

COMFORTED.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

My eyes were heavy with weeping,  
My heart was heavy with care,  
For my fairest hope lay withered  
Because of unanswered prayer.  
And all through the long night-watches  
It seemed, as I lay awake,  
That life itself was a burden  
To carry for others' sake.

For my hands and feet were weary  
With the daily toil and care;  
And my courage seemed to fail me  
With the failure of my prayer.  
And I thought of the strange life-journey  
So full of trouble and fears,  
And I said: "But the dead are blessed;  
For sleepers there are no tears!"

And so with my saddened fancies,  
I listened the beating rain,  
Forgetting that April sunshine  
Would awaken the flowers again:  
Forgetting that hope, though baffled,  
Dies not in the human breast,  
And that only the upward tolling  
Will lead to the mountain's crest.

Then down through the dawn came ringing  
Glad peals from the old church-tower;  
And I thought with a rush of feeling,  
Of that strange, chill morning-hour,  
When Mary within the garden  
Stood weeping, and troubled and worn;  
How the Master's one word: "Mary!"  
Made a glorious Easter morn.

And my heart threw off its burden  
At the sound of the swinging bells;  
For the thought of the Resurrection,  
All querulous murmuring quells  
And because of the world's Redeemer,  
It is well with the world for aye.  
And my heart was sweetly comforted  
That beautiful Easter day.

How He Got His Place.

The boy who does just as little as possible for his employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion who works for another establishment is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with great faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident: A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question: "Can you give me anything to do?" Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed answered, "No; full now." Then happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right; thank you sir," answered the young man, and he went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon he came upstairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood-room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal bin.

"Hello!" said Mr. Stone, "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done and I would rather work than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter. "Thank you" said the youth and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here"—writing something on a slip of paper—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down-stairs, and—that's all!" And Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent is the young man who began by piling kindling-wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business house.—Free Baptist.

Now is the time to renew your subscription to the INTELLIGENCER.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said: "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables off Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed. The gentleman, finding he could always get a good article off Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

By sending a new name do your part towards giving the INTELLIGENCER a larger list of subscribers than it has yet had.

Debby and Sharpwing.

BY MRS. P. BALLARD.

What is the squirrel thinking about in the tree-top—ears, eyes, and tail all intent, watching Debby feeding her small squirrelettes? A quaint enough home the little fellows have, frisking and rustling about on its carpet of dry leaves. Quaint, but safe. And they have now rushed pell-mell to their ragged front door for a more dainty breakfast than dried acorns or crimson dogwood berries. They are not afraid of Debby's hand, nor of the keen-eyed raven on her shoulder. Debby and Sharpwing know them too well—as well as they know the morning-roll she and the raven have brought.

The squirrel looks almost as sure of the good-will of Debby and the raven as if he had been reading a story from the Bible about the raven who came alone at morning light and evening shade to feed a lonely, hungry old man, who thought he was forsaken by everybody in the whole world. But no—a Spirit of Love had been put in the raven's heart that he didn't even know about himself, I suppose, and he had to go straight to the man who needed the bread and put it in his hand.

If the mother squirrel did not think of this, because she couldn't read, old Uncle Jonas did, as he passed by and

watched Debby, and Sharpwing on her shoulder, and he said to himself: "I shall take new hope, for who knows but a raven may be on the way already to my ragged old home."

And stranger than the comfort that came to old Jonas was the comfort that came to Debby. Strange that she needed it—so young, so generous even to little squirrels! But Debby had had little times of weeping that no one knew of but herself, and as she heard their merry chatter of thanks she thought of those old-time ravens, and was glad Sharpwing was on her shoulder. And without stopping to think, right through her mind flitted her thoughts in these words:

Oh, ravens! ravens! come again;  
Bring bread at morn, bring bread at eve,  
And feed my weary soul until  
For sorrows past no more I grieve.

The Young Man of Principle.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars which did not belong to them would come into their hands. All depended upon the clerk's serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be tempted to sell his conscience for any one's favor, and so he was discharged from his place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman being pleased with his address, asked for any good reference he might have.

The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his service, and you can inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendation, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been troubled with conscientious clerks, and he preferred that those intrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty, so he engaged the young man who rose fast in his favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principle that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person as suitable for cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on Sundays."

Help the INTELLIGENCER begin its forty-first year with a paid-up list.

Household Hints.

HOARBOUND CANDY.—Prepare a strong decoction by boiling two ounces of the dried herb in a pint and a half of water for about one half hour. Strain, and add to it three and one-half pounds of brown sugar. Boil over a hot fire until the sugar will harden when cool. Pour out into flat tins that have been greased. When partially cool, mark the candy, with a knife, into squares.

BAKED EGGS.—Mince half a pound of lean boiled ham, add an equal quantity of cracker crumbs. Moisten and spread the mixture over a platter; scoop out four round holes as large as an egg, and drop an egg from the shell into each hole; season with salt, cayenne and butter; put the dish in the oven, and serve them when the eggs are cooked. The crumbs should be moist enough to take almost a crust when baked.

A VERY GOOD LEMON PUDDING.—Make a custard of one pint of milk, two eggs, no flavouring, sugar to taste. Set the dish in water while it is baking. Grate the rind and press out the juice of one lemon, mix with one tea-cup of water, one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, two-thirds of a tea-cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs. Stir till thick in a tin dish set in boiling water; when ready to use spread this on the custard. Beat the whites of the two eggs with one-third of a cup of sugar to a light froth, and spread over it.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the wind robs the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man who, like the millwright, employs every gust.

An Irish editor, not being able to obtain a sufficiency of news for his paper, made the following announcement: "Owing to an unusual pressure of matter we are to-day obliged to leave several columns blank."

PUZZLERS' PASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK.

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"Where there's a will, there's a way"

—The Mystery Solved.—No. 50.—

No. 1.—"All is not gold that glitters."

No. 2.—"Many hands make light work."

No. 3.—"Love wins love."

—The Mystery.—No. 51.—

No. 15.—Pr.

"Slal swell eth at dnwell."

No. 16.—CHARADE.

My first at the North and South of New Brunswick doth lie; my second is found in large numbers over its surface; my whole names an office in the Northwest of the Province.

No. 17.—DIAMOND.

A letter from Harry; what many of my centrals are not; a deputy; the close; found in tea.

No. 18.—DROP-LETTER.

"b-t-i-f-o-e-y-p-e-r-n-e-f-v-l."

No. 19.—REBUS.

YOU GOVERN DOM MENT.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

THE MYSTICAL

CIRCLE.

As yet no one has tried for the prize offered in Nos. 1 and 2. Surely we shall hear from many of the readers of the INTELLIGENCER, and that at an early date, with puzzles, stories, &c.

UNCLE NED.

OUR STORIES.

HOW TO BE AMUSED.

Our little folks will no doubt be pleased to know "how to be amused."

1. Learn to amuse yourselves. You need to be amused. The body and the mind get weary of work and study. You wish to play. Put the weather will not allow of outdoor sports. Don't fret and fume over it. Sit down quietly to plan out nice little ways of amusement indoors. This of itself will be a pleasant pastime. Be content with simple things. A girl can make a doll, cut an apron, or plan a fancy covering for some corner shelf. A boy can make the shelf or "bracket" from a piece of thin wood with a hand saw, or he can build a miniature house, which his sister can fill with tiny furniture of home manufacture. A few wooden clothes-pins, a lot of smooth sticks or small blocks will afford amusement for hours.

2. Learn to amuse others. The best way to amuse one's self often is to look for ways to amuse others. As you make them happy you increase your own happiness. Set your wits at work in every way to invent plays and acts that will please those about you. Do not feel that amusing "the baby" is too small business for a "big girl," or even for a "big boy!" With a lot of old picture papers and a pair of small scissors, young persons can find useful amusement for hours cutting out the pictures and arranging them.

3. Do not depend on others to amuse you. Never play the sponge among your companions or in your home. Do not try to suck all the comfort you can out of those about you, and never give a drop of it to them in return. Only a mean, stingy nature will do that.

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Culled From the Old Year.

Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld., Rheumatism.

Thos. Wasson, Sheffield, N. B., Lock-jaw.

By McMullin, Chatham, Ont., Gout.

Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation.

James A. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia.

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