FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows;
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine."

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

Serial.

ON THE BORDER-LAND

CHAP. XIV.—"THE GREEN PASTURES AND THE STILL WATERS."

"Life is very sweet now, for mamma is quite bright; the children are improving; little Harry is the sunbeam of the family; and the dear boys are very promising.

"It is a season of refreshing under Dr. Courtney's ministery, and a number of young persons have recently set out upon the Christian pilgrim's path.

"Last Sunday, Mr. Barry gave us one of his heart-stirring addresses in the Sunday-school from the words, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' I saw that deep impressions were made upon many young hearts, especially upon dear brother George, who seemed deeply impressed when we sang the hymn.

'Come to the Saviour; make no delay;
Here in his word he's shown us the way;
Here in our midst he's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

"Brother is a manly boy, and makes no concealment of his sentiments on all subjects; therefore I was not surprised when mamma told me of his visit to the sitting room at the twilight hour, when he poured out the feelings of his warm young heart and told her how deeply he felt the solemn appeal both in the Sunday school and in the church.

"I know that the call was to me," he said, "and with God's help I have chosen the Lord Jesus for my Saviour and Master."

Mamma talked long and earnestly with her son, and says that she has no doubt that George is thoroughly sincere. They knelt together before the mercy-seat and prayed for grace to know and love the Lord more fully; and mamma rejoiced the heart of our dear father when she told of that blessed interview. The dear old sitting-room has witnessed many sweetly solemn scenes when mamma has knelt there alone with her children.

"When we retired to our rooms on that Sunday night Helen had her story to tell of the deep impressions made in the Sunday school room on that solemn day. She has always been a serious conscientious child, and I have no doubt is under the teaching of God's Spirit. It would seem strange if she were not, surrounded as we are by an atmosphere of cheerful, practical piety.

"It was a blessed day when, in company with many others, dear brother George was baptized on confession of his faith in Christ and took his stand on the Lord's side.

"It is a source of heartfelt joy to feel assured that George is led by the Spirit and is under the controlling power of the true Christian principle, for we know that he has such an honest soul that he would never take a step like this without deep and earnest conviction. Thus one by one we are gathered into the fold of Jesus, and I trust that through abounding grace we shall be a family in heaven.

Mrs. Carson is quite well and cousin Margaret has obtained a situation in a store for her. It is a small support for three, but better than nothing; she is truly grateful to Cousin Margaret. I know that she will never see them want, for the widow is one of the Lord's own people."

CHAP. XV.—A TRULY BLESSED CHRISTMAS.

"My Diary.—There's a stir in the house, for the most memorable of all the days is drawing near.

"We see its harbingers in the bright faces of the little ones on their way to school, chatting about the approaching holiday, peeping in at the shop-windows dressed gayly for Christmas. We all have our little secrets of gift-hiding, for it is the time of great expectations; but the children seem to look forward with most pleasure to the gathering of the Sunday-schools on Christmas night, when there will be a donation-party for the poor. I think it was one of Mr. Barry's bright thoughts.

* * * * * * *

"The chimes of the bells from the city churches proclaim, in sweet familiar hymn-tunes, that it is Christmas Eve. It is snowing too, and the children are clapping their hands at the sight of the feathery flakes.

"But here comes Cousin Margaret, carrying her basket, and she is quickly admitted to the secret room, where she puts the finishing-touches to the beautiful tree. There is the bell, and Dick heads the procession, with a paper cap on his head and a horn in his hand, calling out: 'Form in line!' and now, 'Forward march!' and with shining faces we enter the sitting-room. There is a burst of rapture at the sight of the Christmas tree, for Cousin Margaret has lent a helping hand; and, with its colored candles and glittering ornaments, it is truly a superb tree.

"At a signal from mamma I took my seat at the piano, and we all joined heartily in singing one of our charming Christmas hymns.

"We had been feeling much disappointed when we entered the room, for I had invited Hetty, and she was not with us; but just as we sang the last line of our hymn the door opened, admitting Hetty and Robert, the latter at home for the holidays.

"Mamma was very happy when she recei picture of the family from the dear children. Cousin Margaret remembered Sophy's sacrifice in the gift of the gold-piece saved so long, but she did not think it wise to supply the bedstead, and thus defeat the real self-denial of the little girl. The London dolls were arrayed in beautiful new dresses, but Miss Victoria had to wait a little longer for her bedstead. There were some small boxes from Dick to the three youngest; and Sophy laughed till the tears came when, on opening her box, an odd little monkey sprang out, shaking his fist at her. Bessie's animal boxed her ears, and Fred made a faces at him, which raised a loud shout among the you folk. None seemed more happy than good old Nancy, who received several useful gifts from different members of the family.

"In the midst of our merrymaking we missed Dick from the room. But while we were talking about him, and were wondering where he had gone, we heard the sound of a Christmas-horn; the door opened, and in walked Kris-Kringle, arrayed in fur, with a belt of bells around his neck, a satchel of good things swung across his back, and a horn in his hand. He wore a mask with long, snow-white beard, and Bessie and Fred looked on with wandering eyes. Kris scampered around among them, the three trying to keep out of his way, while he threw out his bonbons, penny trumpets, red apples, and doughnuts; and it was jolly fun to see the children scramble for these gifts. But when he took off his mask and revealed Dick's merry face, the two young ones looked a little disappointed at the vanishing of their Christmas illusions.

"'There is no Kris-Kringle, after all,' said little Fred; 'and I'm so sorry!'

"'But there's a real Christ,' said mamma; 'and we can always welcome him.'

"Next morning we were awakened by the early chimes playing sweetly, 'Hither, ye faithful,' with the chorus that we all love, 'Oh come and let us worship.' I soon heard the children's voices singing the beautiful chorus, and in a few minutes they were scampering about from room to room, calling out:

"'Happy Christmas to all!'

"We had a very happy day, but I think that the afternoon was the best of all, when we each took our gifts to some of the poor around us. Mamma remembered the children of those who came to the mothers' meeting; and it did our hearts good to see the joy with which the little ones each received a bag of candy and a slice of cake, the mothers receiving some groceries which Cousin Margaret had sent. We left a basket with old Mrs. Hall, who is entirely confined to the house, and another with Mrs. Kelsey, who is a cripple and helpless. Mrs. Carson and her children were not forgotten, and we were all glad to bring some brightness and Christmas joy into those households.

"There was a merry gathering at the Sunday-School room. It was tastefully dressed with evergreens, and the motto, 'On earth peace, good-will toward men,' was placed in large letters over the door. But instead of the Christmas tree and bag of candies, we had a donation-party, and as we looked around at the bags and baskets in charge of the children we were quite sure that there would be enough to fill the three large clothes-baskets that stood on the platform.

"The exercises were opened by a Christmas hymn sung charmingly. This was followed by an address from Mr. Barry, our superintendent.

"I suppose that you can all tell me what season this is?" he commenced. He was answered by a loud reply, 'It is happy Christmas sir.'—'No doubt you miss the beautiful tree and the candy-bags,' he continued, 'but this year I think we shall have something better. I suppose that most of you have Christmas trees at home, and that some have more candy than is good for you. Instead of that, we are going to have a donation-party for the poor; and, looking around at the crowd present and the baskets that I see peeping out from under the benches, we shall have some generous gifts and make many hearts happy. Our celebration of this blessed day will indeed be one of good-will toward men. And now, my children, I wish you all a happy Christmas, and may God bless all the members of this Sunday-school now and for evermore!'

"I saw some of the boys nudging each other, our Dick among them, of course; and then there was a spontaneous burst from many young voices, the language, I am sure, of loving hearts, as they called out, 'Happy Christmas to you, Mr. Barry!'

"He answered the good wish smilingly, and then the children were called up in classes. It was a pleasing and exciting spectacle as they passed up to the platform, each carrying a basket filled with good things, depositing them with smiling faces on the platform and handing an envelope to Mr. Barry. Class after class passed on; some of their baskets were heavenly laden, and in some cases they brought bags of flour or baskets of potatoes or apples, each carried by two boys, who regarded that as grand sport. There were coffee, tea, sugar, rice, starch, flour soap, beans, peas, salt, chocolate, dried apples, dried peaches, orders for coal, packages of clothing, and money in envelopes.

"The children of the infant school remembered how happy a doll made them and so we had dolls, tops, balls, and toy-books, with more solid comforts. It was rather an undertaking for some of the little ones to toddle up the aisles with their heavily-laden baskets. But I thought it was very sweet in the darlings to remember the common child-nature of their little brothers and sisters with their gifts of childish toys.

"Some dry-goods men had sent whole pieces of muslins and cotton flannels; others, a quantity of warm stockings for little feet. One large basket was filled with clothes, two with groceries, and Mr. Barry had charge of a small one filled with envelopes.

"I had taken care that my class of little girls should not be subjected to the mortification of having no gift to offer: and appealing to Blanche, she was ready to help, and sent a generous donation of groceries and money for my eight little girls: and I was glad to see each one with a shining face leaving her package on the platform.

"When the envelopes were opened they were found to contain fifty dollars, and Mr. Barry, looking around at the bright faces, asked:

"'Which is better, children—the Christmas tree or the donation-party?'

"'The donation-party,' was their prompt and loud response.

"'The articles will be given to the Ladies' Aid,' he continued, 'and you shall hear some good news about your Christmas gifts.'

"Each scholar received a slice of cake, and then we sang the last hymn.

"I had observed a middle aged gentleman sitting on the platform who seemed deeply affected by the exercises, and just as we were about to be dismissed he arose, and, asking permission from Mr. Barry, he spoke:

"'I am looking for some dear little ones, the children of a long-lost sister, whom I have not seen for twelve years. Thinking that they might be in some of the Sunday-schools, I have been visiting a large number, and also the public schools, but without success. I heard of your party to-night, and hope that I may obtain some tidings of the lost ones among you. If there are two little girls named Nellie and Jennie Carson here, they will please come forward to the platform.'

"'Go, children; it may be your uncle,' I whispered to them.

"Hand in hand, trembling and excited, they walked up the aisle, the school watching the scene in breathless silence. When they reached the platform the gentleman asked Nellie:

"'Can you tell me your mother's name before her marriage, my child?'

"'Annie Gilbert,' was the low reply.

"'Is your mother living, my dear?'

"'Yes, sir; we live on Twenty-third Street.'

"Clasping the children in his arms, he said, with deep emotion:

"'Thank God, I have found my sister!' and looking fondly upon Nellie, he continued, 'You are very like your mother, darling.'

"Then he kissed them again and again, while tears stood in the eyes of many of the spectators: and I thought that probably the dear children had found a friend who will be a father to them.

"After the school was dismissed I joined the party, and seeing a handsome donation slipped into Mr. Barry's hand, we hurried off to the widow's home. We found her busy with her needle. She was startled at the sight of a stranger with her children, but when the voice said, 'Annie, dear sister, don't you know me?' she dropped her work, and calling out 'Charlie! Charlie!' she fell fainting upon her brother's bosom.

"When she recovered she told the tale of her sorrows in a few broken words, to which he replied:

"'No more poverty, dear; I have come home now, and your little family shall be my care.'

"Then he told her how he had searched for her among the few old friends that he could find, who, however, could give him no intelligence. In the first years of his absence he had received letters telling of the birth of her two children, giving their names; but that was when his heart was full of bitterness at the thought of her marriage. That little knowledge, however, had enabled him to trace them now.

"The sudden reverse from poverty to comfort, from loneliness to the shelter of a brother's love, was too much for her, and for a long time she sobbed out her joy on her brother's breast. Next morning I called upon them, and found that Uncle Charlie had preceded me, and carried off the girls to an establishment for children's ready-made clothing; and when they returned they were clad in neat winter suits, with pretty hats, new shoes, and bright-colored stockings, each carrying a beautiful Christmas doll; and Uncle Charley had a basket of good things and an armful of children's toys, with the cheering words, 'It isn't too late for Christmas yet, Annie.'

"He had heard the story of our attempts to aid her in the depth of her poverty, and, turning to me, said:

"'I cannot express all that I feel, Miss Roscoe, for your kindness; but Annie is my care now, and I feel myself a very rich man with a dear sister and two such darlings to cheer my home.'

"It was a pretty romance, and I hurried off to tell the story to Cousin Margaret, who was very happy to hear the good news; and Sophy too was glad and thankful now that she had given her gold-piece to help the widow. Uncle Charlie's heart was full of love to all who had been kind to Annie and her children, and not long after he sent a beautiful baby-house, nicely furnished, to Sophy and Bessie, just because they had been good to his little nieces."

(To be continued.)

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt much. But the duck said, "I'll pay you for that."

So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so, her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck, but as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cat who was then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that?" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose, but as she did so, her tail brushed the eyes of a sheep that was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep and he ran at the cat, but as he did so, his feet hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep, but as he did so, his legs struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog, but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the dog at the sheep, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made, to be sure.

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I can not have this noise! You may stay here," he said to the hen.

But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to the house, and the cow to the yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

An amusing story is told of a little fellow named Artie, one of three brothers, whose parents had brought them up to be brave and self-relient. He couldn't do much, but what he could do he did with all his might.

And as their parents were Methodists of the good old fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful.

Hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stovepipe was discovered to be on fire and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts, praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?"

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and I got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was to small to help to put out the fire, so I just stood by and hollored 'Amen.'"

Smiles.

A CHEAP country seat—a stump.

A POWERFUL household—An unpaid mortgage.

GIVE a thief rope enough, and he will start a junk shop.

"BRIDLE your tongue" is a bit of good advice that will help you rein in your temper.

"LOVE is blind," and that is how they manage to keep right on with the gas turned down.

THE bachelor's refrain—a lass: The maiden's refrain—ah men! Let them no longer refrain.

"ANOTHER lie nailed," as the wag remarked when the merchant tacked up a sign, "At cost."

"A lobster never comes ashore," says an old fishmonger, "without great risk of getting into hot water."

A CYNICAL man says his wife is only half like a telescope; he can draw her out, but he can't half shut her up.

A SAN FRANCISCO Chinaman is named Too Too. He does the most æsthetic washing of any Celestial in the city.

"JOHN," said his teacher, "I am very sorry to have to punish you." "Don't then," said Johnny, "'cause it always makes me feel bad, too. Then we'd both be sorry you did it."

When an Austin school-master entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago, he read on the blackboard the touching legend, "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.

A cockney inquired at the post-office the other day for a letter for "Enry Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look, ere," he replied a little angrily "you've hexamined a hood letter for my name. It don't begin with a haitch, it begins with a ho. Look in the 'ole that has got the ho's."

"What time is it my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause you see there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

A successful debater: The hornet always carries his point.

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P. T. BARNUM FALLS INTO LINE.

Scanning our various exchanges, we notice especial distinction given in prominent New York dailies to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's strong endorsement of St. Jacob's Oil as a pain-reliever. They too, have fallen into line, it would seem.—*Cincinnati O. Enquirer.*

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the thirteenth day of May next at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's corner (so called,) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-eighth day of January last past, in a cause therein pending, wherein Susan Shives and John Shives her husband are plaintiffs, and Daniel Morrel and Catherine his wife, Charles Mills and Sarah his wife, Margaret Earle and Edward Earle her husband, Mary Jordan and James B. Jordan her husband, Henry Mills and Rachel Mills his wife, and Jacob Mills are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged premises described in the said Decretal order as follows, that is to say:

"All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land together with a dwelling house and all other improvements on the said lot or premises situate lying and being in Carleton, in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, being known as number one hundred and thirteen, (113) upon the map or plan of Carleton, fronting upon the South side of Prince Street, being forty feet in front, and extending back one hundred feet towards King Street, to lands deeded to William N. Craft, also all the estate, right, title, interest property claim, or demand, either in law or equity, of one Silvanus W. Olive and Elizabeth his wife, of, in or out of the same, and every part and parcel thereof, with all the appurtenances."

For terms of sale and other particular apply to the plaintiffs' solicitors.

Dated February the Sixth, A.D., 1882.

AMON A. WILSON, Barrister.

PUGSLEY CRAWFORD, PUGSLEY & TRUEMAN, Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

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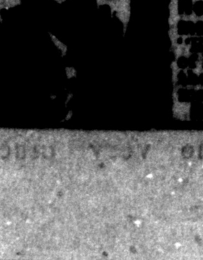

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