

THE BABY.

Another little wave upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save amid its toil and strife.
Two more little feet to walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad.
Two more little hands to work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes, another little will.
Another heart to love, receiving love again;
And so the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

A BOY'S HYMN.

"Just as I am," think one to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.
In the glad morning of my day;
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore, to thee I come.
"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.
With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.
And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

The Fireside.

TOM'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.
BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

Pat was digging with all his might in the garden. Tom and Dot looked on, in absorbed interest, while spadefuls of fresh earth whirled over and over, and little stones and curious, wriggling worms appeared. What a fascinating place is a garden in the warm spring days, when the sweet air is loaded with all manner of delightful scents from every growing thing! Dot's mouth was wide open, as its custom was when perfect happiness possessed her, and she had never a word to say; but Tom threw stones over the wall, caught a big black spider between two sticks, and stepped directly under the lifted spade, until Pat's patience gave out, and he sharply ordered them both away. Pat was never very patient; perhaps it was, as he said, because he had so much to do, he'd no mind for manners, but I fear a small black bottle near his dinner pail had something to do with his cross words now and then; at any rate, the children always knew when he would not bear with their tricks, and left without any protest, unless the grievous pout that quite put out Dot's dimples could be considered one. "I isn't done nuffing," he scolded Tom, on the way to the grape arbor, where they meant to fix such a fine play-house before noon. "You're boddled yourself, wis dat spider, and now I can't see de wums." For worms were Dot's delight. Tom was not pleased; he was six years old, or would be if he lived till next Christmas, and he was the middle of April now, and he did not think a boy in knickerbockers ought to be ordered about like one who still wore petticoats. But Pat's face was not pleasant, and Tom made up his mind to swallow his wrath for the present, and sat down on the bench which ran round the grape arbor, with a bounce that sent his red stockings flying up into the air. Dot climbed up beside him, and they swung their legs to and fro in the sunshine, while Tom whistled vain attempts at a tune. Under the bench lay a tin pail and a black bottle, also Pat's pipe, ready to light when he should stop work for his "nooning." Tom gave the bottle a little push with the toe of his shoe. A bright idea suddenly popped into his head, and he looked about him to see that Pat was not watching. Then that bottle was uncorked, and Tom took a sniff, from which he started back in horror. "Oh! oh! that do smell awful!" he observed to Dot, and straightway ran out of the arbor on the side opposite Pat, and emptied the whole thing into a heap of last year's pea brush. Then he came back, rather frightened at what he had done, but boldly declaring to astounded Dot that papa said all the "whiskey in the world ought to be frowed away," only last night. "But you stoled it, and you're a fief," said honest Dot. "No, I'm a Son of Temperance, and that'll pay Pat up for not letting us stay there, and make him temperance, too. Now you see! But I guess I don't want to play out here any more. I guess I'd rather go see where papa and mama are." And the young disciple of temperance walked off toward the house, with Dot close at his heels. Curiously enough, when they ran in and took off their hats, not a word was said by either of the confiscation scene. Noon came, and the steam whistles blew, and Pat sat down to eat his dinner. What made that accustomed black bottle fly so lightly

up in his hand? And was the whiskey bewitched that it had all flown out and away? The bottle was tightly corked, just as he had left it, and Pat never once thought of those "young torments," but made up his mind that the bottle must have been bewitched "for a warning." He had been altogether too fond of that little flask lately, and Nora, at home, had tears in her eyes as she went about her work in the long mornings after he had gone off, cross and sullen, from his night's debauch. And although Pat did not work very fast that afternoon, for lack of his dram, he kept up a thinking which lasted far into the sleepless night. Not any more whiskey unless he went off to the village store; and Nora looked so tired, and would have to be alone so long if he should go, that somehow Pat dragged through the night and started for his work again without it.

Tom, also, had his time of considering matters in the night season, and finally concluded to discuss this novel temperance question with papa, who wore a blue ribbon and must surely know what was proper. Papa looked rather astonished and as if he were going to laugh at some excellent joke, at first, then remarked that even at six a boy could not govern the whole country. "But couldn't I smash just one bottle? And it did smell so!"

"Oh, so horrid!" echoed Dot, fearful that Tom would be blamed. Papa seemed not to know quite what he did want to say; finally he looked at his watch, and told Tom to come to him five minutes before the dinner bell rang, to do an errand.

The morning seemed a very long one to Tom, who was a little afraid papa meant to make him go and give Pat some more whiskey; to little Dot, who had overheard nurse condoling with the cook on poor Nora's sad lot; and to Pat himself, feeling irritable enough for lack of his beloved stimulant.

At the first stroke of twelve, Tom's cap was on, also Dot's sun-bonnet, and papa came from the kitchen with a tightly-covered tin pail. "For Pat," he said, briefly. "Oh, papa, have I got to tell him?" cried Tom.

"Tell him," said papa walking off, "that the cook sends him some nice hot coffee for his dinner."

Four small feet pattered happily down the garden path; four chubby hands guarded that precious pail; and Pat actually brightened up as he drank the coffee, and said, "Thank yez, honey," quite as he used to long ago, before that new store was opened on the village street. Every day after that the pail of hot coffee went to the garden; Nora's eyes grew bright again, and Pat whistled and sang at his work.

It was a long time before Tom knew whether he had done a creditable thing, or a very foolish one; indeed, there were little Toms and Dots playing in the arbor before his riddle was read for him by gray-headed Pat, who one day confessed to the warning; he had, which set him straight again, and broke off abruptly that dreadful downward course which slides so easily along. This actually happened, many years ago.—*Zion's Herald.*

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one too whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she said about children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at the moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady. "Children as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping-cough and measles in physical life, and if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be too much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who can not understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put cap on nail and books on shelf, as an orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own gentle self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a great deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be always censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have a home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-grown plants.—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

HOME HINTS.

For sleeve protectors, cut off the feet of worn out stockings, turn down a hem, run in a rubber chord, top and bottom, and you have a nice pair of sleeve protectors.

Paint brushes may be cleaned perfectly by putting them into soft soap for a day or two, when the paint may be washed out. Care should be taken that the soap does not extend up over where the bristles are fastened as it will cause them to fall out.

Felons may be cured or prevented if on first feeling them you will bathe the parts affected with tincture of lobelia; or, as soon as you are aware you have one, procure several lemons, cut a small hole in the end of one, and keep it there until the lemon ceases to draw, then apply another, and so on till the pain is relieved.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 142.—SQUARE WORD.
(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)
To change; to quit; received; a circumstance; leases.

No. 143.—PYRAMID PUZZLE.
(FROM "RANSACKER," KINGS.)
A consonant; an animal; for knitting; a country in Asia.
The centrals, read downwards, name a vehicle.

No. 144.—PI PROVERB.
(FROM "TOPSY," KINGS.)
Eth trohn wndi vierhtd yawa nrai ethdo na raygn natuneonec a cibnigbka nuegto.

No. 145.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(FROM W. S. LEWIN, BENTON.)
* A consonant.
* A juice.
* * * * * What all may be.
* * * * * A vegetable.
* A letter.

No. 146.—DROP-VOVLE PUZZLE.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.)
Pc lv with y m pcv nt y; nt a th wrld gth, gv nt y. Lt nt yr hrt b trbid, nthr lt it b ftd.

No. 147.—PI.
(FROM JENNIE WILLETT, KINGS.)
Rfo odg os volde het dwolrhateth evga ihs yohn tebonge onstath erwovshetlebevh ni mih hsdolu tonshiper tub ahevree stagniffie.

No. 148.—ENIGMATICAL REBUS.
(FROM "MINA," KINGS.)
P 50 2 1 s 5 r 2 s 1 r 2 50 1 k 2 p 4 pp 3 2 s spr 2 1 d, 735 s 2 3 x 2 th 2 f 5 w 2 r 3 t s b 50 4 m 3 s sh 2 d; 4 r 50 3 k 2 th 2 an 4 w f 1 100 3 n th 2 r 3 v 2 r, 1 m 4 m 2 nt wh 3 t 2 th 2 n m 21 50 t f 4 r 2 v 2 r.

No. 149.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "VAN," YORK.)
My whole is an exhortation by St. Paul.

My 9, 4, 21, 12, 15, 23, 17 was a noted king of Israel;
My 6, 2, 8, 11, 7, 3, 14, 9, 11 is a Jewish feast-day;
My 28, 20, 26, 18, 22, 4, 24, 10, 19, 25, 18, 1 is a flower;
My 5, 13, 16, 27 is the ocean.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 19.)
No. 124.—E—tha—M
L—ydi—A
I—bza—N
S—hapta—T
H—ille—L
A—bilen—E
ELISHA. MANTLE.

No. 125.—P A U L
T R I O
N O D E
N E B O

No. 126.—Olive, cinnamon, cedar, almu, hemlock, shittim-wood.

No. 127.—The fish that swallowed Jonah.

No. 128.—The Roman Numerals—L, V, X, L, C, D, M.

No. 129.—(1) David. By Shimei. See 2 Samuel xvii. 5-14. (2) See Joshua xii. 7-24.

CHAT.

"IVY LEAF," North Head, Grand Manan, will please accept our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles and kind words. Nos. 112, 113, 114, 116, 117, 120, 121, 122 and 123 (partly) are correctly explained. Come again under your appropriate pseudonym.
Geo. N. BREWER, San Francisco, Cal., U. S., greets you from the other side of our large continent. We are indeed pleased to hear from an INTELLIGENCER reader from so many miles distant, and hope that in the near future we will hear from more of our friends at a distance. George correctly

explains No. 110 (2), 112, 116, 117; and also sends us a puzzle. Thank you. Write again ere long.

HERBERT DAGGETT, Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, writes us again, sending correct solutions to Nos. 111 and 112.

"BLAKE," our old friend from Queens, sends us an excellent batch of puzzles, for which he has our thanks.

"AMERICA," our esteemed Queen's County correspondent, sends correct answers to all the puzzles in April 28th, and five published in May 5th. Thanks for puzzle.

"VAN," York, has our kindest regards for the interest which he takes in our COLUMN. Thank you for puzzles. Of No. 16, six are correct; No. 17, six, and No. 18, five. Others were received and credited.

EDGAR DRAKE, Grand Harbour, Grand Manan, solves No. 113, and sends two puzzles. Thanks.

MARTHA COLWELL, Nortondale, correctly explains 7½ puzzles in "Mystery" of 28th April, and 5 of May 5th. Thank you for the puzzles.

"ROSE," Hampstead, correctly answers Nos. 120 to 123, and sends us two puzzles, which we will find room for soon. Thanks.

"CORNWALLIS," Canning, N. S., will please accept our thanks for nice puzzles, etc.

"SALVATION ARMY," Grafton, sends correct explanations to 5 puzzles each, in issues Nos. 18 and 19.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, has 5 in May 5th right.

HELEN R., St. John, has forwarded correct answers to 5 puzzles in "The Mystery" of May 5th, and 5 in May 12th. If she will refer to the INTELLIGENCER of April 21st, she will see that she is credited with 9 puzzles of issue No. 14. Persevere! Thank you for the puzzles.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to No. 16 have been received, from "Van," 6. To No. 17—H. Daggett, 2; M. Colwell, 7½; "America," 8; "Van," 6. To No. 18—"America," 5; "Van," 5; M. Colwell, 5; "Salvation Army," 5; "Pug Nose," 5; Helen R., 5. Correct answers to No. 19 have been received, from "Salvation Army," 5; Helen R., 5.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Words from the Island.

GRAND MANAN, May 8, 1886.
Dear Uncle Ned,—I have taken an interest in the Y. F. C. for some time, and I thought I would send you some answers and some puzzles. Wishing you every success, I remain, your niece,
"IVY LEAF."

"Blake's" Oration.

HAMPSTEAD, May 8, 1886.
Uncle Ned,—As it has been some time since I visited the Y. F. C., I take this opportunity of doing so again by the way of supplying you with a few puzzles. If you think them worthy of insertion, I will be pleased to visit you some future time. Wishing you every success, I am yours, &c.,
"BLAKE."

From N. S.

CANNING, N. S.
Dear Uncle Ned,—I am sorry to say that I cannot send answers to the puzzles in the INTELLIGENCER for a while, as I am quite busy in school; but I will try and send a few more puzzles. I remain your loving niece,
"CORNWALLIS."

Another Hearty Salute.

GRAFTON, N. B., May 15, 1886.
Dear Uncle Ned,—I enclose you some more solutions to puzzles. Though more busy now, and go to church on Sunday evenings, and consequently less time to hunt out puzzle solutions, yet the interest is not abated, but increased. I write for another paper in a different line. We are not conceited. I am going to send you a marked copy, and let you judge for yourself of the writing.
Your young and loving
"SALVATION ARMY."

[Will be pleased to receive marked copy of the paper to which you contribute.—UNCLE NED.]

From the Metropolis.

St. John, May, 1886.
Dear Uncle Ned,—I am glad to see so many new contributors. I want the COLUMN to be a success, and will try to help all I can.
HELEN R.

Words from "Frisco."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 15, '86.
Dear Sir,—I have taken quite an interest in late in your Puzzle Department in the INTELLIGENCER, so I thought I would try to solve some puzzles. I remain, yours sincerely,
Geo.

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