

The Fireside.

PATIENCE.

(Suggested by the words that a child used to explain the meaning of "Patience.")

"Bide a wee, and dinna weary"
Sweetly sound those words to me.
Let your spirit eye be cheery,
Thinking of the joys to be.
"Bide a wee and dinna weary."
Though the waiting time be long;
Heaven's days are never dreary,
Never ends its joyous song.

Count earth's troubles "light afflictions,"
Since they are but for a day;
They may gain you benedictions
That will never pass away.
Having hope so full of glory,
Wherefore is your soul cast down?
For the joy that's set before you
Bear the cross and win the crown.

Never let your thoughts be dreary—
Think of what's laid up for thee:
Oh, be sure you "dinna weary."
Though you have to "bide a wee,"
With each grief this heart is blest,
Taking half its pain away—
Soon our sorrows will be ended
And our joys endure for aye.
—*Marian Bernheim, in Oh, Leader.*

RABBIT-SNARES AND MISSIONS.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

"Say, Ed, I've a good mind to give 'em my fifty cents. Would ye?"

An astonished stare was the only response. After a moment the question was repeated with more earnestness.

"Say, Ed, would ye?"

"You kin if you want to, but you don't ketch me bein' such a softy."

"But, Ed, think of boys like you an' me not knowin' who made 'em an' the world, an' everything; that never heard about Jesus, an' Adam, an' Enoch, an' Ligy, an' all the rest of 'em."

"Hump! suppose they don't, what of it? They've got all the rice they can eat (Ed was particularly fond of rice) an' pine-apple, an' dates, an' coco-nuts, and lots of other nice things that we haint."

"But, Ed, they don't know any Sunday, an' they lie, an' steal, an' swear, an' so do their fathers, an' mothers. My fifty cents would buy 'em a Bible, that would tell 'em they mustn't do such wicked things."

"Hush! you needn't go to India to find folks an' boys that do that, and they kin go to meeting every Sunday if they want to. I do no but them heathen is just as well off as we be. I don't think there's much fun in havin' to dress up, an' squeezi' your stone bruises into tight shoes, an' havin' your neck sawed all day with a collar starched stiffer 'n time. I'd as lives skip a hull year of Sundays, as not, if—"

"But, Ed, Deacon Sprague's goin' to pass the box. Say, would ye?" and the eager, trembling finger sought a hidden pocket inside the rough, homespun coat as the deacon and box drew near.

"You may do as you like, Bert, but you'll be a big goose if you do. Its too mighty hard earnin' fifty cents, snarin' rabbits at three cents a piece, to give it away like that, no knowin' where. But there Bert, in a softer tone seeing tears in his brother's eyes, "your money's your own, give it if you want to so bad."

Over the heads of the boys went the contribution box with its burden of cents, its few dimes, and its fewer half dollars. Deacon Sprague "took no stock in missions one way or t'other" and was apt to judge others by his own standard, consequently he presented his box as if mere trifles were expected from the parents, and certainly nothing from the children. So on he went with no knowledge of the little fluttering heart, throbbing with genuine pity for the benighted children of heathen lands, of whom it had heard for the first time, and for whom it was willing to sacrifice its all.

Bert and Ed Hunter were brothers—farmer's boys. They had ridden three miles with a neighbor's family to attend the first missionary meeting ever held in the old church among the pines. A returned missionary, while seeking his much needed rest, was still at work for his beloved cause, by trying to create an interest, where none existed, in out of the way churches. Bert had listened with almost breathless attention for an hour to the pitiful tale of ignorance and degradation till as we have seen, his whole soul was stirred within him; and like the widow of old he was ready to cast in all that he had. It meant sacrifice too.

The tears that had touched Ed's heart, dropped down upon the coarse sleeve, and were followed by others as the deacon took his seat. "There, never mind, Bert," he whispered softly, "you kin give it some other time just as well. Deacon Sprague's so stingy himself, of course he wouldn't expect 'us boys to give anything.' Don't feel bad over it. The meeting was closed, the few scattered listeners were silently leaving the church, and the deacon, who was also sexton, was already extinguishing the candles; Ed had

seized his hat and had hurried off, but still Bert lingered. At last, summoning all his courage he stepped up to the missionary who was counting the contents of the box, and in a trembling voice said:—Please, sir, will you take this? It's all I've got, but perhaps you can buy a Bible for some of 'em boys you've been tellin' about?"

"Why, the Lord bless you, my little man. What's your name? and how old are you?" exclaimed the missionary, forgetting the number of cents in his last pile.

"I'm Bert Hunter, an' I'm 'leven goin' on twelve."

"Come here, my boy," and the gentleman sat down, taking Bert between his knees, and holding each hand in his own. "Now I want you to tell me all about yourself; how you earned this half dollar, and what you intended doing with it?"

Boys in the country seldom have money in their pockets, and when they do they usually know just how they will spend it. You must pardon my asking those personal questions, but when I find a boy with a soul like yours, I want to know all about that boy. How did you obtain this money, my little man?"

Bert forgot his usual diffidence in the presence of strangers, and looking up trustingly into the dark eyes of his friend, replied: "My brother Ed and me snare rabbits, an' when we get a lot, father takes 'em to the city an' sells 'em for us. I got the money I give you that way, sir."

"Very good. I felt almost sure you had earned it. And have you always intended giving it to help the children over in India?"

"Oh! no sir," was the quick reply. "I've been savin' it all along to buy me a jack-knife. One of them kind that has so many things in the handle. My cousin from the city has one, and when he was here last summer he said he would get me one for fifty cents, 'cause his father keeps 'em in the store, but they cost more, I guess. But when you told about them folks that don't know anythin' about Jesus, I felt as if I didn't want that knife now."

"And so you are willing to give up your knife that the heathen boys may have a Bible? Do you know I believe you will be a missionary yourself some day, and go and tell those poor, ignorant creatures about Jesus and His love."

"Oh! could I?" and the honest, childish face was aglow in an instant.

"There, I am sure of it now, that look convinces me. God bless you! I wish I more frequently found such stuff as you are made of. There would then be no lack of help in that far away land. You are eleven, if God spares me, you will be twenty-two, I fifty-seven, and if in the next eleven years my work is to be as hard (and I have no wish to the contrary) as it has been in the past, I shall need to return home for another rest. Shall I take you back with me, my boy? Yes, I see my answer in your eyes. To-morrow I leave your town, next month I sail for India. I shall treasure your money sacredly, and when at work again in the old scene shall purchase Bibles with it—for I can get more than one—and distribute among the boys, telling them of the brave little fellow across the ocean who sacrificed a wonderful knife that they might know and love Jesus."

A cough from the impatient deacon brought the missionary face to face with the fact that it was growing late, and he had fully three miles to ride ere he reached the deacon's home, his present destination, and to Bert the startling consciousness that, with the exception of the two men before him, everybody had gone, and that he had all the distance to walk through the darkness alone.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the missionary said, addressing Deacon Sprague, "I quite forgot you were waiting for me. We will go directly. I obtain this little hero's address. I must write you, Bert. Remember, you are to study hard, learn all you can, and when you become a man, you must come over and help us." The three were moving down the aisle now, and as they stood upon the platform while the sexton locked the doors, the deacon spoke for the first time to Bert. "Folks ain't here to-night. Be they?"

"No, sir," Bert replied, "Ed an' me come with Mr. Jewett's, but I guess they're all gone an' left me." "Guess we'll manage to find room for you with us. Bears is thick they say, an' it'll be hardly safe for you to foot it alone," returned the deacon, disappearing round the corner of the church to unhitch his horse.

The next morning when Bert looked out of the window he noticed there had been a light fall of snow in the night. "There won't be much trouble to find rabbit tracks this morning, I'm off before breakfast," he said to himself, seizing his hat and hurrying out into the cold, frosty air. Across a field, over a stone wall, across the corner of

another field, into a grove of tall, straight, beautiful "hard wood" trees, and Bert was near his snares. "Hello!" he exclaimed, his thoughts coming back suddenly from the mission to India, to his two rabbit traps just before him, and evidently leading straight to his snares. "Two rabbits I bet. There'll be six cents, any way, towards my next fifty." On he bounded, over fallen logs, through clinging branches, which sent merry showers of snow down into his face, past the sugar camp, his eyes fixed upon the tracks before him.

"Yes," he exclaimed joyfully, "I've got 'em sure. No, oh bother, they changed their minds just as they got to the spot." For just here the rabbits evidently decided that each would "gang his own gait," for the tracks took opposite directions.

The disappointed Bert was tempted to return to his breakfast without even looking at his snares. He accidentally dropped his mitten, and, while stooping down to pick it up, detected other small tracks in the new-fallen snow he had not before noticed, and upon reaching his snares, judge of his surprise and delight to find a partridge caught in three of them.

"They'll fetch more than twenty-five rabbits, won't they, father? And its because I gave my fifty cents to the Lord," Bert said as he exhibited his prize to the family seated around the breakfast table.

Did the missionary forget Bert? No indeed, though Bert feared he had as week after week went by and no word came from him. But late in the spring the letter came, covered with foreign post marks, and addressed to his own self, the contents of which Bert soon knew by heart.

And did he become a missionary? Ah, no, though he thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. Typhoid fever came and with it death, and Bert was laid away in the old church yard. His last words were to his brother.

"Ed, you'll be the missionary, won't you? You can have all my things, but the letter—the missionary's letter that I want buried with me. And you must write him, Ed, and tell him that Bert has—gone—to—heaven."

FUNERAL RITES.

The Mohammedans bury without a coffin of any kind.

The Greenlanders bury with the child a dog to guide it in the other world, saying, "A dog can find his way anywhere."

The music continuously kept up at the Irish wakes used to be for the purpose of warding off evil spirits.

The Russians place in the hands of the corpse a paper certificate of the character of the deceased, to be shown to Peter at the gate of heaven.

In India the devoted wife formerly ascended her husband's funeral pyre and perished in the flames.

The Australians tie the hands of a corpse, and extract the finger nails, that the dead may not scratch his way out of the grave.

The North American Indians buried with the corpse a kettle of provisions, bow and arrows and moccasins, with pieces of deerskin and snaws of deer for the purpose of patching the moccasins.

The Chinese scatter paper counterfeit of money on the way to the grave, that the evil spirit following the corpse may by deluding to gather them remain in ignorance of the locality of the grave. They also scatter in the wind, above the grave, paper images of the sedan-bearers and other servants, that they may overtake the soul and act in its service.

The Greeks sometimes buried and sometimes burned their dead.

In the Roman Empire the body was invariably burned.

Young Folks' Column.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We specially request our friends to send us Puzzles for, and Solutions to "The Mystery."

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 16.—DROP LETTER PROVERB.
(FROM "FLO," JACKSONTOWN, C. CO.)
—h—f—e—h—p—t—o—
—h—f—e—h—p—t—o—
—t—y—s—e—e—s—e—e—e—e—e—e—

No. 17.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS CO.)
I am composed of 10 letters.
My 5, 8, 9, 10 is an animal.
My 1, 6, 7 is an animal.
My 2, 3, 4 is a woman's name.
My whole is a Book of the Bible.

No. 18.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(FROM "VAN," YORK CO.)
A number; blade of a leaf; a girl's name; a wicked city; a monster; a high priest.

The primals name a prophet, and the finals name one whom he cured of a loathsome disease.

No. 19.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(FROM ANNIE E. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.)

1. How many times does the word "and" occur in the Old Testament?
2. How many words in the New Testament?
3. How many times is "chapel" mentioned in the Bible?
4. Where is "kite" mentioned in the Bible?

No. 20.—ANAGRAMS—BIBLE NAMES.

1. Is ale h? 2. Ale in d! 3. Sum ale. 4. Lo no mos! 5. Pet hens.

—ED. Y. F. C.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 1.)

No. 1.—Rise, for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you, Each one has some part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing In the face of the stern To-day.
—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

No. 2.—Bethlehem.
No. 3.—Quick—by adding "er."
No. 4.—(1). Nineveh. (2). Petra. (3). Philippi. (4). Gerra.
No. 5.—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CHAT.

THE PRIZE.

The Northern Messenger, for the year 1886, has been awarded to "Marianne," Kings Co., who answered all the questions in "Prize Offers" correctly, and strictly adhered to the rules. We have made arrangements with the publishers to forward the paper to her address.

ANNIE E. D., Providence, R. I., U. S.—By referring to the last issue you will see that you answered Nos. 1 (2), (3), 2 and 3 of "Prize Offers" correctly. Your puzzles were not strictly original nor in compliance with the rules. Write again. Thank you for the other matter enclosed.

"Flo," Jacksontown, Carleton.—Nos. 1 and 2 of "Prize Offers" fully answered, and No. 3 partly. Thank you for puzzles, &c. Let us hear from you often.

"Van," York.—According to solutions given last issue, you have correctly solved Nos. 1, 2, 3, and part of the 4th in "Prize Offers." Thank you for puzzles, &c., for the COLUMN. Be sure to come "anon!"

"Marianne," Kings.—Thanks for the large batch of puzzles, letter, &c. See above! Come again.

LOTTIE R. STEEVES, St. John.—By looking above you will see that you have correctly solved "The Mystery" in (No. 1.) Write again, and send us some puzzles.

OUR LETTER BOX.

A Pleasant Letter from "Van."

LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM, Dec. 28th, 1885.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I write to tell you how I have spent the holiday season. I have enjoyed it so far very much indeed. Working, reading, studying, and recreation came in their turn—each bringing a pleasure to me. Christmas was a very pleasant day here. I closed it by going to a pie social in aid of a neighbouring F. B. Church. Perhaps I could say a few words in this letter to the readers of this COLUMN. Come, young friends, let us be up and doing! As the good editor of this paper intends to enlarge our paper, let us as contributors to this COLUMN increase our interest in it and help make it still more interesting and instructive to those who read it.

Wishing you and the many readers A Happy New Year,

I remain, your nephew,

"VAN."

Annie Speaks from Afar.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 4th, 1886.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am very much interested in the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. I have often thought that I would like to write to Uncle Ned. I go to school every day. We had two weeks vacation at Christmas, and I spent mine very pleasantly making presents for my friends. There was a Christmas tree in the vestry of the church that I belong to. Everybody seemed to have a good time and enjoy themselves. Wishing every success for the COLUMN, I remain,

Yours truly,

"ANNIE."

When the threshold of your heart is sore with the tread of departing joys, remember that Christ is emptying you of all else, that he may fill you with himself.

While Reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, Faith is turning it into her daily bread, and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts.—F. D. Huntington.

Winter Hosiery.

OUR STOCK of Fall and Winter HOSIERY is all in and ready to show—comprising all the Leading and Standard Makes, viz.:

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MERINO HOSE—Plain and Ribbed, 5 to 9½ inches.

CASHMERE HOSE—Plain, in Medium and Best Grades. Colors—Black, Navy, Seal, Steel, Myrtle, Bronze, Tawn, and Assorted Garnets. 5 in. to 9½ inches.

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SCOTCH LAMBSWOOL HOSE—For

Boys, Misses and Ladies. This is our Standard Winter Hose, and has been found to be so reliable in past years that we can safely guarantee it to be the Best Wearing Hose in the Market. Colors as usual.

OVER STOCKINGS for Ladies' and

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INFANTS' SOCKS, all Colors and Sizes.

CHILDREN'S KNIT'D OVERALLS.

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Latter orders receive prompt attention, and where selections are left to us, goods are carefully selected by a competent staff, and the best value given.

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jan6

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Damask Napkins,
Damask Tableing,
Damask D'Oyleys,
Linen Towels of all kinds
Honeycomb Quilts,
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jan13

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Scarlet Saxony White Cheviot,
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ALL SIZES IN THE ABOVE.

And a very large and varied Stock of

CANADIAN SHIRTS

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IN ALL QUALITIES.

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In all sizes and qualities of Merino and Woolen.

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Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

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It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without leas—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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