

Our Children.

I looked at the happy children,  
Who gathered around the hearth;  
So blithe they were, no children  
Could happier be on earth;  
With their merry play, and their winsome  
ways,  
And the sound of their silvery mirth.

Then I thought of those other children,  
So wizened and hard and bold,  
Who huddled in slum and cellar,  
And shivered with want and cold;  
Not fresh as the dew or the morning's hue,  
But haggard and lean and old.

But yet may they still, those children,  
Be taught to forget their pain;  
And, gathered in arms that love them,  
Their laughter may come again;  
And the state of woe and the craft may go,  
And the spirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book-learning  
Those children's hearts to move;  
And the stony eye of the serpent  
Is death to the stricken dove;  
'Tis an angel alone can touch them,  
And that angel's name is Love.

For what the world may fancy,  
And whatever the wise men say  
Of our nineteenth century progress,  
Of a new and a better way;  
Still it takes a soul to make a soul  
Now, as in the olden day.

—A. G. B., in the "Spectator."

Sour Apples, or Sweet.

"Where is the apple-basket?" asked  
Mary Littlewood, as she hopped, and  
skipped into the house.

She was just home from school. The  
little white school-house where she  
went nestled under the trees on one  
corner of her father's farm, nearly half  
a mile away. A spring burst from the  
bank of the ravine below; and an elm-  
tree, whose roots the spring moistened,  
drooped its graceful branches, making  
a shade as welcome to the children as  
the cool water, with the tiny cup ever  
hanging on the projecting root. There  
they sported at recesses; and there  
they ate their noon lunch in summer  
days, when heat and dust made a  
tramp home at mid-day anything but  
pleasant. The boys, with a touch of  
gallantry quite rare for their ages, had  
built a playhouse for the girls—a  
framework made of old limbs gathered  
from the adjacent grove, and a covering  
of hemlock boughs. I hope they never,  
in a boyish something quite  
different from gallantry, upset it all  
after the girls had partitioned it into  
kitchen, sitting room, and bed room,  
where their dolls were cuddled into  
beds made of wild flowers, and curtain-  
ed with long shreds of moss. Rare  
fun it was!

There were ten of them, but really  
only nine had much to do with their  
sports; for Betsy Baker was an odd  
one. It was not easy to say just what  
the trouble was but, poor child! no-  
body liked her or wanted to be in her  
company. When all the others were  
busy in the play-house, Betsy only sat  
around, for the most part doing little  
but look on. Sometimes she would go  
and get a piece of board from a broken  
fence, to help finish the floor or make  
a seat. She even contributed her doll,  
to complete the family, and carried  
water from the spring in their toy tea-  
pot, and did other such outside work,  
but was rarely inside. She knew the  
other girls did not like her, and some-  
times went off alone, and said to her-  
self, "I'm a good mind to stay at  
home, and never come to school  
again, the girls act so to me." But  
Betsy did continue in school week  
after week. The others all had their  
intimate friends; but to her all were  
about alike, and none would even walk  
to school with her if any other was  
near for company. So the summer  
was away, and Betsy wished for the  
last day long before it came. But it  
came. When Mary Littlewood skipped  
into her home asking, "Where is the  
apple-basket?" the last day was at  
hand.

"In the pantry," said her mother.  
"But what do you want of it?"  
"To-morrow is the last day of  
school," said Mary; "and I want to go  
down to the sweet apple tree, and get  
one apple for each little girl, and have  
them for our nooning in the play-  
house. May I? Say yes, mamma;  
for none of the other girls have a  
sweet apple-tree like ours!"

"Well," said her mother, "if you  
can find enough that are ripe and mel-  
low."

Off Mary scampered, so delighted  
that she carelessly stepped on a little  
chicken as she turned the corner of the  
wood-house, and it went crying and  
limping to its mother in the coop.  
Mary followed, until she saw it cuddled  
into the old hen's down. Then saying,  
"I guess it will be all right by morn-  
ing!" turned with her basket for the  
apple-tree.

Here and there they lay on the  
ground, turning up their yellow cheeks  
and seeming to say, "Here we are!"  
She quickly counted them into her  
basket, nine of them.

"But," Mary said "there are ten;  
that is, if I count Betsy Baker."

She found she was talking aloud to  
herself; but looking around, to see if  
anybody could have overheard her,  
she continued:—

"Nobody likes Betsy, anyhow. I'm  
sure I don't! And I'll just go to the  
sour apple tree, and get the meanest  
little thing I can find; and that'll make  
ten, and be a good joke, too!"

So off she set, and found a little,  
gnarled hard apple that looked sour.

"There," she said, as she threw it  
into the basket, "that looks just  
about as sour as Betsy acts!"

Walking toward the house, and  
thinking of her mother, Mary felt un-  
easy about the sour apple; and so,  
setting the basket down, she put the  
sour one in the bottom, and the sweet  
ones atop.

Mary's mother met her on the back  
porch and was quite delighted at the  
hit of finding such handsome speci-  
mens for the occasion.

But, handing them one by one, she  
came upon the little hard one.

"What is this, Mary?" said her  
mother. "You've made a mistake,  
and got one from the sour tree."

"No, no mistake at all," said Mary.  
"I got that one on purpose for Betsy  
Baker. She is a little plague, anyhow,  
and that is just fit for her."

"But, Mary, said her mother, "do  
you think you would like to have any-  
body treat you so, if you were Betsy  
Baker?"

"I'm not Betsy," said Mary. "nor  
a bit like her, either."

"But suppose you were," insisted  
her mother. "Suppose you had been  
born with a bad temper, and suppose  
your mother had been unkind to you,  
as they say Betsy's is to her: would  
you like to have little girls treat you  
so? And, besides, what does Jesus  
say about doing to others as we would  
have them do to us?"

Mary dropped her eyes, and, hang-  
ing her head, set the basket into the  
pantry, and saw it no more until next  
morning. When school-time came,  
she started with her two baskets,—one  
of lunch, to which her mother had  
added a glass of jelly because it was  
the last day, and the other with the  
apples.

Mrs. Littlewood had said no more  
about the sour apple, but left Mary to  
think it out for herself alone.

Evening came, and Mary returned  
with her two baskets empty; but her  
heart was full of delight.

"Well, my child," said her mother,  
"did you have a nice lunch with the  
girls?"

"Oh! it was lovely," chattered  
Mary,—"just lovely. The teacher  
gave us a half hour extra, and we  
made a little table in the play house,  
and invited the teacher in with us; and  
I gave her the glass of jelly, because  
there was no apple for her. But she  
passed it around to us all; and the  
apples surprised them so. Then we  
all gave the boys outside a piece of our  
apples, and some of the jelly, too."

"And," interrupted Mrs. Littlewood,  
"what about Betsy and the sour  
apple?"

"Well, mamma," said Mary, "you  
see, when I said my prayer last night,  
and came to 'forgive us our debts as  
we forgive our debtors,' I couldn't say  
that. It made me think of Betsy and  
the apple so. I don't know why. I  
didn't owe Betsy anything that I knew  
of. But, somehow, when I would  
start to say 'forgive,' I couldn't get  
any farther until I told God I would  
give Betsy a sweet apple. So I said I  
would, and then I went to sleep. This  
morning, you know, I was late to  
breakfast. Well, I hurried down to  
the sweet apple tree, before anybody  
else, to get one for Betsy. And, don't  
you believe, one had fallen in the  
night that was almost as large as any  
two others! Why it was so big! I  
putting her two fists together. "So I  
said, 'Poor little Betsy has been un-  
happy and had no fun all the time, and  
now I'm going to give her that biggest  
and yellowest apple of them all.' So,  
on my way to school, I threw the little  
sour one over into the pig's pasture. I  
got into the school house without the  
children seeing me, and hid my basket  
under my sun hat. At recess I went  
around and whispered to all the girls,  
and said: 'Betsy Baker hasn't had  
any fun all this term. She has been  
unhappy all the time, and has hardly  
been into the playhouse. Now let's  
invite her in to-day, and see if we can-  
not make her happy for once.' The  
girls all agreed; and I went to Betsy  
myself, mamma, and asked her to go  
into the playhouse. You ought to have  
seen how her eyes brightened, and her  
whole face looked as I never saw it  
look before. When I brought out the  
apple-basket, with that great yellow  
one on top, an 'Oh! oh!' as big as the  
apple went all around. But when I  
went right past some other girls to  
Betsy, first of all, and gave her that  
big one, they all were as still as death.  
Betsy looked up into my face so sur-  
prised,—only looked,—and I had to  
put the apple into her lap. Then she

almost cried, and next she laughed;  
and we all laughed and laughed until  
we cried, just to see how happy Betsy  
was. I don't know as we had ever  
seen her laugh before; and you can't  
believe how changed she was. She  
played all noon-time and next recess;  
and the girls all liked her too. Why  
we hardly knew it was Betsy at all;  
and the girls all said, 'Next term we  
will have Betsy in the play-house all  
the time.'

"Well, Mary," said her mother,  
"which do you think is better, when  
people are unhappy and disagreeable,  
—to treat them unkindly or kindly, to  
give them sour apples or sweet ones?"

And Mary, just then thought of the  
little crippled chicken, and went sing-  
ing around the corner of the wood-  
house.—*Rev. James H. Taylor, in S. S. Times.*

O! did you know it was me?

A ragged boy stood with his face  
pressed close to a pane of glass, gazing  
earnestly at the toys displayed in the  
window. His hands were loosely  
clasped behind his back, with the  
palms turned upwards. A lady notice-

ed the little earnest face as she, too,  
paused a moment before the tempting  
show. Then quietly drooping as  
many cents into the little hands as  
they could hold, she passed on. The  
moment the boy felt their touch he  
turned and caught sight of the pocket-  
book in the hand of the retreating lady.

Running after her, he looked up an-  
xiously in her face, and said, "O  
ma'am! did you know it was me?"

Evidently he thought she had mis-  
taken him for some little friend.

"Yes," said the lady, smiling, "I  
knew it was you;" and the child  
bounded away with a face radiant with  
happiness.

This lady is in the habit of dropping  
small change here and there as she  
daily walked through the poorer streets  
of the city.

Many a sad little face has bright-  
ened as the money fell into its lap, and a  
pleasant, smiling face looked down,  
and, "There, run and buy a stick of  
candy or a cookie." Think of such a  
course persevered in year after year.

How many a sad child's heart has been  
warmed by the loving thoughtfulness  
even more than by the unexpected  
gift! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto  
one of the least of these, ye did it  
unto Me."

Good Sermons for Children.

Most boys and girls do not like ser-  
mons; they say they are too long for  
their highnesses. Perhaps they may  
like these short sermons. They will  
give food to think over and must not  
be read to hastily. A Swedish boy fell  
out of the window and was badly hurt;  
but with clinched lips he kept back  
the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus  
Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied  
that the boy would make a man for an  
emergency. And so he did, for he  
became the famous General Baur. A  
boy used to crush the flowers to get  
their color, and painted the white side  
of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all  
sorts of pictures, which the mount-  
aineers gazed at as wonderful. He  
was the great artist Titian. An old  
painter watched a little fellow who  
amused himself making drawings of  
his pot and brushes, easel and stool,  
and said, "That boy will beat me one  
day." So he did, for he was Michael  
Angelo. A German boy was reading a  
blood-and-thunder novel. Right in  
the midst of it, he said to himself,  
"Now, this will never do. I get too  
much excited over it. I can't study so  
well after it. So here goes!" and he  
flung the book into the river. He  
was Richter, the great German philo-  
sopher. Do you know what these  
little sermons mean? Why, simply  
this, that in boyhood and girlhood are  
shown the traits for good or evil that  
make man or woman good or not.

Home Hints.

A Swiss professor advises every one  
who wishes to live to a good old age  
to drink the juice of lemons.

The reason of the greater mortality  
of male children than of female is  
supposed to be the greater demands on  
the system caused by their more  
rapid rate of growth.

In a severe sprain of the ankle im-  
merse the joint as soon as possible in a  
pail of hot water, and keep it there for  
fifteen or twenty minutes. After re-  
moving it, keep it bandaged with hot  
cloths wrung out of water.

Hair that is brushed regularly night  
and morning, if only for a few minutes  
at a time, will require less frequent  
washing, and meanwhile will be clean  
and glossy. Too much washing ren-  
ders the hair harsh and dry.

Consumption is rare in childhood,  
but increases rapidly after the age of  
fifteen, and is most common between  
the ages of twenty-five and thirty.  
Those who escape it till the latter age  
are less and less prone to it as the

years advance, and may escape it en-  
tirely even though they have a heredi-  
tary predisposition to it.

A Swedish servant maid, finding  
that her mistress was troubled with  
sleeplessness, told her of a practice of  
the people of her country who are  
similarly afflicted. It was to take a  
napkin, dip it in ice cold water,  
wringing slightly, and lay it across her  
eyes. The plan was followed, and it  
worked like a charm.

There is but one way to squeeze a  
lemon, and that is the simple, old-  
fashioned way, between the fingers.  
Plenty of power can be brought to bear  
specially if the lemon is well rolled  
first. There is as great difference be-  
tween the flavor of the juice extracted  
in this way and that by the other  
methods, as there is between old  
fashioned buckwheat cakes, when the  
meal stands over night, and the new  
fashioned kind that are made while  
you wait.

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you wait.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,  
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If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 38.)

No. 246.—Pennyroyal.

No. 247.— A  
I N N  
A N N I E  
N I P  
E

No. 248.—Vasco-de-gama.

No. 249.—Buttercup.

No. 250.—1. I Cor. 3: 12.

2. (a) Job 28: 17;

(b) Luke 16: 26.

No. 251.—

I. F R O S T II. I L I A C  
R I V E R L A N C E  
O V A T E I N C U R  
S E T O N A C U T E  
T R E N D C E R E S

The Mystery—No. 41.

[N. B.—Contributions and answers  
respectfully solicited.]

No. 262.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

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

In come, not in go;  
In hand, not in slow;  
In laugh, not in cry;  
In bird, not in eye;  
In ramble, not in walk.

My whole is a useful household  
article.

No. 263.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

o o I. A vowel. II. A vowel.  
o o o Liable. Cunning.  
o o o o Of dress. A weapon.  
o o o o Boy's name. A weight.  
o Consonant. A letter.

No. 264.—DROP LETTER PUZZLES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. "o-a-o-e-i-t-e-e-t-p-r-o-  
a-e-h-h."

2. "T-p-s-a-t-o-o-s-f-o-a-i-c-  
t-l-v-r."

3. "e-h-l-k-n-l-n-f-r-  
t-r-u-h-u-y-u-h-b-t-l-o-s-n-h-  
s-b-a-h-a-r."

4. "t-e-g-h-n-e-h-w-a-h-n-s-n-  
c-n-i-m-h-f-e-l-k-e-s-a."

No. 265.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)

I am a poet of 18 letters.  
My 4, 6, 11, 18 is a body of water.  
My 13, 15, 4, 3 is to give for a price.  
My 9, 2, 17, 12 is to engage for pay.  
My 1, 10, 8, 9 is to cleanse.  
My 7, 16, 5, 3 is armour.  
My 14, 15, 16 is a kind of pulse.

No. 266.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

1. Where are the words, "And he  
hewed two tables of stone like unto the  
first?"

2. Where is, "Wherefore every tree  
which bringeth forth not good fruit is  
hewn down?"

3. Where "An altar under the  
hill?"

4. Where, "Took branches of  
palm-trees?"

5. Where is "took" first mentioned?

6. Where is, "And they shall be  
rejoicing in the Lord of Hosts?"

7. Where are the words, "And  
when they had sung a hymn they went  
out into the mount of Olives?"

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

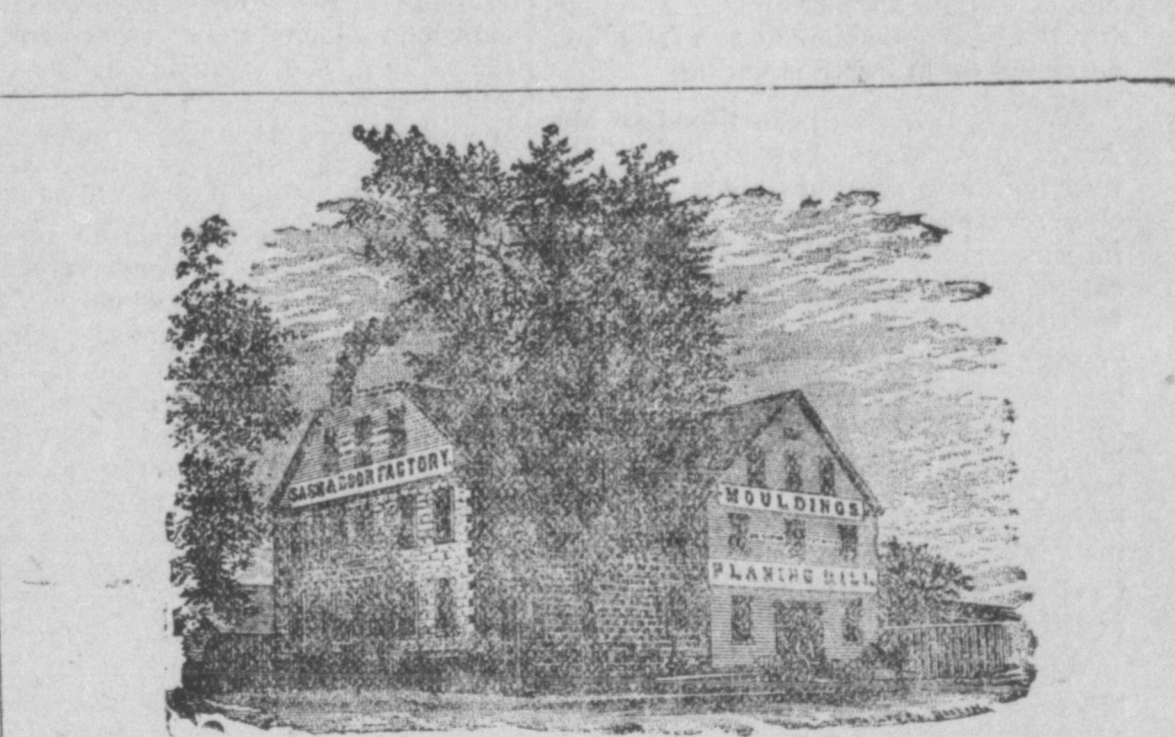
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