

Merry Christmas.

In the rush of early morning,
When the birds burn through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a faint rustling
Just without upon the stair;
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of golden hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Drops of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good will?
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palmas of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Eager feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise.
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes;
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

—Lottie M. Alcott.

The Old Year and the New.

"Farewell, little children!" the Old Year
Said—
"I shall leave you to-night when you're
snugly in bed;
So come let us gather around the bright
fire,
I have something to tell you before you
retire.

"I leave you tonight, but with me I bear
My record for each; I have drawn it with
care.
Now listen: Each word you have care-
lessly spoken;
All promises made, and all promises broken;
Whatever unkindness you've felt, or have
shown

Inaction, in feeling, in word, or in tone;
When'er you've forgotten, in warm, ear-
nest prayer,
To thank our great Father for all His kind
care;

When'er you've neglected His pardon to
plead
For sinful desires, for wrong feelings and
deeds;
When'er you've offended your father or
mother,

Been fretful or peevish to sister or brother;
All the grief you have caused, all the sor-
row you've given

Are noted by me, are recorded in heaven.
Kneel down, little children, in deep sorrow
kneel:

As you think of the records old years will
reveal,
Ask pardon of God for each sin that is
past;

On the mercy of Jesus your burdened soul
cast;
Resolve that the New Year shall never re-
cord

Many offences in thought, deed, and
word,
Dear children, remember, and earnestly
pray,
When'er you are tempted to wander
astray:

Pray for light from above that will guide
your young feet
Over the rough road of life to that happy
seat

In the right hand of God, where the ran-
somed ones claim
Peace, pardon, and love, in the dear
Saviour's name.

Nelly's Spoiled Christmas.

BY MRS. C. A. SYLVESTER.

Nellie Byrne is a little city girl, not
more than seven years old. But she
sweet and modest as a wild rose,
and so gentle and kind that I would
like to have her for my very own. She
has her faults, but she is always sorry
for them, and she tries to be good
every day, and the best grown-up
Christian in the world can't do better
than that, I am sure.

Last year a terrible sorrow fell upon
Nellie's home, and it made the poor
little girl motherless. Oh, word of
saddest meaning—motherless!
Nellie grieved so much that she
grew pale and thin, and wise people
looked their heads and said, "The child
will soon follow her mother!"

So her father sent her to his boy-
hood's home, a hundred miles away in
the country, that she might get well
again. Everything there was very
fashioned, and Nelly never tired of
the garden and the barn, and the dear,
lovely attic. Then Thanksgiving
came, followed by the ever welcome,
beautiful Christmas time. There
was to be no Christmas tree, but every-
body hung up their stockings, even
Grandpa and Grandma. Such beauti-
ful young old people as they were!

They entered heartily into the very
spirit of the day, and pleasant little
prizes popped out at everybody
from the funniest nooks and corners.
The crowning glory of the day for
Nelly, was a large wax doll-baby
which her father had sent her. It
opened its eyes and shut them, and
with the funniest little squeal and
cry at once the envy and delight of
the cousins who had come to spend
Christmas in Grandpa's house.

Nelly tried very hard to be gener-
ous, but it gave her a crawling feeling
to have so many chubby little hands
squeeze her darling, and she could not
help it. At last, when little Mell, the
youngest of the tribe, in trying to feed
it with bread and butter, got a big
grease spot upon the spotless pinafore,
Nellie lost her temper and cried with
anger.

Grandma came to the rescue, and
carried the wonderful baby to Nellie's
own little bed, for a nap. Nellie stole
in on tip-toe to look at it a few minutes
after, and she said to herself, "Now,
Mell and the rest will want her again
pretty soon, and I'll hide her." She
did not think what she would do in
case they should ask her where it was,
but she rushed out to the barn, and
making a bed for it in Daisy's crib out
of the sweet clover hay, covered her
up, and ran back into the house all
breathless.

Mell was crying still, and beseeching
somebody to "go and play with him
out in the barn." Nobody wanted to
go. But Nelly said, sweetly, "Oh,
yes, Mell, we'll go; you and I, and
have a good time all our own two
selves." She was very willing. She
could have an eye on her precious
baby, and see that it got no harm. Her
conscience pricked a little to hear
Grandma say "Dear, little, unselfish
thing, is Nellie."

"Let's play I'm a bear and you're a
sheep," said little Mell. "I'll hide in
Daisy's crib, and—"

"Oh, no, not there!" said Nelly, in
affright.
"Yes, I will, too!" said perverse
little Mell. "It's just as warm as
toast, and the hay smells good."

"No, no!" said Nelly. And here-
upon a little squabble ensued, in which
Nellie whisked the little fellow round
the corner, and hurled him, nose first,
against the heavy beam.

Poor Nelly, all pity and tenderness
now, ran to the pump, and with her
poor handkerchief began to sop the
bruised little pug-nose, stopping now
and then to hug Mell, and tell him
"I would be better in a minute. But
Mell roared lustily, and declared "it
was worse'n a worse, and felt as big as
a cucumber."

So to Grandma the children went,
poor little Nelly feeling that it was all
her fault, and Mell was made much of,
and comforted with maple syrup. "I
wish I could hold the dolly just a mo-
ment," said the little fellow, pushing
back the tangled curls from his two
coaxing eyes. "It would make my
nose feel better."

Nelly was willing now, but how
could she confess that she had hidden
the doll because she was selfish? How
could she? But—oh, how can I tell
you? When the precious plaything
could not be found, when Nelly was
asked about it, she said, half angrily,
"I don't know!" And thereupon
settled down upon the child's heart a
heavy cloud such as a lie always brings.

Christmas was spoiled for Nelly—
the sweet, merry, blessed Christmas
time. She wasn't happy any more.
When the cousins were all bundled
into Grandpa's sleigh, and driven off,
with laughter and merry jingle of bells,
Nelly stole out to the barn to look at
her doll. Daisy was in her stall,
soberly chewing her cud, and Nelly
crept in beside her, and up to the
"crib" where she had left it.

"So, bossy! So-o-o!" said poor little
Nell, half frightened out of her wits,
for Daisy's horns were pretty near her
face. "So, bossy, I won't hurt you!
I want my dolly!" Then came a pro-
longed howl, which reached even to
the kitchen, and everybody ran to see
what was the matter.

"Daisy" had found the dolly, had
licked every bit of paint from its face,
had pulled off the rippling curls of hair
and had torn off one arm; and they
found Nelly flat on the barn floor in
agony of sorrow, remorse and peni-
tence. To Grandma she confessed all.
"It was the wicked lie that made me
feel so, Grandma, and God has punish-
ed me. It's the very last time I'm ever
in this world going to tell a lie."

Let us hope she will keep her pro-
mise.—Selected.

My Way.—"It is my way," says a
boy who never remembers anything
that he is told, who leaves open gates,
who forgets errands, and mislays every
tool and every book with which he is
trusting, and for all the trouble he
causes, he thinks it excuse enough to
say, "It is my way." "It is my way,"
says a girl who snaps and snarls and
scoffs at her little brothers and sisters,
who falls into sulks at the least word
of reproach, however kindly given, and
who keeps the family in hot water
with her temper. "I can't help it,
it's only my way."

Have no such "ways," children.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.

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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 49.)

No. 319.—Gladstone.

No. 320.—Winsome.

No. 321.—C. E. BLACK.

No. 322.—Sunshine.

No. 323.—1. Oak. 2. Cedar.

3. Ash. 4. Maple.

No. 324.—1. Rom. 12: 21.
2. 1 Tim. 5: 3.
3. James 1: 8.
No. 325.—"As snow in summer,
and as rain in harvest, so honour is
not seemly for a fool."
No. 326.—Absalom.

The Mystery—No. 52.

MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

No. 241.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A letter; amid; a girl's name; a
boy's name; a letter.

II. A letter; to strike lightly; a city;
a useful article; a letter.

III. A letter; a number; an animal;
a number; a letter.

No. 242.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

In bee, not in wasp;
In ball, not in bell;
In sand, not in rock;
In quail, not in wall;
In sun, not in moon;
In sea, not in land.
My whole is part of dress.

No. 243.—A HOLIDAY GREETING.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

A letter from a lady.
A numeral.
To mistake.
For what reason.
A boy's nickname.
A plant.
One thousand.
In like manner.

No. 244.—GREETING.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

M-r-y-h-i-t-a-a-d-a-h-p-y-e-y-a.

No. 245.—CHARADE.

(BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.)

First a vessel; second a weight;
whole a city.

No. 246.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY D. PERRY, Havelock.)

1. Where are we told in one verse
in the Old Testament not to do a thing
and in the next verse to do it?

2. What sentence composed of three
words appears no less than 25 times
in one book in the Bible, and forms
the chief thought in it?

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

— * * * WE WISH YOU ONE * * *

— AND ALL —

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS,

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Prizes for the best stories (and
completing mostly with the Rules) on
the Life of Abraham have been award-
ed as follows:

First Prize—Emma L. Larkin,
East Pubnico, N. S., aged 14.

Second Prize—Mabel I. Gilmore,
Williamsburg, York, aged 15.

They will please acknowledge re-
ceipt of prizes.

We hope to appear in a somewhat
new dress in the new year. A new
Prize Bible Story Competition soon.

"APPLEBLOSSOM," Carleton, N. S.,
acknowledge receipt of prize for Allit-
eration story. Extend our thanks to
your sister for the nice poem. Merry
Christmas! Nos. 319, 324, 325, 326
and 327 correctly answered.

ERRATA.—An error occurred in mak-
ing two 327's. In 49 the solution
reads, "A stitch in time saves nine."

LIZZIE, Nashwaaksis, has thanks for
puzzles. Nos. 313, 315, 318, 320, 323,
325, 326, 327, 328, 330, 331 and 332
right.

OUR BAND RECITER.

— * * * * *

LINES.

[A survivor of the Johnstown flood
tells of a young girl who floated past
clinging to some frail support and sing-
ing, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."]

Rang the words so sweet and clear,
Mid the water's rush and roll;
Sang by lips all pale with fear,
"Jesus lover of my soul."

Tossed upon the waters wild,
Hopes all fled, no succor nigh,
And a floating maiden sang
"Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Faces white with fear and dread
Dotted all the raging tide,
Well might hearts cry out in anguish
"Hide me oh my Saviour, hide."

Dying heads were raised to listen,
As the singer drifted past,
Ears were strained to catch the echo,
"Oh receive my soul at last."

Like an angel long it hovered
O'er that scene of wild despair,
And amid the roar and din
Other lips breathed out the prayer.

Precious now the grand old hymn,
Learned beside a mother's knee,
"Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

Other refuge there was none,
Fire and flood on every side,
And with the song upon her lips
The singer sank beneath the tide;

And the waiting angels bore her
Where no angry waters roll;
Safe in heaven she finished singing
"Jesus lover of my soul." E. D.

PRIZE BIBLE STORIES.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM.

1. By Emma L. Larkin, East Pub-
nico, Yarmouth Co., N. S., aged 14.
years.

Abraham was the son of Terah, and
was of the race that sprung from
Shem, one of the sons of Noah. He
lived in a place called Ur. He left
his country and kindred at God's com-
mand, and went into a distant land,
which God promised to give to his de-
scendants in a future generation; but
he himself owned nothing in it except
a burial place. He was a hundred
year old when his son Isaac was born.
And when that son was approaching
manhood, his faith was tried to offer
him in sacrifice; and he was spared
only at the last moment. Abraham
had spent all his best days in serving
God; he looked back to them with
great pleasure. And now his old age
had become happy and good. But
Abraham thought a good man had his
faults. In the twentieth chapter of
Genesis we find Abraham, contrary to
that faith or trust which he had in
God, guilty of keeping back the truth
when he ought to have spoken it. He
went into the country of King Abime-
lech, and as he foolishly feared that
the king might take his wife Sarah,
and make her a queen, she being very
beautiful, he told her to say she was
his sister. This was so far true for
they had both the same father but not
the same mother; but then it implied
that she was not his wife. And he had
nearly brought himself, and Sarah,
and the king into great distress by
his mistrust of God's care in this in-
stance. Abraham the friend of God
is at last called to die. His was a
longer life than lives of men now. He
was buried in the cave of Machpelah,
by the side of Sarah. It is said he
died of a good old age. Isaac and
Ishmael buried their father with all
due regard for his memory, for "the
memory of the just is blessed." Even
Ishmael paid this respect to the re-
mains of his father, though Ishmael
was not a good man.

2. By Mabel I. Gilmore, Williams-
burg, York Co., aged 15 years.

Abraham was the son of Terah. Terah
had two other sons, Nahor, and Haran,
who died before his father, leaving
one son Lot. After Haran's death
Terah took Abram, and Sarai, Abram's
wife, and Lot and went to Haran,
where he died.

After Terah's death Abram took
Sarai and Lot and went to the south.
But a famine being in the land, he
went to Egypt where, fearing that
Sarai's beauty might expose his life to
peril, he arranged that she should ap-
pear as his sister.

When Pharaoh, the king of Egypt
saw her, he took her to his house.
But the Lord plagued him on account
of Sarai and the king gave her to
Abram and told him to take her and
go. Abram taking Sarai and Lot then
went to the south again, but a strife
arising between his and Lot's herd-
men, they separated, Lot choosing the
valley of Jordan, while Abram dwelled
in the Plain of Mamre.

Abram's wife Sarai being barren en-
treated him to take unto him her maid
Hagar, that she might obtain children
by her.

Abram did so, and Hagar bore a son
whom, by God's command, she called
Ishmael.

When Abram was ninety-nine years
old, he was called Abraham and Sarai
was called Sarah, and he and all the
male members of his household were
circumcised, and he was promised that
Sarah should have a son.

At length the son was born and was
called Isaac. At the feast, which
Abraham made in celebration of
Isaac's being weaned, Sarah's jealousy
was aroused at Ishmael's mockery and
she demanded that he and Hagar
should be driven out. Abraham con-
sented, consoled by the promise that
Ishmael should become the father of a
nation.

But the sorest trial of his faith was
a command to offer Isaac up for a
burnt offering at an appointed place.
This sacrifice was stayed by the angel
of Jehovah and he returned too Beer-
sheba where Sarah died.

After Isaac's marriage with Rebekah
of the house of Nahor, Abraham took
to wife Keturah, by whom he had six
children, and, at the age of one hun-
dred and seventy-five years, he died;
and was buried by the side of Sarah in
the cave Machpelah.

NASHWAAKSIS, Dec. 12th, 1889.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I have taken
great interest in the Y. F. C., and
would like to send you a few puzzles
with the answers of those that I have
solved. Will you please accept them?
I am, your new niece,
LIZZIE.

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