beyond all harm,  
So did Our Father with the precious boy  
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft  
Myself, but strove to help my darling.

He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw  
Rough ways before us, where my arms  
Would fail,  
So reached from Heaven, and lifted the  
dear child  
Who smiled in leaving me. He put him  
down  
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight; and bade  
Him wait for me, shall I not then be glad  
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?  
—Selected.

GOD KNOWETH.

BY A. M. CHARLESWORTH.

Dear little feet! In after years  
To tread life's path 'mid smiles or tears,  
With gleeful laugh or anxious fears?  
Who knoweth?

O little hands, stretched out in play!  
What shall they grasp each passing day,  
Things that will last, or fade away,  
Who knoweth?

Sweet baby eyes, with questions bright?  
What will they learn to read aright,  
Here, where earth's troubles dim the light?  
Who knoweth?

Where leads thy path from this fair morn?  
Through desert land with stone and thorn,  
Or 'mid the flowers and golden corn?  
Who knoweth?

We cannot tell; our love for thee  
Years to look on—it may not be  
Sweet comfort, though we cannot see,  
God knoweth.

Only keep close to Christ's dear side,  
Through flowery glade or surging tide,  
And safely homeward he will guide—  
God knoweth.

THE LITTLE FOXES.

BY CECILIA.

Finished! The last stitch was  
just off the needles. Lucy held it up  
admiringly.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed  
Emily. "Your mother will be de-  
lighted. I wish that I could knit  
one for my mother."

"You can learn in two minutes,"  
Emily. "I will set it up for you  
now, on my needles, and teach you,"  
said Lucy.

Emily was much pleased. She  
was willing to begin at once. They  
sat in a quiet corner of the library—  
Emily, with her friend Lucy Know-  
les, who had been visiting her for  
a week.

"O, Lucy, say that you will stay  
for another week."

"You dear child, I cannot; my  
letter is written and sealed."

"You can easily open it and add  
a postscript. I'll plan all sorts of  
nice things for every day; you'll be  
ever so glad that you said."

But Lucy was sure that she must  
go home. Emily sighed, and wished  
that they lived together. They hadn't  
talked over half their plans, she  
said. Lucy laughed, and assured  
her that they could do very much  
talking in the two days that were  
left.

"If only those troublesome boys  
will let us alone," said Emily. "It  
is so nice to sit here and plan. O,  
Lucy, don't you want to be a noble  
woman? I intend to be! I like to  
sit in that arm-chair and think over  
the grand things that I am going to  
do."

Just then Rufus called through  
the hall: "Emily, Emily, where  
are you?"

"O, dear," whispered Emily, "I  
promised to mend his ball. I forgot  
all about it. Keep still, Lucy, I  
don't want him to bother us now."

"Hark!" Someone whistled a  
note, and then said, in a low tone:  
"Ah, the foxes! The little foxes!"  
The girls looked at each other.

"I didn't know that Mac was in  
the study," whispered Emily. "He  
is writing his valedictory speech,  
though; I don't think he heard us."

"What do you suppose that he is  
saying about foxes in his valedic-  
tory speech?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know," replied Emily.  
"There goes Rufus across the mead-  
ow. We are safe from him for a  
while."

"Poor Rufus; I am sorry about  
his ball," Lucy said.

But Emily had forgotten about  
the ball, also that Mac was in the  
library. She wanted to talk, just  
then, about the future.

"Think over some great names,  
Lucy. Whom would you choose  
for a model? There were Miriam,  
and Deborah, and Jael!"

"Jael! that dreadful woman who  
drove the nail into the man's head!"  
cried Lucy. "I should not want to  
be like her."

"Well, there was Joab of Arc."  
But Lucy was sure she would not,  
of her own free will, be a warlike  
woman even to save her country.

"What do you think about Eliza-  
beth Fry?" She did a great deal  
of good, visiting the poor creatures  
in prison, getting up libraries for  
sailors. Indeed, there was no end  
to the things that she undertook.

Then there was the three Mrs. Jud-  
sons, such brave missionaries. But  
listen, Aunt! She is calling. I need  
not go just yet, though; she'll call  
again if she wants me particularly.

She knows that I am somewhere  
with you, and that we have ever so  
much to say before afternoon. O,  
dear, I had almost forgotten that

those tiresome girls are coming to  
tea."

Lucy looked surprised. "I thought  
you liked Mary and Sarah Park,"  
she said; "you asked them to come."

"I had asked them," said Emily,  
"and I do like them a little. Only  
Mary is stupid and Sara is vain,  
always trying to show her pretty  
foot. The girls make all manner of  
fun of Sara."

Something more, in low tone,  
from Mac about foxes.

"What does he mean?" whis-  
pered Lucy. "Is he writing a  
speech on Natural History?"

"Natural History, indeed! Of  
course not." Emily thought it very  
stupid in Lucy to suppose so when  
Mac was to be Valedictorian of his  
class.

"He will write about the good  
times that they had together and  
about the grand things that they  
mean to do in the world."

Still she wondered why he should  
be thinking about foxes just then.

"We will make him tell us what  
he means," said Lucy.

"We cannot if he does not choose,"  
said Emily. "I call Mac my Wil-  
liam the Silent. O, Lucy, if you  
were only going to stay all winter  
we would read Motley's history of  
"The Netherlands," and "The Dutch  
Republic."

A few hours afterward, at the  
tea-table, the girls looked at Mac  
curiously. But if he had any secrets  
they were not written on his face.

"We want you, please, to tell us  
all that you know about foxes," said  
Lucy.

"Foxes," he repeated. Indeed,  
Miss Lucy, I must refer you to the  
Encyclopædia, or to Wood's Bible  
Animals, perhaps. Are you writ-  
ing a book on Natural History?"

"I, oh no! But we thought that  
perhaps you were."

"There, I knew he wouldn't tell."  
"Perhaps he didn't hear us,  
didn't even know that we were in  
the library," said Lucy.

Emily thought differently. She  
had a great admiration for Mac.  
"He's so good!" she would say.  
"Almost perfect." She had had an  
uncomfortable feeling just then that  
he could not have said the same  
about her.

One Sunday, soon after all this,  
Emily looked up much interested to  
hear the clergyman read his text:  
"Take us the foxes, the little  
foxes that spoil the vines."

She glanced along the pew toward  
Mac. But his eyes were just where  
the eyes of an attentive hearer  
should be—upon the preacher. Her  
eyes, too, were soon directed toward  
him, and her ears were wide open  
to hear what he would say about  
those curious words.

It was a sermon to young Chris-  
tians. It was to warn them against  
what people sometimes call "little  
sins." Just as the foxes are enemies  
to the tender vines, so these little  
sins hinder the growth of a noble  
character.

Emily had never listened more  
attentively to a sermon. She was  
beside Mac all through the walk  
home. Neither spoke for a while.  
At length, Emily said:

"Mac, this is your last Sunday  
home; please answer my question."

"How can I, little sister, till you  
have asked it?"

"Mac, did you ask Mr. Ferguson  
to preach that sermon?"

"I, no, certainly not."

"Is that what you meant by the  
"little foxes," that day in the library  
—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember, and that is  
what I meant, my dear little sister.  
I am glad Mr. Ferguson preached  
that sermon, though I had nothing  
to do with it."

"Then you heard all that Lucy  
and I said, and by the "little foxes,"  
you meant the way I behaved about  
the ball, and not going to Aunt Sue  
when she called, and —"

"Your remarks about Mary and  
Sara," added Mac, gravely, taking  
her hand, tenderly. "We cannot  
indulge in selfishness, or in unkind  
remarks, or in a hundred other com-  
mon faults, without harm to our  
character—and character, you know,  
is what we are, and what we are to  
be forever!"

"Yes, I understand, now," she  
said, tears filling her eyes. "I  
thought that I was going to be such  
a noble woman, and all the while  
the little foxes were spoiling my  
tender vines. And that is how it  
will be always," she added, despon-  
dently.

"No, Emily, it need not be, if you  
will drive away the fox "Distrust"  
that is showing his head just now."

"Why, what do you mean, Mac?"

"You and I stood up in the  
church a few months ago, and said  
that we believed in Jesus Christ as  
our Saviour. What did we mean?"

"Why, Mac, of course we meant  
that Jesus will save us."

"From hell, for heaven only, or  
in this world, to-day, from the power  
of our sins?"

"Oh, I never thought of it in that  
way, Mac."

"But that is just the way it is,  
dear, and that is what we meant, or  
ought to have meant, when we stood  
there and confessed our faith in  
Christ. We were just like two sick

children; sick at heart; and we  
came to Jesus, trusting him, by his  
Holy Spirit, to make us better, day  
by day. And he will do it—only  
let us trust him."

Emily clasped his hand tight.  
"Thank you, Mac," she said. "I  
know now about the little foxes, and  
who will help me against them."

THE GOLD EAGLE.

A good many years ago a merchant  
missed from his cash drawer a twenty-  
dollar gold piece. No one had been  
to the drawer, it was proved, except a  
young clerk whose name was Weston.

The merchant had sent him there to  
make change for a customer, and the  
next time the drawer was opened the  
gold piece had disappeared. Natur-  
ally, Weston was suspected of having  
stolen it, and more especially as he ap-  
peared a few days after the occurrence  
in a new suit of clothes. Being asked  
where he had bought the clothes, he  
gave the name of the tailor without  
hesitation; and the merchant going  
privately to make inquiries discovered  
that Weston had paid for the suit with  
a twenty dollar gold piece.

That afternoon the young clerk was  
called into the merchant's private room  
and charged with the theft.

"It is needless to deny it," the mer-  
chant said. "You have betrayed your-  
self with these new clothes, and now  
the only thing you can do is to make  
a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement;  
he could hardly believe at first that  
such an accusation could be brought  
against him, but when he saw that his  
employer was in earnest he denied it  
indignantly, and declared that the  
money he had spent for the clothes was  
his own, given him as a Christmas gift  
a year ago. The merchant sneered at  
such an explanation, and asked for the  
proof.

"Who was the person that gave it  
to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston,  
"and I can't produce her, for she died  
last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that  
saw her give you the money, or know  
of your having it?" asked the mer-  
chant.

"No I can't do that," Weston had  
to answer. "I never told any one  
about the gift, for she did not wish me  
to. But I have a letter from her  
somewhere, if I have not lost it, in  
which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the  
merchant sneered. When you have  
found it, sir, you bring it to me, and  
then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy  
heart. He had no idea where the letter  
was, he could not be sure that he  
had not destroyed it; and it was the  
only means of proving his innocence.

Unless he could produce it his char-  
acter was ruined, for he saw that the  
merchant was fully convinced of his  
guilt, and the appearances, indeed,  
were sadly against him. He went to  
work, however, in the right way. He  
knelt down and prayed to God for  
help to prove that he was innocent,  
and then began to overhaul the con-  
tents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it  
did not take him long to see that the  
letter was not among them. He sat  
down with a sense of despair when he  
was convinced of this. What else  
could he do? Nothing but pray again  
for help and guidance and strength to  
endure whatever trouble God might  
choose to send upon him. Skeptics  
may sneer at such prayers as this, but  
Weston would smile and say, "Let  
them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he  
said, telling me the story years after-  
ward, "I happened to catch my foot  
in an old rug that I had nailed down  
to the carpet because it was always  
curling at the edges. The nail at the  
corner had come out, and stooping  
down to straighten the rug I saw a bit  
of paper peeping out. I pulled it from  
its hiding-place, and it was the letter!"

"How it got there, I don't know.  
The fact that I had found it was enough  
for me, and if I had not gone on my  
knees again to give thanks for such a  
deliverance, I should be ashamed to  
tell you the story now."

"I brought the letter to my em-  
ployer. It proved my innocence, and  
he apologized. A month afterward  
the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's  
overcoat. He had never put it in the  
cash-drawer at all, though he thought  
he had. He raised my salary on the  
spot to pay for his unjust suspicions;  
and I have never yet repented of trust-  
ing the Lord in my trouble."—Young  
Reaper.

It is said to be impossible to publish  
the novel Colonel Burnaby of the  
Guards, killed in the Sudan, left be-  
hind him, because no one has been  
able to decipher the manuscript. It  
has been examined by one who knew  
the author's handwriting well, and has  
been in the hands of a professional  
"decipherist," but nothing can be  
made of it.

HOME HINTS.

When acid has been dropped on any  
article of clothing, liquid ammonia will  
kill the acid, and then by applying  
chloroform you will return the color in  
most cases.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup of but-  
ter, two cups of molasses, one teaspoon-  
ful cloves, one tablespoonful ginger,  
and sufficient flour to make a stiff bat-  
ter, not dough. Mould with the hands  
into small cakes, and bake in a steady  
rather than quick oven, as they are apt  
to burn.

Apple Custard Pie.—Take three  
large, sour apples, and pare, core, and  
slice them; line a deep pie plate with  
a rich crust, then a layer of sliced  
apples, and sprinkle over them a layer  
of sugar, then another layer of apples  
and more sugar, and so on, until the  
dish is as full as you wish it, then grate  
half a nutmeg over them, and add one  
tablespoonful of butter. Lastly, pour  
over all, three tablespoonfuls of rich,  
sweet cream, and three of water. Bake  
in an even oven.

Apples make excellent pickles. A  
good rule to follow in pickling them is  
to allow six cups of brown sugar to one  
quart of strong vinegar, one teaspoon-  
ful each of cloves and cinnamon. Let  
the vinegar and sugar come to a boil;  
if any scum rises, which is almost cer-  
tain, remove it and add the spices. In  
this syrup put small apples, either  
sweet or moderately sour; let them  
boil until they can be pierced easily  
with a broom splint. If the apples are  
large cut them in halves.

Young Folks' Column.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE!

During this year we shall devote  
all our time to puzzles, and we would  
love to have a goodly number of puzzles  
from our young friends with which to  
begin the New Year. Please notice  
this and send us puzzles, solutions,  
&c., for "THE MYSTERY." Write us  
early. Address all correspondence for  
this column as above.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 6.—ENIGMA.

(FROM LILLA MOSHER, SUSSEX VALE.)  
My first is in affection, but not in  
heart;

My second is in whole, but not in  
part;

My third is in willing, but not in  
consent;

My fourth is in happy, but not in  
content;

My fifth is in memory, but not in  
brain;

My sixth is in sorrow, but not in  
pain;

My whole an English poet's name.

No. 7.—CENTRE DELETION.

(FROM LILLA MOSHER, SUSSEX VALE.)  
Delete a widespread volume and  
have a thing of pain.

No. 8.—PI PUZZLE.

(FROM LILLA MOSHER, SUSSEX VALE.)  
Adn uroy e'fe o'hdh thi eth ontia-  
paerp to eth lepgos fo ceape.

No. 9.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(FROM C. E. B., KINGS)  
Signifying father; to smear; having  
power; a kind of earth.  
The primals name a noted man of  
the Bible, and the finals, his son.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)  
The Mystery Solved.  
(No. 51.)

No. 230.—A MERRY CHRISTMAS.  
No. 231.—LUKE XVIII. 43.  
No. 232.—PROV. XXXI. 13.  
No. 233.—EZRA V. 14-16.

CHAT.

An error occurred in "THE MYSTERY  
SOLVED" of last issue. No. 219 should  
have read as follows:

Oh! be warned of your danger, nor slight  
the day of grace,  
The wine cup leads to sin and woe;  
'Tis the Saviour that calls you, O fly to  
His embrace.

What joy His mercy can bestow.  
Break the chain that would bind you, that  
sparkles to deceive;  
Be warned while you may return,  
If the spirit now striving, too often you  
should grieve.

The lamp of life may cease to burn.  
LILLA MOSHER, SUSSEX VALE, KINGS.

Thanks for the poetry, puzzles, and  
good wishes. The puzzles have found  
due insertion. Send us some more.  
After this month we shall attend to  
the puzzles alone. You have given a  
correct solution to No. 226 and 227.

OUR LETTER BOX.

SUSSEX VALE, N. B., Dec. 15, 1885.  
DEAR UNCLE NED,—I always look  
at the Puzzle Department first, and I  
feel glad to see it well filled out. I  
wish I had more time to devote to it.  
If you think my poetry and puzzles  
suitable, I shall be pleased to have  
done a little for the COLUMN. I solved  
Nos. 226 and 227. Wishing the YOUNG  
FOLKS' COLUMN every success, and the  
young folk a Merry Xmas, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
LILLA MOSHER.

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