

## Star of Bethlehem.

Saw you never in the twilight,  
When the sun has left the skies,  
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,  
Through the gloom like silver eyes?  
So of old, the wise men watching,  
Saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed it from afar.

Heard you never of the story  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the holy child—  
How they opened all their treasures,  
Kneeling to that infant King,  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering.

Know you not that lowly infant  
Was the bright and morning star,  
He who came to light the Gentiles  
And the darkened isles afar?  
And we too may seek his cradle,  
There our hearts' best treasure bring—  
Love and faith and true devotion,  
For our Saviour, God, and King.

—Pansy.

## Who Fills The Stockings.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

Look where the stockings hang in a row!  
Least and greatest, how plump they show!  
Let lispers and toddlers till believe,  
Lapland Krisso on a Christmas Eve  
Lovers himself through the chimney black,  
Lades each sock from his well-filled sack  
Leaps to his sleigh, and his reindeer go  
Lightly over the frozen snow.

Likely story! you cry and you laugh,  
With your lips and your eyes of blue  
Look sharply now—and now look again—  
Lesson in primer was never more plain:  
Long stocking, short stocking, all show the  
same

Large letter I, which stands for a name!  
Love left his monogram, written here,  
Love fills the stockings, children dear,  
Love fills the stockings, children dear.

—Wude Awake.

GET SOME.—The young people's department will not be less interesting than now. We are determined to keep this part of the paper at the best, and make it both instructive and enjoyable for all the young folks. We would like them to get all the subscribers they can for the INTELLIGENCER. By getting three new names they can have their own paper free. Let each young reader try to get some.

## What Was The Secret.

"Daisy! Daisy Gregory!"  
It was a weak little voice that called her; but Daisy turned about, and walked back to the wee girl who owned it.

"What is it Gracie?" she said; for Gracie's eyes were red with crying.  
"Would you please go back home with me, Daisy, and not mind? Some of the boys called me Humpy, as I came along, and I'm afraid."  
"O yes, indeed! Take right hold of my hand, and don't be afraid, I'll fix those boys."

There was a dangerous light in the big black eyes, as Daisy spoke; and the proud little head, set so gracefully upon the firm shoulders, was held a trifle more erect.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, Willie Dutton and Frank Turner, to call a poor little lame girl names? I should think God would hear you, and be very angry and perhaps make you lame to punish you. I would, if I were he. And you needn't put any more oranges in my desk, Willie; or bring me any more flowers, Frankie, Mamma tells me, to have nothing to do with boys who are not gentlemen."

Then, having said her say with flashing eyes, Daisy held the little hand tighter, and drew Gracie along past the boys—who hung their heads, blushing rosy-red with shame—and never let go her grasp until she had set the little one down at her mother's door; then kissing her gently, and telling her not to mind, because Jesus knew all about it and in heaven she wouldn't be lame anymore, she ran toward home.

"Daisy, will you please come in a minute!" called Susie Sherman, as she passed her door. "I can't get this sum right, and I have been trying so hard!"  
"Yes, indeed! Let me help you, then, Mamma says we must always try, before we get help, to see what we can do."

Daisy's pencil flew fast along the slate, and there was the troublesome example which she had solved that morning for herself.

"Thank you so much," said Susie. "You are always so good. You always seem to love to help, Daisy."

"Well, 'tis fun to make people happy. Don't you think so? It pleases God, you know, too. Now I must run home, for mamma'll be wondering where I am; and I never like to worry her, and she worries easy. Good bye."  
"What can I do to help you, mamma dear?" she said as she finished her dinner. Not a word of the new book she was longing to begin.

"Could you take care of the baby while I have a little nap, dear? My head aches. I was up with him so much last night."

"Yes, indeed! Come, darling; come to sister!"  
The hot little hands were held out so gladly; and the teething baby's head soon dropped upon her shoulder,

as she walked back and forth to still his crying.

"Could you help me make a kite, sister Daisy?" said her brother Charlie, just as she sat down on the broad wind-down seat, to read two hours later, I want one so much?"

Daisy's face bore no trace of annoyance.

"Yes, Harry," she answered. "Bring your things. I know how to make a splendid one; for I helped Jamie make his."

"Can you read the paper to me a little while, daughter?" said the tired father, coming in, and throwing himself down on the lounge, quite exhausted. "Just the principal news."

Daisy knew what this meant, but she cheerfully laid her book aside.

"I don't know how I could live without my little daughter," he said, as he drew her down to kiss the rosy cheek.

"That is all the pay I want, papa," answered Daisy.

"It's easy enough to be good where Daisy is," said Charlie, who was putting an extra bob to his kite. "I'm the envy of all the boys. They every one think she's the handsomest and the nicest girl in school; and they're right, too."

Daisy's face grew crimson. "You'll all spoil me, I'm afraid," she said. "But I'm so glad you love me! I'm sure I don't know why; but I'm the happiest girl in the world."—*Well Spring.*

## The Forgetful Boy.

Mrs. Verbosity wanted a package of yeast powder the other day.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I shall have to send Willie after that yeast, and he has such a bad memory! I do declare, I never saw such a forgetful child in my life. He torments the soul out of me. Every time I send him to the store he brings back something I didn't send him for."

Then raising her voice, she called:

"Willie!"

"Yes, ma."

"You come here this minute; I'm in a great hurry. I want a yeast cake down to the store, and I don't want you to forget what I send you for. I don't want baking powder, same as I had yesterday, but a yeast cake. One of them tin-foil cakes, Willie."

"Yes, ma."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"No, ma."

"Oh, you do try my patience so. Come here this minute."

The boy appears.

"Now, I want a yeast cake, how came that mud on your coat? You've been playing in the dirt again; I'll tell your father when he gets home. Its not baking powder I want. Turn your coat collar down. Now don't you come home with nutmegs, like you did yesterday, nor with cinnamon, like you did the day before, when you were told to get citron. Your coat is buttoned wrong. Don't you forget, now."

The boy escaped to the street, when the anxious and painstaking matron called out from the window:  
"Now, don't you stop to play with those Mantrigale boys, like you did last week, and keep out of French's back yard—do you hear? It's yeast you're going for, yeast: not turnips, nor carrots, nor any kind of vegetable—I got them this morning, you know. Remember, you've got a bad memory, and don't—"

But the boy was out of hearing.

He brought back a can of preserved peaches.

He had a bad memory.

No wonder.

## Two Useful Monkeys.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts there were a great many parents who reported no children in their families; and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to ingenious measures. Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work, distributing candies to the youngsters, and taking their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school; and the monkeys and brass band brought about two hundred little boys and girls to school, which was pretty well done for two monkeys.—*Selected.*

Set the morning watch with care if you would be safe through the day; begin well if you would end well. Take care that the helm of the day is put right; look well to the point you want to sail to, then, whether you make much progress or little, it will be so far in the right direction. The morning hour is generally the index of the day.—*Spurgeon.*

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
CARE 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. 48.)

No. 200.—1.—1 Peter 3: 8  
2.—Nebuchadnezzar.

No. 201.—sheep  
head  
eat  
ed  
p

No. 202.—c  
the  
churn  
ere  
n

No. 203.—Mabel.

No. 204.—Boa-Constrictor.

No. 205.—1. Zech. 6: 1.

2. Jer. 22: 19.

3. Hosea 13: 12.

4. Eccl. 5: 6.

5. Eccl. 11: 4.

6. Prov. 31: 30.

7. Isa. 38: 4.

8. Jer. 43: 9.

9. Joel 3: 14.

10. Jer. 49: 32.

11. Micah 7: 5.

12. Amos 9: 13.

13. Jer. 46: 4.

14. Amos 9: 13.

15. Judges 3: 31.

16. H. sea. 7: 9.

17. J. dges 19: 29.

18. D. ut. 38: 25.

19. Da. 3: 21.

20. Prov. 12: 21.

21. Lam. 3: 27.

22. Isa. 45: 7.

23. Eccl. 12: 1.

24. Prov. 8: 17.

(Take your Bibles and search out these references with the questions published three weeks since.—Ed. Y. F. C.)

## The Mystery—No. 51.

N. B.—Contributions and answers  
respectfully solicited.

No. 222.—WORD SQUARE.

(BY "VAN," LOWER PRINCE WM.)

A person of the Bible noted for his meekness; a friend of Naomi's; hatred; one who corrodes; a fragment.

No. 223.—PIED PROVERB.

(BY E. E. B., SUSSEX.)

Rente tlo tino hte hapt fo eht  
dicwkd nda ogton ni tel yaw fo live  
enn.

No. 224.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, STANLEY.)

Where are the following mentioned in the Bible, viz: "Havilah," "maul," "partridge?"

No. 225.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, STANLEY.)

Whole, consisting of 9 letters, is a poet.

My 1, 2, 3, 7 what we often cannot escape.

My 5, 6, 7, 9 what we all like.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 an elevation.

My 3, 2, 5, 7 a baron.

No. 226.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY E. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, STANLEY.)

Desebsl ear het otop ni tsipir rof  
eirhts si hte gokind fo navehe.

No. 227.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY MABEL A. GULLISON, STANLEY.)

\* A consonant.

\* \* \* A drink.

\* \* \* \* A boy's name.

\* \* \* \* Cunning.

\* A letter.

No. 228.—TANGLE (Phonetic.)

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, STANLEY.)

1. Jayceareyonesayeeleesm.

2. Jayoharedeeyeeon.

No. 229.—RHOMBUS.

(BY "PHILOMATE," QUEENS.)

----- A young man.

----- To enlist.

----- Silver coins.

----- Stools.

----- A weaver's aid.

Down.—A letter; a pronoun; a conjunction; a rainbow; provinces; three-fourths of a stop; thus; a consonant.

No. 230.—PRIZE PUZZLES.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

Marry to X V. A. SAYERKEY.

MOLLY

A handsome Christmas Card for the first correct solution to the above puzzle, No. 230.

A handsome Christmas Card for the first correct list of answers to the puzzles given in this issue.

A handsome Reward Card to the first list of answers received, whether all correct or not.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

A  
VERY  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO  
YOU ALL.

Don't fail to try for some of the prizes offered this term.

STANLEY again! Hurrah! Merry Christmas!

JOANNA GILMORE, Williamsburg, Stanley, will accept thanks for puzzles. Merry Christmas!

MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg, Stanley, will also accept our hearty thanks for the nice puzzles. Happy Xmas!

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg, Stanley, has our heartfelt gratitude for the interest she takes in the work. Thank you for the nice puzzles. Nos. 188, 192, 195 and 198 correctly solved. A very merry Christmas!

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, of the same place as mentioned above, and an untiring co-worker of the Y. F. C., will accept our gratitude for the nice puzzles and kindly spoken words. Thank you for complimentary greeting. The same to yourself!

MARY A. GULLISON, also of Williamsburg, Stanley, will kindly accept our thanks for the excellent puzzles. Your past contributions failed to reach us, else we would gladly have published the puzzles. A very Merry Christmas to you—and all!

B. E. B., Sussex, sends us an excellent batch of neatly written and carefully prepared puzzles. Thank you. We are glad you have such a deep interest in the work. You correctly solve Nos. 200 (2), 201, 202, 203, 204 and 205. A Merry Christmas!

ETHEL J. KERR, Stanley, will accept thanks for puzzles. Merry Xmas to you in return!

## MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

A rush of business owing to my absence during the latter part of the week prevented me from saying more than a few greeting words. We thought to make the Column this issue more attractive than formerly. We needed the assistance of our friends. Some came to our rescue. Perhaps we may be able to get in some bright things for the next issue, which will be in good season for the holiday times. A year has rolled away since our last Christmas greeting. We have all no doubt experienced seasons of happiness and times of deep sorrow and affliction. Yet God in his wise providence has spared our lives. Let us then thank Him with all our hearts, and during this glad season let us not forget the poor. Let us try to make some homes happy. May he help us to live near to Him while our lives are spared, and may we always strive to do something for Him. We do not know what a little effort rightly put forth my accomplish.

Our friend at F'ton has offered four or five prizes for '89, so you may be sure we shall try to make the work progressive and pleasant.

Wishing you all a very

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Ed. Y. F. C.

## Our Letter Box.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with pleasure that I send you a few more Original puzzles to help fill up the Y. F. C., hoping they will be acceptable.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I remain,

Your Niece,

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I thought I would send you a few more Original puzzles. As the first I sent were not printed, I will try again, I remain,

Your Niece,

MABEL A. GULLISON.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—As my last puzzles were acceptable, I send a few more original ones. I am 11 years old and go to school. I write with my left hand.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas, I remain,

Your little Niece,

ETHEL J. KERR.

[You do exceedingly well! Many happy returns!

UNCLE NED.

M. McLEOD,  
MANUFACTURER

—AND—  
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

No. 36 Dock Street.

McLeod's Absolutely Pure Flavoring Extracts;  
Extracts Jamaica Ginger,  
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer Complaint, Cholera, etc.;  
McLeod's Quinine Wine;  
Tonic Cough Cure;  
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.

McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,  
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Coloring or other foreign ingredients.

Strawberry, Raspberry,  
Lemon, Lime Juice,  
Special Blend and Imperial.

IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend are my own specialties which I can highly recommend—being of combinations of the flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics with that of our own Matchless Strawberry.

Ask your dealer for McLeod's Brands of

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In a great variety of patterns, also a fine selection of fashionable

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LOTTIMER'S FASHIONABLE

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—O—  
Ladies Fine American Rubbers.

Misses and Children's American Rubbers for Spring Heel Boots.

Ladies Jersey Lily Oxford Tie Shoes.

Ladies American Oxford Tie Shoes.

Ladies Oil Pebble Lace Boots.

Ladies Oil Goat Button Boots.

Ladies French Kid Button Boots.

Gents Kid Elastic Side Boots.

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Gents Cowhide Long Boots.

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LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE,

210 Queen Street.

## Antagonish Heard From.

APTON, ANTIAGONISH CO.,

October 11th, 1888.

Messrs. C. Gates, Son & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—I feel it my duty to make known to the world the wonderful things that your medicine has done