

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Be kind to the little children!
Ye may not have them long;
God may call them in life's morning
To join the angels' song;
Even now, while yet they're thrilling
Our hearts with hope and love,
Their voices may be tuning
For the golden harps above.

Be kind to the little children!
The day may come, too soon,
When you'll mourn with bitter mourning,
By your quiet hearth alone,
And sigh for the noisy patter
Of the feet upon the stair,
And turn, in silent anguish,
From some tiny, vacant chair.

Be kind to the little children!
They have their part of pain,
And sorrow little heavy
On childish heart and brain.
Thank God, the pain is transient,
Or the burden were too great,
And childhood's frail endurance
Must fall beneath the weight.

Be kind to the little children!
So oft misunderstood,
So oft rebuked and thwarted,
When trying to "be good,"
So oft misnamed "naughty"
When only tired and sad;
So oft, alas! discouraged,
When a smile has made them glad.

Be kind to the little children!
They were blessed by Christ, the Lord!
You call them tiresome, foolish—
Are you as near to God?
Beware, lest you crush the blossom
As it struggles toward the sun;
Take heed how you grieve the spirit
Of "one such little one."

Be kind to the little children!
Ye can not have them long;
Time's swiftly-flowing river
Is hurrying them along;
And as careworn men and women
Their soon must join the strife,
And fight, as you are fighting,
On the battle-field of life.

Be kind to the little children!
In after years may come,
Like the sound of distant music,
The memory of a home,
And the kiss of a long-lost mother,
"The touch of a vanished hand,"
May win some weary wanderer
To the home of the heavenly land.

The Fireside.

RICHARD, THE LION-HEARTED.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

It was in a small, low room that a woman lay on her dying-bed with three little children clustering near her. The eldest was a boy of seven or eight, the other two were girls of three and five.

"Rick, dear," the mother said, feebly reaching out her hand to clasp her boy's, "mother is going on a long journey. I wish it was God's will that I could take my little ones with me, but I know it is His will that they shall all come to me after a while. There's a ladder that reaches from earth to heaven; will you climb it, Rick, dear, and bring Elsie and Fella with you?"

Richard looked at his mother with eyes full of tears. His breath came quick as he answered:

"Yes, mamma; if I can find the ladder that reaches up to the heaven where you are going, I'll climb to the very top, and I'll bring my little sisters along if I have to carry them every step of the way."

Rick's hand within his mother's quivered as he talked, but his face looked strong and resolute, and so brought comfort to his dying mother.

"Rick, precious boy," she said, "be as kind to your poor father as you can, but don't let him pull you down. You're a little fellow, but I want you to understand me; I want you to know that you are the link between my little girls and myself. If you hold true and firm, all will be well, I believe."

"What shall I hold to, mamma?" sobbed the boy. "I can't hold to father, and you say you're going away."

"Hold fast to your Saviour's hand, Rick. You know how He gathered little ones to His bosom and how He loved them; well, it's just the same now. Call on Him if you are in trouble, and He will comfort you. Trust God, and you will be as strong as a lion. You'll be tempted, my boy. Some one—perhaps your own father—will offer you strong drink; but don't touch it. It's the first glass that makes all the trouble; you see, if there were not a first glass, there would not be a second."

Mrs. Stern could say no more. She sighed faintly, and then smiled, and closed her eyes. Was the pale boatman carrying her off on that "long journey" of which she had talked? No; not yet. She opened her eyes and held out her arms, whispering faintly:

"Come, all of you!"

Richard lifted the little sisters close beside his mother, then knelt with them; and the mother wound her feeble arms about them all.

The arms relaxed their hold; one look at Rick, and then the eyes closed for ever. One expression—"Strong as a lion!"—and then the beloved voice was still.

"Strong as a lion!" Strong as a lion! Those dying words clung to Rick ever afterward. As he grew older they seemed grand to him and proved to be the inspiration of his life. It was a pathetic sight to see him day after day caring for his little sisters, dressing and undressing them, cooking the scanty food his father provided, carving toys for the little ones and hearing their prayers.

Thus passed two years, the father meanwhile coming in and going out,

sometimes with a gentle word for his motherless little ones, but often with scowls and scoldings. But Rick, the lion-hearted, patiently bore all, for was he not climbing up to their mother?

Just after Rick's tenth birthday the family were obliged to remove from the little house which once they had owned, but which was theirs no longer, owing to the habits of their father.

Surely the shadows were thickening. The weather was cold; the father was sinking fast, and the little ones seemed left to chance charity. Mark my words! I say seemed left to chance charity, but, thank God! they were not; there is no such thing as chance. Over them all God watched.

Are you wondering whether Rick lost his courage? Well, he was only a boy, you must remember, and his heart grew heavy in that cold little attic-room. It was the evening after their removal, as he shivered as he sat by the bed watching over his sleeping sisters. All the food was gone, and soon, perhaps, these little sisters would awaken and would beg for food. Child though he was, Rick could scarcely endure that thought. Suddenly he seemed to see his mother's face, and her voice said:

"Trust God, my boy, and you will be strong as a lion."

Peace came. Out into the darkness the boy went. He was not aimlessly wandering, either, but with a settled resolution to call upon a gentleman who had once met him in the street with his little sisters and bought cakes for them all, and had then turned to a friend with the whispered explanation:

"They are poor Billy Stern's little ones."

When Rick reached this gentleman's house and stood before him, he felt awed for a moment and was dumb.

"What is it, little fellow?" asked the gentleman.

"Can I shovel your walks, sir?" asked Rick.

"Well, I've no objection, if you are here early in the morning."

"But I'd like to do them to-night, sir, because—because—"

"Because what?"

"My little sisters went to sleep without any supper, and they'll be so hungry when they wake up."

Were tears glittering in the gentleman's eyes? I think so, but he turned so quickly that I am not quite sure. Soon he came back with a basket, and said kindly:

"Here, little fellow! run home with this and feed yourself and the little ones. You can come here in the morning to do the work."

Rick went home. Too happy to wait for his little sisters to wake, he aroused them and they had a feast; and then Rick made them kneel while he thanked the Father above. At daylight he began his labor cleaning the walks. His arms ached, but he persevered until the task was finished. All through the winter—a cold and stormy one—he cleaned walks and thus kept the wolf from the door. When spring came, he found other and steadier work. Thus the time went on, working, praying, trusting climbing.

Years—many of them—have passed. There has just been a terrible fire in the city; many firemen have done brave acts, but one tall young man has aroused the admiration of the crowd. Up and down long ladders he has gone, quickly yet carefully, saving lives and rescuing valuable property. The fire is under control and the people are shouting:

"There's no more danger now."

But are they not mistaken? A misguided saloon-keeper has set out a cask of brandy for the benefit of the wet workers. The cups furnished are eagerly snatched up by the tired, excited men. One little lad shouts:

"There comes Richard Stern, the bravest fellow among the whole lot. Give him a drink, quick! See how pale he looks!"

In a flash a cup was held up to the brave young man.

"Drink it, sir; it'll do you good. You're wet to the skin."

Yes, the young man was wet to the skin, and about the smell of the offered beverage there was something strangely tempting. For a second he wavered, and then a whisper seemed to reach him:

"If there is never a first glass, there can not be a second. Strong as a lion, my boy! Strong as a lion!"

"Thank you, sir," said Richard, declining the glass; "I never drink intoxicating liquor. You see, sir, it might kindle a worse fire than this one now dying away."

A gentleman just passing by heard the remark, and, after Richard had gone on, he said to the group:

"That Richard Stern is a fellow to pattern after. God bless him! He has climbed up from the depths with his two sisters clinging to him, and there isn't a prettier or more peaceful home in the city than his. Such a go-ahead, such a conqueror of all difficulties, I never saw. He

must be made of something more than common stuff."

No, my friend, nothing more than ordinary material; but that grows strong, you know, when anchored upon the Rock.—*Statesman.*

BLACK THE HEELS OF YOUR BOOTS.

A book has just been issued by Mr. William A. Mowry, that contains the following story:

"One day, when I was in college, I heard a young lady say, 'I don't think much of college fellows.'"

"To my query as to the grounds of so singular an opinion, she replied:

"They do not black the heels of their boots."

"When I protested that that charge could not be true of them all, she responded:

"Oh, no, I suppose not; but the exception proves the rule. I have noticed that most of them only black the front part of their boots; and they like reversible collars and cuffs."

What does it indicate when the heels of boots are not blacked? The boy is not thorough. He only does what he is forced to do. If he thought he would pass muster among people if he did not black his boots at all, they would never be blackened.

Boys laugh at girls and say they pay too much attention to clothes. How do the boys like to see their sisters with soiled collars, buttons off their boots, a ruffle hanging on their dress? It is the evidence of a true gentleman or a true lady when the clothing worn is in order and suitable to the occasion.

Dress and the way it is worn is an indication of character. If the heels of the boots are blacked, you may be pretty sure that boy or man is thorough in whatever he undertakes. He learns his lesson, not because he must, but because he desires to learn. When he is sent to clean up the garden, he rakes the dead roots and vines in a pile for burning; there are no stray piles hidden in the bushes near the fence. He blacks the heels of his boots.

A boy who wears reversible collars and cuffs will be willing to do a mean act if he thinks he will not be found out. He reverses the collar, not because he likes a clean collar, but because he likes to look as though he did. A collar with the soiled side hidden is not a clean collar. If you want to be a thorough worker, if you want to be a truthful, honest, fearless man, black the heels of your boots, and do not make believe that your collar is clean by reversing it.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence," is a old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in music books dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle"

HOME HINTS.

Cut a fig once or twice in two, put it in a cup, pour boiling water on it, let it stand till cool, not cold; then bathe the eye quite frequently. Is a sure cure for sty on the eye.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

VEAL POT-PIE.—Cut the veal, make a suitable paste, lay the veal in the pot with pepper, salt and flour and sufficient water to keep from burning. Cover it with pastry; just before it is taken up, lift the lid and put in some butter. Two hours will cook it.

Very delicious cakes are made if these directions are closely followed: One cup each of sweet and of sour milk, one cup of loaf or lump sugar, pounded fine, one tablespoonful of melted butter, the yolks of four eggs, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. In mixing the cake first put the sweet and sour milk together in a basin and set it in a saucepan of hot water; keep it there until the milk becomes curdled, then drain or strain off the milk, rub the curd through a sieve, add the butter to it and the sugar and eggs, the latter to be well beaten first, then the lemon. Make a little very rich pie crust and line the patty pan with it; fill with the above mixture and bake from ten to fifteen minutes, or until the custard is firm. These little cakes, or more properly, pies, are dainty for desert.

Blunt speaking is sometimes a painful necessity; and blunt speaking is sometimes little less than brutality. The latter fact is generally forgotten by those who pride themselves on always saying just exactly what they mean; for those to whom blunt speaking is a painful necessity do not often boast about it.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 156.—PYRAMID PUZZLE.
(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)
A vowel; a number; signifying near; to bend; a bitter plant. The centrals, read downwards, give the name of a son of Cain.

No. 157.—PI.
(FROM H. DAGGETT, GRAND MANAN.)
Nhte nniigbge dgo eceradt het eehvan dnaeth reth.

No. 158.—ANAGRAM.
(FROM "CORNWALLIS," CANNING, N. S.)
Ot mowh lwiley enkli em, nad kema em lqaeu dma pomeaser em ahtt ew yam eb keli.

No. 159.—DROP-LETTER.
(FROM "STRABO," QUEENS.)
A e o l h t e s h u d d n o o o e v n o n h m.

No. 160.—ENIGMA.
(FROM L. A. KERR, YORK.)
In seat, not in chair;
In lion, not in bear;
In pan, not in dish;
In salmon, not in fish;
In ice, not in water,
A Scripture mountain your after.

No. 161.—ANAGRAM.—RIBLE NAMES.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)
1. Lea sir. 2. Tan a John.
3. Hot jam. 4. A mend a leg.
5. Hem bat eel. 6. Rob Head.
7. Sam hat heel. 8. Mud so nice.
9. Hat a bit. 10. Hop thus, Eli.

No. 162.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)
Wh shll sprt s frm th lv f Chrst shll trbtr r dstrs r practr r fmr r kdnss r prl r swrd.

No. 163.—BIBLE QUERY.
(FROM "CESAR," WOOD'S HARBOR.)
What king had his garment rent in twelve pieces?
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 21.)

No. 135.—Counsellor. Key words: ounce, cell, love, nose, cove.
No. 136.—Prov. viii. 16.
No. 137.—"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—Prov. xxiv. 10.

No. 138.—"Honor thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise."—Eph. vi. 2.
No. 139.—(1) Prov. xxx. 31. (2) 1 Timothy v. 4. (3) Matt. xxiii. 37.
No. 140.—Bacon.
No. 141.—Zechariah xiv. 20.

CHAT.

WILLIE E. KINGSTON, St. Stephen, sends the answers to the two puzzles which he sent us some time since. Thanks.

MARTHA COLWELL, Nortondale, visits us again, bringing a fine budget of puzzles. Thank you. See below!

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, has our thanks for the nice puzzles, and the marked copies of the paper to which he contributes. Success to you. Many small beginnings have large and good results. See below!

HELEN R., St. John, will please accept thanks for puzzles. No. 140 is incorrect.

W. G. MACF. AND B. F. MACF., Fairville, St. John, sends some nice puzzles. Thank you.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, has our thanks for the puzzle. We do not find any other puzzle on file, nor marked to your credit.

"AMERICA," Queens, will please examine the names under heading "Prize Competition" for the answer to his question. Be patient. All this work takes time, over which I have no control. See below!

LIZZIE A. KERR, Stanley, sends us five excellent puzzles. Thank you, Lizzie. We have not received any MS. from your pen for some time. Why? Why the six cents in stamps upon this letter? Mark all MS. copies "Manuscript only."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to No. 18 have been received from W. G. and B. F. MacF., 6; Lizzie A. Kerr, 3.

To No. 19: W. G. and B. F. MacF., 5; "Pug Nose," 4; Martha Colwell, 5; "America," 4; L. R. Steeves, 4; Fay Robinson, 3.

To No. 20: "Pug Nose," 4; "Salvation Army," 4; Martha Colwell, 3; "America," 5; L. R. Steeves, 5.

To No. 21: Helen R., 6; "Salvation Army," 7; "America," 7; L. R. Steeves, 7; Fay Robinson, 7; "Yankee," 7.

Correct solutions to No. 22: Helen R., 7.

OUR LETTER BOX.

STANLEY, May 18, 1886.

Dear Uncle and Cousins,—I write to tell you I like the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN very much, and read it first when I get the INTELLIGENCER, though I like all the reading in it, and think it a great power for good. I hope my contributions will be a help to you, and I wish you success and happiness.

Yours sincerely, L. A. KERR.

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