



THE GEM,

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A NOBLE WORK.

WHAT THE LADIES OF THE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION ARE DOING.

ON Saturday evening last, the Ladies of the Portland Temperance Union brought theirazaar to a close. It had been well patronized during the week, and as a result the handsome sum of \$406 was realized, which, with the funds now on hand, will swell up the balance in the Treasurer's possession to \$800 or \$900. The Ladies deserve every encouragement in their laudable enterprise, and we earnestly hope that it will not be long ere their aim is accomplished.

Since the formation of the Union, the Ladies have been doing a noble work. In their first annual report, published a short time ago, we observe among some of the cases that they took in hand, was that of a poor widow with a family of six children, one son a helpless cripple in an almost dying condition, from the effects of a pistol shot in the back. The opinion of medical men was that the lad must die, if not soon removed from his miserable lodgings in a close, crowded alley, where, breathing foul air and deprived of proper nourishment, he was sinking fast, but the poor mother, who earned a scanty living by making paper bags, could do no better for him, though she saw her brightest boy falling, day by day. To provide another home for this family became the ladies' earnest desire. Diligent search was made for a suitable tenement, in some healthy locality, but without success. However, through the persevering efforts of some of their members, a lot of land was obtained from the Count de Bury, whose kindly interest in

the work of the Union will ever be most gratefully remembered by the ladies; materials were collected through voluntary contributions for building a neat and comfortable home for this family, and in an incredibly short time the family were removed to their new premises, in an airy, pleasant spot on the Adelaide Road. A doctor was procured for the sick lad, and one lady was especially kind in providing medicine for him. A goat was purchased that he might benefit by the milk, a quilt was made by the ladies, fuel and garden tools provided, and here in this new home, in sunshine and pure air, with God's blessing, a lad well worth serving has recovered the use of his limbs, and is now a useful and happy member of the family. Another case, that of Mrs. Carlin, in an advanced stage of consumption, was found. She was visited, and kindly ministered to by many of the ladies, to whom she felt most grateful. At her death, her little children, through the kindly efforts of Rev. F. H. Almon, were provided with a home in the Orphan Asylum. Another family was provided with mourning, on the death of a son and brother. Still another case, was that of little blind Willie Collins, who was provided with a home in the Asylum for the Blind in Halifax, through the instrumentality of the ladies.

And so these angels of mercy continue in their good work—ministering to the sick and afflicted, soothing the dying pillow and making life as pleasant as possible for the distressed. May they meet with their reward.

An Adventure with an Eagle.

THIS Spring there has been an unusually large number of eagles shot or captured in the country. On Saturday of last week no less than six of these birds were brought into Mr. J. H. Carnall's to be mounted. One of them, a noble specimen of the bald eagle, was alive, and is still in Mr. C's possession. Mr. Joel W. Richey, who resides near the Kennebecasis, had quite an exciting adventure with one the other day. He had set a trap for one that he had seen hovering around, and on Tuesday afternoon last, his majesty was captured in it. Mr. Richey, seeing that the bird had been caught by one of the legs, conceived the idea of keeping it alive, and was proceeding to take it out of the trap, when by some means it succeeded in getting itself clear, and in a furious manner commenced an attack upon his captor. Mr. Richey defended himself with a stick, and succeeded in driving the infuriated bird away, but not before he had considerably lacerated Mr. R's hands and arms and torn his clothes.

The Gloomy Side of the Picture.

HOW THE DULL TIMES AFFECT THE POORER CLASSES.

SAINT JOHN is now passing through an ordeal, the like of which she has seldom, if ever, experienced before. On all sides, this fact is brought forcibly to our notice. Large numbers of our mechanics are thrown out of employment; those who are fortunate enough to hold situations, are obliged to submit to many inconveniences to which they were formerly strangers, and on every hand the effects of business depression are clearly discernible. Probably, no class feels this misfortune more than the honest, plodding workingman, who has a large family to support, and whose means of livelihood have been cut off. The merchant may be seriously embarrassed in financial matters, but he can always manage to obtain sufficient upon which he can live comfortably. This is not the case with the workingman: deprive him of his employment, and nothing but ruin stares him in the face. We who are sitting at our firesides enjoying our evening meal, and discussing the various topics of the day, have but a faint idea of the privations and miseries that hundreds are suffering in the community around us.

A few days ago, a reporter of the Gem, accompanied by a prominent member of one of the charitable institutions of the city, paid a visit to a family near the Marsh E-dge, who had been greatly reduced in circumstances. The husband, who was a laborer, had been out of employment for several weeks, and to make matters worse he was attacked with a fever, from which he is but now recovering. His poor wife, never very strong, was obliged to support the family, consisting of four small children, and look after her husband's welfare at the same time. The room was very scantily furnished, the greater portion of the furniture having gone to meet the expenses of the house and keep the family from dying of starvation. The children, poor little things—had barely enough clothing on them to hide their nakedness, and there was every evidence of want and misery in the room. Neither the father nor mother are addicted to liquor, so that it was not through intemperance that they had been reduced to this extremity. We did not forget to leave something tangible to meet their present necessities, and our companion promised to look after them until the husband had obtained employment.

This is no fancy picture drawn from

our imagination, but it is, alas, too true. Nor is this the only case of the kind in existence in the city. Dozens, nay, we might almost say hundreds, there are in this community, whose positions are similar to, if not worse than that related above.

Let us not, therefore, complain of our lot, but struggle manfully through this crisis, assisting as we can our less fortunate brother, and in due time the sun of prosperity will burst through the black clouds of depression which now obscure our vision, and shed its light with greater brilliancy than ever.

A Specimen Colonist.

WE are much pleased to observe the efforts that are being put forth to induce persons out of employment in the city to take farms in the country and settle down. In the present condition of the city we have no hesitation in saying that the step is a wise one, and that every encouragement should be given to those who seriously contemplate it, but at the same time we consider it our duty to hold up a warning finger to some of those young men who are rushing thoughtlessly into it. A farmer's life is not all a bed of roses, and those who enter it must make up their mind to work if they expect to succeed. An instance in support of this came to our notice the other day. A young man, a carpenter by trade, belonging to this city, had been greatly taken with the idea of farm life. It would be so nice to get up on a fine morning and after the little chores had been done around the farm to take up his gun or fishing rod and spend the remainder of the day rambling through the woods for game, or fishing for trout in the streams near by! Accordingly he secured a small farm, moved his wife and children to it and commenced his farm life. But it was not all sunshine,—the ground wouldn't till itself, nor would the crops grow without considerable labor being expended on the field. After laboring at it for a month, he became tired of it, and last week came back to the city, seeking employment at his trade. His wife and children are still living in the country.

If there are any persons who entertain such erroneous ideas concerning the working of a farm as our friend possessed, and who contemplate becoming farmers(?) our earnest advice to them is to stay at home, and not discourage others by the dismal recital of their experiences.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.