

My Little Lad and I.

I take a little hand in mine,
And walk the village street,
With chirp and chatter as we go,
In mingled converse sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From every one we meet—
Dear little lad and I!

I take this little hand in mine
To climb a neighboring hill,
To pluck wild flowers or to trace
A laughing mountain rill
By which, when weary or athirst,
We pause to drink our fill—
Dear little lad and I!

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee;
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee;
I feel a breath against my cheek,
A breath of life to me—
Dear little lad and I!

I take those little hands in mine,
I hear a prattling tongue
Repeating childish thoughts and songs
So sweetly said and sung
In harmony with spirit-harps
For heavenly music strung—
Dear little lad and I!

With those two little hands in mine,
I think of other days—
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways;
And yet our souls clasp hands across
The chasm in close embrace—
Dear little lad and I!

Those little hands, so very fair,
God keeps them ever white!
Those little feet, unfettered yet,
May they e'er walk aright!
That little life, so precious now,
May it be ever bright—
Dear little lad, pray I!

Aunt Sally's Amalekites.

"I am going to kill them," said I.
"Who?" inquired Nathan, looking shocked.
"The Amalekites," said I.
"Who be they?" inquired Nathan;
and then I remembered that he hadn't
been to church that morning, owing to
toothache. So I just explained to him
what the minister said. You see he
preached us a sermon about Saul and
those sinners, the Amalekites, that
the Lord told him to "utterly destroy,"
and about how Saul spared Agag and
didn't kill him.

And the minister said that he was
afraid some of us church folks were
just like Saul because we didn't fight
our Amalekites. Our sins were our
Amalekites, you know, according to
our minister; and he said that he was
most afraid that, instead of killing our
Amalekites, some of us didn't even
know where our Amalekites lived, and
he was pretty sure that a good many
of us let that biggest Amalekite,
Agag, live. Well, those weren't just
the minister's words, but then, that's
what he meant.

When I'd explained it all out to
Nathan, he sat still a minute, and
then he got up laughing, and says he:
"Well, Sally, you'll have a tough job
killing old Agag, I reckon."
Now, that made me mad, for I
didn't think I had any Agag to kill. I
wasn't certain but there might be two
or three of the common, not-much-
account kind of Amalekites for me to
fight with, but as for such a big fellow
as Agag, I was mighty certain that I
hadn't any such.

And so I spoke out sharp, and said
I:

"Nathan Whitcomb, some folks had
better look to home!"
"That's right where I am lo'kin',"
says he. "Don't the wife make the
home?" And then he went out.

While I cleared off the dishes I felt
real pestered because I'd spoken sharp
to Nathan; for he wasn't a professor
then, and I was; and yet most days he
was a [light] pleasant-spoken than I.
But then it was too aggravating to tell
me to my face that I'd got to tussle
with Agag, when I was sure I hadn't.

When Monday morning came, first
thing, if I didn't find out that I hadn't
a mite of soap in the house. It was
dreadful trying; for I'd got my
boiler on, and was going to have the
clothes out early. There wasn't any-
body but me to go for that soap, so I
and to change my dress and run down
to the store, and by the time that I got
home again I was hot, and mad, and
tired. How in the world I forgot
about that soap I don't know, but I'd
had company Saturday, and I suppose
that put it out of my head. Well,
Monday was a dreadful weathery day.
There was the hottest kind of a dry
wind, and it blew dust, and I'd always
noticed that kind of a wind blew cross
words out of my mouth, too.

The sheet I hung on the line would
fall and get in the dirt, and the wind
blew so I couldn't make the rake
stand that I'd push under the clothes-
line to push it up. And I remember
the stove door didn't shut the way
I wanted it to, and I gave it a bang
that most brought the stove down.
And one of the children next door
borrowed my broom, and I looked out
in a moment and saw her sweeping
away at the ashes and black stuff that

were left from a fire they had in their
backyard. And that riled me more, for
the broom was all black and wet, but
it did wash off easy enough. I had
left a room till Monday to be swept,
and I did sweep it in spite of the dust.
And the wind blew right on my biggest
fuchsia in the front yard and broke its
stem off. And it was so hot that it
was easier to be mad than not to.

And so at dinner, when the spoon to
the apple-sauce tumbled in, handle and
all, I just couldn't stand it, and I splut-
tered out, "I never saw such an
abominable day in my life!"

And Nathan looked at me and all he
said was, "Hum! Amalekites dead
yet?"

And I declare for it, I was so taken
back that I didn't know what to say.
Was "getting mad" an Amalekite?
Well, the next couple of weeks I
watched myself, and it just seemed to
me that I never noticed before that I
said so many sharp things or got
angry so easy. And I found out other
Amalekites, too, but none of them was
so big as Agag—I mean temper. But
there were lots of the others, and one
night I was clean discouraged with my-
self, and I sat right down on the floor
beside the churn, and I cried. Nathan
came in and found me, and made me
tell him what the matter was.

And I just sobbed out, "It's—them
—Amalekites!"

Then I told Nathan how I'd tried
and tried, and failed worse and worse.
And after I'd told him, Nathan sat still
for a long time. And then he said,
kind of bashful—for I s'pose he re-
membered that I was a church-member
and he wasn't and it seemed queer to
have the preaching come from his side—
he said: "Sally, I was lookin' up
them Amalekites in the Bible the
other day, being kind of interested
hearing you talk about them, and I
found a place where it said that once
them children of Is'el went out to
fight with Amalek. And the Lord
wasn't with them that day. I guess
they'd forgot to do as he said about it.
And so they got awfully whipped. And
I—well—maybe—don't you think that
people who go to fight Amalekites
need the Lord to help them?"—and I
do declare Nathan's face was just as
red as though he'd been saying some-
thing wicked. I guess he felt queer
to be preaching a regular orthodox
sermon all of a sudden.

Well, I think I tried to follow
Nathan's sermon after that. And
after a long, long time I did learn to
keep Agag dumb, if he was there just
the same.

My little girl, Prissy, was six years
old then. She had my temper, too.
And I thought maybe if she begun to
fight the Amalekites sooner, Prissy
wouldn't have heard me say so many
things I ought not to, and she wouldn't
have got into the way of saying cross
things herself. But I told her about
the Amalekites, too, and the child
really began to try to fight, herself. It
made me think about what the Bible
says of the Lord's "warring with
Amalek from generation to generation."

One day, quite a spell after this,
Nathan made another speech that sort
of surprised me.

"Sally," said he, "'tisn't fair for
you to do all the fighting; and, if the
Lord will help me, I'm going to look
after my own Amalekites. I think it's
time."

That was years and years ago, but
I'll never forget how glad I was that
day. Nathan and I are old folks now,
and yesterday he said to me: "Sally,
I guess your Agag's dead, isn't he? I
don't see any more of him."

And I looked up at Nathan and,
says I: "He isn't dead yet, Nathan,
but I hope the day is coming when he
will be 'hewed in pieces before the
Lord.'"—Congregationalist.

The Hook and the Bait.

He was seated by the little wooden
bridge as I came near, his rod and
fishing tackle lying on the grass beside
him. He was so intent with his hook
and his bait that he did not look up till
I said:

"Ho, ho! Tommy Tucker. So
you're playing truant to-day, are you?"
Tommy looked up his bright eyes
flashing.

"No," he said; "we have a holiday
to-day, and I came down to the brook
to try my luck at fishing. But see!"
he went on, holding up his workman-
ship with pride; "isn't that a cunning
way to put the bait on? Won't that
fetch 'em?"

I took the hook in my hand and ex-
amined it.

"Why," I said, "you have covered
the hook with the bait so that you
can't see a bit of it! You didn't need
to do that, did you?"

Tommy Tucker looked very much as
if he doubted my sanity.

"Of course, I did," he said.
"Fishes know too much to bite if they
see the point of the hook sticking out
of the bait. You don't know how cun-
ning you must be to catch a fish."

The little fisher looked very wise as
he said this, and stretched out his
hand to take the hook from me.

"Ah, Tommy Tucker!" I said;
"there are hooks for men as well as
hooks for fishes; and the hook is
always hidden by the bait. There
isn't any human fisher half so cunning
as old Satan; he knows how to dress
up the hook with a bait so pleasant to
see that foolish people rush right at it,
and get caught on the hook before
they know it."

Just then a middle-aged man shuffled
along the bridge and went off in the
direction of the village.

"He's going to the saloon," said
Tommy Tucker. "Is that the kind of
a bait that you mean, Mr. Eariston?"

"Yes," I said; "that's one kind.
Years ago Drunken Sam, as the boys
call him, was a bright young man at
college. The devil fished for him. The
bait he dangled before him was a
life of pleasure. Sam began to be
persuaded that the Bible was too
strict. He wanted to live while he
lived, he said. So he neglected his
books, and took to drink, and to the
theatre and to other wrong things.
Then he felt the hook. He was ex-
pelled from college. And now you
see him, a drunkard, making for the
saloon as if he couldn't live anywhere
else."

"He didn't see the hook, or he
wouldn't have taken the bait," said
Tommy Tucker, after a pause. "I
suppose that bad companions, and bad
books, and everything that draws
people away to wrong, are 'bits of
Satan's bait.'"

"Yes," I said; "and you'll find lots
of Satan's baits dangled before your
eyes, too, if you only keep your
eyes wide enough open to see that they
are Satan's."

"I'll look out for them," said
Tommy. "And when I feel as if I
wanted to snatch at the bait I'll re-
member the hook."

"Right, Tommy Tucker!"

A Parable.

"O dear! I am so tired of Sunday!"
So said Willie, a playful little boy
who was longing for the Sabbath to be
over, that he might return to his
amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said
a kind friend who was present. "I
sir," "and I," "and I," said the chil-
dren, as they gathered around him.
Then he told them a parable. Our
Saviour, when he was on earth, often
taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys, was
of a kind man who had some very rich
apples hanging on a tree. A poor man
was passing by the house of the owner,
and he stopped to admire this beautiful
apple tree. He counted these ripe,
golden pippins—there were just seven
of them. The rich owner could afford
to give them away; and it gave him so
much pleasure to make this poor man
happy that he called him, and said:
"My friend, I will give you a part of
my fruit." So he held out his hand
and received six apples. The owner
had kept one for himself.

Do you think the poor man was
grateful for his kindness? No, indeed.
He wanted the seven pippins all for
himself; and at last, he made up his
mind that he would watch his oppor-
tunity, and go back and steal the
other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very
indignant, "he ought to have been
ashamed of himself; and I hope he got
well punished for stealing that apple."
"How many days are there in a
week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing
deeply; for now he began to under-
stand the parable, and he felt an un-
easy sensation at his heart—conscience
began to whisper to him, "And ought
not a boy be ashamed of himself who
is unwilling on the seventh day to lay
aside his amusements? Ought he not
to be punished if he will not remember
the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"—
Sunday School Banner.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.—Put one pint
of milk into a pail set in a kettle of
hot water or use a double boiler. Beat
two eggs, a small half cup of
flour, one of cup of sugar, and when
the milk is boiled hot add to the mix-
ture. Boil about fifteen minutes,
stirring often. Take from the stove;
add one quart of cream, another cup of
sugar, and one and one-half table-
spoonful of vanilla. Stir well, and
set away to cool; then freeze.

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 I find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 30.)

1.—Visiting. (Error in last line.)

2.—E—nsig—N
L—e—A
I—ngo—T
J—acint—H
A—rom—A
H—ave—N
ELIJAH. NATHAN.

3.—L
HAM
LABAN
MAD
N
4.—Passover.
5.—"Thou shalt not covet."

SOLUTIONS TO PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION.

With this issue we conclude the so-
lutions to the late prize contest. We
hope our young friends have endeavor-
ed to read up all the passages named.

Tenth Instalment.

No. 14.—1. Judges 7:13-15.
2. 2 Kings 20:7.
3. 1 Sam. 14:24, 27, 43-45
4. Num. 26:33.
5. Josh. 2:6.
6. David, 2 Sam. 12:23.
7. Num. 13:23.

Eleventh Instalment.

No. 15.—1. Dan. vi. 8.
2. Dan. iv. 23, 33.
3. Rom. xiv. 7.
4. Ahab and Jezebel. 1
Kings xxi.
5. (a) Dan. ii. 1, 5.
(b) By Daniel. Dan. ii.

Twelfth Instalment.

No. 16.—1. Darius the Median. Dan
vi. 1, 7.
2. Cousin. Esther ii. 7.
3. Dan. i. 6.
4. Isaiah 65:24.
5. Mt. Sinai Ex. 18:5.
6. Deborah. Judges 4:4.
7. 1 Sam. 18:6, 8.
8. Ephesus. Acts 19:9, 10.

Thirteenth Instalment.

No. 17.—1. Ai. Josh. vii. 2.
2. Ex. xi. 5.
3. Ex. x. 22, 23.
4. Prov. xxii. 6.
5. 2 Kings xviii. 4.

The Mystery.—No. 33.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

Second Instalment.

N. B.—SEE LAST WEEK FOR RULES, &c.

6.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we find the word
"habergeon?"
2. Where do we read of a man
washing his face before sitting down to
eat?
3. Where is the verse: "For Adam
was first formed, then Eve."
4. Where do we read of five kings
being killed and hanged to as many
trees?

7.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(One word—found in the Bible.)
—U—H—S.

8.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In just but not in right;
In battle but not in fight;
In hammer but not in nails;
In poles but not in rails;
In fisher but not in hawk;
In act but not in mock;
In run but not in sling;
Whole's the name of a wicked Jewish
king.

9.—ANAGRAM.

(One Word—found in the Bible.)
PACE TO R. HAY.

10.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 9 letters,
names an unclean bird, forbidden to
be eaten by the children of Israel.
My 3, 7, 8, 9 names a plant.
My 6, 1, 2, 3, 9 is a ditch.
My 4, 5 is often used.

Our Letter Box.

N. B.—Have to omit the Word-
Hunt this issue.—UNCLE NED.

BELLEISLE BAY, July 30th, 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED.—You must not
think that I have forgotten you, as it
is a very busy time of year, and I will
not be able to do much till the even-
ings get a little longer. I made a
mistake in the last line of my Cross-
Word Enigma.

G. A. R.

[Uncle does not think that you or
any of the others have forgotten the
Y. F. C., but surely you can spare a
few moments to work for it. Uncle's
duties at the present are very onerous,
yet he manages to continue the Y. F.
C. to please, amuse and instruct the
young folks. Thanks for solutions as
asked for. I wish others would do as
well.]



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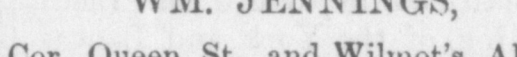
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