

Family Circle.

A Mother's Cares.

I do not think that I could bear My daily weight of woman's care. If it were not for this: That Jesus seemeth ever near. Unseen, but whispering in my ear. Some tender word of love and cheer. To fill my soul with bliss!

—Christian Secretary.

Grandmother's Birthday.

"Eighty-three years old to-day! Ah, well, I must not be impatient, but if it were God's will how gladly would I go home to-day!"

Grandmother Wells leaned back in her easy chair, her poor crippled hands resting in her lap. For six months she had not left that chair except to be carried to the bed, or lounge by the window.

She was a lovely old lady. Her complexion had retained much of its youthful smoothness and fairness. She had large, tender blue eyes, and a sweet, childlike mouth.

Her silver hair was brushed smoothly over her noble forehead. Never was there a sweeter or more uncomplaining spirit than hers, yet she could not always resist the gloomy thoughts that stole over her.

Forty years ago she had buried her husband and now all their children slept by his side. It was several years now since she came to live in the family of her granddaughter, Mary Wilton. She had known many happy days there.

Mary and her husband loved her dearly, and as for the children, "grandmother," had the next place to father and mother in their hearts.

When sickness and infirmity came upon her and she was unable to take a step alone or even straighten her poor bent fingers, they all tried by a thousand tender ministrations, to make these weary hours pass pleasantly for her.

But the dear old grandmother, though she strove to be cheerful, could not always drive away the heart-ache. To minister to others had been the comfort of her life, and now the smallest service was out of her power. Even her knitting must be laid aside.

"If I could only feel that I was some little use in the world!" she said to herself mournfully, as she sat in her room that bright June morning. "But I am utterly helpless—and poor Mary, it seems as if she had enough cares already. But is this not a fretful repining spirit I am showing! Oh Lord, make me cheerful and patient, willing to wait thy time!"

She closed her eyes and sat quietly musing while a more placid and hopeful expression stole over her countenance.

A light tapping at the door aroused her; she opened her eyes and said very cheerfully:

"Come in."

The door swung wide open and in filed the four oldest children, one after another.

Herbert, a boy of nine, carried a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a beautifully illuminated text in the other.

Six-year-old Mary bore a frosted cake, crowned with a wreath of flowers.

Next came black-eyed Josie, one year younger, proudly displaying his bouquet, and a book-mark of his own making.

Little Alice, grandma's namesake, a little curly-haired rogue of three, carried a tiny vase filled with flowers. She stepped cautiously, holding the vase in both hands, so as not to spill a drop of the water.

"Why you little dears," said grandmother, as the procession halted in front of her, "what does this mean?"

Herbert advanced a step, holding up his gifts. He was a delicate thoughtful looking boy, with something very winning ways. He paused a moment to collect his thoughts and then said:

"Dear grandmamma, your oldest boy Gives you a greeting fond this day; The winter's snow is on your hair, But in your heart the flowers of May.

Oh! lonely would our household be Without your smile and words of cheer; May God preserve your precious life And make you long a blessing here."

"You dear boy!" said grandma, her blue eyes bright with tears, as he laid his gifts in her lap, and kissed her tenderly. She had no time to say more for little bright-eyed Mary took his place, looking something shy but very proud of the gift she carried.

"Dear grandmamma accept this cake And wreath of flowers for Mary's sake; Kind hast thou ever been to me, May I thy little sunbeam be! And the sweet lesson thou hast taught Bear fruit in every deed and thought!"

"Bless you little darling!" said grandma, as Mary first deposited her cake on a chair and threw her arms around the old lady's neck.

"You are my sunbeams, all of you. But here is my Josie waiting to speak," she said smiling.

The little fellow laid his gift on her lap and stood hesitating a moment.

He was a warm hearted affectionate boy but very nervous and excitable.

"Dear grandmamma," prompted Herbert.

"I know it," said Josie indignantly, "don't tell me?"

"Dear grandma, please accept these gifts With love from little Joe; If all the love that's in my heart In words could—words could—"

"I can't sink what comes next!" hiding his face in grandma's lap.

Herbert's prompting only irritated him, and at last grandma said in a soothing tone.

"There dear little man, don't cry. Some other time you will say it to grandma, when we are alone together. Run to the sugar-plum drawer, and you will find something to comfort you."

Josie, whose tears were easily turned to smiles, obeyed promptly.

Little Alice, at a sign from Herbert stepped forward, and resting her vase on grandmother's knee, looked up with her confiding eyes into her face.

She had more confidence than Josie; and it was in clear though lisping tones that she repeated her lines:

"Thy little namesake offers thee This vase of flowers and kisses three; Oh, happy may thy birthday be!"

"You little blossom you!" said grandma, kissing her rosy cheek a dozen times.

And now mamma, who had stood smiling in the back ground all this time, advanced with baby Charlie in her arms.

"Dear grandma, baby is too young to repeat verses, but he offers you his mouth for a kiss."

"Bless his precious heart!" said grandma kissing him warmly. Did you hear the children repeat their verses?"

"Oh yes, I was standing here all the time."

"Ma wrote the verses for us," said Herbert.

"And Bridget made the cake," said practical Mary.

"And I made the book mark myself, all my own," said little Josie, nestling up to grandma's side.

"And here's a little gift from Robert and me," said Mrs. Wilton.

It was a lovely engraving representing Christian and Hopeful resting in the valley of Beulah.

Grandma's eyes grew moist again as she looked at it.

"Oh how lovely that is! Thank you Mary darling and Robert both. This is a happy birthday indeed. Why Robert are you there too?"

"Good morning, dear grandmamma," said Mr. Wilton, stooping to kiss her. You look as bright as the morning itself! I was afraid the children would tire you."

"No,—blessed little souls!—they did me good."

That night as grandmother lay in her bed she said to her granddaughter who was performing some little service for her:

"God bless you all for your loving words to-day. It is so sweet to think that I can be some little comfort still."

one of the greatest blessings God ever gave us!"

Grandmother could not answer. But she fell asleep with a smile on her lips, an emblem in her heart.—Christian Union.

The Bad Boy of the Neighborhood.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I have quite lately been made acquainted with the miseries endured by some of my friends from certain bad boys who reside in their neighborhoods. The ladies have told me of the annoyances they suffer from having bells rung at untimely hours, windows broken, grass trampled upon, and chalk-pictures drawn upon their front stoops. Far worse and harder to bear than these, however, have been the attacks made by these little ruffians upon delicate and gently-bred boys on their way to school, so that the mothers have trembled when their sons were out of their sight, at the thought of what they might be enduring. One miscreant, who lives with his parents in a handsome house on a pleasant street, has made it so uncomfortable for the neighbors, that one or two are considering the propriety of moving away, and others, who cannot move, because they own their dwellings, think of speaking to the police.

The age of this particularly terrible juvenile offender is nine years. At nine, one would naturally suppose that he could be persuaded or awed into good behavior. But no! He lives the life of Ishmael upon his block, and is the terror of other boys, the inciter of dog-fights, the persecutor of cats, and the detestation of ladies and gentlemen. His hand is against every man's and every man's hand against him. His father admits that his boy is troublesome, but declares that other boys must defend themselves, and fight their way. He refuses to interfere, and treats those who complain to him with curtness and contempt.

An utterly ungoverned or misgoverned boy of nine has got a very bad start indeed in life. He is only a little fellow, but he is almost half-way on to manhood. What sort of a citizen will he make? What sort of a husband? What sort of a neighbor, when the despotism, cruelty, cowardice, which are now in their seed-time, shall have come to harvest? We are all, more or less interested in this thing, for the bad boy is, in the majority of cases, the predecessor of the man. If he belongs to Rag-Alley, or the Five Points, we can set a mission-school at him, and appeal to some sweet influence to the dormant possibilities of his nature, but when he is a respectable member of society, clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, we are at a loss how to reach him. We see that he chews tobacco, smokes cigarettes, and we are aware that he persuades our boy to do the same. We know that if he be punished in school for an overt act of iniquity, he straightforward vows vengeance on half-a-dozen of little fellows, who have had good marks all day. We have seen him fight like a bull-dog, and have heard him swearing. We have forbidden our children to speak to him, and we have resolved that whenever we meet him we will pass him by with severe and emphatic disapproval in our faces.

Weil, is this the best way? I know the counsel mothers generally give their little sons, with regard to such a one as I have described. He is a bully, and the good boys are told to let him alone, to get on peaceably with him; if need be to submit to his pummelling, and to say: "You may strike me, but I will not strike back." I am myself inclined to peace measures, on principle, but I have my doubts as to whether this is common sense. I believe that the coward and the bully are near of kin, and I do not like the idea of giving the bad boy of the neighborhood his own way. Let the good boys take their own part. Let them learn the art of striking out straight from the shoulder or otherwise, but of striking in self-defence when forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. It is because young Quilp is allowed to go on his career unmolested and unresisted, that his Quilpian traits attain such a growth. No mother or auntie can feel anything but horror, of course, at the idea of having her boy engaged in anything so vulgar and dreadful as a street fight. It would be simply intolerable to her to have her darling come in with a black eye or a torn coat, but—

You see, the case was put very neatly the other day by a little man in our Sunday-school. His teacher, the Sunday previous, had asked each of her pupils to endeavor to perform some kind or good action during the week, urging this upon them in her own gentle way until nearly every one promised to keep her counsel in mind. Next Sunday came. She asked the little fellows about their week's record, and up spoke Oscar, always ready.

"I separated two boys who were fighting, teacher."

"Did you dear? That was right and brave."

"Yes; and I gave one of them an awful licking."

"Oh, but that was very wrong indeed. I am sorry to hear that."

"What could I do? If I hadn't licked him, he would have licked me."

I hope my refined readers will pardon me for quoting from boy's vernacular. I dislike the above expression extremely, but then it is one which boys do use. It seems to me that there are instances in which Oscar's reasoning is logical, and in which our own dainty, beautiful, and well-trained boys must accept it, and give their small tyrants and abusers a lesson. One would probably be quite enough.

Still, I am far from stopping here. I do not know that we women who have eyes, tongues, and hands, resources, and some leisure, can entirely shake off responsibility for the bad boys in our town. We have no right to do so. If we can in any gentle, womanly way, influence such a child's mother—think of it! he is only a child—we should do so. She, poor woman, is probably taken up with something more ab-

sorbing than her boy. It is fashion, or her housework, or her sewing, or her latest baby, or a novel, which fills up her days, or it may be she is an invalid, and cannot endure Johnnie's noise. There was once a boy who came into the library, where sat his mamma with her feet on the fender and a book in her hand. He began to play, not very noisily, but her delicate nerves could not bear even a little disturbance, so she said, "Go away Johnnie, I cannot have you here." The aunt, who happened to be present, said her heart ached at the little fellow's answer. "Where shall I go? I go into the kitchen, and the cook says 'go away!' I go into the nursery, and the nurse tells me to go away. I come here by my mamma, and she tells me to go away. I know what I'll do, I'll go into the street."

Many a little fellow is driven into the street and there he learns with evil facility. If he had a place of his own in the house, if he had pets of his own to love and care for, if he had a tool-box and liberty to use it, above all, if he had a sympathizing friend in sister and mother, he would not be so tormenting. I think if we would occasionally give him an invitation to tea, and put on plenty of sweet cakes and fruit, and then entertain him with games and pictures and music, we should find that we had taken one step forward. We should be helping him to discover the gentleman in himself, and if that once comes to the surface, the rough will hide his head.

Let us not forget to distinguish always between mischief and depravity. That which is mere recklessness fun, bravado, and overflow of spirits, is very different from that which is vicious, mean, and dishonorable. I cannot feel satisfied when I think of a bad boy anywhere, in any station, who is given up as incorrigible under twelve years of age. Love can save him, you may depend upon it.

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A.B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the Visitor for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes" and addressed to William C. Burnham, Visitor Office, No. 85 Germain St., Saint John, N. B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first is a consonant. My second is a serpent. My third is an animal. My fourth is a poisonous reptile. My fifth a vowel.

G. E. C.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

- 1. What is the first naval expedition of which we have any account?
2. What are the Arundelian Marbles? When were they found? Where are they now?
3. Who invented the Telescope, and in what year?
4. Where and when was the first balloon ascension?
5. Who was the first Governor-General of B. N. America?
6. What was the name of the first Canadian steamboat, and when and where did she first ply?

TECUMSEH.

Westport, N. S.

WORD-SQUARE.

A South American shrub. At a great distance. A thin tin plate. A small cottage.

TECUMSEH.

Westport, N. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 13, 11, 8, 5, 17, 14 is an ancient queen from whom the royal estate was taken. My 8, 3, 10, 6 is a scripture mountain. My 9, 18, 12, 16, 4 is the key note in music. My 17, 2, 7, 19, 15, 1, is a vehement desire for something. My whole should be in every Baptist family.

A. T. D.

POETICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

Udrette ont eyt empernhed Si het istspri seloieevs ryerpa; Post bkueres ni snngsilbe eddne, Ethrbangi rimo rho silp fo rai.

DUPLEX.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike but spelled differently.

- 1. As I walked on the — I found a very large —.
2. He tried to — him near the —.
3. A large — tree grew on the —.
4. Although his name is — he cannot — as well as he wishes.
5. Did you see that — man as he — for assistance.
6. It is impossible to — over the entire extent of the —.
7. So dense was the — that he was soon —.
8. Was the — tied to the — tree.

DUPLEX.

ANSWERS IN TWO WEEKS.

ANSWER TO PASTIMES IN THE VISITOR OF APRIL 30TH.

To Enigma.—Abintestate. To Word-square.— R A T A R E T E A To Drop-letter puzzle.—Cease to evil; learn do to do well. To Double Acrostic.— V oi D Eme U Ree M N in A E ya S

To Diamond Puzzle.—

S T O V E E V A E

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

S. E. Alward, Intervale, N. B., sends answers to cross word enigma, charade, and mathematical questions in the Visitor of April 23rd.

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