

**Mother's Face.**  
Three little boys talked together  
One sunny summer day,  
And I leaned out of the window  
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
One of the little boys said,  
"Was a bird in grandpapa's garden,  
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
Said the second little lad,  
"Was a pony at the circus  
I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,  
With a grave and gentle grace,  
"That the prettiest thing in all the world  
Is just my mother's face."

—Ezra.

**The Child's Mission.**  
You have a mission, little one,  
Though your life is just begun;  
For there's work for all to do  
In the world we are passing through.

You may be like angels here,  
Making sorrow disappear;  
Winning crowns that shall be given  
To the faithful ones in heaven.

From the cradle to the grave,  
Every precious moment save;  
Fill your life with deeds of love—  
Treasures bright for you to have.

**THE SILVER QUARTER.**  
BY JENNIE HOWARD BEMAN.

"Pooh! you're altogether too soft, Seth Putnam! 'Taint stealin' to take what's your own. Catch me beggin' for every penny, or goin' without as you do, when a whole big farm an' no knowin' how much money belonged to me! It ain't right for your uncle Sam to make a pauper of you this way, an' a boy of spirit wouldn't submit to it."

Lem Matthews finished his speech, and now stood shrewdly eyeing his companion to note the effect of his words. Seth did not reply at once; he stood burrowing his bare brown toes in the sand of the road, and except that his face flushed one might have thought him indifferent to what had been said. But his teeth were shut tight, and the hands that were clasped behind him held each other in a grip like a vise. It was hard to be thought lacking in spirit. Seth did not believe this was true of him. Presently he said, slowly:

"The farm don't belong to me now, nor the money either; it won't till I am one-and-twenty. I've no more right to touch a dollar of it without Uncle Sam's leave than I have to take it out of the money drawer down to the store."

"I didn't say anything about touchin' a dollar," said Lem, insinuatingly, "the tickets to the circus are only twenty-five cents."

"The color in Seth's face deepened to crimson as he answered: 'A thief is a thief, whether he steals a cent or a million dollars,' and he turned abruptly away."

"Say now," said Lem, "don't go off mad."

"I'm not mad," said Seth, "but I ought to be," he added under breath.

The quiet village of Hayfield had been thrown into a state of agitation by the announcement that it was to be honored by a "great moral exhibition." Flaming posters were placed in every available spot, even the horse-sheds of the church were decorated with red and yellow females leaping through space, and moustached heroes thrusting their heads into lion's mouths.

Seth Putnam had never seen such wonderful beings, except on paper, and his imagination was kindled to intense heat. But when he asked permission to attend the circus, his uncle gave him a positive refusal, saying that he was opposed to squandering money on such shows.

Seth watched Lem until he was out of sight, and then leaped over the low orchard wall, and sat down to think, he did not act like his own happy, light-hearted self—ah, no! A black, horrid shadow was hovering around him, settling down upon him. Satan does not always choose grown-up folks to try his arts upon. Boys and girls are very attractive to him. He likes to set snares and pit-falls for them. Outwardly Seth had met temptation just as he ought to have done; he had given Lem a noble answer. But inside—ah, there was the trouble!

"Uncle Sam is stingy, that's all there is about it," he said to himself; at least he thought he said it, he did not recognize Satan's voice.

"It's just so always. There was that tool chest that I wanted mornin' anything else in the world; he wouldn't get it, an' he won't let me use his tools for fear I shall dull 'em."

This was a sore subject with Seth, and perhaps with reason, for he had a mechanical bent by nature, and had shown some skill in his efforts, considering the clumsy implements he had to use. We do not affirm that Seth's uncle was wholly wise or right in his course, but he was an honest man, and meant to deal fairly and kindly by his

nephew. Perhaps in his desire to increase the property entrusted to his care he sometimes overlooked the needs of a boy's nature. But however mistaken his uncle might be, there was only one true course open for Seth—that of absolute uprightness and obedience. Right is right, children, sin is sin; no amount of smoothing down and glossing over will make it anything else.

When Seth rose to his feet it was with the resolve to go to the circus, and to get the required money, somehow.

As he entered the door-yard he found a team standing there, and near by a butcher from the village. In the wagon were two calves, and the butcher was just paying for them. Seth came up to the wagon and patted the pretty creatures pityingly. As he stood thus, he saw to shining silver quarters drop from his uncle's hand; one fell by the butcher's feet and was readily found, but the other rolled swiftly down the trodden path and hid itself by a tuft of grass. Both men looked for the truant silver piece but did not find it. Seth bent over the calves and did not appear to notice, but in his mind pictured with photographic precision the spot where the money lay. He was soon called to help search for it, but as he looked everywhere but in the right place, the quest was finally given up.

Seth feared, however, that his heart's loud beating would be distinctly heard. After dark he went quietly up-stairs to bed clutching in his hand a silver quarter. He lighted a match to assure himself of its value, then tied it in the corner of his handkerchief and hid it under his pillow. The stair door opened just then, causing him to tremble with fright. But his uncle's voice kindly shouted up:

"I'm goin' over the mountain with a load o' wool to-morrow; shall start before you're up, most likely. But I want you to go down to John Burbanks' an' see when he can come an' do the thrashin'. I want it done next week if possible."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy faintly, while his breath came short and fast. His uncle would be gone all day, the day of the circus. He, Seth, was to go through the village on this errand, directly past the circus tent, and under his pillow was a silver quarter. Did Satan ever arrange matters easier?

But some how Seth could not go to sleep; his eyes would stay wide open. The moonlight and his imagination conjured strange objects in the room. Unfortunately for his present plans the boy had an active and instructed conscience, whose voice he could not easily silence.

In vain he said, "I found it, I didn't steal," and again, "It's my own, anyway, just as Lem said."

At length he dropped into a fitful slumber, and dreamed of being trampled by circus horses, of being arrested for stealing, of hearing his own words quoted by the judge. "A thief is a thief whether he steals a cent or a million dollars." Then came in thunderous tones: "Thou shalt not steal."

In his terror he screamed aloud. His uncle and aunt hurried to his bedside, and with kindly anxiety sought to know the cause of his distress. They thought he must have eaten too many green apples, and proposed giving an emetic.

"Taint my stomach!" groaned the poor boy, "it's my heart. Can't you give me an emetic to clean that out? Here!" and he snatched the money from its hiding-place. "I stole it? I wanted to go to the circus."

After a moment's painful silence the uncle gently stroked the brown head, saying:

"There's only One who can give you that kind of an emetic; you know who that is, my boy."

Seth did not go to the circus, but he went about his duties with a light heart, for the burden of guilt had rolled away.

A few weeks after, his birthday occurred, and when he went to breakfast he found on his chair what he had long wanted; a neat little chest of carpenter tools. On the box was a paper with these words:

"For the boy who is brave enough to confess a fault, and strong enough to overcome himself."—Christian at Work.

**DONT! DONT!**

"Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say clear and strong in Harry's ear.

The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke?

He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself.

"Thou, God, seest me," said the voice.

"Nobody'll know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so scared about it either.

I know a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it wasn't half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said, "Don't! don't!" That was conscience—God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you to keep God's commandments.—S. S. Evangelist.

**Young Folks' Column.**  
Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
CARE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

**PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.**  
NOTICE.—Something entirely new in the history of the INTELLIGENCER'S "Puzzle Department." See "The Mystic Fountain," found below.

- The Mystery Solved.**  
(No. 10.)  
No. 76.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- No. 77.—  
S O F A  
O M E N  
F E E T  
A N T S
- No. 78.—  
"Sow, and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears,—  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubt-  
ing,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears."  
—Proctor.
- No. 79.—Proverbs 18:24.
- No. 80.—1. Amos 7:13.  
2. 2nd Samuel 19:18.
- No. 81.—  
A  
R A T  
A A R O N  
T O N  
N
- No. 82.—"A little life closed,  
A life God given;  
A little bird flown  
Homeward to heaven."
- No. 83.—  
M E R E  
E B O N  
R O A D  
E N D S
- No. 84.—3 at 4 cents each.  
15 at 2 for a cent.  
2 at 4 for a cent.
- The Mystery.—No. 13.**  
No. 109.—BIBLICAL PUZZLE.  
H o h a l o o v e.—A command.  
Lakeview, Queens.
- No. 110.—PI PROVERB.  
Live restuph rennis; tub ot het  
theousig doge slah eb prayed.  
Lower Pr. W., York.
- No. 111.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.  
H—b—v—s—o—g—h—t—h—t  
—i—e—w—l—; a—d—i—e  
—i—p—n—i—n—t—l—v—d—u—  
l—s—  
WILLIE BOONE.  
Queensbury.
- No. 112.—BIBLE QUERY.  
A certain man was afraid of the king of his native country and fled for safety. The people of the land where he took refuge were preparing for warfare. He consented to help them fight; but the king of the country told him though he was as good in his sight as an angel of God, yet, because some of the lords in the army would be displeased, he could not go with him to battle, but as soon as it was light the next morning he must depart.
- What countries and what persons are referred to in the above?  
"SALVATION ARMY."
- Grafton.
- No. 113.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
My 4, 5, 3 is a very useful article.  
My 6, 2, 1 is a girl's name.  
My whole is a prophet.  
FAY ROBINSON.  
St. John.
- No. 114.—SQUARE WORD.  
A service; of a vehicle; to turn; a prophet.  
J. McDUGALL.  
Carleton, St. John.

No. 115.—CROSS PUZZLE.  
Perpendicular.—A large city in the United States of 12 letters.  
Horizontal.—A man's name, of 9 letters, crossing at 5th from top.

Millville, York.

No. 116.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
A letter; what all do; a bishop; a fruit; a letter.

St. John.

HELEN R.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

**The Mystic Fountain.**  
"FLORENCE." Lakeview, Queens, comes again bringing some nice puzzles. Thank you Florence! Read "The Mystic Fountain."

Let all our young friends try the new feature given below. Who will cast the first vote? Boys or girls may vote!

**The Mystic Fountain.**  
SUFFRAGE ALIKE FOR ALL.

Although we have received a large number of puzzles and solutions during the past, we now take this opportunity of offering something new in which every reader of the INTELLIGENCER will be welcome to engage. It is a voting contest; and not only the men but the ladies can vote. The only requirements are that your name must be placed at the top (one of the narrow ends) of a postal card with your address; your ballot plainly written on the postal and numbered to correspond with the questions printed below, and the postal mailed to the puzzle editor of the INTELLIGENCER (as above) within two weeks from the time you receive this number of the paper. Not more than one person may vote on one postal card. If you wish to conceal your name, you may use a piece of paper the size of postal, following above directions, and enclose in envelop. The questions upon which you are to express your opinion are these:

1. What Book in the Bible is your favourite?
  2. What article of food would you be least willing to dispense with?
  3. Which of the common school studies do you think is the least useful?
  4. What poet's writings do you most admire?
  5. Which is the ablest New Brunswick newspaper?
  6. Which is the most important invention announced during the past 25 years?
  7. Who is the ablest Canadian statesman?
  8. Who do you consider was the greatest English soldier?
- Now we have not prepared our own list of answers to the above questions, nor shall we do so. The decision will be left to those who vote. For instance, if a plurality of readers say Genesis is their favorite portion of the Bible, this will make Genesis the answer to the first question; and each contestant whose answer is Genesis will accordingly receive one credit. In like manner will all the other be dealt with. After the votes are all in, they will be carefully counted and the standard list made out according to the plurality of the ballots.
- We are sorry that we cannot offer any prizes in this voting contest, but we hope it will be a success without any "bribery." Come now, friends, to the "polls!" The standard list, with names, etc., will be published. Vote, everybody, for the fun of it. List of answers will interest you. You will thus be well paid.

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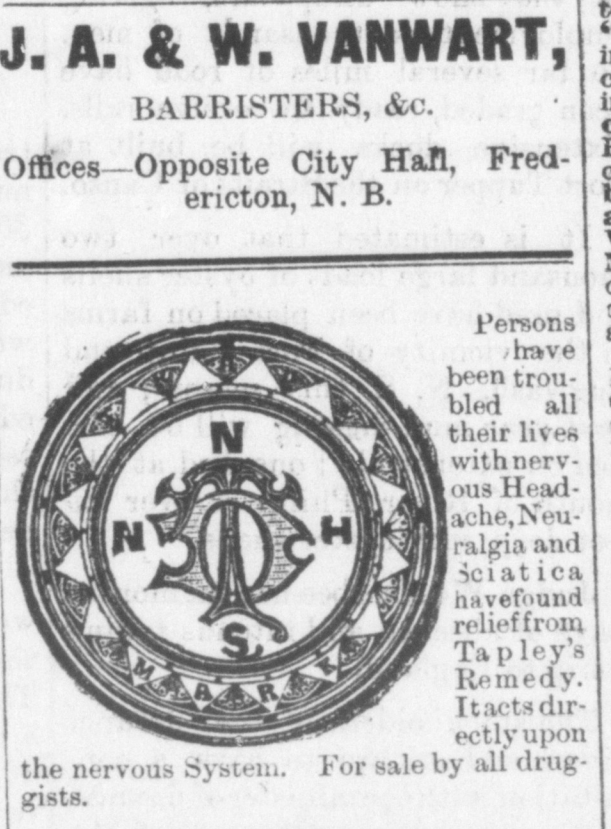
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