

THE MINISTER'S MONEY.

Conscience in this Case was Strong and Won

It is hard to wish for books and have no right to buy them. This long, narrow shop, propped between two fashion stores, and seeming to bulge behind with the weight of leaning on its shelves, tempted the minister sorely. Two volumes he want-especially. His heart leaped up to see the dear old covers. They had been familiar long ago. Within was treasure that, poured into the mold of his mind, should yield distinction to many a sermon. The dread that haunted him was of dearth when he stood in his pulpit. He had no critic so cruel as the Rev. Richard East,

His thin, white fingers went over the oughened calf with a strange, caressing touch. He removed the first and looked at the price. His guess was a scholar's shot and close to the mark. The books were rare and £3 was asked.

The minister could not haggle. It was an art beyond him. Nobody gave him

discount in Stokeley. "You'd get more of a gloss on living if you'd clip the edges of the tradesmen's bills, as they deserve and expect," said Mr. Pankhurst, his foremost elder.

"Yes-thank you," said the minister. Hie weak, blue eyes were full of dreams and his mouth wore a smile. The thing

was impracticable—cut off from him. So was the right to delve in those mines of erudition and eloquence. Three pounds ten was exactly the sum he had saved with a struggle to spend in London. The odd shillings were gone already, and the series of meetings he had come up to attend only began yesterday. The sterile talk at a conference was before him now. There the pity of it all met him and made a sigh leave his lips. He had ceased to hope that the session which was his business would help him; but he knew that if he had these two tall folios ne would be a broader man and a fuller preacher. Poverty pressed him back toward threadbare schemes. Even if the trader would take less he was forbidden to buy.

The minister buttoned his coat about his spare, stooping figure, and was soon seated in an omnibus. He had wasted time, and the city clocks convicted him.

"Crowded out, but in good company; two laggards together."

Behind was the dark face of Caleb Pankhurst, a young man, and a rich, and a pitiless. The minister's nerves were awry, and the whisper, which was a suppressed shout, shook them. The odd dream smile, that came and went by a law remote, unfathomable, was his only answer. But he sat down where his elder pointed.

When the sitting ended there was a collection. The Rev. Richard East felt for the small watch-case purse which held his £3 and the shilling he had destined for the box to-day. It was not to be found. The flush came up and the veins of the minister's forehead were darkened by the quick tides

"Gone-stolen!" he cried, hoarsely. "What do you mean? Had your pocket

picked? Of how much?" Caleb Pankhurst's pity was vastly like scorn to a fine ear. But he meant well by the minister.

"Talks well. Don't know the world a bit," was his usual verdict.

"How much have you lost? You'll never see a cent of it again, you may depend on that. It is really gone, I suppose?" They stood in the lobby now. The minister was slow in answering. "Of course I'll help you. The money's

missing, don't you say?" "Yes."

"Five pounds? One-two?" He measured the shy man's means too accurately to suggest large figures. It was a meagre salary in Heber Lane. "Three pounds and a shilling or two

It was a queer, choked gasp. The min-ister was violently trembling. Masterful mnatience regarded him with surprise, and forgot the civi...

"Tut, man, never mind! Don't addle your head over it. There are worse troubles for some of us. I'll give it you out and out; not a loan-you understand. It'll run me close; but I am at Stokely tonight,

was passion in the gesture. But it failed, and he knew that he was glad it failed. "A gift!" That was what he repeated

It was like a rock in the shadowy sea.

feet. The haste and anxiety were alike gratuitous. He breathed more freely as a glance reassured him. But a fever was in his fingers as he lifted out both volumes me. I will give you my name and adand went forward.

"I will take these," he said. As the string snapped the vendor looked into the white, eager face with a half smile. It was as though he knew somewhat and words were near. But he said: "Thank you," and the minister supposed that untithed cash pleased him. Perhaps he found

the unquestioning customer rare.
In the retrospect it seemed to Richard East as if he were mere mechanism than aside. electing, determining man throughout the crucial episode of his career. In a way it went with that theory that he never remem-bered the route he had taken to Finsbury and his hotel. There is, however, the other hypothesis, that the moment when the floods | are £3. rose and swept him from every anchorage of his life was so supreme that trivialities friend's son. were erased. He may have forgotten be-

cause brain and heart staggered. the minister to look up. In a scholar's He had done infinitely better. An ob- work of the confraternity is extending ecstacy he had been poring over his prize. ject lesson is more than a homily. Shame rapidly in Canada and South Africa.

"Sam," he said, "I am glad to see you.

He stepped toward the boy with outstretched hand. A scowl and a pair of flashing black eyes repelled him, and he stopped half way, irresolute and surprised. Young Pankhurst was a sad scamp, but he had never before shown want of respect to

"Father told me I should find you at Temple's Hotel," said a surly voice, through which an agony rang. "This is it, Mr. East; father gave you £3 to-day or, at least, he said so. He couldn't help me- till to-morrow. Then it will be too late, and I shall be a rogue and ruined. I stopped the money in the office. It was only for a few hours. I knew father was coming up and was sure of getting it. I metaphorically, it rent him. The next never did such a thing before, and didn't day, before the breath of impending change mean to now. I hate myself !"

" Did you tell Mr. Pankhurst?" "I did not dare. He would never for-give me. Now, there is the Thames-unless you can do something. £15, sir, and not a word to father? But you won't."

In the midst of his own shame and misery he was puzzled by the minister. He searched for reproach, and there was none. The dream eyes cleared, the pallid face slightly twitched, and then Richard East bent over his books and unfolded a gray wrapping paper. Was this coldness and indifference a calculated condemnation? The prodigal's gorge rose.

"I see. A minister is less than a man. He is a prig. And the brotherliness he preaches is a lie!"

The words were missles, hot from a furnace of despair and indignation. But they did not scorch. The minister's outer ear received them, but not the inner. When he stood up he was curiously erect, and the worst spasm of soul-darkness had passed. His tones were richer and sweeter than any worshipper had heard them in Heber

" If you will go with me a little distance it is not far," he said, "I think, perhaps, I can help you. Yes, in any case I will promise to help you. Do not tear on that

score. There is a resource." The minister's hand touched the watch, which was a present from his first charge. Watches can be pledged. It is a gold lever. And still no rebuke, no lecture, no warn-

ing. It was very strange. Through the streets the two picked their way. The journey was longer than the minister's words had led his companion to suppose. It ended at a bookshop, and now it appeared to the lad that a bargain was to be struck for two tarnished folios. He had a poor epinion of old books, and his trust once more wavered.

"Can I speak with your master one minute?' said the minister to the brisk salesman, who bustled down through a maze of

"Certainly, sir." Something in the manner quickened obedience, and soon the short, bespectacled figure of the proprietor stood at his desk. Richard East fought a battle as he faced him. Was so great a humiliation really necessary? The watch would meet the difficulty and save Sam Pankhurst, and it could be redeemed. Silence was still possible. But not, as he judged, silence and any lofty life. With a Puritan's eyes he surveyed the situation, and with a Puritan's purpose he spoke.

"It is an unpleasant errand," he said ' I want you to take back my purchase of this morning.' "We never do that. It is impossible."

" No, I suppose not, as a rule. I quite see; but I ask you especially to favor me now. I had no right to buy them. It was not a mistake. It was worse-far worse than that. This morning I looked and looked until I dared to covet. Then, I went away to an important meeting and torgot them. I unfortunately torgot something else. Putting my hand in my pocket I suddenly missed my purse. A triend was with me—this young man's father. He will substantiate much of my story. You know this?" "Yes." The problem as yet was insolu-

ble to Sam though he replied readily.

"I cried out that my purse was gone, stolen. At the instant I thought so. And my good friend at once came to my rescue and proposed to make good my loss. He would not have me a penny the poorer. Then it was that I tell into temptation.

The voice trembled, the blue eyes were shadowed by the cloud. But the minister's will triumphed,

"I cannot say that I did not know what so no matter. I insist on you taking it!" I was doing," he said. "The light was The minister put out his hands, as if to with me, but I put it away. Two things I wave back the gleaming gold coins. There distinctly remembered. One was that £8 would buy those books, precious when I was a student. The other was that my money was not lost at all. I had changed many times as he went up Chancery Lane and down Holborn. He staid himself there. its place, before I left my hotel, for greater security. I could have produced it. Insecurity. I could have produced it. In-stead, I left the word unrecalled and took Beyond were perplexities:

He stopped at the old book-shop, and the books were not gone. He had had a lively dread of this, and it had winged his to you when I return home at the end of the week the margin, whatever that may be, between your price to me and your price of

The minister had gained in presence and in dignity as he proceeded, though he knew documents, says Sir James Emerson, who it not. He waited the decision, but no power on earth could have made him resume possession of the load he had laid

ed on the bookseller's tace. He gathered dergoing his apotheosis."

"I saw the fascination grip you this morning," he said, dryly. "I know what it is. Books are my wine. I knew you would come back. But I did not expect you twice-and thus. It is unusual; but here

"Pay it, please, to this young man-my

When Sam Pankhurst was gone it occurred to the minister that he had said nothing A youth ushered into the room caused to him in reprobation of his own conduct. English branch is now 15,000, and the

had called out shame, and courage courage; and Sam told his father everything in h's blunt, boyish way.

"I shall overlook it this once in Sam's case because of his youth and his confession, and this once only. He knows my mind on that point," said the Elder of Heber Lane, to the minister, with a cold pity, "but I think you see that we can't do

that with the minister. It's different."
"Yes," said Richard East, with a quiet assent that sucked the wind from the Elder's sails. "There's the-scandal," he stammered.

To his astonishment he respected at last the man whom he had come to coerce and cast out as a moral ruin. "Quite so, and to deliver Heber Lane from that I have resigned. You will find my letter at your house when you get back. Good-bye, Mr. Pankhurst, and thank you. You were very generous, and I do thank you sincerely.

The two men shook hands and the minister's clasp was cordial.

Was he hero, or inveterate dreamer and weakling? The Elder could answer most questions that raised the issue of character with a confidence all his own. But not that one. He grappled with it, and, had stirred the sluggish air of Heber Lane, he was again in the minister's study.

"Don't go away through me, sir," he said. "I can keep a secret, and Sam

He was in earnest and at length prevailed. When he reached home he burned a simple little note that vacated a pulpit. All that a scanty congregation of sectaries knew, was that the minister seemed remade since the London meetings. Pain had taught him the passion thrill, which was more than eloquence.

SEVEN AND THREE.

Numbers that Occur Frequently in Sacred and Secular History.

The Bible mentions seven as the first total: the six days of creation and the one day of rest. Seven fold vengeance is to be inflicted on the supposed slayer of Cain. The kine and the ears of corn in Pharoah's dream are the same number. Balaam demands seven altars, seven bullocks, seven rams. Seven years Jacob served for Rachael and for Leah. Seven times he bows himself to Esau. The turnace was heated seven times for the faithful Hebrews. Other instances, many in fact, may be quoted from Holy Writ. One thinks at once of the seven churches, the seven golden candlesticks, the seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, &c. The "Seven against Thebes" comes to us from the Greek poet. Three notable constellations have each seven prominent stars,-the "Plow," the "Pleiades," and the "Hyades." There are the seven hills ot Rome, and the seven kings of Rome. Seven sages, seven wonders, seven laborers, seven virtues, seven vices or deadly sins, seven ages, the seventh heaven-a long list, but capable of being made longer.

Three is next to seven, a noteable number. The Trinity stands ever first as the wonderful and sacred mystery. The writer from whom we quote notes that great men have been raised in groups of three-as Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, the Greek poets; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. the philosophers; Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccie; Homer, Virgil and Milton. There are the three great religions Christianity, Islam and Buddhism; the three Kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal. Mythology gives us the three graces, three furies, three sirens, and gorgons, &c. There are three zones of temperature. three dimensions of space. Adjectives have three degrees; verbs three kinds; verbs three persons, voices, tenses. Every proposition consists virtually of three parts -subject, copula, predicate. Mathemetics consists of arithmetic, algebra and geometry. We speak of the three R's. We speak of kings, lords and commons; of bishops, preists and deacons; of faith, hope and charity.

Convent of the Holy Name.

On Tuesday, June 6th, the Chapel of the Holy Name, Malvern Link, of which the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Newcastle just two years ago, was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God, under the invocation of the Holy Name. The office used on the occasion was translated almost verbatim from the York Pontifical. The chapel, which was built from the plans of Messrs. Buckall and Comper. former pupils of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, is capable of accommodating about 200, including the Sisters, and is a very beautiful structure. There were present, in addition to a full lay congregation, some forty clergy. The Sisters, who have charge of the rescue work of the diocese of Worcester, began their labors on this site in 1879. They have establishments at Vauxhall, London; Parkstone, Dorset; St. Alban, birming-Walden, Herts; and St. John, New Brunswick. In addition to penitentiary work, their labors embrace attendance on the incurably sick, the care of orphans, visitation of the poor, etc.-London Church The Oldest Tree.

The oldest tree on earth—at least, so far as any one knows-is the Boo tree, in the sacred city of Anarahnapur, Ceylon. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is therefore about 2,000 years

"To its kings have dedicated their kingdoms in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which The odd smile, a trifle graver, glimmer- Buddha reclined at Uoa, when he was un-

Its leaves are carried away by as relics, but as it is too sacred to be touched even with a knife, they can only be gathered after they have fallen.

At the annual meeting of the English confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament held in London on the feast of Corpus Christi the secretary general reported 90 Anglican priests admitted during the past year, and two priests-associate have been made

Have removed from the Domville Building to 68 PRINCE bishops. The number of associates in the

Messages of Help for the Week. Sunday.-Psalm, exxii: "I was glad

when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Monday .- Matthew, vi : 28: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow." Tuesday. - Matthew, ix: 13: "I am not

come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Wednesday .- John, xiv: 14: "If ye

shall ask anything in my name I will do it. Thursday .- Galatians, vi : 1: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritnal restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also

Friday. Ephesians vi: 11: "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

Saturday -Revelation, iii: 20: "Behold I stand at the door and kneck: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come unto him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

There is a project for printing the Talmud in the English language. Rabbi Isaac M. Wise believes that a transaction of it could be made and an addition of it printed for the sum of \$100,000. This Rabbi says, however, that, as there are only 6,000 words in the Hebrew language, any person can acquire a full knowledge of it in six years by learning twenty words of

At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society recently, Miss Ashburner, who was about to return to mission work in Mongolia, referring to the great power of the mother-in-law over Chinese women, declared that she knew even a Christian preacher who had had to beat his wife in order to please his mother.

In the diocese of Chester there are twelve "livings" of less than £100 a year. the average being £66; while eighty, or one-third of the whole diocese, are worth less than £200, and in some cases have no house attached.

The sums of money given to the Pope during his episcopal jubilee by bands of pilgrims, by Catholic orders and by individuals amounts to 9,060,000 francs. The American pilgrims gave 600,000.



the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY

COAL \$400.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A small quantity SPRING HILL

NUT COAL

at \$4.00 per chaldron while landing. This is an excellent Coal for cooking stoves during the Summer months, making a quick fire.

The Latest is our moth proof bag.

No bad smells needed. Odorless, Air Tight, Moth Proof. Made in 3 Sizes.

SCHOFIELD BROS.. IMPORTERS,

25 Water St , St. John. Send for printed illustrated lists or call and inspect.

That Popular SUMMER RESORT HOTEL

t Reed's Point, on the Kennebecasis, will open at the usual time (date will be announced later) fully prepared to accommodate more guests. Greater opportunities for Comfort and Parties desiring rooms should communicate a

Hugh J. McCormick,



Mrs. R. Whetsel. and a Fine Store illustrations for \$2.90

Tailors,

ville Building to 68 PRINCE usually \$6 00. The WM. STREET, store lately occupied by Estey & Co. Telephone No. 748.



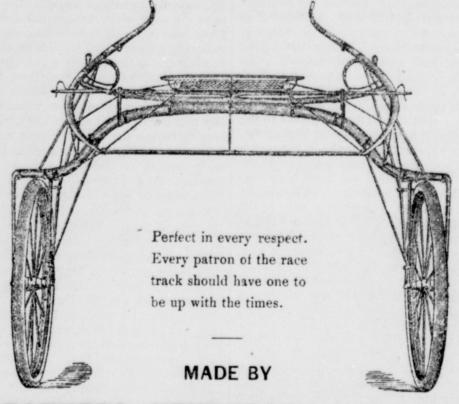


MARK

Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

None genuine without it.

The Pneumatic Sulkey.



CROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON.

(Builders of first-class Carriages, Light Road Waggons, Top Buggies, Surreys.)

No. 42 and 44 Waterloo, St. John, N. B. FAMOUS FICTION BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS. EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written BY TEN OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED

If you will study the biographics of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most tances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that

is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

EAST LYNNE, By Mrs. Henry Wood. JANE EYRE, ADAM BEDE

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, By George Eliot. THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon. VANITY FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray. THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEIL, By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE,

By Charles Reade. Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unchanged and unabridged, in ten separate volumes, with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named. comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also Progress for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50 which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to any one sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer. EDWARD S. CARTER.

Thackeray's Complete Works-10 vols.

Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additiona

Thackeray's works, ly bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain priceis set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

