

UNPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fall to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.
But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor, banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the unexpected movement of the lips.
Ah! can you let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in a mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unadorned gold their hidden beauties shine,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see the master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!
But, oh! what pain when, at God's own command,
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—'tis hearts that would rejoice.
Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you! He who struck the chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

—From the Humble Poets.

"BE KIND TO THY BROTHER."

BY FANNIE E. NEWBERRY.

"O, take me! Please do!" sobbed a little voice, and an older one answered gruffly, "No, I won't—stop your noise, and be done with it!"

Mrs. Brady heard them, and sighed, but she did not interfere. She was a sickly, nervous woman, and her oldest son, Harvey, was "too much for her," as she often said. But when he had gone, she called poor little Dodo in, and gave him a peach, and asked gently, "What is it, dear?"

"Harvey—won't—take—me—fishing," sobbed the boy, his blue eyes wet with tears. "He says I'm too little!"

"Poor dear! Mamma's sorry—but never mind Dodo, you may go down to the beach if you like."

"All alone?" questioned Dodo, checking his sobs.

"Mrs. Brady hesitated. She would much rather Jennie should be with him, but Dodo, boy-like, hated to be watched and tended like a baby. So, disliking again to cloud his brightening face, she said slowly:

"Are you sure you'll be careful, Dodo, and not get your feet wet, nor go farther than the big rock?"

"Yes, I'll promise—sure!" said Dodo, emphatically, his tears quite dry now, and his face flushing with pleasure.

"Well, go then—but remember, won't you, dear?" she added nervously.

"Course I will!" said Dodo, laughing gaily, "May I take a lunch in my pail?"

"Yes, tell Jennie to ask Mrs. Pierce if she may put you up one; and be a good boy."

The little family, all but the father, were stopping at a farmhouse near the beach for a few weeks, and had brought Jennie with them to look after sickly Mrs. Brady and Dodo. Harvey resented any looking after, even from his mother, for he was a large active boy of fourteen, not really bad, though liking his own way so well as to be often impatient and selfish, especially with his little brother.

Dodo, supplied with luncheon, hung his little pail on the shovel over his shoulder, and, quite happy again, marched to the beach, but stopped soon to examine his pail and take out a few of the tempting grapes he found there. Making directly for the big rock, in the shade, he deliberately ate the rest of his lunch, though it was not two hours since dinner.

It was hard work to finish it, but he threw the last bits to the fishes; and then, too full for utterance, threw himself face downward upon the clean sand, and kicked up his chubby heels in fullest content. But it was not in Dodo to be still, long, so he soon rose, and began to dig wells in the sand, until finally, happening to raise his eyes, he saw further down the shore a fishing-boat just making for shore.

"There's Harvey!" he cried gaily. "O Harvey, do take me to ride!" and started on a run for the boat.

Now, distances are very deceitful—along a level beach; and what seemed a little way to Dodo was really almost a mile. Still, he ran on as fast as his legs could go, calling out, "O Harvey!" or breaking into a sob now and then. But the boat reached the shore, two people disappeared up the beach, and no one saw little Dodo so far away, running and calling with all his might.

Quite crushed at this, the poor

child threw himself flat and burst into tears.

It did seem too cruel that Harvey would not notice his little brother, nor take him even one short ride when he wanted so much to go, and poor Dodo cried on and on in a slow, grieving way, until, utterly exhausted, he fell asleep.

A jutting ledge threw a long shadow, which gradually crept kindly above him, protecting his tear-stained face from the sun, and, happier now than when awake, he dreamed peacefully.

Meanwhile the swelling sea began its slow, upward journey—one step at a time, but every step so sure!—creeping directly to where the tired boy lay.

The afternoon wore on. Jennie had been twice to the beach, and, finally Mrs. Brady herself came down, almost wild with fright, but nothing could be seen of the missing boy. That thin ledge hid him completely from their longing eyes.

Harvey came home just at dusk, tired and hungry, but exulting in a big string of fish, and impatient for supper.

But nothing was further from their thoughts at the farm-house. Mr. Pierce and Jim were off on the search, and Mrs. Pierce and Jennie had their hands full with Mrs. Brady, who passed from one fainting fit to another with alarming rapidity. Harvey heard but a word or two of their disjointed sentences.

"Dodo lost on the beach?" he cried, and dashed away into the darkness.

O! how his heart reproached him then! Every word of that last cruel sentence came back, and he could see, as if it was before him, Dodo's supplicating face, and hear his plaintive, "O, do! Harvey, please do!" ringing in his ears.

The boy's sobs swelled forth something as his little brother's had done, as he, like him, ran along the beach, calling pitifully.

But no answer came. He noticed now how high the tide was, and his heart sank. O! that treacherous sea! Who could tell what dreadful secret it might hide!

At length he came to a thin ledge of rock, jutting now quite into the sea, though there was a wide path around it at low tide. Should he go any further?

"It is not likely he is beyond here," he thought; "I shouldn't think he would wander so far."

Still something seemed to say, "Go on!" So, quickly pulling off his shoes and stockings, he waded around the point. It was very dark down in its shadow, and the waters splashed dreamily. Harvey, steady himself by the wall of rock, waded up through the lapping waves, until he saw—was it a bunch of seaweed, or—? With a cry, he bounded forward. Curled up like a ball on the white sand lay Dodo, still fast asleep, and already the waves were licking his feet and playing with the hand that lay stretched out toward the sea!

Harvey caught him in his arms, and Dodo opened his eyes in wonder, to feel hot tears dropping on his face and to hear his brother whisper again and again, "Thank God! thank God!"

"What's the matter?" asked Dodo, sleepily; "I'm kind of cold, Harvey. Where are we? Did you get any fish?"

"Yes, Dodo; and next time you shall go, too," said Harvey, fervently, as he took the little fellow on his back, and hastened home to turn the grief at the farm-house into joy.

But Harvey cannot forget that sad day, and Dodo now thinks a better brother never lived than his own.—*The Conqueror's Herald.*

THE KITCHEN GOD.

Away off in Japan and China the children are early taught to worship the kitchen god, that is a paper picture god which is kept hanging over the kitchen stove, and it is the grandmother's place to teach the children to worship this picture. The god we saw of this kind was represented upon the outside cover of an almanac, and we were told that this god hangs behind the stove and sees and hears all that occurs in the family during the year, and at the end of the year he has a paper horse and a paper ladder made for him, and then with these he is quickly burned and ascends in the smoke to the spirit world, where he reports the doings of the family in which he has spent a year.

The poor, ignorant heathen, feeling and knowing that much has occurred during the stay of the god with them that they would like to keep concealed, make for him at the last a dish of molasses candy, and then he goes to the other world with his teeth so tightly locked that he cannot talk with ease, as he is supposed to be very fond of the candy.

Of course, all our dear children know that there is no reality in these things, but the poor heathen believe them and blindly worship their idols. And now in this connection we wish to tell you a story concerning a little Japanese girl and the kitchen god.

We do not remember the little girl's (to us) queer name, but the story is all true.

It happened that the child's dear brother was taken ill, and all feared that he would die.

The little sister prayed to the kitchen god daily and almost hourly to heal her brother, and she offered up her toys to bribe the god, and yet the brother continued very ill. Not knowing what more to do, the child complained to her grandmother and asked advice.

"I'll tell you what is the matter, dear child," replied the grandmother; "You have not given till you feel it. You must give till you feel it, and then the god will hear your prayer."

Then the little Japanese knelt down before the god and prayed: "O god, if you will make my brother well, I will not taste any salty taste to my food for a long time." By salty taste the child meant pickles and other highly seasoned food, for of these things the Japanese are very fond.

We can not tell you whether the brother recovered or not, but ask you if you do not pity a child who is taught in this idolatrous way? And also ask you if you do not think the grandmother's advice good for you?

Can not you do as well as a heathen child, and give to God till you feel it? That is, giving to your own self-denial.

The Lord has done much for the children in our great country, and it is well for them to bring their gifts to his sanctuary for the heathen and other benevolent objects, and to give to poorer children what they can spare from their abundance.

HOME HINTS.

Pare potatoes very thin. The glory of a potato is meanness, and much of the starch, or meal, lies next the skin—consequently is lost by slovenly paring.

Many cooks consider it a great improvement upon ordinary apple sauce which is to be served with roast goose or with pork, to rub it through a colander and then to beat it with a spoon until it is very light and almost like pulp.

Lunch or tea-cake made by this recipe is very good. One cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two cups of milk, two eggs, one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a good oven, and eat hot. This cake must be broken, not cut.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare some apples, cut them in quarters and lay them in a dish and let them cook in the oven till they are nearly done. Make a batter of a pint of milk, two eggs, a little salt, and flour enough to thicken and pour over the apples. Bake till the batter is done and eat the pudding hot with sauce.

SPICED BEEF.—Ten pounds round, placed in a large bowl or pan, rubbed twice a day on each side with a mixture made of one pound brown sugar, two ounces salt, one tablespoonful of pulverized saltpetre, one of pulverized allspice, one of cloves and a little pepper. This extracts juice; keep beef in it a week; boil slowly five hours; serve cold at lunch or tea.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 46.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM "PARTRIDGE," KINGS.)

A ofloshi moan si amlorous : ehs si mplei, dna ethwonk guhtno.

No. 47.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS.)

l-a-e-o-s-h-n-t-o-o-
w-o-e-o-s-t-e-o-d-
n-t-e-o-e-p-e-h-m
h-a-h-h-s-n-f-r-i-
o-n-n-e-i-a-e.

No. 48.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)

My whole is a precept given by Paul, and consists of 30 letters.

My 17, 27, 4, 24, 20 a disciple.

My 16, 9, 6, 3, 23, 29, 13, 30, 15 the wife of Aquila.

My 1, 22, 7, 19 a prophetic.

My 21, 2, 3, 12, 14, 10, 11 a man of extraordinary personal accomplishment.

My 28, 25, 23, 6, 8, 18, 20, 5, 4, 27 is a clamor.

My 26, 1 a note in music.

No. 49.—ENIGMA.

(FROM JENNIE WILLET, KINGS.)

In lime, hot in mortar;

In ice, not in water;

In fly, not in bee;

In you, not in me;

In hot, not in cold;

In fierce, not in bold;

In tea, not in milk;

In hat, not in silk;

In ear, not in hand;

In lover, not in man;

In Alice, not in Jennie;

In Ella, not in Kenney;

In large, not in small;

In whole, not in all;

In year, not in hour;

Whole, a garden flower.

No. 50.—QUERY.

(FROM HARRY COLWELL, INDIANTOWN.)

There is a word mentioned only once in the Bible. What is it, and where is it found?

No. 51.—ACROSTIC.

(FROM "AMERICA," HAMPSHIRE.)

An inorganic substance; a precious stone; part of a plant; a building; a prophet.

The initials form the name of one of the leaders of the Israelites.

No. 52.—HIDDEN-SCRIPTURE NAMES.

(FROM LOTTIE R. STEEVES, ST. JOHN.)

1. Thy righteousness is everlasting.
2. And thy law is the truth.
3. Lot the winter is passing.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 6.)

No. 27.—Daniel.

No. 28.—N

y o u

c o a c h

f a t h e r s

No. 29.—

"Pride goeth forth on horseback, grand and gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way."

No. 30.—Prov. xxix. 16.

No. 31.—Merodachbaladan.

No. 32.—G

T O M

T A L E S

G O L I A T H

M E A L Y

S T Y

C H A T.

THIS week we are pleased to add more new names to our COLUMN.

There are many more who should register their names with the others. Who'll be the next? There is room yet. Remember, we heartily welcome all to join in our ranks. Send puzzles, write pleasant words, etc. Dear young readers, through your interest is interest added to the COLUMN, and dull monotony relieved. "Partridge," Kings, our new contributor, sends us a number of excellent puzzles, one of which, an Anagram, we publish this issue. Thank you. Come anon. We are pleased to hear from "Autumn Leaf," Kings, again. Thank you for your nice batch of puzzles. We find room for your Drop-Letter this time.

"Marianne" has again visited us with her cheering words and some nice puzzles. Thank you for your untiring efforts. I hope others will take pattern by your labors, and send us new contributors. Jennie Willett's Enigma is a fine specimen. Master Harry Colwell, of Indiantown, sends us a number of puzzles which we gladly receive. Thanks, Master Harry. He correctly solves the puzzles in issues Nos. 5 and 6. We give Harry's Query this issue.

Come again soon. All our puzzle-loving friends will try to solve "America's" Acrostic. It is not too difficult. If you do not succeed at first, try again! The last is from our honored friend Lottie S. She sends a correct solution to issues Nos. 5 and 6. We are pleased to note your success in this work and elsewhere. Come again.

"Topsy," "Turvey," and "Ransacker," three new puzzle-workers from Kings, send us an excellent batch of puzzles in the one envelope. Thank you, young friends. Your puzzles are acceptable, as are the puzzles from all contributors, and will be published in due season. Come again soon, and bring some more. They correctly solve Nos. 27, 29 and 30. "America," Hampstead, Queens, has again visited us. This time he did not bring any puzzles; but correct solutions to "The Mystery" in issue No. 5, and Nos. 28, 29, 30, 31 and 32 in issue No. 6. Come again.

OUR LETTER BOX.

KINGS CO., Feb. 15, '86.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—Seeing your urgent invitations for puzzles and puzzle-workers, we, the undersigned, have, with the greatest of pleasure, prepared some puzzles for the COLUMN; and we have solved a few of the puzzles found in the INTELLIGENCER'S YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. Hoping you will give the enclosed your most careful perusal, and publish the puzzles sent, we remain,

Yours truly,
"Topsy," "Turvey,"
and "RANSACKER."

MASTER HARRY COLWELL says: "I like the COLUMN very much, and will try again if you like my work."

To T. T. R. HARRY, and all:—We certainly like your work, and will be pleased to have you contribute again. We appreciate the efforts of all our young friends, and accept all good original puzzles.—UNCLE NED.

What "America" Says.

HAMPSHIRE, Queens, Feb. 12th, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—Allow me to thank you for the prize Chromo which was duly received. I think it is very nice. I also think the COLUMN very interesting.

Yours, etc., "AMERICA."

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