

**The Restless Boy in Church.**

How he turns and twists,  
And how he preists;  
In rattling his heels;  
How uneasy he feels,  
Our wide-awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still,  
He attends with a will,  
While the story is told  
Of some old hero bold,  
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church!

But our glad surprise  
At his thoughtful eyes  
Is turned to despair  
As he twitches the hair  
Of his little sister in church.

Still, each naughty trick flies  
At a look from the eyes  
Of his mother so dear,  
Who thinks it best to sit near  
Her mischievous boy in church!

Another trick come?  
Yes! His finger he drums,  
Or his kerchief is spread  
All over his head—  
And still we take him to church!

He's troublesome? Yes!  
That I'm bound to confess;  
But God made the boys,  
With their fun and their noise,  
And he surely wants them in church!

Such children, you know,  
Long, long years ago,  
Did not trouble the Lord,  
Though disciples were bored;  
So we still keep them near him in church.  
—Unknown.

**One of my Lessons.**

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"You will be sure to meet me at Barton's at 3 o'clock!" I said to my friend Madeline.

"Yes, I surely will—unless something I can't help prevents me."

"Because you know," I went on in my eagerness to impress more fully upon her a matter which she already understood, "if I don't get my table scarf done in two days it will be too late to send it for Aunt Gertrude's birthday."

"Yes, you've told me so time and again," laughed Madeline. "I'll be there and we'll select the silks and I'll go home with you if I can and help you with the fringe."

"Do, Madeline," I urged. "And be sure you bring the scarf with you."

"Yes, I'll be waiting for you at Barton's so we shall not lose any time."

She went home while I went to school with a head fuller of the scarf than of my lessons. Under Madeline's directions and with her help I had been for some time engaged on it, and it was showing a beauty as it approached completion which gave me great pride and delight. I hurried from school to Barton's. It was partly a milliners, partly a fancy work store, and there were quite a number of people in it, but my first glance among them as I stood at the door showed me that Madeline was not there. I felt impatient of even a moment's delay, and looked earnestly up and down the street, but no Madeline was to be seen.

I waited for a few moments with a flush of anger rising to my face and growing hotter and hotter with every second. I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in selecting the pretty silks and fancy tassels and in making a little display of my work, as it would be the only opportunity before sending it away. How unkind of Madeline to disappoint me, and how wrong of her after she had promised! I thought of going in and asking if she had been there but was too angry to do so.

She knew exactly what time I would get out of school. If she chose to treat me so, she might. I turned to go home, then paused, remembering that the scarf was at Madeline's house, where she had been helping me with it the day before. For a moment I thought of going in great indignation to ask for it, and take it home, without condescending to inquire her reasons for having failed to meet me. Then I reflected that I could do nothing without the silks, or without Madeline to show me how to use them. Madeline's home was some distance from me in one direction, my own in another, quite out of the small town. I turned toward the latter with my heart raging with anger against my friend.

How often and often had my mother faithfully warned me against my tendency towards quick and unthinking resentment, leading me to rush blindly to conclusions that I was injured or slighted. And as often had I formed resolutions which were sweeter like straw before the wind when any new tempest of indignation arose within me. My anger seemed to increase with hasty strides. As long as I was in town I contrived to force myself to speak civilly to people who passed me, but when I got into the fields where no one could hear me I poured out a torrent of bitter, contemptuous words against Madeline. I usually enjoyed the walk home, finding the sunshine a delight to my eyes and hearing in the soft wind almost a caress as its coolness refreshed me after the hours in the

school-room. But today nothing held a charm for me and, as I passed through the corner of a bit of woods, I did not give a glance at the early summer foliage which waved above my head as if inviting my gaze. Wild flowers always grew there. I knew the anemones and the blood-roots were gone, but the violets I rarely passed without going into the deeper shades to gather some. But now I would not have turned aside for all the woodland treasures that ever grew, and, as a few violets lay in my path, I set my cruel foot down and crushed them. It was only a little bunch, but even in my anger I felt a thrill of remorse as I did it, and I have never since been able to look into the sweet face of a violet without a pain at my heart thinking of it.

"I shall never speak to Madeline Burton again as long as I live," I said as I came to my mother. She noted sorrowfully my heated face and the suppressed passion in my voice, understanding my unfortunate mood at once.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" she asked.

I told her, adding excitedly: "She knew just how much I wanted to finish it, and she knew I couldn't do it without her. I shall never have anything more to do with her—except," I added, "to be as hateful to her as she has been to me, if I ever get a chance."

"But you do not know what good reason she may have had for not keeping her appointment."

"What good reason could there be," I said. "I went to Barton's and did not find her and that is all I want to know."

"And so, my poor child, you have come all the way home with your heart overflowing with bitter anger. Think what a thing it is, dear, to let evil passions run riot there. How they mar and scorch and blacken your poor soul—the soul over which such careful guard should be kept that nothing ugly and hateful should be allowed to enter: your soul in which Christ would reign supreme and which should reflect his own image. Oh my daughter, it is a fearful thing to give it over to the mastery of evil thought."

At each one of her earnest, slowly spoken words I felt my anger cooling. In their light the thing which had so excited me seemed to dwindle into insignificance. I sat silent for a few minutes wishing, as I had often wished before, that I had not allowed my anger to run away with me. "I'm sorry, mother," I said. "You see I do have a great deal of provocation, but I am going to try to forgive Madeline and cast all my wicked thoughts away. And God will forgive me if I ask him, and then it will be just as it was before with me."

"Never, my dear," said mother. "Remember that a good thought cannot live where a bad thought has sway. Just think how the spirit of all evil must have rejoiced over your subjection to him for this last hour. No, it can never be the same. Hear this, dear, from one who must have considered well the same subject." She read:

"Come in, sweet thought, come in: Why linger at the door? Is it because a shape of sin Defiles the place before? 'Twas but a moment there, I chased it soon away; Behold, my heart is clean and bare, Come in, sweet thought and stay."

"Yes, mother," I interrupted in a low voice, "that is just the way I feel. I truly am going to make my bad thoughts give place to good ones."

"Listen futher, daughter:"

"The sweet thought said to me: 'I love not such a place Where uncouth inmates come and go. I rather make my cell From ill-report secure Where love and lovely fancies dwell.'"

"But," she added, "we need not go any further than the words of him who orders that all bitterness and wrath and clamor or evil speaking be put away from among us."

She left me, and in the quiet of my awakening repentance I realized more than any words could tell me the truth that the evil nourished and fostered in my heart had made a blot which would always leave its stain. I had allowed darkness to reign there while it might have been light, and it could never be the same to me if my heart during that unhappy hour had been filled with the beauty acceptable in the sight of him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

The next day was Saturday and I did not go out, but my mother drove into the town in the morning, and on her return gave me a note with a little parcel, saying:

"I went into Barton's and they handed me this. They said it was left for you early yesterday afternoon, but you did not call so they had no opportunity of delivering it."

"Dear Grace," it read, "I have sprained my foot and cannot meet you, but here is your scarf with samples of the silks you are to get. And as I have concluded that you cannot get it done

without more help on that fussy fringe I have asked Ruth and Ethel over, and we will all have a nice afternoon over it. So come right up, dear, and we will send Jack over to let your mother know you are with us. Your loving friend, Madeline."—Interior.

**The Children and the Panther.**

Down on the Blackwater, in southeastern Saline, about the year 1830, a settler named Samuel Miller had built his cabin and was opening a small farm. He had two little daughters, Jennie and Susie, aged seven and six. One morning the mother of the little girls sent them on an errand to a neighbor's nearly two miles distant. The road was a mere pathway through the thick woods, but the children knew it very well. Hand in hand, they toddled along, unheeding peril because unconscious of it. But half a mile from home, on the upper arc of a large leaning tree, which bent directly over the path, they saw a large panther stretched out at full length, basking in the morning sun. They did not know rightly what it was.

"Oh, Susie," said Jennie, "there's a wolf!"

"Yes," said Susie; "and I s'pect it's the bad old fellow that caught my lamb and kills papa's pigs. Let us go right back home and tell papa and he will come and shoot it wiv his gun."

"But, what if it runs away while we are gone?" returned Jenny. "Tell you what we'll do Susie: you stay here and watch it, and I'll run and tell papa! I can run fastest, you know."

Little Susie readily assented to the arrangement, assuring her sister that, if the "bad old wolf" should come down the tree, she would "take a stick and punch his eyes out." Then, gathering some acorn cups and a quantity of velvety moss, she set about constructing a "playhouse" at the foot of the very tree on which crouched the panther, watching her curiously. Presently he arose, and walked back and forth, along the level extent of the tree, as if impatient and meaning to descend. But Susie shook her little fist at him menacingly; and soon he lay down again, with his head between his paws, lazily blinking his great yellow eyes, "as if," Susie said, "he was awful sleepy."

Away ran Jennie, fleet as a little fawn; and in due time she reached her father's cabin, and hurriedly told her mother that there was a "big wolf on a tree, and that Susie had stayed to mind it." Mrs. Miller at once comprehended the harrowing truth, and called frantically to her husband, who was at work in his clearing near by. Mr. Miller came at once, accompanied by a young man in his employ, named George Plunkett. Realizing the imminent peril of his child, and dreading that perhaps already a horrible fate had befallen it, the pioneer did not speak a word; but in a few seconds he and young Plunkett, rifle in hand, were running swiftly to the scene. Nearing the locality, Miller said,—

"If we are not too late, George, let me fire first."

Possibly, the emotions of the father at this time may be imagined; certainly, I cannot describe them. Faint hopes and sickening fears alternated in his breast as he sped fleetly on. It was hardly possible that the child was yet alive; but, as the panther had not sprung at first, there was a bare chance. Meanwhile in the little cabin home the agonized mother had caught her remaining little one to her breast and was praying silently, but fervently.

But,—oh, the joy of it!—on coming within sight of the fateful tree, Miller saw his child safe and unharmed. The little innocent was busy at her play, crouching sweetly the while. Doubtless, He who stopped the mouths of the lions had preserved her! High above the panther was on his perch. In two seconds, Miller's rifle rang out: the panther came crashing to the ground, a bullet fairly in his brain; and little Susie sprang up and exclaimed, "O papa, how you scared me!"

This panther measured five feet ten inches. Miller tanned his skin; and, when his daughters had grown to womanhood, each of them had a cape made from it.—Vermont Chronicle.

BEef TEA is made in several ways. One is to cut a pound of lean beef, more or less, in small pieces, put it in a bottle or glass can, cover tightly, put it in a pot of cold water with a plate at the bottom. Heat gradually, and simmer two or three hours. Pour off the juice, season with very little salt, and remove all oily particles from the surface. A slice of bread laid over the surface will absorb them. 2. Soak the beef in the cold water for half an hour, squeezing it occasionally, then put it over the fire, covered, and boil ten minutes. Remove the scum and the fat, and serve hot. Beef Juice is prepared by first boiling a juicy steak,

and then squeezing it over a cup set in hot water. Remove any oily particles, salt and serve.

**Young Folks' Column.**

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

**PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.**

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

**The Mystery Solved.**

(No. 40.)

No. 158.—1. Toronto. 2. Ottawa. 3. Quebec. 4. Moncton.

No. 159.—"It is never too late to mend."

No. 160.—"I am the bread of life."

—St. John 6:35.

No. 161.—Phenakistoscope.

No. 162.—R A C E

A T O M

C O R E

E M E U

No. 163.—Palace.

**The Mystery—No. 43.**

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited.

**No. 174.—DROP LETTERS.**

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

1. h—s—h—r—s—e—c—

2. o—o—o—e—

**No. 175.—CHARADE.**

(BY "GREENLY," JOHNSTON.)

My first is a Scripture name; my second was a king's daughter; my whole is the name of a Bible place.

**No. 176.—BURIED ISLANDS.**

(BY JAS. A. RICHAN, BARRINGTON, N. S.)

1. Do not answer the sum at random.  
2. John and Rosa are twins.  
3. Yes! so did Charles.  
4. Noahs ark rested on Mount Ararat.

**No. 177.—WORD SQUARE.**

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

A precious stone; to cut; space; poor.

**No. 178.—CIPHER.**

(BY "ANN DREW, OLD ORCHARD, ME.)

Ah! Can it be that a man of untruth is a fool? Aye, and a responsible one also? If so, then every one is bound to be watchful and full of anxiety concerning the words of his mouth that they be words of truth.

(Give reference.)

**No. 179.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

(BY "PHILOXATH," QUEBEC.)

\* \* \* A consonant.

\* \* \* A horse.

\* \* \* \* \* A shell-fish.

\* \* \* \* \* An arc of a circle.

\* \* \* \* \* Part of a house.

\* \* \* A deer.

\* A letter.

**No. 180.—ENIGMA.**

(CONTRIBUTED BY LIZZIE E. KERR, STANLEY.)

What savage beast does Samson slay, and sees

Possessed soon after by a swarm of bees?

What patient creature knows its owner well

Though sinful Jews against their God rebel?

What did the beautiful Rebeckah ride, When she met Isaac as his promised bride?

What creature's strength does Balaam's word compare

To Israel, led beneath Jehovah's care?

What stinging reptile from a shepherd's rod

Was once created by the hand of God?

What bird is mentioned by a noble king,

When he describes the melody of Spring?

An insect now initial letters claims

From each of all these living creature's names

Of four destructive foes the first is meant,

A part of "My great army which I sent."

(Give Bible References—Ed. Y. F. C.)

(From "Tract Magazine," 1887.)

227 The Mystery solved in three weeks.

**The Mystical Circle.**

We hope to make ready for a prize contest next issue. Let every one gird on the thinking cap, and make ready.

We are anxious to hear from many of our young friends during the next month, as to the Column's continuance, etc. Come, dear friends. What about our Band of Kindness? Are we to hear from more on this subject?

Send us some literary topics so that we may resuscitate "Our Literary Circle." Contributions of all kinds are gladly welcomed, as puzzles, short stories, etc., etc.

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