

## Family Circle.

O for a closer walk with God  
A higher, holier frame.  
A brighter light upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.  
Rich blessedness even now I know  
In converse with the Lord.  
Some quickening views are granted me  
Of Jesus and his word.

But there are lengths and breadths of love  
My spirit would attain:  
Deep things of God which I would prove:  
Heights that I long to gain.  
And I would have this soul of mine  
Made glorious within.  
My Saviour's chosen dwelling-place,  
Free from all taint of sin.

The work is thine, O Holy Dove!  
I gladly welcome thee.  
Come in, blest Spirit of the Lord,  
Possess both mine and me.  
Thou knowest all, thou canst do all.  
Bring captive every thought  
In swift obedience to his will  
Whose blood my peace hath bought.

Thus, henceforth, 'tis no longer I  
But Christ that lives in me:  
To win me wholly for his own  
He died upon the tree.  
How close is now my walk with God.  
Calm and serene my frame,  
And heavenly light gilds all the road  
I journey with the Lamb.

S. G. A.

## Backwoods Correspondence.

## STOP MY PAPER!

We happened that evening to be sitting in the Post Office. Jimmy Riggs who takes boarders, came in slamming the door behind him. He was out of humor about something.

"Mr. Simpson, here, where are you?" Simpson is the Post Master. He was then behind the counter, hidden by the glass screen that constitutes the Post Office proper. Hearing Jimmy's unceremonious summons, he came out.

"Well Jimmy, what's on hand now?"  
"Tell them I want them to stop my paper. There is the last one. Send it back to them. Tell them I don't want any more of them." And with wrath and emphasis, Jimmy threw down a crumpled number of the *New York Tribune*.

"All right, Jimmy, it shall be done. But what's the matter. I thought you liked the *Tribune*, above all the papers that came to the office."

"Well, I don't like such an article as that one on Female Education, with all its slurs and slanders." And he angrily opened the paper, and put his finger on a half-column extract with something of the vigor with which an old sailor harpoons a porpoise.

"Simpson is a slow man. He wiped his spectacles very delicately with a most careful and judicious air, and then proceeded to inspect the offensive article. He is something of a wag, and the corner of his mouth began to twitch with merriment, which, however, by a vigorous effort he repressed."

"All right, Jimmy. All right, I will send it back with your compliments." He went behind the counter again. There was a rustling of paper; but whether he tied it up or no, I do not know. Presently he came out and sat down. Jimmy seemed annoyed that more was not made of his ebullience, and seemed ready to quarrel with everybody around the store for not taking sides one way or the other. Agreement or dissent would, either of them have suited him, but silence and indifference was hard to bear. He muttered a little, and hitched about a good deal to the amusement of everybody.

Simpson finally broke the silence. "Jimmy, I have a word or two to say to you. You keep a boarding house, do you?"

"Of course I do," said Jimmy. "What do you ask that for?"

"I will tell you in a moment, if you will answer a question or two."

"Out with your question then."

"Now, Jimmy, we will all do you the justice to say, that you keep a very good table. That is what everybody says who has taken meals at your house. Everybody praises your wife's delicious white bread; and they say your pie crust can't be beaten. You have all sorts of pies on your table; green apple, and dried apple and mince pies, and berry pies, and what not."

"Well, that is so," said Jimmy who was mollified by the compliment that was paid to his wife's cooking. "That is so, if I do it myself, who ought not to."

"And now, Jimmy, why is it you have different kinds of pie at the same meal?"

"Because some like one kind, and some another. There is that head sawyer, he can't bear dried apples, but he will eat green apple pie every day in the year. Jones who sits next to him, always takes dried apple pie in preference to anything else."

"Exactly, Jimmy, exactly. Now suppose you should find the head sawyer jumping up some day, and saying he would not eat another meal in your house because there was dried apple at the other end of the table. What would you say?"

"I would say that he had lost his wits. He is not compelled to eat dried apple pie. If he does not like it he can leave it for those who do. Jones likes it and always calls for it."

"And suppose Jones on the other hand should jump up and say he would not eat another meal in your house, because before him is a squash pie which he dislikes. What would you say?"

"Say? I should tell Jones not to make a fool of himself; but eat what he liked, and let the rest alone."

"Exactly; and you would be giving Jones a wholesome bit of advice. But suppose every man at your table should get mad, not because your table was lacking in the good things which they themselves liked, but because there happened to be some dish which they did not like, but which did suit their neighbor's taste."

By this time Jimmy had discovered the drift of these questions and answered with some hesitation, but with undiminished positiveness. "Well, I should be justified in saying, they were a pack of blockheads together. A man who keeps a hotel has to consult a good many different appetites."

"Exactly, Jimmy, and now we come to the point. An editor is like a hotel-keeper. Some of those big hotels in New York have five hundred guests a day. Of course, there are all sorts of tastes—and all tastes that are reasonable must be provided for. Some like onions raw and sliced, other people detest them. Some like game in an advanced stage of decomposition, other people detest it. Some like vinegar on their vegetables, others detest it. Some like beefsteak fried, others detest fried steak. So the hotel-keeper makes arrangements to suit everybody, and that is one reason why everybody likes to go there. It does not follow that the landlord himself likes every dish he serves up. It is enough for him that some of his five hundred guests do like these things. Let an editor have the benefit of the parallel. These large eight-page papers are printed at heavy cost. How far does your five cents go towards making up the amount, and how much do you think they would miss your particular nicker? It takes fifty thousand subscribers to sustain such a paper as that. The tastes of all sorts of readers have to be consulted, and the intellectual wants of all sorts of people have to be provided for. But here is Jimmy Riggs of Hickory Corners, who won't tolerate a single dish in the editor's bill of fare that has not been seasoned to suit his palate. Who constituted you chief taster for fifty thousand other people? Surely other readers have some right as well as you Jimmy. They don't all care to read the same scraps of news that interest you; they don't care a pinch of snuff about a mammoth pumpkin, that delights you so much. Yet they don't run to the editor in hot haste and call out 'Stop my paper!' because there is a pumpkin story in it to suit Jimmy Riggs."

I imagine one of the clerks taking the rejected paper to the editor of the *Tribune* and saying:

"Here, sir, is a fellow who wants you to stop his paper."

"Well, stop it and don't bother me."

"But he wants me to call your attention to an article here."

"Be quick, what is it?"

"He says, he don't like this article on Female Education."

"He don't. Well he is a big fool for reading what he don't like. Pray what is the fellow's name?"

"He gives it as Jimmy Riggs."

"Riggs? Jimmy Riggs? Jim-my Riggs? I didn't know there was such a fellow in existence and where on the face of the globe does Mr. Jimmy Riggs live?"

"At a place called Hickory."

"Hickory! Hickory! What a name for a town. I never heard of the place. But don't take up my time any longer. Off with his name and don't come to me with such a case hereafter."

"Now Jimmy, my advice to you is to look at a newspaper as you would at a dinner-table at a big hotel. If ever you should dine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel along with its five hundred guests, and you should see a Frenchman at the next table served to a dish of frogs hind-legs, don't make a laughing stock of yourself by running into the office shouting *Stop my dinner!* Better quietly eat what you like and what you don't like just let alone for other people. When you read a newspaper, read what is agreeable or profitable to you and skip over what don't exactly suit your taste, but what does suit the tastes of a good many readers who have as good a right to their dishes as you have to yours. Failing in this, you will be written down as a dunce and a dogmatist."

S. TUB PEN.

## The Good Ruler.

Once upon a time there reigned in a country of the East a sovereign who visited the lanes and alleys of his city in disguise, to learn the condition of his subjects. He was known only as "The Good," from his relieving the distresses of the oppressed and suffering; and yet before his throne the cry of injustice and extortion rose up forever. He resolved that this should be no more. One day an aged man approached "The Good," and pressing into his hand a purse of copper coins he prayed him, in the Prophet's name, to visit the prison, and get the jailor to release his son for the sum of money therein contained, since the judge had pronounced him innocent.

"The Good," inwardly wrathful at the oppression of the jailor, only waited to resume his lordly apparel before he hastened to the prison, and seizing the turnkey by the throat, he demanded how he dared retain in his clutch an unfortunate whom the judge had pronounced innocent; and, further, demanded money for his release.

"Oh, most just and noble ruler of the world," returned the terrified jailor, "a man must live; and for each prisoner I must pay a tax to the governor. Ask of him, I pray thee, that he remit this, and gladly will I release the prisoners."

With this the ruler relaxed his grasp on the throat of the jailor and repaired at once to the governor.

"Concerning this monstrous and iniquitous prison tax," cried he to the terrified governor, "speak! Has thou sought to say in thy defense, for verily, by the beard of Mahomet, thou meritest death?"

"My gracious lord," answered the trembling official, "the tax is none of my making; yet how can I repeat it, since the chief magistrate of the city would deprive me of my place were I not yearly to present him with a sum of money at least equal to my salary as governor?"

Then, with much ruffled spirit, the ruler repaired to the magistrate, demanding explanation of his avaricious conduct.

To whom the magistrate said, "Supreme Ruler of thy dust-biting subjects, the thing is indeed grievous; but the blame is not with me,

but with thy chief vizier, whose demands in money and stuffs can hardly be met save by vigorous measures."

On these words the ruler returned to the palace, and required that the vizier should attend him, before whom he laid his complaint. "Mightiest ruler of the world," returned the vizier, "the gold sticks not to my palm; it is only too greatly needed for the requirements of the royal person, the furnishing of the jewels and treasure demanded by the dignity of the sovereign."

Then the ruler's visage was greatly clouded. "Am I then, indeed, the oppressor of my subjects?" he cried aloud.

And from that day forth he abode more in his own palace, searching out the evil therein, and curtailing the expenses thereof, and less in the alleys and lanes of his city.

Nevertheless men still call him "The Good," for, said they, "As is the palace so is the prison and the cottage—a merciful ruler makes rejoicing subjects."

And from that day forth the ruler would have no jewels and costly trappings, the magistrates exact no fresh taxes, the magistrates levied no fines, the governor of the prison demanded no head-money, and the jailor no fees; the innocent prisoner was released, and all was peace and prosperity in the Eastern realm.

"The Good" had begun his reforms at the right end at last.

## Smiles.

Some graceless scribbler declared that the Marquis of Lorne is the only man who ever swore allegiance to his mother-in-law.

A German telling the story of his campaigns, gives the following interesting items: "In this battle we lost the brave Captain Schultz. A cannon ball took off his head. His last words were, 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'"

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, 'I could not but feel for him.' "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for him, but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

A pupil teacher, who had just received an appointment in a quiet village, says, "Among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is that the dunce's stool?' I said to a little girl of five. The eyes sparkled and the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I suppose it is. The teacher always sits on that!'"

"Dot's ME."—An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the following instructions:—"You shoost goes behind the church; den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house mit a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

CHURCH MEMBERS.—A Northern minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work: "I preach sah, on Col. Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, 'bout a hundred and seventy five." And how many have you in the church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, altogether on de time ob year. In de 'vival time dey's all members. In de backsliding times der's nobody members but Uncle Billy, and old Aunt Katy."

## Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM.

Contributions of good original puzzles 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.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead to cease and leave a toy.

Behead filth and leave anger.

Behead to meditate and leave a measure of distance.

Behead a kind of ammunition and leave excessively warm.

Behead an animal and leave part of the body.

Behead a covering for the foot and leave a farming utensil.

Behead to gain and leave a proposition.

Behead a place for cattle and leave an article of household furniture.

Behead a division of time and leave a pronoun.

Behead a number and leave level.

## WORD SQUARE.

1. A City of Massachusetts.

2. A kind of bird.

3. A man's name.

4. A popular game.

DUPLEX.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 5, 10, is anger.

My 1, 5, 4, 8, is a metal.

My 6, 4, 5, 10, is learning.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, is a harbor.

My 5, 4, 7, 2, is to wander.

My 8, 10, 6, is used for catching fish.

My 4, 5, is a conjunction.

My 9, 7, 6, is a domestic animal.

My 7, 8, 6, is an insect.

DUPLEX.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In shoe, but not in boot.

2. In please, but not in suit.

3. In wine, but not in beer.

4. In faint, but not in clear.

5. In toe, but not in heel.

6. In jig, but not in reel.

7. In voice, but not in talk.

8. In hinge, but not in lock.

9. In noise, but not in shock.

My whole is the name of a city of this Province.

DUPLEX.

## CHARADE.

My first is a seat; my second, one of the

organs of sense; my third a letter of the alphabet; my whole is benevolence.

DUPLEX.

## CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a support and leave a kind of pastry.
2. Curtail a kind of fish and leave a note in music.
3. Curtail a mathematical term and leave depravity.
4. Curtail cunning and leave an incision.

DUPLEX.

Answers next week.

Owing to a change in the editorship of this department, the answers to last week's pastimes do not appear. We hope to give all in full next week.—EDITOR OF VISITOR.

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