

## Family Circle.

## "Written in a Bible Given to My Son."

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Remember, love, who gave thee this.  
When other days have come.  
When she who had thine earliest kiss  
Sleeps in her narrow home;  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to him she'd die to save!  
That mother sought a pledge of love.  
The holiest of her son;  
And from the gifts of God above.  
She chose a goodly one;  
She chose for her beloved boy.  
The source of light, and love, and joy.  
And bade him keep the gift, that when  
The parting hour should come.  
They might have hope to meet again.  
In an eternal home.  
She said his faith in this would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.  
And should the scoffer in his pride  
Laugh that fond faith to scorn.  
And bid him cast the pledge aside  
That he from youth had borne.  
She bade him pause, and ask his breast  
If she, or he, had loved him best.  
A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing:  
The love that would retain the one,  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember, 'tis no idle toy.  
A mother's gift! remember, boy!

## Was He a Coward?

BY A. L.

Joe Smith was an orphan boy. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother, who was a good Christian woman, died about a year ago. She had done all in her power to bring Joe up to be a good boy, and being too poor to send him to school, had taught him to read and write during her leisure hours, which were very few indeed, as she was kept very busy working to support herself and son, but with the aid of the little money which Joe brought in, she managed to do very well up to the time of her death.

Joe found it very hard to get along after his mother's death, but with honesty and perseverance he managed to earn enough money by selling papers and doing odd jobs to buy his meals, and at night he slept in a hay-loft, belonging to Mr. Shephard, who allowed him the privilege in return for errands which Joe did for him.

His honesty and good-nature made him a great favorite, except among a crowd of boys at the head of whom was Dan Brown, a news-boy, who had a grudge against Joe, because some people took papers of Joe who he thought ought to take them of him.

One day when business was very dull Joe thought he would go down to the pier and wait till the Albany boat came in, and see if he could not sell the papers he had left. When he reached the pier he met Dan Brown and five more of his companions. Joe was about to pass them when Sam Walker, one of Dan's companions, gave him a rough push which made him reel against Dan.

"What did you do that for?" said Dan to Joe: "I'll learn you who your knocking against."

"Form a ring, and let them fight it out," said Walker.

"No!" said Joe. "I don't want to fight, and besides you know you pushed me up against him."

"You are a coward, and afraid of getting whipped," replied Sam.

"No, Sam, you know I'm not a coward, although I don't want to fight," said Joe.

Just then there was a great commotion at the head of the pier, and then a runaway horse and carriage attached to it, was seen dashing down the pier. In the carriage sat a lady so powerful with fright that she could not move. As the horse neared the boys, they scattered in all directions, excepting Joe, who stood resolutely in the middle of the pier; he waited until the horse had almost reached the spot where he stood, then stepping aside allowing the horse to go half-way past; he grasped the reins and tried to stop the horse, but the horse's strength was too much for him. He was jerked off his feet and dragged along the ground, but gaining his feet again and exerting all his strength, he at last managed to bring it to a standstill.

"Nobly done, my boy," said a man dressed in a livery suit, who had just arrived on the scene. "You have saved my mistress from death. I had just got down off the carriage to go into a shop on an errand, when some boys came along, and one of them, throwing a stone, struck the horse, which frightened him and made him run, and, if it hadn't been for you, my mistress and the horse would both have gone over the pier and been drowned."

By this time the lady in the carriage had recovered a little and calling the coachman to her, whispered something in his ear. He returned to Joe and said to him:

"My mistress wants you to come home with us; jump on the seat with me."

The carriage had sustained little injury, and after the coachman had fixed up the harness a little he was able to drive away. After driving for a quarter of an hour they at last stopped in front of a large brown stone house. They ascended the stairs and Joe was ushered into a magnificent parlor. He never had seen such gorgeous carpets, and such beautiful paintings or such splendid furniture before. While he was gazing round at all the magnificent things in the room Mrs. Walton came in, and extending both of her hands to him said:

"Let me thank you, my boy, for the noble deed you have just done. You have saved my life, and I don't know how to thank you. What is your name, and where do you live? your mother must be proud of such a brave boy."

Then Joe began to tell her that he was an

orphan and that he had no home but a hay-loft; and when he had finished she said: "How would you like to come and live with me. I have no son and would like to have such a boy as you living with me."

Joe could hardly believe his ears. Did she mean for him to come and live with her among these magnificent things? Mrs. Walton saw his bewilderment, and said: "It is but little payment in return for what you have done, and I know you won't refuse my offer." Of course Joe did not refuse it. Mrs. Walton sent him to school to get an education and it is needless to say that he had always a good home with her afterwards.

## Five Minutes.

REMARKS MADE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHARTER INSTITUTE BY S. IREN PRIME.

Young Gentlemen—I am invited to speak to you five minutes, and only five. Little can be said, much may be done in five minutes. In five minutes, you may fire a city, scuttle a ship, or ruin a soul. The error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life. Get that thought well into your hearts and my work is done in a minute, instead of five.

Many a young man in a moment of weakness, or of strong temptation, has wrought a ruin that a lifetime, though a thousand years, can never rebuild. One crime, one sin, one error, yea, one neglect of duty, and the deed is done, perhaps forever.

In a moment of hunger, Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage; millions of boys sell theirs for less. A breach of trust, an act of dishonesty, a profane word, and the soul is defiled with a stain that five oceans cannot wash away.

Tempted to sin, remember that in five minutes you may destroy your good name, fill your soul with undying remorse, and bring, with sorrow, your father's grey hairs to the grave. But if you can do so much evil, so you may do a mighty sum of good in five minutes.

You may decide to live for usefulness and honor. Everything hangs on that choice, and it may be made in five minutes as well as in five years.

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves; take care of the minutes and the hours are safe. I made a little book in this way in the breakfast room were pen and ink and paper, and if, when the hour for breakfast had come, all was not ready, I wrote a few words or lines, as time allowed. The book was finished, and it had been published scarcely a week before I heard it had saved a soul; it has saved many since. It did not cost me one minute that would have been used for anything else. It was the five minutes before breakfast that made the book that saved the soul.

Little drops of water.  
Little grains of sand.  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the solid land.

John Bradford said: "I count that hour lost in which I have done no good by my pen or tongue."

Seneca taught that "time is the only treasure of which it is a virtue to be covetous. If I had improved in useful study all the five minutes of which I have been robbed by bores, or by waiting for other men to come to time on committees and the like, I would now be would know more than I do.

Never waste five minutes; never rob others by compelling them to wait for you.

Five minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, will make you the master of a new language in two or three years. Before you are of middle age you may speak all the modern tongues, if you will improve the spare minutes of the years now flying by.

Time once passed can never be recalled. Gold lost may be found. Fortune wasted may be regained. Health gone, returns with medicine and care. But time lost, is lost forever.

## Rules for Home Education.

The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your children for disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

Never let them believe that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.

If they give away to petulance or ill temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

On no account allow them at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

Never allow of tale-bearing.

Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

## Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To conclude that, if exercise is healthful, the more violent or exhaustive it is the more good will be done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is "good for" the system without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

To remove a portion of the covering immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases to work in winter he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

To presume to repeat, later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures and intemperance which in the flush of youth were practiced with impunity.

To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a crowded vehicle. The latter at most can only cause nausea, while entering a conveyance after walking briskly and lowering a window will, by exposing to a draft, give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.

To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late next morning and staying at home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.—Hall.

## Smiles.

A schoolmaster spoke of his pupils as having been so thoroughly disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the chairs themselves. It was probably because they were cane-bottomed.

Sarcasmic tutor—"So that's a spherical segment, eh? Then I must confess I don't understand your diagram." Cheeky Fresh—"Oh, don't you? Well, come round after the hour and I'll explain it to you." (Sensation.)—Acta Columbianna.

That is a good story about the aged lady on her death-bed, who was, in a penitential mood. She said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: "Lors! I knowed it all the time."

The circus is coming and once more we will have the pleasure of witnessing the cheerful spectacle of seven church members taking one little two-year old child "to see the animals." "I didn't go into the circus department," said a good deacon, after the last moral circus was here. "But I dropped in to look around the menagerie a few moments with my little grandson, and I do think the man who tied his legs in a bow-knot around his neck, and then crawled through the hoop, was alone worth the price of admission."

## 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.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My 1st is in write, but not in letter;  
My 2nd is in nice, but not in better;  
My 3rd is in linger, but not in stay;  
My 4th is in light, but not in day;  
My 5th is in line, but not in rope;  
My 6th is in faith, but not in hope;  
My 7th is in music, but not in note;  
My whole is a boy's name.

Waterville, Me.

E. A. R.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.  
Something used to make light.  
A piece of furniture.  
Crafty.  
A vowel.  
Wallingford, Ct.

J. A. M.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.  
My 8, 16, 20, 15, 6, is a city east of Africa.  
My 25, 22, 3, 12, is what dogs are accustomed to do.  
My 10, 2, 13, 4, is a commercial port in Germany.  
My 1, 6, 21, 11, is what always follows a vessel.  
My 12, 16, 24, 20, 22, is what men fight for.  
My 7, 19, 23, 25, is a name mentioned in the New Testament.  
My 12, 5, 3, 4, is something round.  
My whole is the name of an English novelist.

Wolville, N. S.

L. E. B.

## CONNECTED DIAMOND.

1st Diamond:  
A consonant, the point of a weapon, a fluid, a cave, a consonant.  
2nd Diamond:  
A consonant, quick, a pipe, a liquid measure, a consonant.  
Connecting Word: A cloudy meteor.  
Westport, N. S.

## WORD SQUARE.

My first is a corporation,  
My second signifies thought,  
My third is a token of sorrow,  
My fourth is an animal product.  
Canning, N. S.

S. E. MARCH.

## Answers next week.

## ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Double Acrostic.—Initials, Benton; Finals, Thames.

## To Word-Square.—

LOAD  
OGLE  
ALOE  
DEER

To Numerical Enigma.—Northampton.

## To Diamond Puzzle.—

A  
ITS  
MYTHS  
ATTICUS  
CYCLE  
BUS  
S

To Rhomboid.—

BLUE  
ORBS  
NOUL  
NEAR

To Bible Questions.—1. Nimrod. 2. Four: Moses, Joshua, Elijah, Elisha. 3. The sin of Achan.

## ANSWERS TO PASTIMES FOR MARCH 26.

## To Diamond Puzzle.—

V  
RIM  
RISEN  
VISITOR  
METRE  
NOE  
R

## To Double Acrostic.—

Ceres  
Hollo  
Ideal  
Largo  
Ocean

## SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Chas. M. Everett, St. John, sends answers to Acrostic, Decapitations, Charade and Numerical Enigma in the VISITOR of February 26th.

## CHAT WITH OUR VISITORS.

L. E. B., Wolville, N. S.—We regret that your Diamond Puzzle will not be available on account of a defect in its construction.

Tecumseh, Westport, N. S.—Thanks for your last batch of Pastimes. Your suggestion in regard to "Historical Questions" is a good one. Any contributions of this kind from our friends will be very acceptable.

We would suggest to our Visitors to furnish some "Mathematical Questions" from time to time for the Pastimes, as they would, no doubt, prove interesting as well as instructive.

J. AUSTIN BELYEA,  
BARRISTER.

NOTARY PUBLIC, &amp;c.

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1 case Glauber SALTS;  
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