

Our Children.

I looked at the happy children, Who gathered round the hearth; So blithe they were, no children Could happier be on earth;

With their merry plays, 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 huddle in slum and cellar, And shiver with want and cold;

But yet may they still, those children, Be taught to forget their pain; And gathered in arms 't love them, Their laughter may come again;

For what the world may fancy, And whatever the wise men say Of our nineteenth-century progress, Of new and a better way;

Willie's Hard Lesson.

JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

"Willie! Where is my Willie boy?" called mamma cheerily. "Here!" came from the back hall, and Willie made his appearance, but-toning his overcoat as he came, drag-ging his muffler after him, and drop-ping his mittens in his haste.

"Haste makes waste," quoted mamma, as she picked up the mittens and straightened the collar that was nearly always awry.

"I don't want to be late to school, you know, he said apologetically. "Did you want me for anything?"

"Yes. When school is out go to Mrs. Folsom's and get a budget she will give you. Tell her I cannot leave home to-day, as Sarah is away and baby nearly sick with a cold, but I'll see her soon. Don't forget, now, and be sure to come right home when you get it."

"No. Yes. I'll remember sure, this time; don't worry," and Willie was off.

Mrs. Elliott watched him with a smile and a sigh as he bounded down the street. So impulsive, so generous but so careless.

"He'll forget, I know," she said to herself, "but it can't be helped. I could not go for it. After all, if he should, it will do no great harm, and may teach him a lesson."

"Go to Mrs. Folsom's for a bundle," said Willie to himself many times that afternoon. "Mamma thinks I'll forget it, probably, but I shan't. I don't wonder, though, for it was only last week I forgot the letters she gave me to mail. I don't want to have her talk to me again as she did then. I'd rather she would whip me. I am going to remember after this."

Armed with this resolution, as soon as school was out, he trudged bravely off in spite of the boys' entreaty to stop and coast awhile.

Mrs. Folsom looked surprised when Willie told his errand, but when he explained that his mother could not come for it, she brought out a medium-sized package neatly done up in a newspaper.

"Can't you put it under your coat?" she asked. "It is beginning to snow, and it may get wet."

"I'll go so fast the snow flakes can't hit it," laughed Willie.

On the corner he paused. "I've a great mind to go round by the pond; the high-school boys will all be there skating. It isn't much farther any-way. I'm going."

The pond was alive with merry skaters, who darted here and there as if trying to elude the now fast-falling snowflakes.

"Don't they go fast? They justst fly!" lisped little Teddy Wilson, who, seated on his sled, was enjoying the scene.

"Hallo, Teddy! called Howard Adams, skating up to them. "Don't you want a ride? Give me the rope and hang on, and I'll take you down the pond and back again in no time. Jump on, too, Willie; I can draw two as well as one."

Willie hesitated and looked at his bundle. "Lay that on my school-bag under the tree," said Howard; "it will be all right. Now jump on."

Willie, flattered by the attention of one of the "big boys," did as Howard directed, and, seated behind Teddy, they were off like the wind. What fun it was! They shouted as they passed and re-passed others, and Howard, seeing their enjoyment, good-naturedly gave them another turn, this time landing them far up the pond.

They stood for some time after Howard left them watching the fun, till Teddy shivered with the cold.

"How fast it thnows!" he said. "Get on your sled and I'll draw you home," said Willie. "My! but it does snow!"

Mrs. Elliott had been watching anxiously for more than an hour when Willie came. She sighed when she saw he came empty-handed.

"Never mind, though," she said to herself. "I'll go for it myself to-morrow. It will be punishment enough when he finds it out."

Supper had been a long time over, the lessons for the morrow learned, the last new puzzle tried and laid aside, and Willie was sitting by the cheerful fire thinking dreamily of bed, when he first remembered his mother's errand. He sprang to his feet so suddenly that grandma asked with concern, "Did you burn you, deary?"

"Mamma!" he gasped. "That bud-Set!"

"Yes. I know. I'm very sorry you forgot it, but it can't be helped now."

"But I didn't forget it. I went to Mrs. Folsom's as you told me, but I came home by the pond, and—and—then I forgot all about it. I laid it on Howard Adams' school-bag under a tree."

"Out in this storm! O Willie! Willie! That is worse than I feared," said Mrs. Elliott sadly.

"I'll go and get it. I know just where I left it."

"No, you can't go alone, and your father is not home yet."

"I'm sorry," began Willie.

"So you have said before. I'm tired of hearing the same old excuse all the time," said his mother coldly. "It's your bed-time; you'd better go to bed."

Early the next morning a small boy might have been seen hurrying toward the pond. Bravely making his way through the freshly-fallen snow, he reached the place where he had left his bundle. Hastily brushing away the snow from a small white mound, he found the object of his search, but, alas! the paper was so thoroughly soaked through and through as to tear in several places when he attempted to lift it. Carrying it as carefully as he could he gave it into his mother's hands just as the family were gather-ing in the breakfast room. Mrs. Elliott tore away the soiled paper and held up to view a beautiful hand-made tippet—or, rather, it had been beautiful once, but now the dark maroon of the centre was streaked through the blue and gold of the border, and the whole was entirely ruined.

"Do you know what day it is to-day?" asked Mrs. Elliott.

"It's my birthday," said Willie faintly.

"And this is your birthday present. It was intended to keep you warm and make you happy, but it is too soiled to wear now, so I will hang it in your room where you can see it every day, and perhaps the sight of it may make you more careful in the future."

Willie threw himself on the lounge and sobbed bitterly, but he knew that his punishment was just, and said not a word.

It was a hard lesson, a sharp lesson, but one that Willie never forgot. His parents and teachers rejoice as they see him every day becoming more careful and thoughtful, and they feel he will soon be a boy to be trusted.

How one Boy Faced the World.

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor, and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to the public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman, and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With half of this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale, and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the penny he borrowed (make a note of that, boys!) and he now had one cent of his own; with it he bought another paper and sold it for two cents; bought another, sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favorite place with the newsboys, and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class with two hundred others; when he graduated from the class, only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in

the race, but few hold on to the end. They are like boys chasing the butterfly, pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing some-where in the woods, or they stop to skip pebbles in the river; it is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call suc-cess.

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college, and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, and at the same time support-ing himself and his mother by his stenographic work for the professors. He kept up his health by regular out-door exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco or alcoholic drinks. His food was sim-ple—mostly fish, vegetables and fruit. He had a good conscience; there was no meanness about him. When he was twenty years of age he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course, he had a large salary. He was clear-cut in everything he did; there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but this young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gra-cious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honor you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chi-cagoan is Jerome Raymond. He is now the private secretary of Bishop Thorburn, and is making a trip around the world; at the same time he is studying for his degree in the Uni-versity, being permitted to substitute French and Sanscrit for some other studies which he would have taken if he were here.

He was my stenographer, on and off, for two years, and I think most highly of him. It seemed to me I could not do a greater service than to tell you his simple story. He is a knight of the new chivalry, a champion of the White Cross, a believer in woman's ballot, a Prohibitionist in poli-tics, and an earnest Christian in faith and practice.—Frances E. Willard, in Union Signal.

Young Peoples' Column.

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

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and other work of interest to the young.

OUR MOTTO: Onward; Upward!

The Mystery Solved.—No. 6.

No. 29.— M A P I I M A R I A P I T A

No. 30.—I. Jonah, 2 Kings, 22:1. 2. 2 Kings, 22:14. 3. Amos 2:6.

No. 31.—"He lives long that lives well, and time mispent is not lived but lost."

No. 32.— 1. W A S P 2. N I C E 3. L A S T A N N A I R O N A R E A S N O W C O R D S E A L P A W S E N D S T A L K

No. 33.— "Man's life's a book of history, The leaves thereof are days, The letters mercies closely joined, The title is God's praise."

No. 34.—(a) c (b) f c a t e l o p c a m e l f o x e s t e a p e n l s

No. 46.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA. (BY SORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner.)

In tea, not in coffee; In hit, not in miss; In round, not in square; In come, not in go; In aunt, not in uncle; In house, not in barn; In big, not in little; In gray, not in white; In laugh, not in cry; In young, not in old. Whole is a post.

No. 47.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA. (BY "PEARL," Berwick.)

My 25, 10, 11, 5 is a farming utensil. My 9, 18, 4, 11 is that which disguises. My 9, 1, 13, 24 is a companion. My 14, 21, 13, 5 is dislike. My 23, 5, 18, 25, 13, 14 is pavement. My 17, 10, 19 is a boy. My 9, 15, 25, 11, 5, 22 is a place of sale.

My 2, 3, 8, 13, 12, 25 is one of the season.

My 6, 22, 25, 7, 17, 17, 24, 25 a vaga-bond.

My whole is a proverb. No. 48.—DROP-VOWEL. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"-nd -v-n -rt-x-rx-s th-k-ng d-m-k-a d-cr-t-ll th-tr-s-r-rs-h-ch-r-b-y-nd th-th-t-h-t-s-v-r-zr-th-pr-at th-ser-b-f th-b-f th-G-d-f h-v-e-n shall r-q-r-f -t b-d-n sp-d-l." What verse of the Bible, and what does it contain?

No. 49.—ENIGMA. (BY A. E. SIPPRELL, Somerville.)

In rain, not in snow; In furnace, not in stove; In cry, not in laugh; In high, not in low; In desk, not in book; In long, not in short; My whole is a girl's name.

No. 50.—BIBLE QUERY. (BY C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown.)

How many times is the word "hell" mentioned in the Bible? When first? How placed in each following Book?

No. 51.—WORD SQUARE. (BY L. F. BARNES, Bath, C. Co.)

----- A girl's name. ----- Dry. ----- A river. ----- A place.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.— The Mystical Circle.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. Frequently we receive letters contain-ing letters, or in the nature of a personal letter, only prepaid 1c. Such letters are of course subject to letter rate, and are consequently taxed 4c. on the puzzle Editor. Please remem-ber to have no MS. in letter form or to contain a letter, if so, please prepay by a 3c. stamp. Do not even begin your puzzle page, "Dear Sir," or "Uncle Ned," and close "Yours truly," etc.; but head, "Puzzles for Intelligencer," using your name or non-de-plume; mark on the envelope for "RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER," and then prepay by a 1c. stamp, address-ing of course to C. E. Black, at St. John. If a letter is enclosed, prepay as above stated. Answers, etc. may be sent on postal cards. Always write puzzles on one side of sheet only, and answers on separate sheet. Kindly note the above.

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown, has thanks for puzzle.

L. F. BARNES, Bath, will also accept thanks for nice lot of puzzles. Glad you like your prize.

EVAN N. BABCOCK, Carleton, will also receive thanks for puzzles. You do well. Glad you like the column! Note above.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will kindly accept thanks for fine puzzles. Note above. Come again.

SORETTA M. LONDON, Good Corner, has her name on prize competition book. Thanks for puzzles.

PEARL, Berwick, will kindly accept hearty thanks for nice puzzles.

BATH, CAR. CO. FEB. 17, '91. DEAR UNCLE NED: I thought I would write and tell you that I received my prize all right. Thank you. I think it very nice. But I am afraid I will not be able to try for the next prize, as I go to school and that takes all my time. I may be able to send you a few puzzles. I remain, your niece, L. FRANCES BARNES.

GOOD CORNER, FEB. 16, '91. DEAR UNCLE NED: I thought as I had a spare afternoon I would write to you. I send these few puzzles, hoping they will be acceptable. I am glad to see so many names in your COLUMN. Wishing you success, I remain your niece, SORETTA M. LONDON.

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Gents.—My horse was so afflicted with distemper that he could not drink for four days and refused all food. Simply applying MINARD'S LINIMENT outwardly cured him. CAPT. HERBERT CANN. Feb., 1887.

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