

## WHO COMES HERE?

Who comes here? A stranger  
With a veiled face!  
Comes he in repulsive garb  
Or with light and grace?  
Wrapped in folds of mystery he!  
None can say what he shall be.

Who comes here? A friend or foe?  
Brings he joy or pain?  
Will he give, or will he take?  
Does he long remain?  
Will he come for gain or loss?  
Is he bearing crown or cross?

Who comes here? A kindly friend  
With a generous hand;  
He brings gladness to the heart,  
Plenty to the land.  
Yet his gifts will mingled be;  
Shine and shade he has for thee.

Who comes here? A servant!  
Let him work and wait,  
He will do thy bidding,  
Use him ere too late.  
Have no loitering on the way,  
Keep him busy every day.

Who comes here? A master!  
He will rule thee too;  
Where he calls thee thou must go,  
What he bids thee thou must do.  
Still and helpless thou must lie,  
Even should he bid thee die.

Who comes here? A gift from God,  
Who shall be afraid?  
Make thy dwelling ready,  
Meet him undismayed;  
Nought but good thy God will send,  
And the stranger is a friend.

Marianne Farmingham.

## The Fireside.

## BOB'S LESSON.

KATE S. GATES.

"There was a real live missionary talked to us in Sunday-school today," said Bob White to his mother, one Sunday afternoon. "He told us lots of things. I'm glad I ain't a heathen. They are going to take up a contribution for 'em next Sunday. I wish I had lots to give; I should think that Ted Smith would feel ashamed of himself; he don't ever give much, and he spends lots for candy. If I had as much money as he has, I'd do lots of good."

Bob was always telling what he would do, if he was only somebody else.

"How is it about yourself?" asked his mother, gravely. She did not like this habit of his at all.

"Why, I put in all you give me, and, of course, if I had any of my own, I'd give some of that; I wouldn't spend it all on myself, I know. I'm awful sorry for those poor heathen, and I'd like to help them; but I don't believe that Ted cares much."

"My son, you must not judge Ted; you do not know, and, anyway, you have only to be sure that Bob White does his duty."

"Oh, of course, I'd look out for that, said Bob; but he evidently did not consider that there was need of much care in that direction. "If I had money of my own like Ted does, I shouldn't a bit wonder if I gave half of it to the missionaries and things like that," and Bob smiled approvingly at himself for being so much better than Ted.

"Bob" said Mr. Jones, the groceryman, the very next day, "I will give you twenty-five cents if you will run errands for me this morning; my boy is sick, and I am in a peck of trouble; will you?"

How Bob's eyes sparkled as he assented eagerly. Just think of it: twenty-five cents to be his very own; he had never had so much money at one time in his life before. It seemed untold wealth to him, and his first thought as he started off with his arms full of parcels was, how should he spend it?

Now, Bob had a very sweet tooth; in fact, brother Tom asserted that it seemed very much as though all of his teeth were of that kind, he was so very fond of all kinds of sweet things. There was little chance, however, beyond an occasional lump of sugar, for him to gratify his appetite, for pennies for anything but absolute necessities were scarce articles in the White family. But for once in his life Bob had the power of gratifying his desires, and "visions of sugar plums danced through his head" as he trudged up the street with Dr. Dole's coffee and Mrs. Mason's sugar. "I'll have some taffy an' caramels an' chocolate drops an' peanut candy," he thought, exultantly. "Oh me, I wish I could have twenty-five cents every day to spend. Ted Smith does, most, I guess. Oh-h!" and Bob stopped stone still in the street in dismay.

What should he do? Thinking of Ted had reminded him of his conversation with mamma, and the proposed "contribution" for the heathen. Must he save some of his money for that? Twenty-five cents was not so very much after all; it seemed impossible to spare any of it.

"It is different from what it would be if I had lots of money to spend," he reasoned. "Of course, I would give lots then; but I never had much before and maybe I won't again for years 'n years. I don't believe I'd need give much; not more'n a tenth, anyway, and that wouldn't be enough to do the

heathen any good. I wish I needn't give any. I don't believe the heathen would want to have me."

Which last conclusion Bob considered overwhelmingly convincing, or, at least, he tried very hard to do so. But, somehow, he felt ashamed of himself, and very uncomfortable in his mind; and he felt more so than ever when, in the middle of the afternoon, he came out of Mr. Burt's store with sundry parcels of sweets in his hands. For some reason, which he made no effort to explain to himself, he did not feel disposed to go home with his purchases, so he betook himself down by the river.

"I'll just have a fine time yet," he said, as he spread out his treasures before him. First he tried a chocolate drop; but, though it was fresh and nice, it did not taste quite as good as he had anticipated. It was just so with everything he had; it was all good, yet something seemed to be the matter, and he kept thinking about those poor heathen. Their dusky faces seemed to be peering up at him from the depths of his bag of chocolates; the tale of their distress rang in his ears as he munched his peanut candy, and, altogether, they made it very uncomfortable for him.

And as he thought of them, and as he looked at his rapidly diminishing supply of sweets, another question began to perplex and trouble him; what would his mother say? He should have to tell her all about it; he had to tell her about everything; he could not help it. He was afraid she would not quite appreciate the heathen's not wanting to have him deny himself for them; it did not seem as convincing an argument to him as it had at first, and he wished, under the circumstances, that he had not said quite so much about Ted. "Though its different, because he has more money than I do."

By-and-by, he began to feel rather badly; indeed, he felt quite sick, and was quite inclined to think that he might die. He wanted his mother dreadfully, and yet it seemed to him that he could not bear to have her look at him; she would know all about it, just how horrid he had been; she always knew, and she would look so sorry. Somebody was coming down the road whistling. Bob remembered that he used to whistle before he heard about the heathen and had money of his own. It was Nick Turner coming. A bright idea occurred to Bob. There were three or four chocolates, three caramels, half a stick of peanut candy and a piece of taffy left; he never should eat them; it made him sick to look at them; why not sell out to Nick? "Maybe he will give me as much as six or eight cents for it; and I'll give every cent to those horrid old heathen; I will," vowed Bob, vehemently.

But, alas for Bob's hopes, Nick proved sharp at a bargain.

"Your stock in trade is, so to speak, rather the wuss of wear; but if it's any accommodation to yer, I dunno but I'd give yer a-cent fer it."

Poor Bob; but it was just a little better than nothing, and he sold out. He crept up the back stairs in his own room, and his mother found him there. "I'm dying, I guess," he sobbed, breaking down completely; "and you can put this cent in the box for me. I'm a great deal worse than Ted White. I feel meaner than any body I ever saw. Oh, you don't know anything about it."

But mamma did know. Mothers always do; and she took her poor, miserable little laddie up in her arms and soothed and comforted him as only a mother can.

Contrary to his expectations, Bob did not die, and, in course of time, he was just as fond of sweet things as ever; but he had learned a lesson that he never forgot. "A feller can't really tell what he would do until he's there himself; and," he remarked confidentially to his mother, "I don't believe I'd be any better than anybody else, even, if I was in their place."—National Baptist.

## LEAVING THE FARM.

"I am sick and tired of farming," said John King, as he came into the house with a dejected attitude, and dropped wearily into a chair, and after a short pause added, "I will sell out the first good chance I get and quit the business."

His wife, a bright, energetic-looking little woman, looked up with an expression in which both surprise and trouble were mingled, and said, "What is the matter, John: has anything gone wrong?"

"Anything gone wrong!" answered John in a tone of irony; "you would better ask if anything has gone right."

The troubled look on Mrs. King's face deepened, but like a wise woman, she remained quiet.

"Mary," said John, resuming, "I am thoroughly in earnest in this matter. It is now fifteen years since

we bought this farm and began married life, and I gave myself eight years to pay for it; then in the next five years I was to build a new house and barn, and by this time we were to have been out of debt, with good buildings and able to travel some each year, and have a good library, and I had planned so many things that I was sure we could afford; and now fifteen years have passed, and we are still in the old house and barn. I owe nearly \$1,000 yet on the farm, and last year I had hard work to meet expenses and pay the interest, without reducing the debt at all."

"Well, John," said Mrs. King, "I am willing to go with you anywhere, but we want to know what we can do, and be sure that it will be something better than farming before you sell out. Now, what do you propose to do?"

"My plans are not very clear as yet," said John, "but I want to put the money at interest, so we can have some income, and then go to work at something."

"How much money will you have?" asked Mrs. King.

"About \$4,000 after our debts are paid," replied John.

"And this," said the wife, "at six per cent. interest, would give \$240 a year, out of which you must pay house rent, and in addition, fuel, breadstuffs, milk, butter, and meat, all of which the farm now furnishes us."

"But we must keep our own cows," said John. The children can never get along with a quart of blue milk a day, and I have eaten your sweet, good butter too long to be willing to come down to the strong, rancid stuff that we should be likely to get at the grocers."

"All true," answered his wife, "but you will find to keep a cow in town and buy all her feed will cost about one dollar a week on an average, and all our interest money will be used up and a good slice of your wages gone to furnish these things which scarcely cost anything here."

"I shall want to pay a good visit to mother before we move, for I shall have no chance to ride after the horses are sold," said Mary.

"Yes, you will," answered John. "For I shall keep a horse and buggy, and you will have more spare time than now."

"But remember," said Mrs. King, "you will have no pasture to turn your horse in, no meadow for hay, or field of corn to gather, and a horse will be one of the luxuries we must learn to do without. Besides, you will be working for others, and will have no time to ride, or even to take proper care of a horse. When you leave the farm, every day you are idle the income will stop, and you cannot spend a half day once or twice in the week resting, as you now do, for there will be nothing made except when you are at work."

Why, now John, you have almost a vacation for three months in the winter, but when you get to town it must be work all the time."

John made no reply, and his wife continued:

"I want you to do just what will be the best, husband; but when you talk about selling the farm, and going to town to make a living as a wage-worker, I think you had better remember what Shakespeare says:

"Thw better to endure the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

"The fact is, John, you have done well on the farm, and may be considered a fairly prosperous man, and it's foolish to be discouraged because your success has not kept up with your imagination. You are \$200 a year ahead in debts paid, for each year you have been on the farm, and at the same rate five years more will see you out of debt; but even if you held your own, you and your children will be safer and happier on the farm than anywhere else. Wheat won't fall often, as it did last year, prices will not continue low as they now are, there will be just as good times for farmers in the future as there has been in the past, and I am sure that you will be not only happier but richer if you stick to the farm."

John went out to his work quite thoughtfully that afternoon, and that night just before going to his bed he said to his wife, "Mary, you are right, as usual. I have been thinking over the chances of success and failure in future, and have concluded that the sure road to success for me is to stick to the farm, although it may be a slow one, and I am going to take all the pleasure out of it I can, and look on the bright side."—Indiana Farmer.

God can make bad persons show kindness to his good servants, and do his will by them who know nothing of his mind and will. When God has work to do, he will find instruments to do it by; and though we see them not, yet are they never the farther off.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.  
CARE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

We are now about to begin the work of a New Year. It is now some three years since the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN made its first introduction to the many readers of the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER. During that time we have striven to make a pleasant and profitable amusement for the young readers. The many kindly and cheering words which we have received from time to time lead us to conclude that our efforts have not been in vain. As we are now beginning the work of 1887 we trust that the young folks will enter as heartily into the matter as before. They have our most hearty thanks for their efforts of co-operation. May God bless them in the work of studying the Holy Scriptures. We pray for grace to be guided aright in the work of this year. Our COLUMN is open to all, and we hope and trust that we may receive many pleasant letters bearing puzzles, solutions, &c. Young friends, "be not weary in well doing!" [Ed. Y. F. C.]

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 50.)

No. 338.—maid  
alto  
item  
dome

No. 339.—Amos, Silas, Hamm, Anna, Ben, Asa, Caleb, Dinah, Nun, Cis, Dan, Doeg, Er, Jose, Hannah, Exe, Heber, Gad, Herod, Enos, Bela, Ardon, Erasmus, Edom, Cornelius, Cyrus, Esau, Martha, Pamaa, Rachel.

No. 340.—S  
WIN  
SIHON  
NOW  
N

No. 341.—  
"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?"

Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

No. 342.—(1.) 2 Kings 25: 7. (Jer. 52: 11.) (2.) Job 1: 6. (3.) 2 Kings 19: 35.

No. 343.—  
1. Chamois. 4. Dragon.  
2. Camel. 5. Coney.  
3. Ferret. 6. Mouse.  
7. Weasel.

## The Mystery, No. 1.

No. 1.—BIBLE QUERIES.

1. Where is "schoolmaster" mentioned?  
2. Where is "scholar" first spoken of?  
3. Where is "wagon" found?

TABITHA AND JAMIMA.  
Apolahqui, Kings.

No. 2.—WHAT IS IT.

Originally I am a preposition; head me with a B, and I become an animal; with an H, and I become a covering; with an O, and I become a grain; with an F, and I become corpulent.

Grafton.  
"SALVATION ARMY."

No. 3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
o A letter.  
o o o o An animal.  
o o o o A plant or shrub.  
o o o A tree.  
o A letter.

LOTIE STEEVES.  
St. John.

No. 4.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead to watch, and leave to close.  
2. Behead to search into, and leave a garment.  
3. Behead to try, and leave to wander.  
4. Behead to think, and leave a tree.

FAY ROBINSON.  
St. John.

No. 5.—PIED PROVERBS.

1. Sodthinsrgsen hetxlaxa itonan;  
utb sni si a hoopaer ot yan leooep.  
2. Iotum hyt skiwo ntou het dlo da7 uyt tghstuoht hlssa eb sdeshtbiael.

LOTIE STEEVES.  
Stanley, York.

No. 6.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.  
Sk y th lrd h l h m b fnd e l l e p n h m h l s n r.

MARTHA COLWELL.  
Nortondale, York.

No. 7.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Htewa ey rethortee: rof ey nwok otn nhwe hte trmsae fo het sucho mheoot, ta vene, ro ta dinimht ro at teh koewoingneo, ro iu the gnrmion.

J. McDougall.  
Carleton, St. John.  
(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## Our Mystic Corps.

HELEN R., St. John, has correctly explained Nos. 338, 339 (partly), 341, 342, and 343. Write often.

LOTIE STEEVES, St. John, will please notice that list has been received.

J. McDougall, Carleton, St. John, also send list.

"NICK," Millville, York, has our thanks for the nice batch of puzzles.

All the puzzles in "Prize Competition" have been correctly solved, and received in time. Prize has been mailed you. Acknowledge receipt, please. List noted in due time.

ERNEST C. ALEXANDER, Fredericton Junction, will please accept thanks for puzzles. List received.

HELEN R., St. John, List received. All correctly solved in No. 51. Thanks for kind words.

LIZZIE A. KERR, Stanley, solves Nos. 3, 5, 330, 335 correctly. Thanks for puzzles, and for kind wishes. List received.

"PUG NOSE," Upper Brighton, list received.

EMMA L., East Pubnico, N. S., correctly solves all of "Prize Competition." Thanks. Lists received. Glad to have puzzles.

## The Mystic Fountain.

No. 343 in issue of Dec. 15th '86, should have been credited to some of our puzzlers, but, as we have destroyed the MS. copy, we do not know to whom it should be credited. —

The Answer to No. 1 (3) should have read, Exodus xv. 23-25, instead of xiv. — Let us see what efforts will be put forth in the New Year. All are invited to write to us. Come one! Come all!

## Arithmetical Amusements.

## PUZZLES.

1. How would you place four marbles so that each one shall be at equal distance from all the others?  
2. How can you tell, by running over with the fingers of one hand the knuckles of the other and hollows between them, whether a month contains thirty-one days or a smaller number?  
3. If 6 cats killed 6 rats in 6 minutes, how many cats would it take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?

UNCLE NED.

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