

IFI IFI

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend—

If every man, and woman, too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star,
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

What One Boy Did.

"This is rather a disappointing book, mother," said Ted Rivers, putting it down with a little sigh.

"What is the matter with it, Ted? The author's name is very familiar, and it looks interesting."

"Oh! it's right in that respect, but you see in these books the boys and girls do so much it's a little discouraging. They go off in the summer and wake up churches, start book clubs, run missionary meetings, all by themselves. Now you know, mother, I really do want to help. I do not want to be an idle soldier, but what can I do? In the first place our church here is all alive; the Sunday-school don't need me, and I don't see what my work is; and the boy looked up in his mother's face with a really troubled expression.

Ted Rivers was only fifteen, but he had been for so many years the constant companion of his widowed mother, that he seemed much older. He had lately publicly enlisted in the army of the Great Captain, and, although a young soldier, he was a faithful one; full of the desire to be true to his colors and obedient to orders. He was none the less boyish for all that, just as fond of a game, full of fun, and a little given to mischief; so his friends had unanimously decided that "religion had made Ted Rivers a better companion than he ever was."

Now they had come away from the city to spend the summer and autumn in a little village among the mountains, where Mrs. Rivers had bought a cottage; a quiet, orderly place, whose people were industrious and independent; among whom, as Ted said, there really seemed no work for him to get at. It was on the cottage porch this conversation took place, as Ted sat on the step, at his mother's feet. Mrs. Rivers looking down into the handsome, earnest face, felt she had great cause for thankfulness that her boy so early realized the Christian profession was not a mere empty title, but a call to earnest, practical work for others.

"You are wrong in one thing, I think," she answered. "How do you know the Sunday-school does not need you? Have you ever been there to see?"

"You know I have not, mother; but what could I do? I can't take a class as you have. I am not old enough to teach."

"You certainly are not, but are you too old to be taught? Could you not go into a class?"

He made a little grimace and shrugged his shoulders. His mother answered the action in words.

"Yes, I know it would be rather a change from dear Mrs. Mason, with your own companions at school and play for class-mates, and your attractive room. Old Deacon Small is not very well educated and perhaps not always very interesting, and the Sunday-school is pretty hot and stuffy in the afternoon, and perhaps there is just a little feeling that a fellow from the city cannot learn much from an old, country farmer."

Ted laughed heartily.

"Stop, mother, do stop. You're a regular conjurer. Who told you all that?"

"I have not studied one boy from babyhood, without understanding him a little, Ted."

"I suppose it was sort of mean to think in that way, but after all I don't believe there would be any good in my going."

There was a deepening earnestness in her manner, as Mrs. Rivers, laying her hand upon the curly head, said gently:

"Ted, dear, I am sure there is work for you in this place. It may be a very little one in your eyes, but God does not see things as we do, fortunately for us. It may not be as exciting as waking up churches or running missionary meetings, but it may lead to the salvation of human beings. I have noticed that the village boys have

made you a leader among them, and I wonder how you will use your influence."

"Not much influence, mother. They think me rather a good player and enjoy using my new bats and balls."

"It is more than that. They copy you in many ways, many more than you think. Now last Sunday not one of those larger boys was in school, and on inquiring the reason from the good old deacon, he said they had been at one time very faithful, but had gradually drifted away, through the influence, he feared, of the young boy who came here in the summer."

The color flashed into Ted's face.

"Mother," he said, indignantly, "I did try to make them go. Only last Sunday morning I wanted them to promise me they would."

"What did they say?"

He laughed awkwardly as he answered, "To tell you the truth, mother, they had rather the best of it. They said if I'd go first they'd see about it, but I'd better practice before preaching."

"My case is now complete, Ted, and I will hand it over to the jury for a verdict. Do you need me to point out your work more plainly, dear boy? I think not."

Mrs. Rivers had the rare tact of planting her seed and leaving it to take root without too much troubling of the ground; so after her last words she rose quietly and went into the house, leaving Ted alone on the porch.

He was lost in thought, and not very pleasant thought, either, judging by his expression. Ted was struggling with himself. He did not want to go to that Sunday-school, so different from his own, where a cultured Christian woman met her boys each week to give them food for thought and work. Yet the last words she had said to him, when the school closed for the summer, were, "Do not forget you are a professed and confessed soldier, Edward, and be sure your influence is felt for good wherever you may be."

He wished his mother had let him alone. It was always so hot on Sunday afternoons, and the shady nook by the stream was the very place to read and doze; much better than that stupid old school. He knew Deacon Small could not teach him anything.

But here a new direction was given his thoughts. Was not the old man a soldier in the same army? Had he not been fighting the good fight many years before Ted was ever born? Had he not fought and conquered temptations Ted was yet to meet, and could he learn nothing from this experience? Was it right to think meanly of any one's abilities, when he compared his own advantages with theirs?

Here the color crept into his face again and burned redly. The struggle was nearly over. He was reading his orders pretty plainly now, for a message had gone up quickly to Headquarters, and even now the answer was being received.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself," it said. When he rose to his feet he had conquered, and although not another word upon the subject passed between them, his mother knew that all was well.

The usual Saturday afternoon baseball match was more than usually exciting, and it seemed as though the boys would never be tired of discussing it in every detail. They were stretched under the trees in all sorts of lazy attitudes, quite the pick of the village boys, sturdy young fellows, willing to acknowledge Ted as their leader, but quick to assert their own independence, too.

At the first pause Ted spoke, and the sudden change of subject startled many of them into activity.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to Sunday-school to-morrow. You fellows told me to practice first, so that's what I'm going to do; but after that look out, for I'll preach for all I'm worth."

There was silence for some time, then the oldest boy among them answered him. "I like that in you, Ted; and it would look pretty mean to let a strange fellow go all alone, I'll join you."

"Will you, Joe? Thank you. I was a little put out at the idea of going alone, but now I'm all right."

So on Sunday afternoon Ted and Joe manfully turning their backs on the enticement of shade and books, walked into the school and found places in Deacon Small's class. How delighted the old man was, and when, a few minutes later, two more of the older boys dropped, half ashamed, into their old places in the class, he fairly beamed on them through his glasses. Ted found himself rewarded, for the lesson was taught with an earnest simplicity that went home to the boyish heart, and he entirely forgot to be shocked by the grammatical errors in the homely but significant illustrations.

The boys all promised to come again, and Sunday after Sunday found them

in their places, the band gradually growing larger, until the class overflowed its boundaries and had to be given a little room all to itself. One by one those boys came back, and this time came back to stay, feeling that they were wanted, and really necessary to the success of the deacon's class.

Ted's part in this work was known to only a few; his mother, the boys, and, above all, at Headquarters, from whence that order had been received and so promptly obeyed. But, although our young soldier was not working for thanks, he felt a throb of joy in his heart when, in the spring of the following year, he received in his city home a letter from Joe Peters.

Most of it was taken up with village news, and expressed the pleasure the boys would have in seeing him back again, but crowded in at the end, boy like, was the real reason for writing it.

"On Sunday," Joe wrote, "I am going to unite with our church, and so will Ed, Dick and Will. We feel this has come to us through the Sunday-school and the deacon's teaching, but we none of us forget that it was you that led us back again. It seemed a little thing to you, maybe, but it meant a lot to us."

Fit ending for this simple story is that closing sentence in the village boy's letter.—*New York Observer.*

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard, but search it out."

== "If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again." ==

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 37.)

No. 140.—POET
OLD
ED
T

No. 141.—Gaderens.

No. 142.—A—tarat
G—alapagos
A—mos
G—alveston
AGAG.

No. 143.—Raphael.

No. 144.—1. Babylon 2. Cork.
3. Rome. 4. Naples.

No. 145.—Matt. 6: 21.

No. 146.—D
C A T
D A V I D
T I N
D

No. 147.—"The desire of a man is his kindness, and a poor man is better than a liar."

The Mystery.—No. 40.

No. 158.—PIED CITIES.

(BY G. A. RIECHER, BELLELAKE, N.Y.)

1. Rnoctot. 2. Twaota. 3. Equeuc.
4. Nntoon.

No. 159.—PIED PROVERB.

(BY G. A. RIECHER, BELLELAKE, N.Y.)

TI IS RENVE OTO TALE OT DEMN.

No. 160.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," LOWER PR. WM.)

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 3, 10, 8, 4, 5, 2 was one whom Jesus loved.

My 7, 17, 4, 5, 9, 14 was where an altar was erected.

My 13, 1, 14, 6 is an instrument.

My 16, 15, 12, 11 is a dog's name.

My whole is a beautiful truth spoken by Christ of himself.

No. 171.—DROP-LETTER. (One word.)

(BY "GRIELEY," JOHNSTON.)

—h—n—k—s—a—c—p—.

No. 162.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY G. A. RIECHER, BELLELAKE, N.Y.)

**** To run swiftly.
**** A small particle.
**** The heart.
**** A large bird of Australia.

No. 163.—FRACTIONS.

(BY "FANSY," BARRINGTON, N. S.)

Take two-fifths of a pansy, two-twelfths of sweet-william, two-tenths of mock-orange, and make a residence.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

We are in receipt of The Good Templar of Canada for September.

Its "Puzzle Corner," conducted by B. V. Chisholm, Highland Village, N. S., is still bright and interesting.

Will not our readers manifest their interest in the Column for the INTELLIGENCER by sending us puzzles, solutions, etc. Anything of interest is acceptable. Come, dear friends, let us hear from you. Shall we hear from any concerning the Band of Kindness.

BAND OF KINDNESS.

OUR BAND RECITER.

BIRD-NESTING.

Oh! boys, how can you be so cruel?
Think, think before 'tis done,
And surely you will give it up,
And cease to call it "fun!"

Think of the labour and the skill
Required to build that home!
How long the parents had to work,
How many miles to roam.

What thoughtless heart and idle hand
That pretty home you spoil,
Forgetting all the time it cost
The days and hours of toil;

Forgetting all the misery
That ravished home will bring,
That home where parents hoped to teach
Their little ones to sing.

If God should spare you to be men,
And it should be your lot
To dwell in cheerful industry
In your own peaceful cot,

Think how your spirit would rebel,
And how your heart would ache,
If you were forced to give it up
And all its joy forsake.

Think! and let pity hold your hand,
And you will surely find
Something beyond a "bird's nest"
To occupy your mind.—M. B. (a lady eight years of age.)

We are anxiously awaiting 'to hear from some of our friends concerning the "Band of Kindness." Who will be the first? Contributions will also be welcome, as well as original or old contributions for "Our Literary Circle," which has been neglected of late.

UNCLE NED.

"NO."

"No?" clear, sharp, and ringing,
with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground of a village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'Yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here, an orphan, who lives about two miles off with his uncle. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks home at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school; and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

The speakers moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'No,' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently.

"I am willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider, any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun!"

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you 'No,' to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir," and the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir; he had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking; would you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I will call for them and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained on that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position which was not his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'No,' if occasion replied," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the temper has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'No,' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes," is a sweet and often a loving word. "No," is a strong, brave word which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Selected.*



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