

The Mother's Cradle Song.

[The following beautiful hymn is a translation from the "Home Songs" of Sweden. It is crowned by the mother as she is putting her little one to sleep.]

O, little child, lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near, thou needst not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night.

Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

O, little child, be still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps;
And in the morning wake so blest
His child to be.

Love every one, but love Him best—
He first loved thee.

O, little child, when thou must die,
Fear nothing then, but say, "Amen"
To God's demand, and quiet lie
In His kind hand.

Until He say, "Dear child, come fly
To heaven's bright land.
Then when thy work on earth is done
Thou shalt ascend to meet thy friend;
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt dwell before the throne.
For He hath died.

—American Messenger.

Johnnie's Cure.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Johnnie
"do you know where my cap is? I
can't find it anywhere, and papa wants
me to go to the post office for him
right away."

Mamma was busy sewing, but she
laid down her work to look for the
missing cap. As Johnnie had said, it
was nowhere to be seen.

"Where did you put it when you
came from school not half an hour
ago?"

"On the hat-rack, I know, and now
it isn't anywhere. Oh, dear, how pro-
voking!"

After fifteen minutes' diligent search
shared by all the members of the
family the cap was found tucked away
in the owner's coat pocket, and
Johnnie ran off to do his father's
errand, while the others returned to
their interrupted work and tried to
make up for lost time.

"Johnnie is growing more careless
every day," said his mother. "I don't
know what to do with him. It isn't
always possible to make him look
for his own things, and I'm afraid nothing
else will cure him."

"Suppose we try setting a frightful
example?" suggested his older sister.
"Perhaps that would do," replied
his mother, as the details of a plan
presented themselves.

The next afternoon Johnnie rushed
in from school crying, "Mamma, Mr.
Harris says the ice is strong enough to
bear us, and we are all going skating,
but I've just torn my coat. Can you
please mend it right away?"

"Yes, if I can find my thimble. See
if it is in the basket."

"Why, I don't see where it can be,"
said Mrs. Blake, feeling in her pocket
and not finding it. "Look all around
the room."

Johnnie, in too much haste to think
how very strange it was for his orderly
mother to mislay anything, hunted
diligently, but no thimble came to
light.

"Go ask Jennie for hers." Jennie
was also missing. "I think you will
have to stay at home; you certainly
cannot wear that coat as it is."

Sore as the disappointment was,
Johnnie was obliged to submit. For a
week the very spirit of disorder
seemed to rule the house. Every
article was left where it was last used,
until the once tidy rooms looked
fairly cheerless with the accumulated
litter. There was one exception.

While Johnnie was constantly called
upon to look for Jennie's gloves, or
mamma's scissors, or papa's umbrella,
his own cap was more frequently on
the rack, his skates on their hook, his
slate and books strapped together.

Finally, after an unusually trying ex-
perience, he exclaimed one day, "I
never saw such a house as this is get-
ting to be. I seem to be the only one
that ever puts things where they be-
long." The shout of laughter that
went up at this extraordinary state-
ment somewhat abashed the speaker,
but he steadily maintained his point;
whereupon the others promised if he
would continue to set such a good ex-
ample they would certainly follow it.

That week taught Johnnie a lesson he
never forgot. —Morning Star.

A Secret.

There were two little sisters at the
house whom nobody could see without
loving, for they were always so happy
together. They had the same books
and the same playthings, but never a
quarrel sprang up between them—no
cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no
running away in a pet. On the green
before the door, trundling hoop, play-
ing with Rover, helping mother, they
were always the same sweet-tempered
little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I
to them one day; "how is it you are
always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest an-

swered, "Oh! you know, Addie lets
me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is
it," I said; "she let's you, and you let
her; that's it!"

Did you ever think what a cause of
discord "not letting" is among chil-
dren? Even now, while I have been
writing, a great crying was heard
under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have her ball,"
screamed Gerty.

"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her
pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I
don't think she should have my ball."

"Fie, fie; is that the way sisters
should treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," mut-
tered Gerty; "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," re-
torted Mary, "and I shan't let you
have it."

A disobliging spirit begets a great
deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her
sister, have got the true secret of good
manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose
lets Addie. They are yielding, kind,
unselfish, and always ready to oblige
each other. Neither wishes to have
her own way at the expense of the
other. And are they not happy? Oh
yes! And do you not love them al-
ready? —Home Journal.

Kind-Hearted Insects.

The Bible has made ants famous for
industry and foresight, and modern
naturalists find few animals more
worthy of study. These insects are
not only surprisingly intelligent, but
manifest a lively regard for each
other's welfare, as the following inci-
dent will illustrate. It is taken from
Mr. Belt's Naturalist in Nicaragua:

One day, while watching a small
column of these foraging ants, I placed
a little stone on one of them to secure
it. The next that approached, as soon
as it discovered its situation, ran
back in an agitated manner, to com-
municate the intelligence to the
others.

They rushed to the rescue. Some
bit at the stone and tried to move it;
others seized the prisoner by the legs
and tugged with such force that I
thought the legs would be pulled off,
but they persevered till they got the
captive free.

I next covered one up with a piece
of clay leaving only the ends of his
antennae projecting. It was soon dis-
covered by its fellows, who set to work
immediately, and, by biting off pieces
of the clay, soon liberated it. Another
time I found a very few of them pass-
ing along at intervals. I confined one
of these under a piece of clay at a little
distance from the line, with its head
projecting.

Several ants passed it, but at last
one discovered it and tried to pull it
out, but could not. It immediately
set out at a great rate, and I thought
it had deserted its comrade; but it
had only gone for assistance, for in a
short time about a dozen ants came
hurrying up, evidently fully informed
of the circumstances of the case, for
they made directly for their imprisoned
comrade, and soon set him free.

The excitement and ardour with
which they carried on their unflagging
exertions, could not have been greater
if they had been human beings.

Jack's Text Book.

"He is the dearest little chap I've
ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept
the sailor's boarding-house. "As quiet
and mannerly as a grown man, while
most of the other boys keeps up such
a fussing that I'm clear worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been
staying for a short time at her house
before sailing on his second long voy-
age.

"I'll pack your box for you, my
boy," said the kind-hearted woman,
when he was going. "I'd like to help
such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah," said she, as she lifted the
cover of the trunk, "is this yours?"

She held up a Bible in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack, "my
mother gave it to me, and I promised
to read it. She said it would always
tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it
this that taught you to bear it when
Jim Pond abused you and tried to
quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft
answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her
packing. She had thought little of the
Bible, and knew as little of what its
pages contained. But the thoughtful
face, good manners, and kindly dis-
position of the little sailor had drawn
her attention.

"If it's the book that makes him so
different from the others, it must be a
book worth looking into," she said to
herself.

"Keep it up, Jack," she said, as
she wished him good-by; "and I'm
going to try it myself. If it's good for
boys, it must be good for old folks."

Jack had never thought of being an
example; but he surely must have felt
glad and thankful in having led any
one to read the pages which point the
way to eternal life. —Anon.

Cut It Off At Once.

"Mamma," said George Waters,
one day as he was reading the Sermon
on the Mount, "what does this mean?"
—"If they right hand offend thee, cut
it off, and cast it from thee; for it is
profitable for thee that one of thy
members should perish, and not that
thy whole body should be cast into
hell."

"Well, George, maybe I can help
you to understand it by a little story I
have read. An English surgeon, Dr.
Lake, was sent for one night to see a
man who was dying and in great dis-
tress. To him he told him that about
two weeks before, as he was riding
near a ball-ground, one of the boys
struck the ball so hard that it hit his
toe with great force.

"The toe pained him very much,
and he went to see a doctor, who told
him that he must have it taken off.
The man would not consent to that.
So he went on to a city doctor, who
told him that he must lose his foot.
The man would not agree to this; and
so the disease went up into his leg,
and at last into his body, and he was
dying amidst great distress.

"You see that if this man had al-
lowed his toe to be taken off at first, it
would have saved his foot, and his leg
—yes, his life. So if we let one sin—
it may seem to us a little sin—stay in
the heart, it keeps on working until
our hearts are full of sin. The only
safe way is to cut off the sin at once,
even though it may be as dear to us as
a right hand, or a left eye."

Home Hints.

RINGED POTATOES.—Peel large pota-
toes, cut them round and round in
shavings, as you pare an apple. Fry
with clear, sweet lard in a frying-pan,
till brown, stirring so as to brown all
alike, drain on a sieve, sprinkle fine
salt over them, and serve.

CARROT SOUP.—Put in a soup kettle a
knuckle of veal, three or four quarts
cold water, a quart finely sliced carrots,
one head celery; boil two and a half
hours, add a handful of rice, and boil
an hour longer; season with pepper
and salt, and serve.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Draw a
sharp knife through each row of corn
lengthwise, then scrape out the pulp;
to one pint of the corn add one quart
of milk, three eggs, a little suet, sugar
to taste, and a few lumps of butter;
stir it occasionally until thick, and
bake two hours.

POTATO SOUP.—To one gallon of
water add six large potatoes chopped
fine, one tea-cup rice, a lump of butter
size of an egg, one tablespoon flour.
Work butter and flour together and
add one tea-cup sweet cream just be-
fore taking from the fire. Boil one
hour.

GERMAN TOAST.—Cut one loaf of
baker's bread in thick slices. Take
one quart of milk and stir in three
eggs, put in a shallow pan and lay the
slices of bread in the liquid, turning
the slices so that both sides are moist.
Bake on a griddle like batter cakes.
Serve with foam sauce.

RABBIT.—Put in a small saucepan
two tablespoons of butter, a quarter
of a pound of cheese grated, a salt-
spoonful each of salt and dry mustard,
a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper,
a dash of cayenne, and the yolk of a
raw egg beaten with a half-cup of
sweet milk; stir these ingredients
over the fire until they are melted,
and then pour them on toast, and
serve the rabbit at once.

STUFFED EGGS.—Cut in two, hard
boiled eggs, remove yolks, chop and
mix with them chopped cold chicken,
lamb or veal, some add a little minced
onion or parsley, season, add gravy or
the uncooked yolk of an egg, form,
fill in the cavities, level, put the two
halves together, roll in beaten egg and
bread crumbs, put in wire egg-basket
and dip in boiling lard; when slightly
brown serve with celery or tomato
sauce.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Cut a thin slice
from blossom side of twelve solid,
smooth, ripe tomatoes, with a tea-
spoon remove pulp without breaking
shell; take a small, solid head of cab-
bage and one onion, chop fine, add
bread crumbs rubbed fine, and pulp
of tomatoes, season with pepper, salt
and sugar, add a tea-cup good sweet
cream, mix well together, fill tomatoes
put the slice back in its place, lay
them stem end down in a buttered
baking dish, with just enough water
(some cook without water), with a
small lump of butter on each to keep
from burning, and bake half an hour,
or until thoroughly done; place a bit
of butter on each and serve in baking
dish; they make a handsome dish for a
dinner table.

Helped Themselves.

A car containing several elephants
was run alongside a locomotive. One
of the elephants put his trunk through
a crevice in the car, reached over the
tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid
of the water-tank, and helped himself.
The other elephants did the same,
and in a short time the tank was dry.
The train hands did not see the per-
formance, and only when the engineer
tried to start his engine did he find
that the water was gone.

NEVER SWEAR.—1. It is mean. A
boy of high moral standing would al-
most as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low
for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear
of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentle-
man according to Webster, is a gentle
man—well-bred, refined. Such a one
will no more swear than go into the
street to throw mud with a chimney
sweep.

Wouldst thou see a reason for all
that God saith? Look into thine own
understanding, and thou wilt find a
reason why thou seest not a reason.—
Augustine.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
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PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 35.)

No. 228.—Mangelwurzel.

No. 229.—I. Ear, Sadie, rid.
II. Oar, Mabel, red.

No. 230.—Sunclad.

No. 231.—F A T E
A R E A
T E A R
E A R L

No. 232.—Stem-ma-top-us.

The Mystery—No. 38.

[N. B.—Contributions are invited
from all readers of the RELIGIOUS IN-
TELLIGENCER.]

No. 246.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In creep, not walk;
In speak, "talk";
In find, "seek";
In month, "week";
In stay, "stop";
In store, "shop";
In shop, "mill";
In slay, "kill";
In calm, "still";
In uncle, "aunt".
The whole a plant.

No. 247.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY GRACE K. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

o A letter.
o o o A dwelling place.
o o o o A girl's name.
o o o To cut off.
o A letter.

No. 248.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY "VAN," Lower Prince William.)

My 3, 9, 8, 7 is a plant.
My 2, 6, 11, 10 is a man's name.
My 4, 5, 1, 7 is a small boy.
My whole was a great discoverer.

No. 249.—CHARADE.

(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

My first, when golden, fresh and sweet,
Is sought both far and wide;
It bringeth to the city street
A breath of country side.

From rudest make to priceless worth
My second you will see;
Without it one would scarcely take
A breakfast or a tea.

When beauteous Spring again appears,
After cold Winter's reign,
You'll find my whole in roads and fields,
The gayest of her train.

No. 250.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY ETHEL J. KEER, Williamsburg.)

1. Where are gold, silver, wood, hay
and stubble mentioned in one verse?
2. Where is (a) "glass"; (b) "gulf"?

No. 251.—SQUARE WORDS.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

I. Fluid congealed; a cleaver; egg-
shaped; an issue; to run.
II. Passion; to throw; to bring on;
shrap; a goddess.

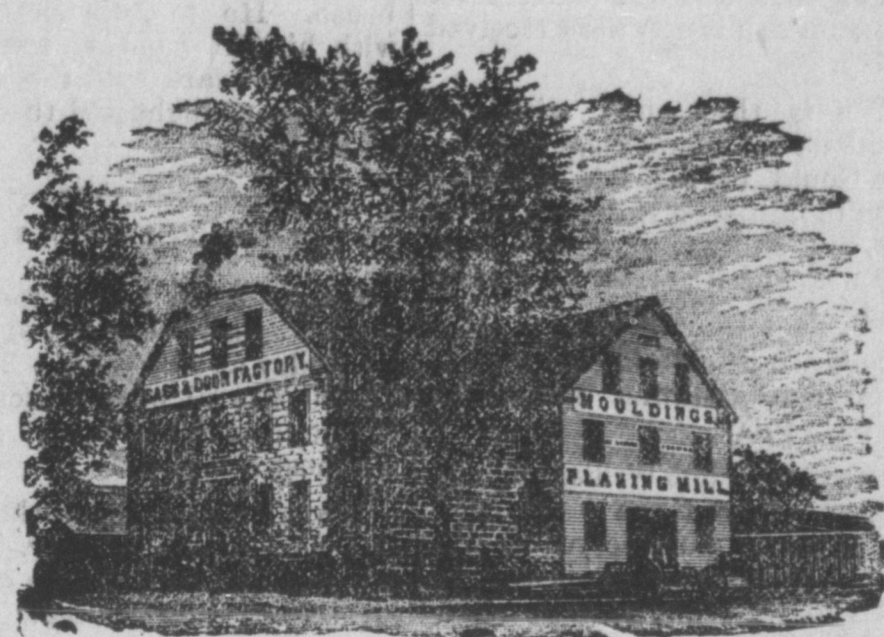
The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

The result of the Voting Contest
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sorry that more did not participate.
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heartly thanks for the excellent puzzles.
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