

The Fireside.

BE STILL.

Be still, my soul! Jehovah loveth thee;
Fret not, nor murmur at thy weary lot;
Though dark and lonely thy journey seems
To be,
Be sure that thou art not by him forgot.
He ever loves; then trust him, trust him
still;
Let all thy care be this: the doing of his
will.

Thy hand in his, like fondest, happiest
child,
Hear, thou, nor draw it for a moment
thence!
Walk thou with him, a Father reconciled,
Till in his own good time he call thee
hence!
Walk with him now so shall thy way be
bright,
And all thy soul be filled with his most
glorious light.

Fight the good fight of faith, nor turn aside
Through fear of peril from earth or hell;
Take to thee now the armor proved and
tried,
Take to the spear and sword—O, wield
them well!
So shalt thou conquer here, so win the day,
So wear the crown when this hard life has
passed away.

Take courage! faint not, though the foe
be strong;
Christ is thy strength—he fighteth on
thy side;
Swift be thy race; remember, 'tis not long—
The goal is near; the prize he will pro-
vide;
And then from earthly toil thou restest
ever,
Thy home on the fair banks of life's eternal
river.

He comes with his reward; 'tis just at
hand;
He comes in glory to his promised throne.
My soul, rejoice! ere long thy feet shall
stand
Within the city of the Blessed One,
Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,
Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy forever
sure.

—Horatius Bonar, D. D.

YE KEN THE BIG PUMP?

Three men stood leaning against
some bales of wool in a spacious
warehouse. One had a sheet of
paper in his hand, on which he was
trying to write with a huge pencil.
"You won't get any good that
way, Tom," said another. "Pend
upon it, I'm right—take the paper
to Mr. Locker, and ask him to set it
going, and he'll top it with summat
for the company."

The third man assented to this;
so he with the paper slowly folded
it up, and went in search of Mr.
Locker.

Mr. Locker was the foreman of
that particular department of the
business, and the man—Ned Duf-
ferin by name—found him in his
counting-house, at the extreme end
of the warehouse. Dufferin found
Mr. Locker, as usual, at his desk—
the only furniture except the stool,
in the office, unless we count the
bill files with which the four walls
bristled all over.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, when
the man knocked, apparently not in
a mood for interruption.
"It is just to say, sir," answered
Dufferin, "that McGregor died this
morning."

"Oh indeed," said Mr. Locker,
continuing to write. "I'm sorry
for it, we shall miss him very much;
he was a good, steady workman; it
must have been very sudden, but I
was told last night that he couldn't
recover. We must look out im-
mediately for another hand," he
said, seeing that Dufferin did not
go. "You won't mind doing a
little extra till we find one?"

"I warn't thinking about that,
sir," said Dufferin, respectfully.
"He've left a wife and six children,
and we've been talking it over about
getting up a bit of a paper for them.
We'll do what we can ourselves, but
it's little we've got to give, and we
thought if the company would help
a bit first, it would be a comfort to
the poor widow."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Locker, some-
what impatiently. "I'm busy now,
but I'll represent it to the com-
pany."

Dufferin still stood with his hand
on the doorway.
"Well," said Mr. Locker, "what
else?"

"Why, you see, sir, the eldest of
the children is a sizeable boy, and
you said one day as Dick Dacey
wasn't enough, and as we'd better
have another, so we was saying
perhaps you'd take Rob McGregor?"

"To match Dick Dacey, I sup-
pose," said Mr. Locker, sharply.
"One young scamp of the kind is
enough—he's always in mischief
and never at work."

"Maybe he'll improve, sir," said
Dufferin. "Anyhow, Rob's not that
kind for his father was wonder-
ful pious, and brought him up in
the best of ways."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Locker,
"where do they live? I'll see about
it."

Dufferin gave him full directions,
and knowing Mr. Locker always did
more than he said, left the office well
satisfied with what had passed.

That evening Mr. Locker hunted
out the abode of poor McGregor.
He found the widow so stunned by
her loss as to be scarcely sensible of
what its effects would be, and ap-
parently indifferent to the help he
proffered.

In the corner sat a strange-look-
ing boy, nursing a baby—his arms
too long for his sleeves, and his legs
too long for his trousers.
"Is that your son Rob?" said Mr.
Locker.

"Yes, sir," said the woman, who
was English. "I have four besides
him and the baby."

"Do you think you could do the
work of an errand-boy at the ware-
house?" said Mr. Locker to him.
"I dinna ken the work, but I'll
do my best," he answered with an
anxious look.

"Well, I suppose you know some-
thing about work. What did your
father teach you?" asked Mr. Locker
again.

Rob's eyes filled with tears, and
he answered with emotion, "To fear
God, and help my mother."

"Well, well," said Mr. Locker,
affected by the answer. "If you
do that, you will soon learn the
rest; you may come to the ware-
house when the week begins." Then,
with a liberal gift to the widow he
took his departure.

The men were glad to see poor
McGregor's son among them, for he
had been much liked, and his mem-
ory was respected, though that
which had won their regard and re-
spect was but little understood by
some of them—his deep practical
piety.

Young Dick Dacey was exceed-
ingly glad of a companion, but soon
saw no end of his hopes of one to
join him in his schemes of idleness
and mischief in Rob's steady habits.

So soon assumes a grown-up
character in the young if indulged;
and Dick got into the habit of steal-
ing whatever came in his way. The
workmen lost their tools, small pieces
of machinery disappeared, articles of
clothing vanished, and at last a
leather purse, belonging to Dufferin,
containing his week's wages, and
which he had only put down for a
minute while he returned to speak
to Mr. Locker, was taken.

Strange to say, notwithstanding
Rob's uniform good conduct, steady-
ness, and industry, he was not a
favorite among the workmen—he
passed for a "pious," his shyness
and reserve preventing them from
knowing whether he had any
thoughts at all, or what they were
like. Dick, on the contrary, by his
amusing ways, lively chatter, and
spirit, took their fancy, and he was
mean enough to make Rob, who was
often obliged to do his work in his
absence and who often suffered
silently for his faults, unjustly laid
to him, the butt of his ridicule.

Rob felt this, and felt it much,
and would wonder why they should
be so hard upon him; but his father
had told him that if he kept a con-
science void of offence toward God
and man, he need never fear any
harm. And as his heart was un-
conscious of any bitter feeling to-
ward his persecutors, he would feel
a greater longing to get home that
he might read in his father's Bible,
or wish it was Sunday again, that
he might hear the sermon, in which
he always picked up something for
his comfort, and was encouraged in
well-doing.

Rob talked so little, and listened
so little, that he knew next to
nothing of what had been going on
around him, so he was much sur-
prised when he was called up to ex-
amination before a sort of court-
martial among the men. When he
heard what he was suspected of, he
looked in blank astonishment. "Ye
canna think I did it?" the boy said,
his face trembling with agitation.

"Well, here it is," said Dufferin.
"It lies between you and Dick—
one of you it is. Now we've heard
tell that Dick goes out of nights; he
can't do that without your know-
ing it."

Rob looked straight forward and
did not speak.

"Does he go out at nights?" asked
one of the men.

"Canna ye ask Dick?" said Rob.

"Pretty sharp for a spongy!" said
one of the men.

At length being exceedingly tired
with their endless questions, he said
in reply to one—

"Well, ye ken the iron gate!"

"Yes," said the chief examiner,
with animation, while all the men
looked excited, as though the revela-
tion were coming.

"And ye ken Stockwell street?"

"Oh yes, to be sure."

"And ye ken the street that leads
out of that?" "Oh, yes."

"Well, ye ken the big pump at
the corner of that street?" "To be
sure, to be sure," said two or three
voices.

"Well, you may go and pump it
as much as you like, but you'll no
pump me?"

This unexpected finish completely
turned the tables upon his chief ex-
aminer, and produced a shout of
merriment, which came to the ears
of Mr. Locker. When he heard
Rob's story, he said—

"I hope you are satisfied, my men,
as I am, that Rob is no more of a
thief than he is of a spongy. I have
had my eye on him a long time, but
to-day's discovery of his integrity
and his shrewdness have gone fur-
ther still to convince me that he'll
hold up his head through life, and
bring honour to his father's name,
and comfort to his mother."

It need hardly be said that the
confession of Dick, which was drawn
out afterwards, was not wanted to

establish Rob's character, and that
Mr. Locker's prediction concerning
him was abundantly fulfilled.

A LOOKING-GLASS STORY.

When Nellie was a little girl, not
quite three years old, she was play-
ing quietly one morning up-stairs,
all by herself. By chance she hap-
pened to notice a chair standing
near the dressing-case.

"I'll get upon the chair and see
the pretty things," thought Nellie.
It was only the work of a moment
for her to climb the chair. But
what attracted her attention before
the toilet articles was the looking-
glass and the face it reflected. Nellie
opened her eyes wide at seeing the
little girl before her. And a very
pretty little girl it was, too, with
beautiful brown, curly hair, large
blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Nellie looked closely at the little
girl for a few moments, and the
little girl looked at Nellie. Then
Nellie happened to pucker her mouth
a little, and the little girl in the
glass did the same.

"The little girl is making faces
at me," thought Nellie. "I'll make
a worse face at her." And Nellie
screwed up her little mouth in the
most unbecoming manner possible;
and the little girl in the glass made
as ugly a face back.

But, though she tried again and
again, Nellie could not compel the
girl in the glass to look pleasant by
making faces at her. She would al-
ways make as ugly a face back at
Nellie as Nellie could possibly make
at her. "You naughty, bad girl, to
keep making faces at me. I am
going straight down-stairs, and will
tell my grandmother about you."

So Nellie left the chair and hur-
ried down-stairs, running so fast that
she fell over the cat that was sleep-
ing near the sitting-room door.

But, as she was not much hurt, and
being very much excited, she picked
her little self up and cried, "O
grandma, there is a naughty, bad
girl up-stairs making faces at me;
do come up-stairs, grandma, and
scold her good."

"I guess you are mistaken,
child," said grandma.

"Oh, no, I am not, grandma! do
come quick."

So nothing would do but grandma
must leave her work and go up-stairs
with the child.

"Where is she?" asked grandma,
as soon as they had reached the
room.

"Right here," said Nellie, as she
climbed upon the chair before the
glass.

"Why, Nellie," said grandma, "it
is only yourself. It is only the re-
flection of your own little face in the
glass. Who made the first face,
child, you or the naughty girl?"

"Why, I most forger, grandma;
but I guess I did," said Nellie, hon-
estly.

"Well, I guess you did," replied
grandma, laughing heartily. "Now,
dear, you smile at the little girl and
see if she will not smile at you in
return."

"Oh, yes, grandma! see, she is
smiling. Oh, you sweet little girl!"
cried Nellie, perfectly delighted with
the pretty face that now smiled so
sweetly at her.

Nellie is a woman now, and her
dear grandma has long since gone to
rest, but she still finds the principles
of her looking-glass mistake to run
all through her life.

The world is like a looking-glass;
frown at it, and it will frown at you;
smile at it, and it will give you
smiles in return.—Selected.

HOME HINTS.

The most effectual remedy for
slimy and greasy drain pipes is cop-
pers dissolved and left to work
gradually through the pipes.

Occupations of every kind require
to be alternated with rest and re-
creation, in order to secure the best
and most effective work.

Unclean clothes are unhealthy
clothes, for long worn, the clothing
becomes saturated with excretions
from the body, and acts like a poison
bath.

Young Folks' Column.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We specially request all our friends to
send us Puzzles, Solutions, &c., for this
Column.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 39.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM "JOE," GREENWICH, KINGS CO.)
F-r-e-u-f-r-o-l-
g-a-l-o-i-g-e-y-u-
s-l-e-r-r-w-s-

No. 40.—PI PROVERB.
(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)
Eh hatt si wola ot ganre is terbet
sant het gimthy; nad he atth uerthl
ish rispiat tahn he atth katted a tiy.

No. 41.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(FROM HARRY McDONALD, SUSSEX.)
Vry wrd f Gd s pr: h s—shld nt
thm tht pt thr trst n hm.

No. 42.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)
My whole, the name of a prophet,
consists of 9 letters.

My 2, 1, 6, 5 was a priest;
My 3, 9, 8, 7, 6 is a seat;
My 4, 5, 6, 2 is an animal.

No. 43.—BURNED BIBLE ANIMAL.
(FROM CLARA L. McLEOD, WOODSTOCK.)

1. The schools of Oxford are grow-
ing rapidly.
2. A peach is better than a plum.
3. It will be arranged very soon.
4. Hannah, are you going?

No. 44.—ENIGMA.
(FROM "BLAINE," QUEENS.)

In island, not in lake;
In sand, not in rock;
In river, not in bay;
In plain, not in hill;
In valley, not in brook;
In land, not in sea.

My whole is a place oft referred to
in the Bible.

No. 45.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.
(Mountains of the Bible.)
(FROM CLARA L. McLEOD, WOODSTOCK.)

1. 56 + toe. 4. 2 + nas.
2. 1150 + are. 5. 551 + ago.
3. 51 + a bog. 6. 1001 + hoar.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 5.)

No. 21.—"Wisdom is better than
weapons of war, but one sinner destroy-
eth much good."

No. 22.—"The fool hath said in his
heart there is no God."

No. 23.—St. John iv. 22.

No. 24.—Osprey, owl, kite.

No. 25.—a l i t a r
l e a v e
t a k e n
a v e r t
r e n t a

No. 26.—Deuteronomy.

CHAT.

ANNIE E. D., Providence, R. I.,
sends us the following for the YOUNG
FOLKS' COLUMN:

"GOD GIVE; I GIVE."—A gentle-
man went to see a family that were
very, very poor. He sent them food
and what was as good, he
showed them his pleasant face.

"This is boof!" cried the little
boy, warming his cold hands by the
stove.

"Are you a man come from God?"
asked the child.

"Yes," he said. "God sent me."

"And when you go back, tell him
I see so glad. Tell him thanks ever so
many times."

"Now I see warm, I think of Pete
and Lizzie," continued he. "Maybe
I see take them some of my wood God
give us."

"Maybe not!" said his father
gruffly.

"Daddy," said the child, "God
give; I give. God good; I be like
him. So!"

The child had been a few times to a
Mission Sabbath-school, and there a
few little seeds of divine truth dropped
into his heart.

I wonder if we, according to our
light, are up to this little child?

"PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.—Thank
you for your nice batch of puzzles. We
recognize in you a former contributor.
You have correctly solved Nos. 16, 17,
18, 19 (3 and 4), 20, 21, 22, 23 and 26.
Write us often.

JESSIE B. SHARP, Kings.—You have
given a correct solution to Nos. 21 and
23. Write again and bring some
puzzles.

"JOE," GREENWICH, KINGS.—Thank
you for the puzzle. Send us more, and
more solutions. Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13,
14, 16, 17, 18, 19—3 and 4,—and 20
were correctly answered.

OUR LETTER BOX.

"Joe" Speaks.

GREENWICH, KINGS CO.,

Jan. 29th, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I write to tell
you how much I love the YOUNG
FOLKS' COLUMN. I have been trying
to solve the Mysteries for over a year,
but I never sent any solutions before.
When the paper arrives, the first thing
I look at is the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.
I get anxious for the mail day. Wish-
ing every success for the COLUMN,
I remain, your nephew,
"JOE."

A Puzzle.

CANNING, N. S.,

Feb. 1st, '86.

DEAR UNCLE NEDDIE,—I have a
puzzle that is not exactly Scriptural,
but which I would like to have pub-
lished in our "Column." It is this:
"How many Kings were crowned in
England?" Your niece,
"PRAIRIE."

CLARA L. McLEOD says: I am very
much interested in the YOUNG FOLKS'
COLUMN.

Epps Cocoa.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the nat-
ural laws which govern the operations of
digestion and nutrition, and by a careful
application of the fine properties of well-
selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our
breakfast tables with a delicately flavored
beverage which may save us many heavy
doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of
such articles of diet that a constitution
may be gradually built up until strong
enough to resist every tendency to disease.
Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating
around us ready to attack wherever there is
a weak point. We may escape many a
fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well forti-
fied with pure blood and a properly nour-
ished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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MERINO HOSE—Plain and Ribbed, 5
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It is also better twisted and more care-
fully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7
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much more easy to wind than when it is
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them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards
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in proportion to the number of ends in
width.

We have put more twist into this warp
than formerly had,