

Permission to go Home.

Best way to church on a sultry day;
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
O dear! O dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew.

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look into the past.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a solemn mood profound;
A tittle swelled as it went round.

A smile, the pastor's face o'erread—
He paused, and bent in stately head:
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

—F. H. S.

Foller the Blazes, Jimmy.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Jim-mee!"
Jimmy Weeks was cutting wood
amid the pines back of the house; but
when he heard that call coming to him
in the great forest, he exclaimed, "I
must stop; for that is grandmother.
She is worried about the brook!"

He ran to the house. At an open
window his grandmother stood and
called! No; she sat in her big arm-
chair, which rested on wheels. Grand-
mother Weeks has not been able to
walk for two years. Her son, John
Weeks, wheeled her in this chair from
place to place. By her side was now a
motherless babe, Elsie. With Jimmy's
help she cared for little one-year-old
Elsie.

"I'll be legs for Elsie, grandmother,"
Jimmy had said, "and you can be eyes
and hands and head."

"We will get along, Jimmy." Grand-
mother Weeks replied cheerfully. She
did not feel cheerful this afternoon, of
our story, for Bear Mountain Brook
was behaving badly. It threatened to
stir up and get together a freshet that
would go tearing and howling and
wasting down through the valley. It
would try to take the Weeks' home
with it, and what would grandmother
and Elsie do then? John Weeks was
in the heart of the mountain forest
cutting wood, expecting to pass the
night there in a logging-camp.

"Mother," said John Weeks, "if the
brook cuts up any mischief, or looks
as if it would, send me word by
Thomas."

Thomas was in a worse condition
than the valley ravaged by Bear
Mountain Brook. A freshet of tem-
pation had come along and swept weak
Thomas off on a drunken spree. What
would or could Grandmother Weeks
do?

"Is the brook doing any better?"
she now asked Jimmy.

He very soberly shook his head, and
Grandmother Weeks shook her head
soberly in reply. Elsie, who was
contentedly sucking her thumb, would
have shared in the general anxiety if
she had known a freshet might be
coming after her.

"That wicked Thomas!" exclaimed
the grandmother. "He could have
told your father, if he had kept sober.
Your father told him!"

"Grandmother, I'll go and tell
father," cried Jimmy.

"But you don't know the way to
the camp."

"Father blazed the path through
the woods. I can take the lantern
when it gets dark, and I suppose it
will be dark soon."

"Yes," said Grandmother Weeks
soberly. Already the shadows were
deepening in the forest, and Bear
Mountain Brook seemed to splash and
dash and crash louder than ever.

"I can go by the blazes, grand-
mother."

"But—but—"

"Yes, I am going. I am not afraid."

There seemed to be no other way.

Oh, that Thomas! If he had only
done his duty, and kept sober, he
could have warned Farmer Weeks.
Before leaving to give the warning he
could have carried grandmother and
Elsie in his strong arms up to the barn
on a slope above the reach of any
freshet.

"Jimmy, afore you go," said grand-
mother, "you might put the baby up
in my arms, or you wheel me where
the cradle is, and I can take her."

She did not say why she did this,
for she kept this thought with a shadow
to herself:

"If the water comes, baby will be
higher up in my arms than down in
the cradle."

Off trotted Jimmy, the old barn-
lantern in his hand.

"Jim-my!"

"Hark! She is calling me!" thought
Jimmy. He turned back to an opened
window.

"Foller the blazes, Jimmy! Be
sure and do it, Jimmy!" urged the
grandmother.

For a little while he could see the
fresh marks his father's hatchet

where he had chipped the trees now
on this side, then on that; and the
saw were like little guide boards say-
ing: "This is the way to the logging-
camp."

Soon he lighted his lantern. He
was now in the depths of the forest.
What did he feel? A splash of rain
on his hand!

"Oh! the rain is coming, and the
brook!" sighed Jimmy.

It seemed to him as if he could see
that brook raging like a great dragon
its mouth full of white foam. On and
on he hurried, now forced to halt and
hold up his lantern to see the white
scars of his father's strokes against the
trees, then traveling easily because
the blazes were lower and larger.

"Ah! there it is," he cried at last,
catching the gleam, sharp and golden,
from some light ahead. "That is the
camp!"

Farmer Weeks was busily cooking
his supper. An odor of ham frying in
the pan on the stove filled the little
log-house in the great, lonely woods.

"Hullo, father!"

"Why, why, Jimmy! Sears! this
you? Why, where did you come from?"

"Home, father."

"Anything the matter?"

"The brook, father."

"Is rising?"

"Yes, and grandmother wants you."

"Where's that Thomas?"

"He's gone off on a spree."

"The reskel! Just a minute, and I'll
be ready."

He left the ham to fry, and burn,
and became a cinder on the stove,
gripped Jimmy's hand, and then away
they went. They traversed speedily
the winding path. They reached the
lonely farmhouse. In five minutes
more Farmer Weeks had borne his old
mother and the babe Elsie to the barn,
Jimmy following with all the blankets
and quilts his arms could hold. There
in the barn they safely passed the
night, heard the freshest chafing and
fretting around the farmhouse like a
savage beast disappointed because its
prey had escaped. But the house was
not swept away. It survived the flood;
and ere the shadows deepened and
darkened again, the farmer's family
were back again in the old home, baby
Elsie cooling in its cradle, Grandmother
Weeks bending over it and smiling
with all the warmth of her loving
heart.

Jimmy was sick a short time after
that.

"Must have taken cold going in
the rain, the night of the freshet,"
said the father, gently stroking the
boy's locks.

Jimmy was just the boy to enjoy
the old family Bible with its many
pictures, and he sat a long while con-
tently looking at the pictures in
Genesis.

"Grandmother," said Jimmy, "It
says Abraham left the home where
he had been brought up, and went
into a strange country, away off.
Now, I shouldn't have thought he
would have known which way to go."

"But you know God, his father,
called him."

"Yes, grandmother."

"Well, when your father made that
path through the woods, he blazed
the trees; didn't he?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Well, Abraham's Heavenly Father
gave him some promises. Those were
the blazes that led him on, you know.
He just followed the blazes, Jimmy."

"I see, I see."

In a few days there was a very sick
little fellow in the house. The doc-
tor came, looked puzzled, shook his
head, did his best, and then said in a
low tone, "No hope."

The doctor was right. To another
and a beautiful country, God was now
calling out a little pilgrim.

"You—you 'fraid Jimmy?" sobbed
grandmother.

"N-n-o, but I sort of wish I knew
the way better."

Then grandmother read the beauti-
ful twenty-third Psalm and the words
of Jesus calling all the children to
himself.

"Oh, grandmother!" said Jimmy in
his thin, weak voice, "I—I can see
the way! There are the blazes grand-
mother!"

When he was crossing the valley in
the other country, dear old grand-
mother bent down to his white face,
and as from the window that night he
trudged off into the forest, she called,
but softly now, "Jimmy, you—you—
foller the blazes!"

A bright, a golden, a triumphant
light swept across his face, for a little
pilgrim was going by a sure road in-
to the other country.—S. S. Times.

Chat with the Girls.

"Why Alice! And you think it
will keep you pretty to sit up indoors
and do fancy work and such as that, so
that your hands are not hardened or
your face browned?"

Alice replied: "One must not do
rough work to keep pretty;" and the

July who asked the question remark-
ed: "But work develops."

Now, girls, let me chat with you a
little while this bright May afternoon
on the true subject suggested by the
above fragment of a recent conversa-
tion.

Yes, work develops. It may not
keep the complexion fair or the face
free from wrinkles. On the other
hand, we admit that hard, rough
labor, such as many refined ladies are
brought to by reverse of circumstances,
ruins the complexion, and ploughs
furrows in the once fair, smooth brow.

To the thoughtless such persons per-
haps have lost their beauty, but to
those capable of appreciation, the
darkened complexion is but the work
of the Great Artist, and every wrinkle
is but another stroke of the Divine
Definer. Take two old ladies for an
example. The one has lived the
life of ease and selfishness. In her old
age she resorts to the modern processes
of keeping up the artificial appearance
of youth. The other has spent a life
of self sacrifice, and now that she is
old she tries to deceive no one; but
every wrinkle is as a record of her
life, of her good works.

Which do you think you could love
best? When you see the sweet coun-
tenances of those who have endured
trials, and lived lives of sacrifice, do
you stop to think them ugly? No.
Tanned complexion and wrinkles are
becoming to those who have gotten
them in the field of honest and laudable
labor, for in that case they show to the
world the manner of soul beneath the
furrowed brow; but a complexion
ruined by cosmetics or carelessness,
and wrinkles gained by frowns and an
ungoverned temper, make their own
repulsive. Even little children know
by intuition whose face bespeaks
goodness and whose does not.

Now, girls, beware, lest in shunning
hard, wrinkle-making work you do not
slip on the other side. Idle people
are sure to become discontented and
discontented people generally frown
and find fault, and the muscles con-
tracting day after day made creases in
the skin; and when the plumpness of
youth is gone the skin fits very loosely
over the brow and cheeks, and the
creases deepen and deepen each year
until at last, behold the face! It is
indeed "a well-written page," but time
alone was not the pen.

Do not fear to work, therefore, dear
girls. Anything your mothers are
obliged to do is not degrading for you,
and it is your duty to help them all
you can in order to lighten their labors
and to make their lives last longer.
Remember there is no disgrace in
labor; and old age will come to you
some day if you live, and with it will
come some wrinkles, but it will not be
honest labor that makes you ugly. The
true God-like spirit can light up the
countenance of the old and make it
beam until it is exceeding fair and al-
together lovely.—Mattie H. Howard.

Sleeplessness.

Those who are troubled with in-
somnia are advised to try the follow-
ing remedy: Spread on the ground a
piece of carpeting, a rug, or a comfort,
in the sun when not too hot, in the
shade when desirable; have a pillow,
a shade for the eyes, and then lie down
and rest. A warm glow will over-
spread the body, and sleep will follow
in its train.

When one is too tired from brain-
work to sleep, a linen handkerchief
wrung from cold water and laid on
the back of the neck at the base of
the brain will give great relief, and
generally induce sleep. A towel
should be placed over it to keep damp-
ness from the pillow.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.

CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt.

Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 25.)

No. 113.—ship

his

is

p

No. 114.—"A bird in the hand is

worth two in the bush."

No. 115.—Romans xii. 21.

No. 116.—n

yet

negro

try

o

No. 117.—1. Ayr. 2. Windsor.

3. Frankfort 4. Pan.

5. Dover.

No. 118.—"Let all things be done

decently and in order."

No. 119.—JOB

JACOB

OHRE

BORON

BEN

The Mystery.—No. 28.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

By Bert T. Hart, Old Orchard, Me.

U. S. who received first prize for five

best puzzles in "Van's Competition."

1.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Whole a proverb of 20 letters.

My 7, 13, 11, 20 is overgrown

papier; my 13, 8, 14, 3, 6 was a leader

of Israel; my 8, 11, 13, 14, 8, 9 is an

oriental mountain; my 2, 14, 3, 13, 16

is where Paul left an article of apparel;

my 12, 20, 3, 17, 10 is an American

writer; my 5, 15, 4 is a fish; my 1, 13,

18, 14 was a very wise man. (Give

Bible references.)

2.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; for fishing; the captain

of a host; one who died for falsifying;

an exceedingly grieved Horonite; a

king who took the fenced cities of

Judah; lacking faith; a Book of the

Bible; a woman who communed with

angels; a necessity of life; a consonant.

(Give references to Scripture subjects.)

3.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In joy not in bliss;

In love not in kiss;

In scream not in yell;

In hill not in dell;

In shred not in bit;

In break not in quit;

In bruise not in scar;

In feud not in war;

The mother of a good man.

(Give reference.)

4.—CHARADE. No. 1.

My first—a well known fowl you see,

Second, an article small,

My third my first can never be

Unless nature's law doth fall.

My whole the sire of many bands

From whom God the Lord did call

The choicest labor of their hands

To redeem His temple's fall.

(Give reference.)

5.—CHARADE. No. 2.

My first is often by your feet—

Serves the Arab as a seat.

My second fastens to your face,

But to cover up its grace.

My whole a priest of olden time,

Came to death because of crime;

For he serv'd the false God Baal,

And upon our God did rail.

(Give reference.)

6.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The father of a multitude; one to

whom Jesus said, "Blessed art thou";

apparel; a precious stone of the Bible;

a fenced city of the tribe of the chil-

dren of Naphtali; one chosen by the

Saviour; one who followed.

The initials and finals give repre-

sentative Old and New Testament

characters. (Give reference to Scrip-

ture subjects.)

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

This issue we publish the puzzles

which received the first prize in the

"Van" Competition.

PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION.—As we

promised we now give the result of the

Prize Bible Competition of March,

April and May. We received some ex-

cellent written answers on those

puzzles, showing careful searching and

workings. Besides the names of the

prize winners, we publish a number of

those who stood next, in the order of

their answering. Next week we shall

begin the publication of the solutions

to the puzzles published. The follow-

ing are the prize winners:—

First prize—MELISSA PINKNEY,

aged 15, Melbourne, Yarmouth, N. S.

Second prize—NANNIE DUKKEE, aged

17, Carleton, Yarmouth, N. S.

("Apple Blossom").

The winners will please acknowledge

the receipt of prizes. Both of the

above gave nearly perfect solutions to

all the puzzles. Appended are the

names of a few others who did exceed-

ingly well, in the order of merit:—

DORA M. BARKEE, aged 16, Bath,

C. Co. (A lack of Bible references.)

H. GREELEY PERRY, ("Greeley"),

aged 16, Johnston, Q.

FLORENCE I. BLACK, ("Florence"),

aged 13, Lakeview, Q.

EMELINE L. HAMMOND, aged 14,

Lockeport, Shelburne, N. S.

HELEN S. BRIGGS, aged 13, Bloom-

field, C. Co.

We shall probably open another

competition ere long.

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