



THE GEM,

A Weekly Journal devoted to pleasant and instructive Home reading.

R. & E. ARMSTRONG, Editors and Proprietors.

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The Gem.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 14, 1879.

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 Edge, 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.

THE GEM.

Home News Condensed.

—Fashion Notes next week.
 —Potatoes are declining in price.
 —Wanted—100 English-speaking boys to sell THE GEM.
 —The walking fever has attacked Halifax.
 —Several Provincials are returning from Manitoba, Dakota and such places.
 —A. L. Palmer, Esq., has been sworn in a Judge of the Supreme Court.
 —Another batch of Magistrates have been let loose in the County of St. John.
 —A grape shot was found in Mr. Shadrac Holly's garden at Indiantown the other day.
 —Annie Parker has been honored by having a sloop named after her in Carleton.

—Every one with fifty cents to spare and a great many that hadn't it to spare, were to see Barnum.

—A little girl named Tell was run over by a cart and killed, on Brittain street, on Thursday last.

—Wallace Ross came home on Tuesday afternoon, looking well and hearty after his trip to the old country.

—Traffic for teams has been suspended on the bridge at the I. C. R. Station. It will be some time before the new bridge is ready for use.

—We have no sympathy whatever for those old gentlemen and young gentlemen who lose their watches, money and good name in midnight debaucheries.

—Summer will soon be here. You had better keep your ulsters in readiness, though, for it is hard to tell what a day may bring forth.

—Another base ball club has been organized in the city, called "The Early Risers." They play at 4 o'clock in the morning. We deeply sympathize with them.

—Is lager beer intoxicating? This question is now exercising the minds of our police officials. According to Mr. Best's analysis it contains 4 1/2 per cent. of alcohol.

—If the Town of Portland cannot afford to keep the streets lighted at night they will have to adopt a code of signals so that the policemen can distinguish the difference between a drunken Councillor and a drunken citizen.

—Some persons, hailing from St. John, have purchased a sloop, and are trading on the River. The last cargo consisted of concertinas and whiskey. They evidently have a poor conception of what the country people most require.

—Barnum's street parade on Friday created a lively stir in the city. Not the least in the grand pageant was the magnificent gilded car, but the presence of half a dozen old felt hats scattered indiscriminately among the water nymphs, detracted much from the sentiment that would have otherwise attached to it.

—The dull times afford a grand opportunity for would-be pedestrians to test their powers. We were witness the other day to an amusing heel and toe contest between two beggars, who were both making for the same door. One of them succeeded in distancing his opponent by indulging in a run, but he had his labor for nothing, the master of the house (who was an eye-witness) not feeling inclined to help a man who would take such an "uncharitable" advantage of an opponent in business.

—We purpose commencing shortly a series of biographical sketches of the lives of some of the most illustrious(?) members of the city police and detective force. It will contain interesting narratives in the lives of these celebrities, a vivid account of their numerous hair-breadth escapes while saving life and property, and of their bloody encounters with burglars, small boys, midnight assassins, etc. We shall be happy to receive memoranda and information on the subject—in confidence.

General Reading.

The Rev. John Jennings.

WHAT THE NEPHEW OF THE ARCH-DEACON OF WESTMINSTER IS DOING IN THIS PROVINCE.

A little excitement was caused in some circles last week when what was termed an *expose* of some of the impositions of a man giving his name as John Jennings, was made public through some of the newspapers. This personage represented himself as being formerly a Church of England clergyman, (whose gown had been taken from him on account of his drinking propensities), and also as being a near relative of the Arch-deacon of Westminster. While here he made professions of repentance, and on the strength of these succeeded in obtaining money from the Mayor and several other parties in the city. From his appearance and speech it is quite evident that he is both refined and educated, but his love for liquor has caused him to neglect his personal appearance somewhat. He went up to Fredericton last week to obtain an interview with Bishop Medley, in the hope (as he said before leaving St. John) of procuring a situation as teacher in the University or in some school, through the instrumentality of the Bishop. He returned here the following day, having evidently been unsuccessful in his efforts. On his return here he threatened several parties with actions for libel, but since then he has done nothing in the matter. A reporter of THE GEM made an effort to obtain an interview with Mr. Jennings, and ascertain from his own lips his reasons for his conduct, but found that he had gone off to Dorchester,—no doubt looking for the chaplaincy of the new Penitentiary.

Urged to go into Bankruptcy.

"Boggs," said Mrs. B., suddenly, the other evening, "why don't you go into bankruptcy and have some style about you?"

"Go into bankruptcy?" repeated Boggs—"what for?"

"Because it's the fashion," replied Mrs. B. "Everybody who is anybody goes into bankruptcy nowadays. Our neighbours are all getting the start of us. Here's Soggs, who lives across the street, he is in the list to-day. Now we have lived in this town a good deal longer than Soggs has. Why couldn't you have got your name in the papers as well as he?"

"I don't want my name in the papers in that way," said Boggs.

"That's the way; always behind everybody else. We never could hold our own along with our neighbours."

"But we couldn't hold our own if I went into bankruptcy," persisted Boggs.

"Nonsense," cried Mrs. B. "Don't the Spriggses, who went into bankruptcy last summer, live just as well, if not a little better, than before? Now, Boggs, do oblige me by buying a file."

"Buying a file? What for?"

"So that you can file your petition. Do it this very day, and it will be in the morning papers. Then your wife and children can hold their heads up with the best of 'em. Somehow I feel that we are under a sort of cloud now. People

look at us as much as to say, "There's something a matter with the Boggses."
 "Mrs. Boggs, I never take the advantage of nothing."

"I know it. And that's what keeps us under. But couldn't you put in a petition? You know there is a petition upstairs we don't need. You couldn't take it down and—"

"Woman, how foolish you talk! You don't know anything about the business."

"But I do know that we are getting left, and it won't be long, you will find before folks give up inviting us anywhere. Haven't you any liabilities?"

"I have liabilities," replied Boggs, "but I haven't any liability to lie."

"Oh, you're too nice for anything where the welfare of your family is concerned. Tell me about your assets."

"I wouldn't have any if I did as Neighbor Soggs does across the street."

"How is that?" asked Mrs. B.

"Why, the ass sets around all day doing nothing, and it is no wonder that he had applied to the bankrupt court for relief."

A Stupid Witness.

THE stupidity of some witnesses, and the perplexity occasioned by the "says I" and "says he" are thus illustrated:

In a recent trial at Winchester, a witness failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I," and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result:

"My man, tell us now exactly what passed."

"Yes, my lord; I said I would not have the pig."

"And what was his answer?"

"He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—"

"No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person."

"No, my lord, I was the first person that spoke."

"I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words."

"There was no third person, my lord, only him and me."

"My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said 'I have been keeping it.'"

"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of the lordship at all. We are on different sides. There was no third person there; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

The Baron gave in.

Lies are hitless swords—they cut the hands that wield them.—*Prentice.*

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long, white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled along the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, so in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond's cut the brighter it sparkle; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect his people.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Humor and Wisdom.

EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—
 Lay nothing by to rust;
 Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
 And innocence thy trust.
 Rise to thy proper place in life—
 Trample upon all sin—
 But still the gentle hand hold out
 To help the wanderer in.
 So live, in faith and noble deed,
 Till earth returns to earth—
 So live, that men shall mark the time
 Gave such a mortal birth.

Excellent wash for the face—water.
 "Slack times," as the piece of lime said to the water.

Dropping a privateer—Weeping in secret.

It is a great mistake to suppose a widow's veil is always a vale of tears. It is astonishing how keen stupid people are in discovering affronts.

A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

Live on what you have; live on less if you can; do not borrow, for vanity ends in shame.

A young lady lately won a wager by not speaking for a week. There are not many such.

"Let girls be girls." That may suit some of them, but nine out of every ten would rather be married women.

When a lady stands at the hymeneal altar with her intended, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

The cheerful live longest in life, and after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the off-shoot of goodness.

"Dipped into a weak relation of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be highly educated.

"Jaws," said he; "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would still be sewing on your own buttons.

"He's my darkest hour," said a wife pointing to her husband; "and would you know the reason why? It's because he always arrives just before the day."

"I have always noticed," says a shrewd old financier, "that one dollar in my own pocket is always of more practical benefit to me than five dollars in any other man's pocket."

It is said that a baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes his bread so light, that a pound-loaf of it seldom weighs more than ten or twelve ounces.

Adorning one in lavender gloves and a blue scarf: "Oh, how I wish I were that book you clean so lovingly!" She: "How I wish you were so that I could shut you up!"

"Father," said a wistful lass about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar; but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why Gilbert and myself cannot be conjugated."

It is said that a young man's first sweetheart is like a honge, because she is always something to adore (a door).

"Come, pa," said a youngster just home from school, "how many pens are there in a pint?" "How can any body tell that, you foolish boy?" "I can every time. If you don't believe it, try me."

"Well, how many are there, then?" "Just one pen in every pint, pa."

Instructor in astronomy: And now young gentleman, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of the planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system? Student: "I can, sir, it's Saturn." Instructor, hesitatingly: "And how's that, pray?" Student: why, because he carries the belt."

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

I know two eyes, two soft blue eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear
As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or melted with a tear;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask—
Their shadowed rays serene—
But, little maid, you must not ask
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy song,
Like brooklet in the June,
That sings to please itself alone,
A little old-world tune;
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
And will not leave it free;
But I will never tell you, dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid
For whom I built a shrine,
A lady nook of murmurous shade,
Be up to this heart of mine;
And in that calm and cool recess
To make her home she came—
But oh! you'd never, never guess
That little maiden's name.

(o)

A Black Pearl.

STOLEN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO
FROM THE ENGLISH CROWN.

About a year ago an ill-clothed and needy-looking Jew went into a jeweler's shop in the Her. engasse, at Pesth, drew a small paper parcel from his pocket, unfolded it carefully, and took from it a little black object. Holding it up before the jeweler, he asked, "What is that worth?"

After scrutinizing it very carefully for some time, the jeweler replied.

"That is worth a great deal; it is a black pearl, one of the greatest rarities. I have seen many a gray one, but never before a black one. It has one fault, a small breach, which shows that it was formerly in a setting; but its value is very great. Where did you buy it?"

The Jew answered:

"A gentleman wishes to leave it with me in pawn, and I want to know what it is worth."

The jeweler said he could not exactly tell, the thing being such a rarity.

"May I lend 200 gulden upon it?" asked the Jew.

"Three times as much at the very least," replied the other.

"Will you not buy the pearl?"

"No, indeed," said the shopkeeper, "there is but one firm in the monarchy which would have an opportunity of selling it again; that is the court jeweler, Bierdermann, at Vienna."

The Jew left with the pearl. Next day he appeared at Bierdermann's shop. Bierdermann however made a short process with his would-be customer. He had no sooner seen the black pearl than he sent for the police, and had the Jew arrested upon the spot. At the hearing of his case, the Jew said his name was Isaac Roth, and that he was the owner of a pawnshop in Crosswarden. One day he saw a great stir going on outside the house of a neighbor and co-religionist, Herr Gyuri. Upon inquiry he found that poor Gyuri was in trouble for non-payment of taxes, and that the local officer was seizing the furniture. Roth paid the needed sum, twenty gulden, out of his own pocket, and Gyuri, out of gratitude, presented him with the pearl of

whose immense value he had no conception. The story was confirmed by witnesses from Crosswarden. Gyuri, as it seems, had been the confidential servant of a renowned man, Count Louis Batthyani, and when Batthyani died, he presented his servant with his breast-pin, as a memorial. Gyuri, under the pressure of want had already sold the gold in which the pearl was set, but he would not part with the jewel, partly out of esteem for his late master, and partly from a notion that it was of no great worth. The pearl, as the court jeweler, Bierdermann, at once perceived, must have been stolen property at some period in its adventures. Being an authority in the history of famous jewels, he recollected that three black pearls had formerly adorned the English Crown, and that they were stolen from that important symbol about two centuries ago. They were renowned as the only black pearls in the world, according to the belief at that time. The English government, as Herr Bierdermann stated, advertised for them in vain. How Count Batthyani got the pearl nobody knows, but it is conjectured that he must have bought it at one of the old curiosity shops—places in which he delighted to rummage; while it is certain that he was ignorant of its value, or he would scarcely have bequeathed it to a servant, without any hint of the greatness of the bequest. The Jew of Crosswarden, according to the story in Vienna, is now thanking the black pearl for the foundation of his fortune, since the English government, hearing of its discovery, have bought it from him for the sum of 20,000 gulden.—*Echo*.

A Career worthy of a Hero of Romance.

ONE of the most remarkable men alive, says the London *Sunday Times*, has been added to the roll of members of Parliament by the election of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon for the County Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch who has resumed his seat in the Imperial Legislature, after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again last Saturday, after nearly fifty years. In the interim the Colonel has amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the enemy's fire, in seven of which he pinked his man, and in five of which honor was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honor were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare.

He began public life in 1829—

over half a century ago—as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament. The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and disported in the troubled waters of both.

Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements, he set out like a knight errant in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army, he rose to the rank of Commander in chief. There was a question of appointing him President of the Republic, but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted post in a fit of *ennui*, and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring State. The ex-Generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became Lord High Admiral of the Chilean fleet, such as it was. The Colonel is a Home Ruler, of course, but we doubt if he will identify himself with the obstructive section of that party. He is still full of fire and vigor in spite of his age, but if he has the energy of a partizan, he has the instincts and habits of a gentleman.

SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, and in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women, we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battlefields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for fallen fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

"Few things," says the *New York Times*, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy-five cents at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in two years' time.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be 500 or 1000 years old?"—"No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried, once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

Children's Corner.

The Little Girl who helped to keep her mother from the workhouse.

WE must tell you of a little girl "helping to keep her mother out of the workhouse this winter."

The mother had been about thirteen years a widow, and was now confined to bed. In the beginning of last winter poverty pressed hard upon her. The parish pittance threatened to cease, and she was about to be "ordered into the house." This was heavy tidings for herself and her poor children—to have their home, though poor, broken up, and to be scattered in a workhouse.

The heart of our little girl was much saddened, and she said to her brothers, "My mother shall not go to the workhouse." "Well," they said, "how can you help it?" To which she replied, "I'll go and get a place, and mother shall have all the money." The poor lads smiled in their sadness and helplessness; for they could scarcely earn sufficient to support themselves.

Nurse B——, in paying one of her usual visits, was told the distressing news. The little girl asked her what she should do "to keep her mother out of the workhouse." She was told to ask God, and He would show her. The matter was talked over. To sell sweetmeats was suggested; but then there was no window to show the tempting "lolly-pops," and a stall outside would not do, as the rude, lawless boys would run away with them. At last Nurse B—— said, "You can read and write; what do you think of a school for little children?" Her bright face lighted up at the idea; so, getting a piece of paper, she wrote in big, plain letters, "A school here for little children," and stuck it upon the trunk of the apple-tree, where it could be seen from the road.

Some of the neighbours, seeing the announcement, went to hear all about it. The praises bestowed and the tears shed by these mothers over "so good a little darling," were not sparing. "She should be encouraged," and one and another said she would send her little one.

The kitchen was well scrubbed out; two planks were got which rested upon bricks and washing-pans; and on Monday morning four little creatures arrived, bringing with them their dinner, as they had to stay from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; also each brought a halfpenny, the charge for the day.

The number steadily increased to sixteen, then to twenty-one, her present number.

She teaches them to read, write upon slates, knit, and repeat passages of Scripture; also to repeat hymns and sing them. Our feelings have sometimes been touched to hear these little voices so heartily singing "Gentle Jesus," &c.

The little girl is bright and happy in her daily toils; she loves her little group, and has helped to "keep mother out of the workhouse."

God's blessing has rested upon that home, making it rich in its poverty. Surely this is the improvement of the one talent, which shall not lose its reward.—*Missing Link Magazine*.

"The paths that lead us to God's throne are worn by children's feet."

Selected Poetry and Story.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

BY E. WESBITT.

A young year's freshness in the air,
A spring-tide color to the wood;
The flowers in spring-time meet are fair,
And life in spring-time most is good—
For why?—I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights,
With crimson roses, passion-red,
And moonlight for the hot white nights,
And jasmine bowers, sweet, dew-fod,
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves,
And garnered fruit; and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And leaden skies above them set;
And why 'e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess, when winter's
here.

Winter, in wide snow-covered plains,
And drifting sleet, and piercing wind,
That chills the blood within your veins,
But our warm hearts can never find—
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our heart in spite of snow.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY ESTHER BERLE KENNETH.

As often heard it said that people are happiest when they are young. I don't know about that. My young days were not especially happy; they were full of deprivations, and I had no one to love. And I didn't marry very happily, or well either. My husband proved ill-tempered and exacting, blighting the affection I would gladly have bestowed upon him. He had been my father's choice, not mine; yet I did not know him for what he was until after I was married. I bore several children, who died, and this was a great grief to me. Yet I never thought to sum up my lot and make moan over it. My material wants were supplied, and I had some pleasure; and when at last a rosy, healthy little one was laid in my arms, I began to enjoy my life. But by this time I was thirty years old.

Well my parents died, and then my husband, and Rob and I were left alone. He was five years old when his father died. From that time for twenty years, we lived solely for each other—Rob and I. My father, though he had ever been very severe with me, neglecting to provide comfortably or educate me, yet left me considerable property in the city. If he had not come honestly by it, I could not help it. And Rob's father left him all the Desmond income; so we were not only well off, I suppose we were rich.

We had finally settled down in one of the houses belonging to Rob. It was called "Mapleton's Pet," because it was a wonderfully beautiful estate, which a rich man had spent much money on, with a view to making it quite perfect. Finally, in an unfortunate speculation, he was obliged to sell it, and my husband had come in possession.

Mapleton's Pet was in the city, but you would hardly have known it, its lawns and gardens were so spacious, and its hedges and fine walls so shut it away from the dust and din. It was certainly a model house, with its nice housekeeping arrangements, and its lovely octagon rooms, with long windows, and landscape panels painted by great artists. Withal it was small, and therefore cosy for Rob and I.

Yes, it was beautifully homelike and pleasant. It seemed at last that I had

lived there all my life—we are so much more alive when we are enjoying ourselves. My youth grew like a dim dream. Rob was ever the dearest boy! He cared for little that he could not share with his mother. We worked, played, and studied together—for he must needs tell me all he learned, day by day, and so with reading the books he bought for me, I got a smattering of many things I had hitherto known nothing of. He went to college, yet still lived at home, as Mapleton's Pet was but a mile from the college grounds. Then he read with a great lawyer, and by and by was qualified for practice; and as Rob was faithful at everything, and talented, he was soon very successful and rose rapidly.

Still we kept mainly to our quiet home life. He entertained a few friends sometimes, and I must needs sit at the head of the table; and sometimes he spent an evening away from home; but though he was familiar with many persons I did not know, none of them ever wooed him from his mother.

But Rob had passed his twenty-fifth birthday now, and I knew he would be thinking of marrying. Nor did I want him to be an old bachelor. Dear companions as we had ever been, I knew that my life was almost spent, while his was just begun, and the time must soon come when I must leave him. I wanted him, therefore, to have a good wife, and to hold his little ones on my knees. I said to myself that I would have no mean jealousy of Rob's wife, but in the same breath I affirmed that I knew no one in the world half good enough for him.

One day, when my beautiful roses were in their fullest bloom, all pink and fragrant, I was called to the door to see a young lady, who asked if I would like to send some roses to the Children's Hospital.

That was the first time I saw Beatrix Rane. She was a very beautiful young lady, and her rich dress clung about her, confirming the impression her manners gave, that she was one who had ever lain among the roses, and fed on the lilies of life. I was much pleased with her appearance, and urged her to come in a moment, and tell me about the children in whom she appeared so interested. As for the roses, I promised to give her as many as she could carry away every day while they lasted.

The next day when she called, I went to the hospital with her, carrying a jar of jelly, and some of my own ripe fruit—strawberries and peaches; and as I soon got into the habit of going about among the poor, I met Beatrix Rane very often.

In a little while I loved the girl. She had the sweetest temper, the most generous heart, the warmest ways I ever knew. How the children loved her! She was not only kind—she was right down joyous and merry with them, poor little things! The doctors said she was worth a ton of drugs for sick children. It was not strange my heart was won, she was a delight to everybody. Because she made me think of the velvety pansies in my garden, with her patrician face and rich dress, I gave her the old-fashioned name of the flower, and called her Lady Delight.

I told Rob about her. I wanted him to see her. I told him how she was one of many children belonging to a wealthy family, but there was not one of them like her. The rest were proud and selfish, while Lady Delight was as simple and gracious as a very queen. She was certainly one of a thousand. But Rob did not seem much interested. I was piqued, because I thought that at last I had found some one fit for Rob's wife.

Yes, I would have been happy to have had Rob marry Lady Delight, and to have had her all my life at Mapleton's Pet. To be sure she was beautiful, wealthy, and high-born; but my Rob was as hand-

some, and every inch a gentleman, and no one would dispute that he was quite her peer.

But Rob and Lady Delight never met in those days. I didn't know exactly how it was, but he never took any pains to do so. If she came to dine with me, he was sure to be called out of town. If she spent an evening at our house, he had an engagement down town. It seemed always to happen so. My match-making plan didn't prosper at all; for though I showed Lady Delight Rob's photograph, and praised him to the skies, as he deserved, she didn't seem a bit curious, and always had the carriage come for her before he came home.

But I was still hoping the matter would come right sometime, and loving my Lady D-light more and more every day, when Rob showed a change. He was more than usually kind and tender of his mother, and I told him so.

"Darling mother," he said gently, "I have something to tell you which I fear will give you pain, and you have ever been so dear to me, that I cannot bear the thought of hurting your tender heart."

"Dear Rob, what is it?"

"Mother, I am going to be married."

Well, a feather might have knocked me down then. I grew so weak. A strange woman to come into our home, and take my boy from me!

"She is good, mother," said Rob. "She knows all that my mother has been to me, and she will love you. And you will not lose your son—you will gain a daughter."

I listened, forcing a smile to my face. I told Rob I hoped all would be well, and that I was glad he was so happy, for he was as happy as a king. But as soon as I could I crept away to my chamber, like some poor, wounded wild creature, that had received its death blow, and moaned all night.

Rob was going to be married right off the next week, at his bride's house—at his bride's house. And he was so busy fitting up their chamber, and adding to the parlors and library, to gratify her taste, that we spoke little together on the subject afterwards.

I was really sick on my son's wedding day. Grief and sleeplessness had brooded on a racking pain in my head, which quite prostrated me. Rob would have postponed his marriage, so disappointed was he; but I said:

"No, no! I can welcome her here, Rob, and I shall not be missed there."

He looked so handsome in his fresh dress—he was so blithe and gay, how could I reveal to him what I felt? I wept loud and bitterly when the door closed after him, and my boy had gone to give himself to another woman; but I knew that his future happiness was still much controlled by me, and at last I wiped away my tears, and prayed they might be the last I should ever shed.

I went slowly through the rooms, noting carefully how fresh and beautiful Rob had made them. I ascended to my chamber, and pulled open a drawer containing little yellow, worn, baby garments—my boy's first.

"For your sake, Rob, I will try to act a mother's part by this girl whom you have chosen."

Then I went down and ordered an exquisite evening meal, for Rob was to bring his wife directly home.

Just at dusk the bell rang. I looked from the window, saw the carriage, and hastened down before the servant could reach the door.

He was handing her up the steps—a girl in pearl-coloured velvet and ermine, with a cool white face, and great velvety, dark eyes.

"My wife, mother," said Rob.

"But this—this," I screamed, "is my Lady Delight!"

"Exactly. Beatrix was wise enough to win your love before you could have any prejudice against her, darling mother, or be jealous of that other woman. Else she would never have come here as your son's wife."

Now you know why I am happy in these, my last days, happy as the days are long!

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