

"I Wonder If Ever."

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forget He had made them His treasures.
The dear little lambs of His fold?
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered afar and astray--
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way?

One would think that the mothers at even-
ing,
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voice in prayer,
Of bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the days of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were given
Were laid on their heads when He uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;
You too may be sorry for sinning:
You also believe and obey.
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven
If one little child shall go wrong--
Be lost from the fold and the shelter;
Shut out from the feast and the song.
—The Child's Paper.

City vs. Country Boys

Have country boys, young business men, I mean, a conception of the advantages they possess over their city cousins? I fear not. For the most part the idea seems to prevail that the city boy has all the opportunities, while the country boy has only privations and disappointments. And yet, when we come to look the business of the city over, we find that among the successful men those of city birth and training are in the minority, while those who spent their boyhood in the country, and commenced the race apparently handicapped, are in the majority. New York city is a striking instance of this fact. The merchant princes, so called, and the railway magnates, as they are commonly termed, together with those bankers, brokers, lawyers, doctors, manufacturers, judges, editors, inventors, and accountants, with hosts of others too numerous to name, who have achieved the most distinguished success in their special fields of labor, are not, as a rule, New Yorkers by birth and education. The leading men, with very few exceptions, in all the walks of life in the metropolis were educated outside of the city, and not a small proportion of them were country boys a very few years ago. The reasons for this are not very hard to discover. In the first place, the procession of events before the gaze of the city boy is so rapid that he has no time to seize upon any one thing for himself. If it be only a book or a paper that comes in his way, it is not prized, because of necessity it must make way for its successor of the morrow. Again, business is conducted on so large a scale that as observer or apprentice he can only become acquainted with a subordinate part. He seldom has the opportunity to study a given business in its entirety. Opportunities for amusement are so many, and the habit of indulgence formed in childhood is so hard to break, that much valuable time is lost in that direction; and so we might go on enumerating many other things equally unfortunate for the training of the city boy for the active responsibilities of a successful business. Last, but not least, the average city boy has not the physical stamina that hard work, the only method of attaining success in the business world, so imperatively demands. On the other hand, the country boy has leisure. He has few amusements, and he prizes, and therefore studies, the books and papers that fall in his way. He finishes one thing before he takes up another. If he learns any business while in the country, it is one so small in extent, and of so few details, that he comprehends every feature of it. If he has decided ability for management, it is not at all strange to find him in the direction of affairs long before his city cousin of the same age has left school. He early learns self-reliance. As a rule he is of robust health, and, having been thrown upon his own resources, he is not abashed when some unexpected difficulty is encountered in his business career. But, beyond all else, he has been trained to work continuously the year through. He has fixed habits of industry. Accordingly, when he comes to the city to live, the odds are largely in his favor, although it is very possible that neither he nor his city cousin appreciates the fact. The very belief, however, that he is at a disadvantage in the race causes him to make greater effort, and ere long he finds himself away ahead of all competitors.—The Office.

Only His Mother.

Charlie Holland, at your service. A well-dressed, well-mannered pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you would like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him," is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely, in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," said the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie, but I wouldn't want to make you late on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And, as he receives the letter, his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is!" said Mrs. Hampstead to her sister, as the window closed. Always so obliging, he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness.

Bend lower, and let me whisper a secret in your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him, "Charlie, can't you run upstairs and get that letter on my bureau, and mail it for me?" And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead, and a pucker on each side of the mouth, said, "O mamma! I don't see how I can. I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, "Well, then, you need not mind;" for she didn't want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind, but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go up-stairs. Of course, it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and, by making an extra rush, he could get to school in time; but the old lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" "Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?"

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his handsome head, and say: "I guess I do love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you; I am only introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?—Pansy.

Pleasant People.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Polly wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people. "He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world

than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why, isn't it a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.

Paul's Camping Out.

Once there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden, as large as a whole city block, and at the far end of it was a little knoll or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight and it would be "just like truly camping." So his mother gave him a large, old crumpled cloth for a tent, a pair of blankets and a sofa cushion for a bed, a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs, and some gingerbread and apples for his breakfast; also, a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears, to keep out little bugs and things. She had the hired man help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumpled cloth over them. The hired man, of his own accord, brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready; and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt, and his big sister good-by, and, shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the "Rocky Mountains," as he called the little knoll. He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch-pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still. But the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its tin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, soft cushion, and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for. But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby breeze was stirring: through a hole in the crumpled cloth shone a star, and the star made out-doors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and camping out wasn't delightful in every way. It was nearly half past eight; mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary, rehearsing her elocution exercises. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall door softly open and the tiny feet go stealing upstairs. When the elocution exercise was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting. So she went upstairs; but, before looking for the stocking, she went in to Paul's room. There in the starlight she saw the brown curly head huddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back: "Kind of lonesome; and I heard something swallowing very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?"—The Boston Globe.

Ham Salad.—One pound of boiled ham, chopped fine; one-half dozen of small pickles, chopped fine; add a little chopped celery and serve with salad dressing.

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 it and it out."

{ IF A WEARY TASK YOU FIND IT, }
{ PERSEVERE AND NEVER MIND IT. }

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 27.)

No. 180.—I. Its stole, sly.

II. Try, bread, yam.

III. Ant, afire, unicorn, trove, ere.

No. 181.—(a) Zech. 8:5 (b) Joel 3:3

No. 182.—

1. New York. 2. Portland.

3. Lynn. 4. Pennsylvania.

No. 183.—

1. Jer. 6:29. 2. Psal. 50:10.
3. Matt. 23:37. 4. Prov. 6:6.
5. Luke 10:5. 6. Jer. 6:21.
7. Deut. 4:20. 8. Isa. 26:4.
9. Luke 1:19. 10. Luke 16:26.
11. Cor. 7:40. 12. Ex. 12:11.

No. 184.—Miriam.

The Mystery—No. 30.

*No. 198.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S.)

My whole, consisting of 17 letters, is a commandment.

My 7, 10, 12 is an insect.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, 15 is a dwelling place.

My 2, 4, 9 is a dwelling place.

My 1, 15, 10 is a number.

My 13, 15, 16, 14 is a piece of school furniture.

My 6, 7, 8, 17 is a large room.

No. 199.—CORNERLESS SQUARE.
(BY "VAN," Lower Prince Wm.)

A king of Judah; active; an ancient sea port of Palestine; to shun; close.

No. 200.—GEOGRAPHICAL DROP-LETTERS.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. a-a-u-d-v-c. 5. T-m-i-b-.

2. i-d-l-o-t. 6. a-r-m-n-o.

3. s-a-c-e-a. 7. a-g-s-k-a-g.

4. e-n-b-c-a-l. 8. S-n-o-q-i.

No. 201.—PI PUZZLE.
(BY FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

"I'm het rute nive dan my Frahet si het damushaub."

No. 202.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

1. Who was the grandmother of Timothy?

2. Who was the father of Phaltic?

3. Whose son was Jose?

4. Whose son was Joel?

5. Who was father of Gideon?

6. Where are crane, swallow and dove in the same verse?

7. Where are dove, mother, daughter, queens and concubines in the same verse?

8. Where are silver and cedar in the same verse?

9. Where are—(a) "Rabmag"; (b) "Kettle"; (c) "Julia"; (d) "Eunice"; (e) "Penoil"?

10. Where are—(1) "Nettles"; (2) "New moon"; (3) "milk"; (4) "hornet"; (5) "crown of thorns"?

11. Where is Latin first mentioned in the New Testament?

No. 203.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

My first is in bed, but not in chair;

"2nd" "rat," "cat";

"3rd" "town," "city";

"4th" "brown," "black";

"5th" "noun," "verb."

My whole is a noted General of Canadian History.

No. 504.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.
(BY "A. R.," Indianatown.)

I. A letter; a Bible name; a Bible king; confusion; a consonant.

II. A letter from Naples; an instrument; an apostle; a boy's nickname; a letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks

The Mystical Circle.

ALL correspondents should address their communications to C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, N. B. and not to the Editor of the INTELLIGENCER. By so doing they will save delay and perhaps, loss.

FLORENCE B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S., has correctly revealed Nos. 172, 174, (1), 176, 177 (1), 178 and 179. Write again soon.

WORD HUNT LISTS have been received from Frank O. Erb, aged 10, St. John; Annie M. Johnston (through the Ed Int.), aged 13, Plymouth, N. S.; Willie McGray, aged 13, McGray, Cape Island, N. S.; Grace E. King, Carleton, N. S., and Maggie I. Gilmore, aged 12½, Stanley.

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S., has our sincere thanks for puzzles and poetry.

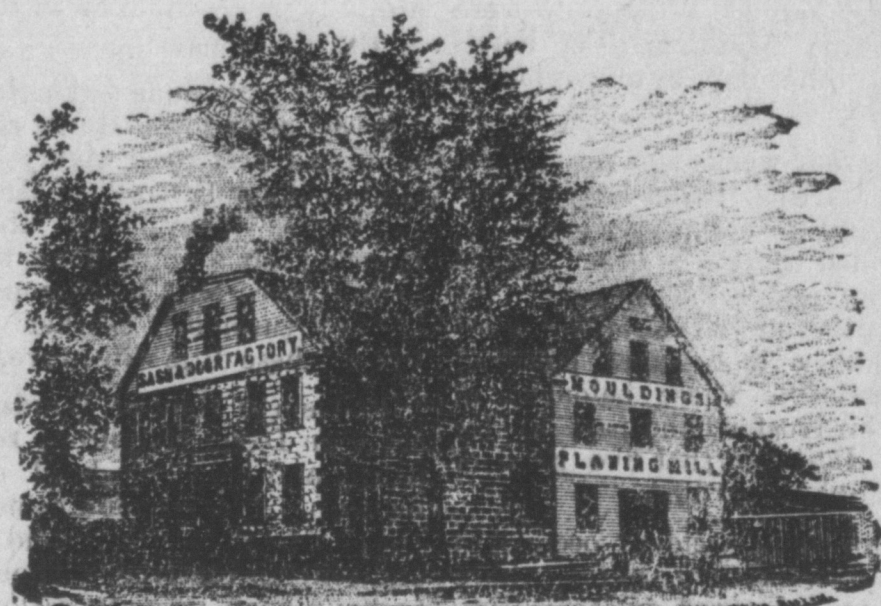
CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will accept our hearty thanks for her kindness and the nice puzzles.

DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock, will also accept of our thanks for the fine lot of puzzles. Nos. 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 178, 179, 181 and 182 solved.

IT ISN'T HARD AT ALL.—"I never can learn all that," sighed out a little one. And it was really quite a long column. Just then her eyes rested upon an ant tugging along with a big burden. She forgot the lesson to look at the busy ant. What hard work it had to drag that dead beetle! It would pull and rest, pull and rest, but got at last home. The little lass took up her book, and the spirit of the ant came into her. One pull at a time, one word at a time. She hung on to her lesson as the ant to its load. After a while she sang out, "I know it. It isn't hard at all."

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