

"I am Licensed to Sell."

[At the late graduating exercises held in a Public School in Brooklyn, the subject of a poem was read by one of the pupils. It stirred the school men, who, through the United States Liquor Dealers' Association, made formal complaint to the President of the Board of Education:—

"I'm licensed to sell! Get out of my shop!" the rumseller angrily cried, With a frown on his face and a curse on his lips, to the woman who stood by his side, "My moments are precious, I've no time to waste; I have paid for my license, I say, 'Tis my business to sell—I shall sell when I choose to those who will give me my pay." "Your moments are precious! Ah! I'm precious for what? To ruin some innocent one? You shall listen a moment; 'tis little I ask for wrong that to me you have done. You have ruined my husband, both body and soul, that you his scant money might gain; You were licensed to sell you answered me then, and all my pleadings were vain. You lured him on with your honeyed words till your victory you made complete, Till his money was gone, then one cold night you turned him into the street. You were licensed to sell and gave not a sigh for the miserable work you had done; And now, not content, you are striving your best to likewise ruin my son. You are leading him on in the downward path; his meagre earnings you crave; For that you are willing to send him down to an early drunkard's grave; To look at the miserable sots of our town, then back to ten years ago, And know it is you and your cursed work that have brought them down so low. You are licensed to sell; ah! yes, it is true that your license in money is paid, But think not that's all that would ever be asked for the miserable wrecks you have made. When you stand at the judgment-seat of God for the deeds done here on earth, And you stand in the presence of those poor souls that you have helped drag down to hell, Of little avail will it be to you then to say, 'I am licensed to sell.'"

Mary Bruce's Verse.

"Be kindly affectioned, one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

Mary Bruce read these words over several times before she started for school. Her thoughts were not entirely on them, but she said them over so often that they became fixed in her memory.

When she reached the school-house she found a group of girls standing on the steps deep in conversation.

"What is the excitement, girls?" called Mary as she joined them.

"We are holding an indignation meeting," replied one of the girls, a bright looking miss of sixteen. "You know that forlorn little cottage down by the old mill. A family moved in there last week, and the girl has come to school to-day, a shabby looking fright. Still, of course we would not say anything, only Miss Smith has put her in our row, in the next seat to me, and I don't like it."

"We have not had any one there for so long, but just ourselves," said another. "It does seem too bad to have some one we can't have for a friend."

The talk was here interrupted by the school bell, and the girls slowly took their places, with many a side glance of displeasure at their new companion.

Mary Bruce looked at her too, and thought the newcomer seemed as little pleased as the other girls. She was not a prepossessing looking girl, and looked very unhappy in her new surroundings.

When the classes were called the stranger showed herself well able to keep up with her classmates, and in the interest of the lesson her air of defiance was softened a little. But when recess came, she alone of all the scholars remained in her seat poring over her books.

Somehow the thought of her unhappy face and lonely position haunted Mary, and she did not enjoy her recess. Her morning's verse came back to her—"with brotherly love," she whispered to herself, "I suppose that means sisterly love too."

But Mary could not find the courage to brave her mates' laugh, and speak any word of welcome to the deserted girl, and the school hours over, Anna Canton, for that was the girl's name, hurried away, without having had one word of welcome or kindness from her schoolmates. The sullen, proud look faded from her face as she found herself alone, and big, hot tears came to her eyes.

"They will none of them speak to me," she whispered bitterly, "just because we live in a poor little cottage and I am shabbily dressed."

She dried her tears as she came in sight of her little home, and tried to regain a look of cheerfulness. As she entered the low door of the cottage a weak voice greeted her:

"Well, my dear, how did you like the school?"

Anna bent over the chair in which her invalid mother lay, trying to think of some reply which would not tell her how she had been received, but her heart was too full to hide her pain, and throwing herself at her mother's

feet she poured out the whole story of her hurt and wounded feelings.

"I just hate them, mother," she cried, "they are all as cruel and unkind as they can be."

Her mother was silent awhile, then said quietly:

"Anna, did Jesus hate his enemies? Surely no one was treated as badly as he was, and when He came to bring such a blessing to every one! To do so much for them. If we will be like Him, my dearest, we must not hate even those who injure us."

"But, mother," cried poor Anna, "I can't help hating those girls. If I had done anything mean to them it would have been so different. But just because I am poor," and a burst of tears finished the sentence.

"It is hard, my child, murmured her mother, and we cannot help having hard feelings to those who hurt us, unless we look right to Jesus. Oh, Anna darling, think how He suffered for us, and how cruelly He was treated. And we are still hurting Him, and neglecting Him, if we will not try to forgive as he has told us we must do."

Anna wiped away her tears, with a long sigh. "I suppose I can try to forgive them, mother, but I can't think they are very good or kind."

"No dear, we are not required to do that," answered the mother, "but perhaps if you can forgive them they will become more kind. And anyway, you will have done your part."

Mary Bruce was ill at ease that afternoon. Her verse of the morning, and the remembrance of Anna's unhappy face, disturbed her. As she was getting ready for bed the sight of her little text book was a reproach to her. She opened it, half angry, at the stings of conscience, and her eyes fell on these words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"And I did not do it, dear Lord," murmured Mary, as she fell on her knees. "I have denied Thee to-day."

But with the sorrow came a strong resolution, which brought peace, and Mary fell asleep. She was early at school the next day, and when Anna entered, with no glance around, looking for welcome, Mary went up to her holding out her hand, with a pleasant smile.

"We are such near neighbors at school, we ought to be good friends, Anna."

The look of astonishment on Anna's face rather disconcerted Mary, but she went on bravely.

"I know you think I might have spoken to you yesterday, and I am sorry I didn't."

"Oh never mind that," interrupted Anna, taking Mary's hand eagerly. "I don't care now about that, and I am glad you will be friends with me."

The friendship became a long a great pleasure to both girls, and long after that day Mary told Anna of her verse, which prompted her kind words.

"I had been trying not to hate you all," Anna replied, "and after you spoke to me so kindly I did not feel unkindly even to the other girls. So Mary dear, I think you helped me to be a little more like Jesus."—*Christian at Work.*

The Young Corporal.

A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. This was a very serious offence. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot, and cast into prison to await the execution of the sentence. There was an effort made to secure his pardon, but without success. The colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to secure a pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if ever known to be drunk again he should be shot dead.

The colonel went to the prison to inform the condemned young corporal of his pardon.

"Ah! colonel," said the unhappy man, as the officer entered, "you see what my folly has brought me to."

"Suppose," said the colonel, "that I should tell you that, on condition that you never in your life drink again, a pardon is extended to you."

A gleam of hope brightened the young face.

"Your life being the forfeit if ever you taste liquor again," added the colonel.

"Impossible!" said the poor lad. "I cannot live and not drink. Must I never drink?"

"Never."

The poor young fellow relapsed into hopelessness.

"Nothing could keep me from it. It would be impossible to keep the condition."

"I want your word and pledge of honor as a soldier," said the colonel, appealing to the military spirit and high sense of honor he so well knew the youth to possess.

The lad's soul kindled within him.

The appeal wrought the effect intended.

"See, colonel," cried the young soldier. "See here and now," and he lifted his arm toward heaven, "that never to my dying day will I put liquor to my lips again."

That lad became commander of the Imperial Guard, whose very name became such a power, and he kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders."

Now, you see how much that sting of the liquor serpent cost. It came very near costing that brave young corporal his life. It is a very costly sting to this country in dollars and cents. It costs us three hundred and sixty times as much as it does to pay the salaries of all the ministers of the gospel. The salaries of our ministers amount to sixty millions of dollars. And it costs twenty-two hundred millions of dollars to keep the liquor traffic and keep the sting of the liquor serpent doing its work.—*Banner.*

Why Minnie Could Not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I-know, I-know, I-know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were up-stairs."

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room; so now!"

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did, when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r. pur-r-r-r." It was very queer; but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I-know, I-know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard-pie so bad, and so I eat it up, most a whole pie, and then, I—I—oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must, I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Little Men and Women.*

The Mystery Solved.

A very little fellow has a very lively tongue, and talks so much at meals that on a recent occasion, when there were to be guests at the table, his elder brother bribed him with a nickel to be still. After ten minutes of silence, the little boy whispered anxiously to his brother, "Arthur, Arthur, mayn't I talk a cent's worth?"—*Christian Secretary.*

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."

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 36.)

No. 133.—Letter "O."

No. 134.—Luke 6:53.

No. 135.—"The Lord, our righteousness."

No. 136.—L—ear—N
E—fi—O
A—mas—S
P—art—Y
Y—ear—N
E—ate—N
A—nni—E
R—oas—T

LEAP YEAR. TENNYSON.

No. 137.—Infant.

No. 138.—

1. Boston. 2. Rockland.
3. Fredericton. 4. Halifax.
5. Providence. 6. London.

No. 139.—I. K. II. B
P I E B A T
K I N G S B A S E D
E G G T E D
S D

The Mystery.—No. 39.

No. 153.—TANGLE. (Phonetic.)
(BY "ANN DREW," OLD ORCHARD, ME.)
Ayesseeayeeareiohtea.
(Un twist it, and give Bible reference.)

No. 154.—BIBLICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.
(BY LIZZIE A. KERR, STANLEY, YORK.)

I. "Ohmw het oldr elthov eh ehnstehact."
II. "Ew okwn htat lal hgsnit owrk rothgete rfo ogod ot ohset htat velo gdo."
III. "Rof ey ehva ened of enetipa, thta frtea ey vhae enod hte ilwl fo gdo, ey tmgh ervicee hte simpore."

(Please give Bible references.—Ed.)

No. 155.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY G. A. RICKER, BELLEFLEUR BAY.)

I. A letter; a decree; a bird; moist; a consonant.
II. A vowel; a serpent; a fruit; a Biblical proper name; a letter.

No. 156.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.

(BY G. N. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, U. S.)

***** After.
***** A small particle.
***** A boy's nickname.
***** A girl's nickname.
***** A letter.

No. 157.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY HATTIE M. GREY, YAR. CENTRE, ONT.)

1. What was Solomon's first act of wisdom?
2. Where is "its" mentioned?
3. Behind what was David told he would find Goliath's sword?
4. Who slew the giant that had four and twenty fingers and toes?
5. Where is "weasel" mentioned?
(Please give Bible references.—Ed. Y. F. C.)

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

"ANN DREW," Old Orchard, Me., U. S., has our sincere thanks for the three nice puzzles. Please don't stay away so long!

LIZZIE A. KERR, Stanley, York, will please accept our hearty thanks for her kindness in favouring us with the excellent batch of puzzles which we received from her pen. Come again, and often.

"PANSY," Barrington, N. S., correctly solves 23—4 of 2nd Instalment; 3 of the 3rd, and all five of the 4th and last. The answers were in time.

"GEELEY," Johnston, will please notice that we did not receive the solutions to the 3rd and 4th instalments of "prize puzzles."

PRIZE AWARD.

The prize has been awarded to our puzzle loving friend "Philomath"—A. Machum—Pollyhurst, Queens, aged 68. He will please acknowledge receipt of same.

The contest stood as follows:
"Philomath," 20; "Van," and Jas A. Richan, each 18; "Pansy," 15; "Greeley," 9.

We hope to offer another prize soon. Be on the lookout!

Let us hear from many of our young friends during these fall months, and to the effect that members will join our Band. Come, dear young friends.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I wish to manifest my interests in the Y. F. C. in a practical way, so I send the puzzles and answers. Do not remember seeing any similar ones.

Yours,

"ANN DREW."

OLD ORCHARD, ME.

Sept. 7th, 1888.

BARRINGTON, N. S. Sept. 11th, 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I send you solutions to puzzles of Nos. 33, 34, 35, with exceptions of two (2); but I think that there must have been a misprint in No. 8, and also No. 11, as I couldn't get a solution to either of them without changing one letter. I am sorry that I could not attend to the puzzles at the proper time, but as the answers had not been published I thought that perhaps I would not be too late.

"PANSY."

[There was not any error in either No. 8 or No. 11. Your solutions were in time, but there was an error, in some as you will see by the answers published last week.—UNCLE NED.]

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00
Express for Halifax & Quebec..... 11.00
Express for Sussex..... 16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 5.30
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Accommodation..... 12.55
Day Express..... 18.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGR, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. May 31st, 1888.

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It is pleasant to take and is the safest and best preparation for children as well as adults, and only costs 25 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

BLISSVILLE, N. B., Aug. 22nd, 1882.

Two years ago I was very sick with what is called Summer Complaint or Dysentery, and I bought one bottle of Gates' Certain Check, and I verily believe that it saved my life. This I can testify to

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