

(Continued from First Page.)

shall be woe for you. Am I mocking you, frightening you, or am I telling you the truth as it is here on every page? Ah! it is the truth, the awful truth. Down into the awful darkness to come thou shalt be madly thrust. There the worm never dies, nor the fire quenched. I cannot tell what all the horror means, what all that dying is, but it is a dying that is deeper than yon dying of Eglog's in the parlor, yon rude dagger thrust by the hand of the assassin. O tremble sinner, for doom is near!

And now I come to the closing word tonight, and what shall it be? Have I no word of mercy tonight, no word of grace? Yes, I have, and it is this: "Jesus came to save sinners." Oh if the tears are in your eyes because you are broken-hearted over your sins, then I can tell you of pardon and peace. hope and heaven. There is a mercy seat where the guilty soul can come, the vilest of sinners, the outcasts of society, the Eglog's of the world, and there for them is not the dagger of the avenger, but the arms of a reconciled Father. Like another, then, arise, and come home. Let your word be his: "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him! Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son." And for thee, as for him there will be a father's arms, a home's welcome, the joy of Salvation, Heaven.

## LITERATURE.

### KELPIE.

She stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet; her dusk eyes fixed intently upon some object lower down the stream; a little stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the slim lithe-limbed, lustrous eyed maiden had no claim to any other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills, and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Maplethorp nestled, the widow Buckstone, sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed. "Whose there?" he demanded. Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom. "I'll see what they're after." But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket, covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried. The colored blanket was removed, and underneath, all folded in flannels, they found a little mite of a baby.

Tom's mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I a lone widow. I won't keep it; I won't it shall go to the poorhouse in the morning; now there."

Tom was silent.

But when the morrow came, and the news got abroad, and all Maplethorp came flocking in to have a look at the little foundling, Tom got behind his mother's chair and pinched her arm.

"Mother," he whispered, when she turned round, "don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon and I'll work for you both."

His mother nodded and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorndyke, the minister, came with the rest and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered with curt decision;

"I intend to keep it myself."

So the little waif remained at the small cottage, in the sunny, pine woods, beyond the village of Maplethorp; and when spring came on in beauty, Mrs. Buckstone carried her little charge to the village church, and the baby was christened, the minister's wife standing god mother. Only Rose! And the sweet name suited her well; for the bloom on her dusk cheeks and the dewy carnation of her young lips were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as she grew into a slim slip of a girl everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a wild defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby-house, Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar creek, launching her miniature boats amid the shallows, wading in the cool water, with bare, brown feet, as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an overhanging willow, watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out-an'-out Kelpie," said old Hawks, the Maplethorp miller, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child, but there came a time when the little slumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capacities called for some wider field of action. Where there is a will, a way is generally opened. A fine

opportunity came up and Tom availed himself of it at once. But it required a severe wrench to tear himself away from Maplethorp and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

"Kelpie, I'm going," he said, when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lambs into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes, "but I shall come back, Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue. "Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

A slight quiver stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy, almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said. A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward, and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel," he cried. "You know how I love you."

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself from his grasp; "I will not hear another word. You have been kind and good to me all my life, and I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go your way and leave me to mine."

Tom drew a deep breath; his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said, bitterly. "If I were young Dr. Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I'll warrant."

"If you think so, well and good," she made answer, and, turning from him, followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went, Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a young man in Maplethorp who would not have risked life and limb for a smile from her shy, red lips, or a glance of favor from her luminous, dark eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

Then came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged and the mad winds tossed and bent the pines, and tore off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie as the twilight drew near.

"You'd better stay indoors, and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow, from the chimney corner.

But Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later she looked in.

"The house lamb is missing," she said; "I'm going to find it."

"Nay, nay," cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly, and it may perish. It is a poor, little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Maplethorp was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were uprooted, and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over rocks at a mad gait.

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her lost lamb in a clear, high voice that rang even above the clamor of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliffs, a plaintive cry answered her, and at the foot of an old pine she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully, picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock, the wind tossing her unbounded hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs, and directly a man's voice, in imperative command, reached her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon a rough boulder, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the surging stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford, making vain efforts to cross.

The horse reared and backed, evidently frightened at the swollen stream. But his rider urged him on, with whip and spur, and at last he went in with a wild leap. Plunging furiously, he gained the opposite shore, but with such a frantic bound, that the rider was thrown from the saddle. The horse galloped off in the direction of Maplethorp, but his master lay motionless.

Kelpie, looking on breathlessly uttered a low cry, and still clasping her lamb, darted over the rocks and down the shore of the creek. Before she reached him, or looked into his deathlike face, some subtle voice within told her it was Tom.

There he lay, his right arm doubled under him, the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a fond mother might hold her babe; then, with an unspoken prayer on her ashen lips, she caught up her lamb, and darted off through the falling darkness, with the speed of a swallow.

Help came in a very short time, and the injured man was placed on a litter

and borne across the valley to his mother's cottage.

"He is not dead!" said Kelpie, confronting Doctor Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely, dusk face, pallid with suspense and agony, and in that minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his ardent wooing.

"No, he is not dead," he answered, his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight when Tom recovered consciousness.

Where is Kelpie? were his first words.

"You mustn't talk," said his mother; but she silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie!"

And the girl came. He took her hand in his left one; his right hand lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. Kelpie, I have found your friends. You are no longer a waif. The man who put you at my mother's door is dead. I saw him die, and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great fortune, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Maplethorp to-morrow to claim you."

The dark southern face grew fairly dazzling in its exceeding joy.

"Oh! thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad you are," he said.

"Yes, I am glad, very glad, Tom."

"Then I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantle, and the cat purred on the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great tears standing in her eyes. At last she stole to the bedside, and her slender, brown hand, which had never touched Tom's, only with the shy, coy touch of a bird, fell softly on his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes with a great start.

"Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom."

Again there was silence.

"Tom," the girl began at last, her starry eyes downcast, her red lips quivering: "Tom, you remember that morning we parted out yonder by the sheep-fold?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You asked me for a promise then—"

"And you refused it wisely enough,"

"Tom," and the soft, fluttering hand touched his forehead again. "if you have not changed your mind, ask me again; ask me now!"

All bruised and bandaged as he was, the young man struggled up.

"Why, Kelpie, you don't mean—"

"Ask me and you shall see, Tom."

Something in her downcast face gave him courage. He caught the fluttering hand and held it fast.

"Ask you now, Rose? Oh, you know how I love you. I have loved you my whole life long. I shall love you till my dying day. But, Rose—"

"Do you want my promise, Tom?"

"Want it? I would die for it, Kelpie!"

She extended her other hand and looked up at him, all her woman's heart in her shy eyes.

"Then it is yours, Tom. When you asked me before, I was nameless. I couldn't bear to think I might bring you shame some day—but, thank God, all that is passed—I am—"

"You are what you always have been to me, Rose, the sweetest, purest creature God ever made; but you forget child, your mother comes tomorrow, and you are an heiress—"

"I forget nothing, Tom; if I were the queen on her throne, I should say the same thing. I am yours, if you really want me."

### A FEW POINTERS.

WHICH MAY RESULT IN SAVING MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL.

The foundation of three-fourths of all cases of consumption is laid before the age of 25 years; in women, during their teens.

The hereditary element is not of special account as a cause of consumption, as less than 25 per cent. of cases are clearly of consumptive parentage.

One of the ruling causes of disease and premature death in large cities is found in that exhaustive strain of the mental energies in the struggle for subsistence—a death race for bread.

Insanity runs in families; but as in the case of family likeness, it sometimes overlaps a generation or more.

Personal resemblance entails like characteristics of mind and disposition.

A current of the purest air from the poles for half an hour on a person sleeping, sitting still, or overheated, is a thousandfold more destructive of health and fatal to life than the noisomeness of a crowded room or vehicle, or the stench of a pig-sty for thrice the time.

To exercise in weariness, increased by every step, is not only not beneficial, it is useless worse than useless; it is positively destructive.

As no good traveller, after having fed his horse, renews his journey in a trot, but with a slow walk, gradually increasing his pace, so in getting up to address an assembly for a continued effort the first few sentences should be uttered in a low, slow tone, gradually intensified, otherwise the voice will break down in a very few minutes with coughing or hoarseness.

A growing inability to sleep in sickness is ominous of a fatal result; in apparent health it indicates the failure of the mind and madness; so, on the other hand, in disease or dementia, a very slight improvement in the sleeping should be hailed as the harbinger of restoration.

No one can possibly sink if the head is thrust entirely under water, and in this position a novice can swim as easily as walk, and get to shore readily by lifting the head at intervals for breath.

Intense thirst is satiated by wading in water, or by keeping the clothing saturated with water, even if it is taken from the sea.

Water cannot satisfy the thirst which attends cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and some other forms of disease; in fact, drinking cold water seems to increase the thirst and induce other disagreeable sensations; but this thirst will be perfectly and pleasantly subdued by eating a comparatively small amount of ice, swallowing it in as large pieces as practicable and as much as is wanted.

Inflammations are more safely and far more agreeably subdued by the application of warm water than of cold.

Very excessive effort in a short space of time, as in running or jumping a rope etc., has repeatedly caused instant death by apoplexy of the lungs, the exercise sending the blood there faster than it can be purified by the more infrequent breathing on such occasions.

No disease ever comes without a cause or without a warning; hence endeavour to think back for the cause, with a view to avoid it in future, and on the instant of any unpleasant bodily sensation cease eating until it has disappeared, at least for twenty-four hours; if still remaining, consult a physician.

The more clothes a man wears the more bedclothing he uses, the closer he keeps his chamber, the closer he confines himself to his house, the more readily will he take cold, as the more a thrifless youth is helped the less able does he become to help himself.

### THE BIG TREES.

THE WRECK OF THE OREGON.—Six divers are now constantly at work on the Oregon, steam pumps being used to supply them with air. Each man remains under water from a half hour to an hour at a time. By the end of that period, the pressure becomes difficult to bear. The air is forced through five-ply rubber hose, which it would be almost impossible to cut or break. The greater part of the cargo has now been removed. It consists largely of cotton goods. The divers, armed with hooks like the long-shoremen, take hold of the bales, and transfer them to the steam pulleys by which they are hoisted on board the wrecking vessel. The average daily work accomplished is 20 bales. It is probable that the whole cargo will be removed within a few weeks. Most of the mail has also been recovered. We are still receiving magazines and other mail matter from the ill-fated vessel, but their long immersion in the sea has detracted considerably from their value. In order to get at the mail room, it was necessary to blow a hole in the side of the vessel with dynamite. Much of the mail, however, was utterly ruined before its recovery. The Oregon itself is rapidly going to pieces. Not only has she broken in two between the mainmast and the foremast, but her bow has already

fallen over in the sand. The mainmast and mizenmast are still visible above the water.

The recent return of a friend from a trip through California brings freshly to mind Prof. Stockbridge's lecture on the wonders of that region after his return from that state some two years ago. We have all been told of the "big trees" 30 feet or more in diameter and several hundred feet high, but it is almost impossible to associate trees in our minds with such figures. Prof. Stockbridge understanding this, did not rely wholly upon note-book figures when he took the dimensions of one of those giant Sequoias in the Calaveras grove, but procured a piece of cotton twine, and after drawing it around the trunk of the tree near the ground, cut it off—the twine, not the tree—so as to get the exact measure of the old fellow's waist girth. The largest tree required a string 93 feet long. The height of the tallest one "old grizzle" in the Mariposa grove, is 325 feet. Prof. Stockbridge did not say whether he took that measure or not, but as he did not show us the ball of twine we presume not. It has been his custom when lecturing or talking on California and the big trees, to let some one in the audience take the end of his ball of twine and walk away with it around the hall or parlors till a circle 93 feet in circumference is marked out. A string of that

length will encircle a much larger audience than many would suppose before trying the experiment.

A farm barn 80 feet long, and of usual width, is a pretty large building, and will hold a good many tons of hay. The bark of one of these trees taken off high enough up to make a square when spread out, would cover the whole barn as with a blanket, and allow for a pretty wide projections of eaves all around. Cut up such a square of bark into strips four feet wide, and they would fence in a square acre of land chicken tight. Fall one of these trees at a height equal to the diameter of the first log, and there would be over 100 cords of wood left in the stump. Our country roads in Massachusetts were formerly laid out two rods in width. One of these trees growing with its heart in the center of our roads would fill all the space between the fences, if set as many of the stone-walls are, one half within the road limits.

The United States government has wisely taken possession of the valley where these largest trees are growing, and set it apart for a national park, and the trees will doubtless be protected and preserved for the admiration of many future generations. Public roads have in a few instances been so laid out as to bring one of these trees exactly in the travel, and tunnels have been cut through wide enough and high enough for the passage of stage coaches loaded all over with passengers, and yet there is 10 feet of solid wood on either side of the passage, and a roof over head more than 300 feet thick.

— MARCH —

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