

JUNE 3, 1891.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

## Baby.

The baby, the baby, the glorious baby—  
The like was ne'er seen before this one it  
may be,  
To describe it at all, I should call it perfect,  
Its beauties shine forth in every direction.  
Look the baby all over from its head to its  
feet,  
There is nothing at all but beauty complete,  
Look but for a moment at its sweet sunny  
eyes,  
And nothing will equal your joyful surprise.  
There's enough latest mischief and coquetry  
there  
To drive forty men to the depths of despair.  
I'm not quite certain, but I think they are  
blue.  
But no matter the color, I am sure they are  
true  
And will never deceive. They will always  
be kind;  
The poor and the needy seek always to  
find.

Its hair has a color inclining to black,  
Or brown it may be—at least it don't lack  
That lustre, and brightness, and curliness  
too,  
That pleases the mother. She's sure it will  
do:  
That no babe before her had so nice hair  
As her own darling baby—her baby so rare;  
And its little pink ears—no shells of the  
sea  
So charming, so fairy-like, ever can be.  
Its nose is quite short—a little too short  
It may be. No matter again; it is of that  
sort  
That pleases its well-pleased mother,  
And that is sufficient, if it pleases no other.  
Its chin, I think, now is just perfectly  
right,  
'Tis quite big enough for so little a sprite.  
Its fingers so pretty, so lovely, wee things,  
The thumb is thrust out, and in again  
springs.  
The fingers keep working as if intellect  
guided.  
Perhaps it is so, I'm not quite decided.  
It may be so. 'Tis unknowable, I think;  
Observe now how wisely the wee thing will  
wink.

But oh, its cute feet and its cunning toes—  
wiggles,  
Like pearls as they lie in a bed of sweet  
posies,  
Or diamonds, or rubies, or garnets, or gold,  
Or dewdrops, as clouds from the sun are  
unrolled  
Or anything fair, or charming, or sweet,  
I'm sure the baby is perfect—complete.  
—Selected.

## The Boy with a Kodak.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard, playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time without having—what their big sister named—their "differences." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like mulattos.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed,—

"There! that's a miss!"  
"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest. "Come, hand it over. It's my turn." But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are!" exclaimed John angrily.  
At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand.  
Both turned in wondering surprise.  
"What makes that thing do that?"  
"What is it anyhow?" John demanded.  
"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.  
Next day when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncommon. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

"You see, I took you yesterday when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence.  
"You fight a great deal, don't you?" I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings now-a-days. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tempers. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures," and so saying he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamed silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John at length, "let's don't fight any more."  
"I won't if you won't," answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favor.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of a picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.—Advance.

## An Example for Boys.

Boys and girls who think they have few or no opportunities of "doing anything" or becoming "somebody" are often discouraged from putting forth any effort.

It is from the ranks of those whose opportunities are limited that the world's roll of great men and women is made up.

To the many previous examples of self-made men may be added that of Heinrich Schliemann, who died on Dec. 26, at Naples.

Schliemann was a poor boy, dependent upon his own exertions at the age of fourteen; yet he became one of the world's most famous archaeologists, travelers, and linguists.

Schliemann's father was a poor clergyman, who died while his son was very young, leaving him to the care of relatives, whose chief concern was to see that the boy should not be a burden to them.

From his fourteenth to his nineteenth year he worked in a grocery store and learned Latin. He went to Amsterdam at nineteen, and became a clerk in a mercantile house. To his native German and his Latin he now added in his leisure time the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Russian languages. He wasted no hours in idleness, one may be sure, and frittered away no precious moments in foolish occupations.

His command of the Russian language led to a lucrative appointment in St. Petersburg; and here he became wealthy, having gone into business for himself. He learned the Greek language, both ancient and modern, and later he added Arabic to his stock of tongues.

In the Greek language Schliemann read Homer, and resolved to test the truth of Homer's stories by digging upon the site of ancient Troy. His delvings into the buried past have brought to light a vast quantity of antiquities, and made the people of modern times more familiar with ancient civilization than they could possibly be from reading history alone.

Schliemann's researches brought for him the highest honors from scientific men throughout the world; and a large museum at Berlin attests to his own peculiar line of investigation.—Our Young People.

## Dogs as Sentinels.

For purposes of some interest, for the experiment of training dogs to act in time of war as scouts, messengers, and sentinels, are being carried on with success in most of the infantry regiments garrisoned in some parts of France. The manner in which they are educated is deserving of notice. When the animal is to act as messenger, two men are detached from a post, and walk about a mile, the dog being led by the collar. One remains stationary, while the other returns to his starting-point. On being let loose, the dog immediately sets off in pursuit of the latter, and finds its way to the post with unerring regularity. To insure the delivery of despatches, a small bag of dark material is strapped on the animal's back. As a sentinel the dog will scent a stranger at a distance of one hundred yards, and will commence growling, barking, or evincing disquietude in some other manner. In order to accustom them to scouts' duty, the dogs are encouraged to search a field or a thicket in which soldiers wearing foreign uniforms lie in ambush. As soon as the animals perceive

the latter, they retreat, running to the soldiers who accompany them, and thus announcing the presence of an enemy. Their instinct seldom misleads them, and they have been found very useful as a means of communicating with patrols and detachments on outpost duty. In time of war they are also intended to search for wounded soldiers and loiterers, as well as to carry provisions and ammunition to outposts. An interesting sight is afforded by the spectacle of these four-footed soldiers at drill, under command of a sub-lieutenant, and surrounded by an admiring group of vagrant curs who do not enjoy the distinction of being unrolled under the French flag, and who contemplate their four-legged brethren with evident envy.—Exchange.

## A Pleasing Game.

I joined in a game the other evening with a jolly party of young people that seems to me a capital amusement for everybody, from grandfather down. It is called "Observation." One of the ladies came into the room with a good sized tray, which she placed in the middle of a large round table. On the tray was a collection of objects hidden by a napkin. We knew that something was under the napkin, because it was pushed up into little hillocks and depressed into little valleys. We all sat around, each one armed with a pencil and sheet of paper. At a given signal the lady removed the napkin and exposed the contents of the tray to view while she counted ten. Then she hid the tray again with the napkin. While she counted ten we were all struggling to get into our minds what was on the tray, and when the napkin was replaced we wrote down on paper what we observed. These fifteen objects were on the tray: a toy fan, a cracker, a ball of floss, a pair of scissors, a button-hook, a little bottle of brown stuff (smelling salts we learned afterward), a red cork, a Japanese lamp-mat, a marshmallow, a nail brush, a glass vinaigrette with tea leaves in it, a Japanese box, a pen-wiper, a ball of brown worsted, a thimble, a little match-safe. Some of us only caught two or three of the objects, and the winner managed to observe the first seven. "Observation" is not only amusing, but it is good training for the eye. Robert Houdin, the famous magician, trained his son in some such way as this, so that he could pass rapidly through a room and afterwards accurately describe the furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac which it contained.—Correspondent in the Christian Union.

SPIDER SILK.—Dr. Walsh recounts that in his travels through Brazil he came across a spider which is admirably adapted for silk-producing purposes. Far from devouring one another, after the voracious manner of their European relatives, these spiders live in little communities, apparently on the best of terms. They are of enormous size, and spin a yellowish web, the threads of which are fully as thick as ordinary silk. The size and strength of these webs are shown by the following statement made by Dr. Walsh: "In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstruction, and, on withdrawing it, my light straw hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite tree as large as a sheet ten or twelve feet in diameter." The doctor's account of the huge web spun by this spider has been confirmed by the observations of other travellers, one of whom states that he has seen a single web which completely enveloped a large lemon-tree. Spider silk such as this is produced in other parts of the world besides Brazil.—Commonwealth.

POISONED AIR.—Air-tight bedrooms are among the evils of civilization. We do not mean to say they are quite air-tight, but they come so near to it that health is much impaired by sleeping in them. The poorest economy is to have large, airy parlors and small, ill-ventilated bedrooms; and yet nothing is more common. In the bedroom we spend from seven to eight consecutive hours—on an average one-third part of our lives. A person goes into one of those rooms with the door closed. How long will this air last him? Even if we suppose the sleeping room to contain one thousand cubic feet, it would last its occupant two hours and a half. What is he to breathe the other five or six hours? Carbonic-acid gas—in other words, a deadly poison. Though people do not die from this cause, yet many of them are suffering with dizziness, headache, dyspepsia, and a host of kindred diseases induced by sleeping in such contracted and ill-ventilated rooms.

HOW TO GIVE A CAT MEDICINE.—A New York gentleman has a very fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has even been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard and I'll warrant she'll be atting all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."—Selected.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.—"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself and sometimes aloud. Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said the uncle, "certainly that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get the gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys, girls and grown up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust!

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.—Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will always take care of itself.

DOUGHNUTS.—One teaspoon of sour milk, a little less than one-half cup of butter and lard melted together, one teaspoon of soda, two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg, flour to roll them out.

## Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.

Owing to the absence of the puzzle-editor to attend the funeral of a near relative the MS. could not be prepared for the column this week.

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