

A FACE.

Between the curtains of snowy lace
Over the way, is a baby's face.
It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,
And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry,
But in the wonderful by and by,
Out from the window of God's "To be,"
That other baby shall beckon to me.

That ever haunting and longed-for face,
That perfect vision of infant grace,
Shall shine on me in a splendor of light,
Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good—
All that puzzles me, understood;
And the wee white hand that I lost one day
Shall lead me into the Better Way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Child's Trust—A True Story.

BY MARY GREY.

"Mother dear, what is the matter?"
and Ada looked up from the spelling
book over which she was bending.
"Mamma, is breakfast ready, and oh!
isn't there coffee to-day?" and Edith's
beaming face was clouded and her
voice pelted.

"Hush! Edith, Mamma looks
troubled this morning," and Ada drew
her sister to one side, whispering,
"don't take any notice of the break-
fast, I am afraid the rent is wrong
again." "Do you think she was not
paid for all that sewing last week, and
she worked so hard; it is real mean
then." And she stamped her little
foot. "When I am grown up I will
always pay right off and then the poor
Mother can have coffee and everything
else for her children."

"My darling, come, breakfast is
ready," and Mrs. Lynch sat down at
the table.

"Not much of a breakfast," mur-
mured Edith, "only porridge and
bread and butter."

"Oh! Edith hush," and poor Ada
looked wistfully at her Mother who
nevertheless had overheard. "I am
very sorry, Edith dear, but I am be-
hind with the rent and I must be care-
ful."

"Didn't Mrs. Edwards pay you
Mamma?"

"No dear."

"The mean old thing," cried Edith.

"Hush, hush, my child, she does
not probably know that I depended on
it for my rent, and Ada, will you go
around there after school and ask for
it for me?"

"Why yes, Mamma, only don't
worry. I guess I can get it."

Ada was late for dinner and she
came in slowly, rather differently from
her usual bounding step.

"Did you see Mrs. Edwards?"

"Oh Mamma, and the eyes filled,
"she went to Atlantic City for a week."
She heard the low murmur, "Father
of the fatherless will thou help us now?"

"Can't I do something to help?"

the child asked springing to her
mother's side and throwing her arms
around her.

"No, my blessing, only help me to
pray for help."

"Is it so very bad this time?"

"I am behind five dollars, just the
amount of that sewing and I depended
on it. Mr. Jones, the agent, told me
last month that he could get higher
rent for this house, and if I was not
prompt in paying, he would turn us
out. But Ada, I ought not to trouble
your child's mind with cares like
these!"

"If you are worried, I am too, but I
thought that we were getting on so
nicely now."

"So we were until Edith had measles,
then the medicines cost a good deal,
and I could take no work in on account
of infection. Mrs. Martin could not
wait for me, and gave her work to
some one else. You know she was
going to Europe. Mrs. Spring promis-
ed some, but she changed her mind
about having it done now, so it has
been so hard to manage."

"Mamma, yesterday our lesson was
Elijah and the Ravens, and our teacher
said that God would always hear and
deliver anyone who cried to Him for
help. If we pray a great deal won't
He help you to pay the rent?"

"My child, we will; I ought not to
doubt Him, who ever since your dear
father's death, has always taken care
of us. We will pray and trust."

Tuesday came, and as Ada kissed her
mother before going to school, she
whispered, "I am praying Mamma."
She was clasped in her arms, and as a
tear dropped on her bright hair, the
silent prayer went up, "Hear, dear
Lord, this thy little one."

Mrs. Barron was in her handsome
bed-room, leisurely preparing for bed.
Her mind, in the meantime, reviewing
the incidents of the day, its duties,
pleasures, and the opportunities she
had had for kind words and cheering
sympathy, and she never neglected
such opportunities. Many a heart had
reason to bless her that night for kin-
dness shown and substantial help given.
Suddenly the thought flashed through
her mind, "I have not heard of Mrs.

Lynch lately, and those two dear little
children." And the remembrance of
sweet little Ada and impetuous bright
Edith, for one instant recalled her
childless home with a pang. "Poor
thing, she did have a struggle, but I
thought it was smoother waters lately.
I will go and see her sometime when
I am in that part of the city, and
picking up a little book of devotional
reading, she opened it where her place
was marked, and tried to concentrate
her thoughts. But strangely, Mrs.
Lynch's name seemed to dance over
its pages. "I wonder why I am think-
ing of her. Mrs. King sees her con-
stantly, and I met her to-day, but she
said nothing about her, but I may as
well stop reading and go to bed."

After a semi-dozing state, in which
the faces of the widow and her two
little girls mingled themselves with
other shapes and fancies, she fell
asleep to be confronted by the first
waking thought, "I do wonder how
Mrs. Lynch is getting on? This is ab-
surd for poor, innocent Mrs. Lynch to
haunt me this way. I don't suppose
she has bestowed a single thought on
me this morning."

Breakfast over in the sunny cheerful
room, where birds sang and flowers ex-
haled their fragrance, and the latter
were often made little messengers of
mercy to brighten some sick-room,
then care for the family needs in the
ordering of stores—and Mrs. Barron
sat down to her morning employment,
some artistic work, in which she was
interested just then, feeling that her
duties done she might rest in comfort.
It was Tuesday morning, and little Ada
had gone to school as we know, after
trying to cheer up her anxious mother.
But Mrs. Barron knew nothing of
this, she only knew that the trouble-
some question had arisen again. Mrs.
Lynch's name struck with unerring
force her mental consciousness. She
became uneasy tried to abstract her
thoughts, planned engagements for
herself and others, but in vain. At last
conscience awoke, "didn't this mean
something? Is there not work to be
done?" She dropped her work, "I am
ready, dear Lord, what wilt Thou
have me to do?" Then rising, she
went to her room, changed her house-
dress for a street-dress, and looking to
her pocket-book that it was well sup-
plied, she started on her errand of
mercy. A long ride in the street cars
brought her to her desired neighbor-
hood, and her ring was answered by
the lady herself. To her kind inquiry,
"are you in trouble or anxiety," Mrs.
Lynch you haunted my thoughts so
last evening and to-day that I was im-
pelled to come and see you," the
weary heart of the widow burst all the
bounds of self-control fixed upon it.
"My God has sent His angel," she
exclaimed, "Mrs. Barron, I have
been praying in agony for three days
and nights for some one to help me,
and God has sent you."

Tenderly supporting the weeping
woman into the little parlor, Mrs.
Barron asked what was the matter.
"I thought that lately your troubles
were over."
"They did seem so until Edith's
sickness, but that threw me back, and
to-day at twelve o'clock, Mr. Jones,
the agent, threatens to put my furni-
ture out of the house, if I have not all
the rent, and my children and I will
no place to put our heads."
Mrs. King, who was a kind friend of
Mrs. Lynch, came in. Mrs. Barron
was often associated with her in good
works. "I am so glad to see you,"
she exclaimed, "I could not reach
you in time, I feared, and I have been
vainly trying to get help for our friend
nearer home."

"Mrs. Lynch," said Mrs. Barron
cheerily, "there need be no further
trouble about the rent. Where is this
Mr. Jones' office?"
She went at once to interview that
gentleman and returned soon. "You
need not fear now, Mrs. Lynch he
was very polite to me and has promised
to let me know next time there is any
difficulty."

Ada came home from school to find
her mother with a peaceful face putting
dinner upon the table and singing in a
low tone, "the Lord will provide."
"Mamma," she cried joyfully, "is
it all right?" "Yes, darling, kind
Mrs. Barron has been here and paid
the rent, and not only that, she and
Mrs. King lent me a little sum to get
ahead with and I am to pay it back at
my own time." God did hear our
prayers.

"We should never doubt again, and
Ada the strange part of it is Mrs.
Barron said that last night and this
morning she could not help thinking
about us so that she felt obliged to
come and see if anything was wrong."

With an awe-struck face the child
listened and then said simply, "it was
God who made her think about it."—
Presbyterian Journal.

Doing Things Well.

"There!" said Harry, throwing
down the shoe brush, "that'll do. My
shoes don't look very bright, but no
matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing at all is
worth doing well," said his father,
who had heard the boy's careless
speech.

Harry blushed while his father con-
tinued:

"My boy, your shoes look wretch-
edly. Pick up the brush and make
them shine; when you have finished
come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his
well-polished shoes, his father said:
"I have a little story to tell you. I
once knew a poor boy whose mother
taught him the proverb which I re-
peated to you a few minutes ago.
This boy went out to service in a
gentleman's family, and he took pains
to do everything well, no matter how
unimportant it seemed. His employer

was pleased and took him into his
shop. He did his work well there,
and when sent on errands he went
quickly and was soon back in his place.
So he advanced from step to step
until he became clerk, and then a
partner in the business. He is now a
rich man and anxious that his son
Harry should practice the rule which
made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy
once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to
go out to service and black boots and
wait at table, and do any service that
was required of me. By doing little
things well I was soon trusted with
more important ones."—*Young
Reaper.*

Useful Children.

August Pirch, who lives near
Gavanzo, is the happy possessor of a
dozen fine healthy children. Mr.
Pirch had a tract of land that could
not be used for the want of water.
But how to irrigate the land without
spending a large sum of money was a
mystery. A ditch would cost thou-
sands of dollars, but corner lots have
not been so plentiful in the Pirch
family as the happy father could have
wished, and his bank-book simply
showed a balance of a few hundreds
instead of thousands. He figured on
the cost of a well, and found that he
could stand a sixty-foot well, a cheap
pump, and one of those great family
swings which are noticed at pleasure
grounds and German picnic grounds.
The well was bored, the pump was set
up, and the swing was put in working
order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the
elder Pirch to his little fishes," come
out here and get in this swing. I'm
going to give you something to play
with."

In five minutes the children were
flying back and forth through the air.
The pump worked up and down, mak-
ing a merry tune, and a fourteen-inch
stream of water flowed from the well.
The children don't know that they are
working, as the spring is some distance
from the well, and is connected by an
iron rod, which works the pump as the
swing vibrates back and forth. Mr.
Pirch is positive that the youngsters
will pump enough water during the
day to irrigate a large tract.—*Los
Angeles Times.*

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. 52.)

No. 306.—A BRIGHT, HAPPY, AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

No. 302.—1. 1 Chron. xi. 22.

2. 2 Judges i. 5, 6, 7.

3. 1 Chron. xii. 18.

4. Esther i. 1-6.

5. 1 Chron. xi. 13.

No. 303.—1. Jer. 3:16.

2. Isaiah 52:10.

3. Esther 2:21-23.

4. Gen. 21:22

5. Numb. 24:14.

The Mystery—No. 3.

N. B.—Puzzles and Solutions,
Letters, Essays, Queries, etc., are re-
spectfully solicited. Address as above.

No. 8.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

1. Where do we read of a brook
being named because of the fruit cut
down there?2. Who "stood between the dead
and the living" and thus stayed a
plague from upon his people?3. Where is the adjuration: "Cursed
be the man that eateth any food until
evening, that I may be avenged on
mine enemies?" By whom was it
said?4. Where do we read of forty men
having bound themselves with an oath
not to eat nor drink until they had
killed a certain good man?5. "You left handed Benjamin!"
Give a proof from the Bible that there
was once a great man among the
"Benjaminites" who was left-handed?

No. 9.—REBUSLIKE ANAGRAM.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

Y U E L L
Q n U a L

No. 10.—RECONITE PLACES.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

1. The hymn book is in a—idls
boy get thee away!2. He suffers with the bronchite
very much of late.3. A crab, ash, and beech tree stand
on yonder hillside.4. Robert, has he chemically mixed
those ingredients?

No. 11.—APOCOPE.

(BY ED. Y. F. C.)

Apocope a Biblical man's name,
And a mineral of rare occurrence will
remain.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

Let all our friends strive to compete
for the prize announced in last issue.
Do not fail to comply with the rules!With the mail that carried away
our last MS. to the printer came an
excellent essay from "Pharlan" (late
of St. John) of Boston. As he is the
only competitor on that subject—
"Knowledge is better than riches"—
he of course is awarded the prize. The
time for receiving MS. expired on that
day. We publish his essay in the
proper place this issue. The prize has
been mailed to his address.

Our Literary Circle.

Nota Bene.—The rules for essay
competition given in issue No. 1, 1888,
apply this week.How many will try, and who will be
the first to try the subject given this
week?

5th Subject.—LOVE.

"KNOWLEDGE IS BETTER
THAN RICHES."BY W. G. MAC FARLANE, BOSTON, MASS.
AGED 17.Shall it be wealth or wisdom? This
wise utterance should be an important
question of our lives, and one that we
should carefully consider. Shall I
strive for riches, or shall I strive for
knowledge?Wealth does a great deal of good in
this world, we will admit, but what
bad effects does it also have upon the
mind! A millionaire once said that
he never attended a lecture, because he
was afraid he might learn something
there which would not be of use to him
in making a dollar. That is how
wealth uses those who make it their
highest ambition to the exclusion of
education: it narrows the mind, it
causes trouble and anxiety. We read
of men, who, in their efforts to keep
hold of their money, have had such a
continual strain upon their minds as to
kill them. Of these, we may say their
wealth was not their wealth. Who has
done the most for the world, Vander-
bilt or Franklin; the head of the
Roman Church or Martin Luther?Greece, the land of Spartan heroism,
what laid her low? Byron says 'twas
"self-abasement paved the way to
villain bonds and despot sway." But
what caused this "self-abasement?"
Her riches. And so it was with Rome,
and with many a proud nation. As
they increased in power and wealth
they were surrounded with every
luxury, which, as Caesar says, "tend
to effeminate the mind;" they became
degenerate and so prepared themselves
for the work of the conqueror.Who would not wish to be from wealth
exempt,
Since riches point to misery and con-
tempt.
Now let us look at the other side.
What has knowledge done for man!
It has broadened his intellect, made
him liberal, cheered his life, and lent
it a new aspect. Wealth never fanned
into flame the spark of genius, but
education has. Wealth never made a
man, but education has. The proudest
nations of the earth to-day are those
that give their subjects education.
Therefore seek not for riches. transi-
tory in its nature: but rather for
knowledge, which will never desert
you.We have another motive to the ac-
quisition of knowledge, the words of
our Creator. For do we not read in
Holy Writ, referring to learning: "my
fruit is better than gold, yea, than
fine gold; and my revenue than choice
silver." Who would not be Moses
abounding in wisdom, rather than
Pharaoh buried with all his wealth in
the Red sea? Who would not be
Solomon, the man of wisdom, rather
than Solomon the man of riches?Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we
fly to heaven.

Our Letter Box.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 28, 1887.

UNCLE NED.—I herein send you an
essay for the competition. I am living
under the American flag. I came here
from St. John about three months ago,
but I still take the INTELLIGENCER.
About a year ago, I think, I contrib-
uted somewhat to the "Puzzle Depart-
ment" under the pseudonym "MacF."My birthday is to-day. I am seven
teen. Wishing you a happy New
Year I must close.

"PHARLAN."



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purity, strength, a wholesomeness. More
economical than the ordinary kinds, and
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106 Wall Street, N. Y.

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Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax and Quebec	18.00

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D. POTTINGER,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
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thinking it was no use, as I had been given
up by the doctors; but I thought I would
try your medicines, and consider it is by
their use only that I am living and main-
taining my family by my own work. The
doctors advised me not to take it, because,
they said, when the cough stopped I would
not live 24 hours; but I am alive, thanks
to GATES' MEDICINE, and am doing
better than I have been for a great many
years.

KENNETH MCGILNARY.

The above statement was sworn to as
correct in every particular, by the above
named Kenneth McGilnary, before me, at
Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881
R. DRUMMOND, J. P.

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