

THE POWER OF A WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.—J. G. Whittier.

Serial.

CRIS-CROSS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Miss Lydia Crane was an old maid, there could be no mistake about that; not in virtue of her age merely, for she was only thirty-five when Mr. Sylver came to Lyndon to preach, and many a woman has become wife and mother after that age; but Miss Lydia was a born old maid. Her parents died during her early childhood, and she passed into the care of three maiden ladies, daughters of old Parson Beach, whose place Mr. Sylver afterward filled in Lyndon church; and the three trained her in true spinster fashion, her inexpressive nature falling readily into their ways.

She had a little money of her own, and a small house with a garden and orchard pertaining to it; and as all three of her guardians died before she came of age, when that period arrived she gave notice to her tenant that she wanted that house herself. And then what a reign of purification began within the four walls! All that soap, sand, chloride of lime, hot water, paint and whitewash could do, was done there, by the aid of strong arms and stronger will. The house was much like every other house in Lyndon; white, oblong, be-decked with green blinds, and having a kitchen at the back; but no other house was ever so speckless, so sweet of scent, so fearfully clean.

It was kept dark to be sure; no sunshine allowed on the premises; and it was bare of ornament, for pictures and brackets and vases gathered dust; but it was clean, and Miss Lydia devoted her daily energies to keeping it in this condition.

She had money enough to live on, but her nature was frugal and industrious: so she took in fine sewing and made shrouds and coffin trimmings for the Lyndon manufactory, till her bank account grew visibly from year to year, and she was more and more respected as a person of "means."

She had but one relative, a half brother living in Ohio, who had been sent to his mother's relatives when their father died, and was scarcely a memory to her personally; yet they kept up a feeble correspondence, and she cherished a shocking quartet of daguerreotypes in her drawer as representatives, in the oldest style of the art, of Joseph and his wife, and their two children, John and Mariette.

With assured comforts, luxuries if she needed them, and no real trouble, Miss Lydia ought to have been a happy woman; even her heart, such as it was, had so long been idle that its capacities for joy or grief seemed dulled forever, and spared her the aching and throbbing that so disturbs the peace of her sex generally; but the very absence of genuine causes of suffering made her take for grievances all the lesser ills of life. There is a curious tendency in human nature to crave sorrow in a hidden and unconscious way, that does not need or find words, but betrays itself in actions. It is like the physical longing for salt; pure joy and peace are savorless without this pungent flavor of tears; there is no relief to sculpture without shadow, no delight to the eye like dawn, and yet dawn implies darkness, inevitably.

So Miss Lydia found her own troubles, and used them well; petted, cherished, and made the most of them. Her neighbors had hens, and the first and strongest tendency of hens, as we all know, is communistic; they want to and will share all the property about them; their cackling souls knew no reason why Miss Lydia's garden was not for them to scratch up as well as the rest of creation's attainable face. But this "bloated pro-

perty-holder" objected and after years of skirmishes, routs, reiterated charges and fresh repulses, screams of battle and clamors of victory, she defended her rights by a seven-foot paling all about the garden; which cost twice as much as all the hens had destroyed since their earliest trespass, but effectually discomfited them, and added another to the long list of the triumphs of capital over labor.

Then there were boys in Lyndon, as usual; boys are an obstinate fact everywhere; we thank kind Providence that the Indians are exterminated in these regions, and plume ourselves on the fact that the last of the Mohicans pointed a moral and adorned a table long ago; but do we ever reflect on the host and hordes of boys that are still left? I think Miss Lydia would have preferred the Indians.

However, boys seem to be a necessity in the scheme of man, a "mighty maze" as it is, and it seems to be an equal necessity to boys to steal apples. Miss Lydia's orchard was as tempting as the Hesperides. Early summer apples bedecked it with great crimson spheres and balls of gold, juicy and fragrant enough to have beguiled a deacon; and when the winter crop bent those gracious boughs with all sorts of fruity splendors, blushing Peck's Pleasants, rich dark gilliflowers, the striped Northern Spy, red as rubies, and enormous yellow pippins, glowing beside Roxbury russets, the Quakers of the tribe, and honest Newton pippins, better far than their exterior promise; how could any boys resist them? Yet to see one urchin pick up an apple through the bars was agony to Miss Crane; she would have given them pecks for the asking, she was not stingy,—but she knew her rights and wanted them respected. But what fun is there in asking anybody to give you an apple when you can just pick it up? It was almost an adventure to steal "old Lyd's" apples in the face of her watchful eyes and alert ears; the fence went for nothing, boys will

—"find out the way."

to fruit, over more obstacles than Love in the old ballad; so here was a good, steady affliction, coming every other year as surely as the apple crop. Then there were the flies. But flies are an exhaustive subject, not for the brief limits of this article; I can only say in passing that if Miss Lydia had pursued Satan with half the energy, truculence, and untiring persistence with which she hunted flies, he would have fled from her atmosphere and left her to peace and saintliness very early in life.

Besides these special and recurrent grievances, there were the daily "happenings," as we call them, of all human experience; times when the soap would not "come," do what you would: when the chimney smoked, the spout leaked, and crockery slipped from her fingers without rhyme or reason; when pork grew rusty in the barrel in defiance of precedent, moths got into the carpets, and mice into the garret;—in short, days when everything, to use her favorite expression, went "cris-cross."

Now Lydia Crane was not naturally inclined to be querulous or selfish; she had been duly converted in the progress of a revival in Lyndon, and joined the church during Parson Beach's life-time. She read her Bible daily; said her prayers—I use the word advisedly—and was a punctilious attendant on all the means of grace. She was the head and front of the church sewing-society, and secretary of the Foreign Mission Circle, yet in the living of her life she had become, at the age of thirty-five, fretful, self-centred, opinionated, and dominating; but perfectly certain that she was an exemplary Christian. Charity, sympathy, tenderness, do not grow in such solitude as hers; it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and if to be a Christian is to wear the image of Christ, as the gospel seems to imply there was very little obvious likeness in Miss Lydia to the Master whose name she wore.

She was a thoroughly honest woman, anxious above all things to do right; ready to give to every "object" that impelled the long-handed contribution boxes, with deacons at the other end, through every slip on

every other Sunday, though she had not a kind word for the beggar at her door; for begging implied "shiftlessness" and that was unpardonable.

But just before Mr. Sylver was settled in Lyndon Miss Lydia received a letter from her niece that amazed and disgusted her. It ran this wise:

(To be continued.)

ROSY JACK'S STRUGGLE TO BE HONEST.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARY A. ROE.

"Rosy Jack," as he was called on the streets, and his brother Joe were to little venders of matches and cigar-lights, who made a precarious living in the great city of New York. Friendless, homeless waifs, they slept in empty barrels and under archways, or down in old barges along the docks.

Joe was a delicate little fellow, ill-fitted to bear the hardships of their vagrant life; but his brother was devoted to him and sought in every way to protect him. If other boys spoke crossly or tried to impose upon his weakness, Jack's temper was roused in a moment, and it was but a word and a blow, his strength making his championship all-powerful.

During the warm season they lived without much hardship, for Rosy Jack's bright, honest face often won him a customer when other boys failed; and he always made sure that Joe had enough to satisfy his hunger, if his own more hearty appetite went unappeased.

But during the last bitterly cold weather hard times came to the boys. Neither of them had sufficient clothing, and what they had was so tattered that their blue, pinched limbs frequently appeared between the rents.

For two days Jack was unsuccessful in his efforts to find purchasers, and his brother became sick with hunger and exposure. In the afternoon of the second day Jack found some straw in the bottom of an empty barrel, near the Washington Market. Here he placed little Joe, who was no longer able to follow him, first taking off the remnant of coat he still had and wrapping it around the shivering boy; then he left him, determined in some way to find relief.

Passing through the market, he noticed a stand where there were hot rolls and raw oysters on plates, all ready for the buyer. Jack drew near, thinking how Joe would enjoy such a treat. He saw that the owner was busy at the other end of the stand, with his back toward him. One roll would satisfy Joe, and, if he took it, probably no person would see him. He stretched out his hand to grasp it; but the thought flashed upon him that Joe's first question would be as to how he obtained it, and he could not look him in the face and tell a lie or that he had stolen the food. So, putting his hand behind him, he ran away as fast as he could, to resist temptation; but faint and sick from long fasting, he stopped a few streets off and sat down upon a doorstep, to collect his thoughts and decide what to do next. Before he could rise a policeman's hand was placed upon his shoulder, while he said, gruffly: "Here's the little thief. We saw you run off; but I've caught you now, you young rascal."

"I haven't stolen nuffin!" cried Jack, in a terrified voice.

"Oh! that's what you all say; but that were a lot o' prigs round you this morning, plannin' fer you to do some liftin'. So I've kept an eye on you ever since, my young cove, an' I saw you slidin' up to that stand in the market, when you thought no one was lookin'."

"I never touched a single thing. You kin search me and see."

"We'll do that at the station-house. So come along, an' make no fuss, or it'll be wuss for ye."

A crowd by this time had gathered about them, and Jack, no longer "rosy," but pale as death, was hurried away to the dreaded police court.

They put him into a cell, to await his trial. There for hours he sat alone, thinking of his little sick brother. What would become of Joe, if he was locked up in prison for

several weeks? The policeman would not believe his story. Could he hope the magistrate would be more likely to trust him? It was true that some well-known thieves had that very day been urging him to become their assistant. No doubt, they had taken this way to secure their revenge at his indignant refusal, at the same time making him there scapegoat. Completely overcome by these thoughts, he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud.

In the midst of this burst of grief the door opened, and the policeman summoned him to the presence of the magistrate. Checking his sobs as well as he could, he followed his attendant into a large, crowded room; but, dizzy and faint for want of food, he could scarcely comprehend the charges brought against him.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" at last asked a stern voice in the front of him.

With a desperate effort, he looked up and replied:

"I'm not a thief, sir. I was orfully tempted to steal a piece of bread on that stand fer my little brother Joe, who's dyin' o' hunger in an empty barrel on West Street; but I know'd he'd ask how I got it, an' I couldn't tell him I'd earned it, so I just run away as fast as I could, to keep my hands off. We hain't neither of us had a bit to eat fer two days. I kin stand it myself, sir; but oh! don't lock me up from little Joe."

The boy's appeal was so earnest and his whole aspect so fully corroborated his story that the magistrate was very much touched, though prepared for all sorts of deceptions. Turning to the witness-box, he asked: "Has this boy ever been up before?"

A man arose and replied:

"Yes, your honor, he was up as a pick-pocket and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He then went by the name of 'Snobby.' Now he's known as 'Rosy Jack.' He was seen givin' the money; he took from Mr. Smith's stall, afore he was caught, to one of those jailbirds that the policeman saw talkin' to him this mornin'."

"Have you anything to say to this?" asked the magistrate again of Jack.

"I've never been in prison nor took nuffin. I never had no other name than Rosy Jack. Me an' my little brother Joe has allers made our livin' honestly, sellin' matches an' cigar-lights, besides sometimes newspapers. Them prigs tried to get me to-day; but I told 'em I'd starve afore I'd steal."

"I would like to believe your story true," said the magistrate, slowly; "but Mr. Smith, who keeps the stand, testified that he saw you take something, then run. And when he looked his money was gone. The policeman also gives corroborating testimony; and this carman, who was near when you were arrested, swears that you have been up before. Therefore, I am compelled to accept their testimony as the most correct. I shall send you to prison for three months, where you will have an opportunity to learn a trade, by which you can make an honest living when you come out, if so inclined."

"Oh! what will become of poor Joe?" cried the boy, in a voice of agony, then fell unconscious to the floor.

Just at that moment an old gentleman rushed his way hurriedly to the front, and said, in a loud voice:

"Will your honor listen to my testimony a moment, before committing that boy? I am a member of a firm that you may know," he added, quietly handing the magistrate his business card.

"I shall be glad, sir, to hear anything in the boy's favor," said the Judge, in a tone of evident respect, as he recognized the well-known position of his witness.

"I was passing along West Street, when I noticed these two boys, as pitiable objects as I have seen during this bitter weather. I watched the one now committed as prisoner take off his ragged coat and wrap it around his little sick, shivering brother, who lay down in an empty barrel, while this one said: 'I'll see what I can do to get us a bit to eat. Perhaps I can sell some matches in the market, then

buy something right there. I won't be gone long.'

"Touched by his devotion to his brother, I followed him, intending to purchase his stock and inquire into his history. I stood right behind him, and saw him struggle with the temptation to steal the hot rolls. I heard him say to himself 'I can't take it, then go back an' tell Josy a lie'; and instantly he ran off as fast as he could. I pursued him, but did not catch up till he was carried off by the policeman, and I heard from others the charge brought against him. On my arrival here I learned the hour when his case would probably come up, and I thought I would have time to go back and see that the little brother was properly taken care of."

"I feel, your honor, that the circumstantial evidence already given has done this boy great injustice, for he has maintained his honesty against sore temptation. I can take my oath that he touched nothing on that stand. There was a man also near him, who in my opinion was the real thief."

"We magistrates, sir, must take the evidence of those witnesses that seem most reliable. Your testimony is conclusive, and confirms what the boy has already said in his own defense. I now gladly recall my sentence and pronounce him not guilty."

The old gentleman after thanking the judge, went at once to Jack, and, finding him still unconscious, had him carried into a quiet eating saloon, where the welcome influences of a warm fire and simple remedies revived him. In a short time he was able to comprehend the release he had obtained.

After his kind benefactor had given him a substantial dinner, he said that he was in need of an honest boy in his store, and he believed that in Rosy Jack he had found one he could trust. He also told him that he had taken little Joe to the hospital, and had given directions that he should receive the best of care, and that Jack should be allowed to spend his nights with him; but, if he cared to enter his services, he must report at his store early the next day.

Most thankfully Jack accepted the offer, and promptly the next morning he was at the old gentleman's office, neatly dressed in a suit given him by some kind ladies at the hospital. He began his duties with an energy and clearness of apprehension which proved that this would be but the stepping-stone to his future prosperity—a prosperity, I trust, that he will share as generously with his little brother as when they were friendless boys upon the street.

Smiles.

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a suburban agricultural club. After an hour's debate, the secretary of the meeting was instructed to milk the cow, and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed a young lady entering a public hall the other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen?" "Mum!" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she exclaimed. "That's no kind of o'grin, mum," replied the janitor; "that's gas; the pipes is leakin', mum."

A hen is apt to have a higher appreciation of the value of an egg than a human being has, because she sets more on it.

Fish are so plenty in some parts of Canada that in order to tell a first-class lie the sportsman has to swear he didn't catch any.

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of statue is to get spliced as soon as possible.

The new Secretary of the Navy knows something about one ship anyhow. We refer to courtship. (He has had four wives.—Norristown Herald.)

"Sweets to the sweet," said the funny young man, as he handed the waiter-girl a faded bouquet. "Beets to the beat," returned the girl, as she

pushed him a plate of the vegetable.

An Irishman exclaimed, upon seeing a boy riding a bicycle, "I doesn't some man invent a wheel row that he can set upon and dle with his feet?"

"Landlady," said he, "the o' isn't settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near to it as your month's board bill does;" and man never spoke again during meal.

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this department, persons sending the best story, poem, or other matter, will be entitled to a prize volume, and the son who sends the most correct answers to puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "Visitor Pastimes," St. John.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Tell Silas I am waiting for him.
2. He came one hour too late.
3. Did Ada die, Uncle, in the storm?
4. It is wicked to lie, Nellie.
5. I enjoyed the lecture very much.

Concealed in the above sentences are five words having the following significations:

1. A foreign country.
2. A precious stone.
3. A farewell word.
4. A claim.
5. To choose.

These words will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals meaning to ascend.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead to scatter and leave fish.
2. Behead a sleigh and leave complete.
3. Behead to stray and leave a theological being.
4. Behead a stranger and leave legal claim.
5. Behead to examine and leave covering.
6. Behead slight and leave revenge.

BARKIS.

RIDDLE.

Sometimes strange, sometimes true,
Sometimes old, at others new;
Sometimes never breathed before,
And oftentimes never wished for more;
And yet I'm what you like or fear,
Especially from those most dear.
COUSIN KITTY.

This week we give the names of those who for the past 3 mos. sent the 3 largest Nos. of correct answers to pastimes: Maria S. Coy, Hilldale, 22; B. D. Woodworth, St. John, 21; Neil Currie, Portland 11. Several of the answers sent by Miss Coy were not acknowledged in *Visitor* as the first side of our paper was printed before the answers came to hand, but as they reached us before publication we gave her credit for them.

The next prize will be given for six months' answers and will be something much superior to those already given, if a goodly number of our young folk enter into competition.

Send answers as early as possible so that they may be acknowledged in the *Visitor*. Address "Visitor Pastimes," St. John N. B. Competition begins with this No.

Extracts from a Letter from C. H. J. Crookhite, Esq.,
CANTERBURY STATION, YORK CO., N. B.,
October 10th, 1880.

Mr. J. H. ROBINSON,
Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of enquiry I would say that your *Phosphorized Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lactio-Phosphate of Lime* is the best preparation of the kind I have ever seen or taken.

I was ordered by my physician to take it and commenced about the last of August, and since that time I have felt a different man. I was unable, in the summer, to walk any distance without much fatigue. I can now take my gun and travel all day, and feel as well as I did in the winter. I have gained in weight, and now weigh 175 lbs., which is nearly 100 lbs., which is pretty well up to my former weight.

The foregoing is a correct statement which I am prepared to swear to, and I hereby authorize you to give it publicity in your name.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
(Signed) C. H. J. CROOKHITE.

We have the undersigned, hereby consent to have our names published as witnesses to the effects of *Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion* on the person of Mr. Crookhite, and do assure that the foregoing statement is correct in every particular.

ALEXANDER BENNETT, J.P.
(Signed) WILLIAM MAIN,
REV. THOMAS MARTIN.

Prepared solely by Hanningford Bros., Pharmaceutical Chemists, St. John, N. B., and for sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

You Claim to be Sick for Golden Elixir.
Says a skeptic, "How can one Medicine be a specific for Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, and all the other disorders?" Simply, Mr. Crookhite, because the virus of all diseases is in the blood, and this fine vegetable antiseptic neutralizes it there.

If you are going West, purchase your Ticket from G. A. Freeze, the agent on Water Street, St. John Passengers for Winnipeg or other western points have choice of First, Second, or Third class, and baggage checked through.

Every moment of our lives every part of our bodies is wearing out and is being built up anew. This work is accomplished by the blood. But the blood becomes weak or vitiated, and does not perform its work properly, the system is actually poisoned by the worn-out matter clogging the vital organs, instead of leaving the body. For all diseases arising from vitiated blood GOLDEN ELIXIR is a sovereign remedy.