

The Little Cavalier.

He walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride
With such a royal grace!
He proudly waits upon her;
Would shield her without fear—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet, approving smile,
To hear her softly speak—
Ah! what in this wide world
Could be to him so dear?
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Look for him in the future
Among the good, the true;
All blessings on the upward way
His little feet pursue.
Of robed and crowned and sceptred kings
He stands the royal peer—
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

Advice to Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave boys!
The leary's a coward and slave, boys:
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys:
'Tis better than money and rank, boys,
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind boys;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle and mien,
Words and temper I ween
Is the gentleman, truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys:
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening," and "cranning;"
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

The Silent Deacon's Opinion: or, Touch Not My Anointment.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

Yonder, in the square pew, sits Deacon Lee;
You would know he was a deacon, if he had not
told you. Deacon Lee was not a native of
W—, but went there to till a farm left him
by an aged relative some twenty years ago—
about the time Deacon Bell died leaving a sad
void in the church and parsonage. After seeking
long to fill his place the minds of the church
settled on the new-comer, who by his solemnity,
piety and zeal, seemed created for the place. He
was a man of few words, rarely ever talking, so
that the boys called him at first "a glum old
man." But they changed their opinion; for
he sat apart a tree of summer-sweetings and
one of bell-pears for their express benefit, as
they went to and from school, and surprised
them by a fine singing, which he hung for them
in his walnut-grove. So the verdict of that
and of each succeeding generation of boys was
that although the deacon never talked, he was
a kind and genial man, and a lover of children.
Every boy, for twenty years back, had been his
shepherd, his watchman, or his assistant farm-
er: feeling it a high honor to hitch his horse on
Sunday, or to drive his cart on Monday; and
all because they saw, through the thick veil of
reverence, that love burned and glowed in his
heart.

Deacon Lee's minister trusted in him, and
the church felt her temporal affairs safe in his
hands, and the world honored his stern consist-
ency.

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in
that thrice-blessed land, who walked and talk-
ed with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw
his glory mingled with his humanity; why,
then, need we wonder that one man, subtle and
treacherous, hid himself in the calm verdure
of W—, crawling out only to deceive God's
people with a kiss, till ready to spring upon
them with his poisoned fangs? Upright, faith-
ful and earnest as were the people, they were
not proof against flattery and deception. There
came among them one quite unused to their
unostentatious way of serving God, and ambi-
tious as he said, "of seeing them making some
stir in the world."

In pursuance of his "liberal views" and his
deep-laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up and
fastened his horse before the unpretending
dwelling of Deacon Lee. Ushered into the
neat "keeping-room" to await his coming from
the harvest-field, his restless spirit was almost
driven by the silence which reigned there. The
tail clock in the corner, with its ever-sailing
ship, ticked painfully loud; and even the buz-
zing of the few flies on the pane annoyed him.
He suffered much the same oppression as do
those who wait long in a silent room, the com-
ing of a minister to a funeral. He wished for,
and then dreaded the good man, being not quite
sure of a warm reception. He had just decid-
ed on a clandestine flight, when the door open-
ed and the deacon entered, as calm and neat as
if toil had never ruffled his spirits or soiled his
garments. After the usual greetings, and a
dead awful pause, the visitor began—think of
the wiles of Satan!—by lamenting the low state
of religion, asking the good man why this
church had enjoyed no revival for three or four
years!

"Now what is the cause of things being so
dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in
asking.

The Deacon was not ready to give his opinion,
and after a little thought, frankly answered,
"no I don't."

"Do you think the church are alive to the
work before them?"

"No I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler
of Zion, and taking courage, he asked:

"Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary
man?"

"No I don't."

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes
were holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No I don't."

Making bold after all this encouragement
monosyllables, he asked, "Then don't you think
we had better dismiss this man and 'hire an-
other'?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an ar-
row, and in a tone far louder than his wont,
shouted, "No I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree
with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest
not a little abashed, "that no one can find out
what you mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man
rising to his feet "for six praying Christians.
Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and
my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've
walked softly before God. I then made vows
solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to
break them."

The troubler was startled at the earnestness
of the silent and immovable man, and asked,
"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a
scheme just like this of yours, to up-root one
of God's servants from the field in which He
had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it
a little thing to remove one of the stars, which
Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my
ear would be tickled by more flowery words,
and the pews filled with those who turn away
from the simplicity of the gospel. I and the
men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe
and a tool—flattered ourselves that we were
conscientious. We thought we were doing
God's service when we drove that holy man
from his pulpit and his work, and said we con-
sidered his labors ended in B—. We
groaned because there was no revival, while
we were gossiping about, and criticizing and
crushing, instead of upholding by our efforts
and our prayers the instrument at whose hand
we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir,
he could not drag on the chariot of salvation
with a half a dozen of us taunting him for his
weakness, while we hung on as a dead weight
on the wheels; he had not the power of the
Spirit and could not convert men; so we hunt-
ed him like a deer till, worn and bleeding, he
fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone,
when God came among us by His Spirit to show
that He had blessed the labors of his dear re-
jected servant. Our own hearts were broken
and our wayward children converted, and I re-
solved at a convenient season to visit my former
pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for
his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which
like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But
God denied me that relief, that he might
teach me a lesson every child of His ought to
learn, that he who toucheth one of his servants
toucheth the apple of his eye. I heard my old
pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with
me, set out on a twenty-five miles' ride to see
him. It was evening when I arrived, and his
wife, with the spirit which any woman ought
to exhibit towards one who had so wronged
her husband, denied me admittance to his
chamber. She said, and her words were arrows
to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight
of your face might add to his anguish!'

"Had it come to this, I said to myself, that
the man whose labors had, through Christ,
brought me into His fold, whose hands had
buried me in baptism, who had consoled my
spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had,
till designing men had alienated us, been to me
as a brother—that this man could not die in
peace with my face before him."

"As I entered the room of the blessed war-
rior, whose armor was falling from his limbs,
he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother
Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed
out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising
his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive
voice, 'Touch not mine anointment, and do my
prophecs no harm.' I spoke tenderly to him,
told him I had come to confess my sin, and
bring some of his fruits to him, calling my son
to tell him how he found Christ. But he was
unconscious of all around; the sight of my face
had brought the last pang of earth to his
spirit."

"I kissed his brow, and told how dear he had
been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaith-
fulness, and promised to care for his widow
and fatherless little ones; but his only reply,
murmured, as if in a troubled dream, was,
'Touch not mine anointment, and do my prophecs
no harm.'"

"I staid by him all night, and at daylight I
closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house
to live in for the remainder of her days; but
like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you
But my children, who entered deeply into their
father's anguish, shall never see me so regard-
less of his memory as to take anything from
those who caused it. He has left us all with
his covenant God, and he will care for us.'"

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in
my ears from that coffin and from that grave.
When I slept, Christ stood before my dreams:
'Touch not mine anointment, and do my prophecs
no harm.' These words followed me till I fully
realized the esteem in which Christ holds
those men who had given up all for His sake;
and I vowed to love them evermore for His
sake, even if they are not perfect. And since
that day, sir, I have talked less than before,
and have supported my pastor, even if he is not
a very extraordinary man." My tongue shall
cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right
hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put
asunder what God has joined together. When
a minister's work is done in a place, I believe
God will show it to him. I will not join you,
sir, in the scheme that brought you here, and
moreover if I hear another word of this from
your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with
you as with those who cause divisions. I
would give all I own to recall what I did thirty

years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God,
if perchance the thought of your heart may be
forgiven you."

Who Wins.

Boys, this is a question of great importance.
who will succeed in life? The boy or the man
who spends his evenings away from home, at-
tending lectures, club-rooms, theatres, billiard
halls, playing chess, checkers, or cards, smok-
ing tobacco, or gambling? Or the one who is
entirely free from all that we have here named;
whose determination and tendencies are in the
direction of home, industry, sobriety, self-cul-
ture in the science, and the literature of the
past and the present, of right, the truth, and
of God. We have in mind a most worthy gen-
tleman of Chicago, who stands high in business
circles, because when a boy on the streets
of Chicago, he chose the right and maintained
it. At eleven his father died, leaving a wife
and four children, from that time, for seven
years, that boy sold papers and blacked boots;
all the while supporting the family out of his
daily profits. At eighteen he commenced busi-
ness for himself as a merchant, and to-day is
highly respected by his very many friends and
acquaintances, and is doing a flourishing
business.

Who wins? The boy or man of bad habits?
No! The boy or man who can swear, cheat,
lie, or steal, without being found out? No!
But he wins who is not ashamed to pray to
God in the hour of temptation for help—for
strength more than human when adversity
overwhelms. He who reads God's word and
trusts it; who is not governed by the motive—
it is expedient, but is it right? He wins.

Smiles.

A Western editor, in response to subscribers
who grumble that the paper is intolerably
damp, says it is "because there is no such due
on it."

A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet
through, asked an old Scotch woman what he
should do, to which she replied, "Gang into
the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry
enough there."

A little boy in a Sunday-school put a poser
to his teacher. The lady was telling her class
how God punished the Egyptians by causing
the first born in each household to be slain.
The little boy listened attentively; at the prop-
er interval he mildly inquired, "What would
God have done if they had been twins?"

"What? Grevy my successor? Oh, this stew
much!" observed Marshall MacMahon.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin,
about five years old, "why don't the teacher
make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every
boy in the class but one."

A Nevada woman scolded her Chinese ser-
vant for not properly cleaning a fish, and going
into the kitchen, soon after, found him wash-
ing it with brown soap.

The brighter lights of Strakosch Opera
troupe gathered round them a few friends one
evening for a quiet little supper. The talk
turned on Max Strakosch's new baby.

"He's got a tooth," said a gentleman sitting
at one end of the table.

"Max is very fond of his baby," said Miss
Kellog; was sitting at the other end.

"Yes," said the gentleman, still carrying on
his own train of thought, "and he's got two
more coming."

Miss Kellog shrieked and dropped her nap-
kin and her knife and fork, while the gentle-
man still farther enlivened matters by insist-
ing that his reference was solely to the teeth.

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A.B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and
answers are solicited from every reader of the Vi-
sitor 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.

1. A consonant.
2. Border of a circle.
3. A variation of the verb "rise."
4. A periodical of N. B.
5. The measure of verse.
6. The name of Noah in the New Testament.
7. A consonant.

Jacksonstown, N. B.

RHOMBIC.

WILL.

Across.

1. A plant.
2. Ancient name of Xmas.
3. A tree.
4. An impetuous flood.

Down.

1. In March.
2. An affirmative answer.
3. To regret.
4. To turn.
5. An oval body.
6. A pronoun.
7. In Paris.

Jemseg, N. B.

A. T. D.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

B-e-i-y-h-s-u-o-w-t.

Canning, N. S.

S. EDDIE MARCH.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A sea in Asia.
2. A kind of grain.
3. The summit.
4. A law-day.

Moncton, N. B.

Tom.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A sergeant; to sanction; a dale; part of a
circle; in ghost; each; a feature; to blow; to
happen.

Centrais: A time measurer.

St. Stephen.

WILLIAM.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. One of the asteroids.
2. To call out.
3. Visionary.
4. A musical term.
5. An immense expanse.

The initials and finals which here meet your
eyes,
Name two of the "Seven of Greece" who were
wise.

Jemseg, N. B.

A. T. D.

POETICAL TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Visel fo etagr nme lai medrni su.
Ew nea kema ruo vloei bialume;
Dna pdranegit aleeve henibid su
Pitsofortn no hte nadass fo meti

H. B. C.

Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Diamond Puzzle.—

M
B I G
M E L A M
B E S T R E W
M I L T I A D E S
G A R A G A Y
M E D A L
W E Y
S

To Letter-Puzzle.—

M
O
M O S E S
E
S

To Word-Square.—

N E R O
E M I T
R I C H
O T H O

To Numerical Enigma.—Danger is a good
teacher.

To Cross-Word Enigma.—Shelomith.

To Poetical Transpositions:—

Man's life's a book of history.
The leaves thereof are days;
The letters mercies closely joined;
The title is God's praise.

CHAT WITH OUR VISITORS.

If some of our friends would write more
plainly their contributions will receive much
earlier attention.

CITY
BRASS FOUNDRY,

HARRIS ALLAN, Prop.

No. 19 & 21 WATER STREET

Saint John, N. B.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

BRASS AND IRON CASTINGS FOR SHIPS

Steam Fittings, Houses and Mill Stoves

Cambooses & Furnaces

A general assortment of HARDWARE and MILL

SUPPLIES. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 CARDS Chromo, Lace, &c., with name, post-
paid 13 cents. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Hub, & a 16

COMPOUND OXYGEN

TREATMENT for the cure of
Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia,
Nervousness, and all Chronic and Hereditary Disorders,
by a natural process of revitalization.REMARKABLE CURES have been made,
and the treatment is now being
traced in the most successful manner.STRONGLY ENDORSED by the Hon.
JAMES K. HARRIS, Hon. Member of the
JUDICIAL FIELD OF U. S. Supreme Court, and others
who have used the treatment.FREE! A Treatise (20 pp.) on Compound Oxy-
gen, sent free. Address,
DR. STANLEY & PALAN, 115 Grand St., Phila.Benson's Caprine
Porous Plaster.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Females suffering from pain and weakness will
derive great comfort and strength from the use of
Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster. Where children
are affected with whooping cough, ordinary coughs
or colds or weak lungs, it is the one and only treat-
ment they should receive. This article contains
new medicinal elements such as is found in no other
remedy in the same form. It is far superior to com-
mon porous plasters, liniments, electrical appliances
and other external remedies. It relieves pain at
once, strengthens and cures where other plasters
will not even relieve. For Lame and Weak
Back, Rheumatism, Kidney disease and all local
aches and pains it is also the best known remedy.
Ask for Benson's Caprine Plaster and take no other.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents. mar 4

A. J. LORDLY & SON,
93 Germain Street.

(OPPOSITE NEW MASONIC HALL.)

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of

Household Furniture,

MATTRESSES, MIRRORS, AND UP-

HOLSTERY GOODS.

Parlor Suites, Lounges.

Easy Chairs and Patent Rockers

A SPECIALTY?

We aim to please. BEST GOODS! NEWES-

TYLES! LOWEST PRICES!

A. J. LORDLY & SON

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion

— OF —

COD LIVER OIL,

WITH

Lacto-Phosphate of Lime

120 CASES of the above popular and valuable
medicine. For sale by the dozen, gross
nad retail by

T. B. BARKER & SON

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY

Manufacture those celebrated Bells for Churches
Academies, etc. Price-List and Circulars sent free.

HENRY McSHANE & Co.,

oct 16 ly

Baltimore, Md.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

PARKS', Cotton Manufacturers,
COTTON WARPS.

WHITE, Blue, Red, Orange and Green, Nos. 5's to
10's, COTTON CARPET WARPS, made of No. 4
Yarn, 4 ply twisted. White, Red, Orange, Brown,
Slate, Blue, Green, &c. All fast colors.

In manufacturing our goods we take the greatest
care to make them of such a quality as to give satis-
faction to the consumer.

We warrant them to be full length and weight,
stronger and better in every respect than any other
yarn in the market.

All our goods have our name upon them, and are
sold by us only to the wholesale trade, from whom
country merchants and consumers can always obtain
them by asking specially for them.

WM. PARKS & SONS

aug 25

New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.

CHRISTIAN VISITOR

Religious & Sunday School

BOOK ROOM.

THE Editors and Proprietors of the VISITOR are now
prepared to furnish

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES

AT REASONABLE RATES. ALSO

BIBLE and HYMN BOOKS,

HYMN and TUNE BOOKS

COMMENTARIES,

STANDARD RELIGIOUS BOOKS, &c.

Orders for SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS, PAPERS, and
everything needed by our churches, asked and
promptly supplied.

CHURCH LETTERS, MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES

and any other BLANK FORMS needed can be
supplied on short notice, at

NO 85 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN N. B.

Ready Made Clothing!

WHOLESALE.

MEN'S PILOT REEFING JACKETS,

IN BLUE, BLACK and BROWN.

Men's PILOT Overcoats,

IN BLUE, BLACK and BROWN.

Men's and Youths' Frieze Ulsters.

TWEED COATS, VESTS, TROUSERS, AND

SUITS

BLACK COATS, VESTS and TROUSERS.

The above Goods we offer to the Trade at a Liberal

Discount to Clear.

EVERITT & BUTLER,

Jan 29

Commercial Block,
Canterbury street

LABRADOR and CANSO HERRING.

IN STORE:—

200 BBL. Large Fat LABRADOR HER

175 Bbl. Large Fat CANSO HERRING;

100 " Split Bay "

150 Hg-bbls. "

For sale low to the trade.

Jan 29 BARBOUR BROTHERS.

Godleaf, Smalts, Acid, &c.

T. B. BARK