FRIEND UNSEEN.

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen;
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us lean,
Help me, throughout life's wearying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine,
E'en as the branches to the vine
My soul will cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Dear Lord, I'll cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
Ask not, heed not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Dear Lord, I cling to thee?

W. H.

Grandmother's Story of the Olden Time.

BY SUSAN TRAIL PERRY.

When I was a little girl I was always made happy when my father and mother let me go to Richmond to visit my grandparents. Grandfather was the parson of the old church in the town. He had preached there forty years, and was quite an old man at that time. He had four hundred dollars a year salary, and used to supplement it by making his farm produce all possible needed things for home use. He had a large family of children, and it has always been an unsolved problem to the later generations how he sent all the sons to college and educated his girls at the best school then known—Miss Pierson's school at Litchfield, Conn.

Richmond now is like "Goldsmith's deserted village," there are so few people left there; but in grandfather's time it was *the* town of Berkshire County. At the cattle-shows in the fall, one hundred oxen used to be yoked together and chained in a long procession and brought to the "Fair." One hundred such oxen could not be found in any town but Richmond. Such specimens of home-woven blankets, table linen and toweling as the women used to exhibit on such occasions! One woman was so clever in designing some of these patterns that she used to surprise the community once a year with her new inventions. She was so much afraid that some other weaver would steal her patterns that she did all the work herself—wound her own quills and set up her own warp.

When I was quite a young girl I went to visit my grandmother, and saw my Aunt Jane make the first Leghorn bonnet I had ever seen. In the swamp there was a species of grass which was called Leghorn grass. My cousins, James and Samuel, boys about my age, were sent to get the grass, and when they had brought it home Aunt Jane put it in the sun and bleached it, and then braided it into a bonnet. No one was allowed to see it until it was put on exhibition at the cattle show. She received five dollars as a premium for her handiwork. Aunt Jane wore that bonnet for years. Fashions did not change in those days so often as they do now.

Opposite the house in which grandfather lived there was a small brown house where lived a man by the name of Manasseh Collins. He was not a professor, and my grandfather had worked and prayed for his conversion for years. There were some points of doctrine that Manasseh Collins said he could not see his way through. At that time there were many strolling people, who came for nights' lodgings and something to eat. When they knocked at Manasseh Collins' door and asked if they might "put up" at his house, he made the inquiry, "Be ye the Lord's poor or the devil's poor?" The strangers would invariably reply, "We *hope* we are the Lord's poor." "Then this is no place for you," the man would reply. "You must cross over on the other side; the parson lives there, and he takes care of the Lord's poor." There was rarely a night that my grandmother did not get an extra supper for somebody. I well remember how my Uncle Asa used to be called up in the middle of the night to put out the horses of some of the parsons who preached in distant towns, and who had come to visit grandfather.

I went once with grandfather and grandmother to take tea with a family in his parish. A silver-haired woman met us at the door and said, after my grandmother and I had taken off our things, "Sit down and make yourselves at home. The girls will be in soon; they are out milking." I was delighted to think I was to have some young companions, for everything looked so stiff and stately about the "best room" that I felt out of place. When the kitchen door opened, what was my surprise to hear the lady say, "Here come the girls!" Two old, grey-haired women came in and put their pails of foaming milk on the table. Those were "the girls"—the lady's two old-maid sisters, women in the gloaming of life; but because they had never married, they were known in the parish, by their friends, as "the Crocker girls."

But I mortified my grandfather and grandmother very much during that visit. It makes me ashamed of myself even now when I think of it.

The Sabbaths were long and the sermons longer in those childhood days, and it was necessary to have a "tithing man" to keep people awake in the meeting-house and also to preserve order. People sat up straight and solemnly in the pews, and children were not allowed to be restless during sermon-time. I always saw the ridiculous as well as the sublime in everything, and was "quite frivolous" in my elders' estimation because I had such a tendency to laughter; they thought me too light-hearted, considering the weighty matters of life that ought to make me thoughtful. One Sabbath morning I sat in my grandmother's pew, right in front of the pulpit where my grandfather was preaching. Old Deacon Olmstead had fallen asleep and his head fell down with a thump on the little shelf where the books were kept. The tithing man touched him with his long stick, and the deacon jumped up quickly, and tried to look unconcerned, in such a ludicrous fashion that I laughed aloud. The tithing man instantly touched me and called my name out before the whole congregation. My grandfather stopped in the middle of his sermon and looked at me with a severe reprimand in his face. To think of the parson's grandchild laughing out in meeting time! Dear, good old souls! I can imagine how terribly they felt. I did not go to Richmond again for a year, for I was ashamed to be seen. But my grandfather wrote me a good letter, telling me to leave the things that were behind, and press forward to the mark of the high calling of Jesus Christ; that our mistakes and sins must not debar us from doing our duty each day as it comes to us. I knew then that he had forgiven me, and the matter was never alluded to again in my presence either by my grandfather or grandmother afterwards. They have both been in heaven many years, but the influence of their early teachings is still in my soul and life. The sweet hymns they used to sing together after nightfall come to me often in hours of sorrow and wakefulness and bring me peace and joy.—*Evangelist.*

A Touching Incident.

There are often wells of thought and feeling in childhood, of whose depths parents little dream. We are so accustomed to think of our children's tastes, desires and will as being reflections of our own that we too often forget to study their natures, recognize their individuality, and treat them as sentient beings. With such reflections I listened to the relation of the following touching incident:

A little girl of this city, about ten years of age, was visiting her aunt in the country. They were discussing a certain book, and the aunt remarked:

"Your birthday is near; perhaps your mamma will buy it for you for a birthday present."

A tinge of sadness rested on the sweet young face as she quickly answered:

"She could give me something else I would rather have, something I would rather have than anything else in the world."

"Well, I'm sure," said her aunt, "your mamma will get it for you if it does not cost too much."

"It will not cost money," replied the child, "it will not cost anything."

But she could not then be persuaded to tell what it was. After a long time the shrinking little spirit said:

"Auntie, I will tell you part: it is something she gave me before little brother came. It is just not to do something for that one day; now don't you know?"

The discerning aunt drew the little one to her and asked:

"Is it that mamma should not scold you on your birthday?"

A trembling "Yes," and long the dear head rested on the bosom of that loving, patient aunt.

May the reading of this little story do other mothers good as the writing of it has done me good. That mother is a precious woman. I know she loves her little daughter as tenderly as I do mine. She just didn't think how each impatient word was wearing a sore in that sensitive little heart. She didn't think she was robbing her child's future of the sweet memories of a beautiful childhood. She didn't think how she was cramping the powers of a lovely spirit that needed a continual sunshine for their development. Mothers, pause and reflect!—*Herald and Press.*

Glad to See Them.

"One of the early governors of a certain Western State," writes a correspondent, "was a man of great popularity, commanding strength of character, and undisputed fitness for the duties of his office, but entirely without any gift for public speaking. Shortly after his election he paid an official visit to the State prison, in course of which he was ushered into the chapel where the convicts were assembled in a body.

"Before the Governor could realize what was going on, the chaplain had presented him to the company, with the remark that he would doubtless have something to say.

"'But, my dear sir,' whispered the startled Governor, 'I haven't anything to say, and I couldn't say it if I had! I never made a speech in my life.'

"The chaplain, who was entirely innocent in the matter, could only reply:

"'I beg your excellency's pardon for being so premature, but as I have committed you so decidedly, I see no way out of it, and feel confident that you will not mind addressing them in a few words.'

"The Governor certainly was committed, and though he was literally trembling, he began:

"'Ladies and gentlemen!—No, no, I don't mean that—gentlemen and fellow-citizens!—no, I don't exactly mean that, neither—but—but—well, men and fellow prisoners, I can't make a speech; I—I don't know how to make a speech. I couldn't make a speech to save your souls, or—or—even my own! and so—so—well, about all I can say is, that—that I'm glad to see so many of you here!'"—*Youth's Companion.*

An Anxious Boy.

At a very early age competitive examinations begin to torment our boys. They are often as anxious about them as their parents. A boy of twelve, who had just gone to a large school, told me the other day that when he arrived the headmaster asked him if he were willing to learn. "Willing to learn," said the boy to me when relating the matter. "Of course I am. Why, I could not sleep for two nights before I went to school, fearing lest I should be put in a low class and vex my father." The hopes and fears of a conscientious boy going to school for the first time do not always meet with as much sympathy as they deserve from those who have forgotten what their own trials on that occasion were.

Very sad is the Arabic proverb that the remembrance of youth is a sigh; but, of course, it is only true when youth has been badly spent. Youth is the time "for settling habits," and if these are settled in a wrong direction, the man in middle and old age cannot but be "with many a retrospection curst."—*The Quiver.*

— A Hacking Cough disturbs rest.—Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.

Ants in Africa.

Silently, deadly and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down, into, across, and up the ditch, through the booms (wood stockade), across the square and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed. The first notice (they generally came at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. 'Look out! Siafu." There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained, says the *Nineteenth Century*, we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square and build rings of fire around us. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body unless they had been thoroughly smoked first over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The walls of the huts, the roofs and floors were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their load, generally a cockroach, they would make off down the hill in long lines. Luckily they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Toward morning there would only be a few thousand lost ones aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped. Usually these raids on us were made after a rain storm; many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads; these appeared to wander about till the others were ready. Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days. We have seen outside the forts armies of red ants two and a half days long—*i. e.*, they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march would be incessant, every one marching at his very best; toward night they would huddle in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions. The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the flanks of this were the soldiers, full twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them; these were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull gray color.

Cyclones and Tornadoes.

The relentless violence of tornadoes is a direct result of their whirling, and the whirling is a habit which they have inherited from the rotation of the cyclonic storms in which they are bred. The cyclones have not of themselves originated the rotation that so universally characterizes them, but in turn have received the habit from the great polar whirl of the general atmospheric circulation in which they are formed; and this has come by immediate inheritance from the rotation of that persistent and inveterate spinner, old Mother Earth. The whirling that characterizes our tornadoes is therefore passed down to them in direct line of inheritance from the rotation of their great grand-parent, and you may ask any astronomer if he thinks that will soon cease. To be sure, there would be no polar whirl if there would be no equatorial overflow, but there would be an overflow as long as the sun shines on the equator; and the permanence of this may also be referred to the astronomer. They will indeed tell you that the duration of sunshine cannot be expected to reach as far into the future as the endurance of the earth's rotation; but both are enduring enough for all practical purposes. It may be well to mention that most cyclones have no tornado offspring for which we may be duly thankful; but others have rather a large family. Consider the extraordinarily fruitful cyclonic storm that traversed our country on the 19th of February, 1884; as its centre moved from Illinois into Canada, it gave birth to some forty or fifty vicious tornadoes in the Southern states. Most happily for us those little whirls are short-lived; they seldom live more than half an hour, although their parents may go on for a week or two, and cross a continent or an ocean; indeed, one cyclonic storm has been traced in apparently continuous progress all around the world. Again, just as it is not every cyclonic storm that gives birth to tornadoes, so even the tornado-breeders do not generate these violent off-spring at all points on their course, but have their breeding grounds; and alas! the favorite ground is our fruitful Mississippi Valley. As they cross over the superb stretch of country, particularly in the spring and summer, the cyclonic indraught brings together the unlike elements from which the tornadoes arise; the warm, damp lower winds from the gulf, and the cool, dry upper winds from the western or north-western interior where the temperature is still low. Nowhere else in the world is there a like opportunity for the crossing of winds so strongly contrasted, and nowhere else do cyclonic storms so often give birth to tornadoes.

The same relation of short-lived offspring and long-lived parent appears between the cyclonic storms, whose life-history we measure in days or in weeks, and the great polar whirl, whose duration we may almost call immortal. The polar whirl has times of great activity in winter, when the contrast in temperature between equator and pole is at its maximum, and at this season the most and the strongest cyclones are generated in it. In summer time, when the difference of temperature between equator and pole is least, the whirl runs slower, and its cyclones are fewer and weaker; but it is chiefly in these latter that the tornadoes are produced. The earth must therefore already have been, and continue to be for ages and ages to come, subject to cyclones and tornadoes; yet if we take a very long view of the matter it might be allowable to say that the polar whirl is not immortal, for it presumably was not at work when the earth was growing with its heat; nor will it remain in operation when the heat of the sun, on which it now depends, is exhausted. The polar whirl lives all through that immensity of time in which the sun determines our climate, but the rotation of the earth on which the whirling of the atmosphere depends, is more enduring still. In the ardent youth of the world long past, as well as in the cold old age, in the distant future, its rotation prevails; we must conceive of the turning being as long lived as the earth itself. Whence did it come by this persistent habit? The earth turns on its axis from west to east, or, as seen from the North-Star side, from right to left. So do the moon and the sun, and Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the only other members of the solar system whose rotation is certainly known. They all turn one way. Again the same strong family likeness. Not only so: the moon revolves around the earth in the same direction as both turn on their axis, and the planets all revolve around the sun in the same direction as they rotate day after day. Saturn's rings turn in the same direction. Everywhere the same well marked habit of turning from west to east, from right to left.—*William M. Davis, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

The Book of Nature.

A teacher in a graded school had her pupils bring each a common plant of which she showed them a sample the evening before—say a dandelion, columbine, buttercup or some other. She could tell surprising secrets about these, and every eye and hand were busied detecting them in the specimens brought along. More of the same were wanted for another set day and yet more for another without exhausting the wonders. There was such enthusiasm that the directors and principal determined to stop the irregular proceeding. "It interfered with the book lesson!" As it books of man's making are truer or better than these leaves from the book of nature! As if it is worth little to have habits of close observation and of investigation established in young minds! As if study of the plants which the earth yields for animal sustenance and which the wisest men have not yet found out all the ways of is an unfit or profitless study, or would lead into wrong ways! Books are mere tallies and memoranda. What is learnable through letters and figures is learned faster if the mind be toned up at intervals by natural studies. Every teacher of primary school or agricultural college will find a first-best lesson in the art in Professor Huxley's saying: "The youthful mind loathes anything in the shape of long words and abstract notions, and small blame to it." But show things and tell their history and every ear will be attentive and the thoughts all alert. It may be the "story of a bean, of a turnip, of a sheep or a pig; the elements of botany, chemistry, physiology, and so on, being introduced only as they come in and are wanted."

The True Way to be Happy.

The *Children's Record* tells this story, showing the true way to be happy:

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much, and so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony that he might ride just where he pleased, and a rowboat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided teachers, who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great; but, for all this, the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, and turn his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret." "All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away. The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the realm.

— "My father was nearly covered with Boils. Burdock's Blood Bitters cured him, and he has not been bothered since.—F. Harris, Otterville, Ont.

— Miss Jenny (coldly)—"Don't you think that's rather far fetched?" Smithers (gallantly)—"I'd bring it farther than that to please you.

— Thousands of bottles of Puttner's Emulsion are annually sold in the Maritime Provinces, where it is best known. None but an article of sterling worth could stand this test.

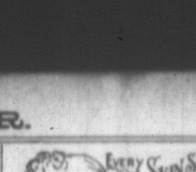
— Smith—"I understand you have formed a co-partnership." Jones—"For life." "Indeed!" "Yes, I was married last week." "What position do you hold in the firm?" "Silent partner." "That's what I thought."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

— M. Ernest Renan once had occasion to telegraph across the British Channel the subject of a proposed lecture in Westminster Abbey. The subject, as stated by him, was, "The influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was published in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

— The superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of other cities. One of our exchanges says that a little Boston boy, at whose house there was a new baby, was asked if it was a girl baby. The little fellow hesitated. "I have not made up my mind," he said, "whether it is proper to say a girl baby or a baby girl.

— A new Armstrong gun has just been tested in England. With a charge of 960 pounds of powder it sent a cylindrical steel shot, weighing 1,800 pounds, through 20 inches of steel armor, 5 inches of iron, 10 feet of oak, 5 feet of granite, and 11 feet of hard concrete. It could knock a hole through any ship in the world. It weighs 110 tons, is 43 feet 9 inches long, and 5 feet 6 inches thick at the base. But the gunner cannot afford to miss the mark, for every shot costs nearly a thousand dollars, and the monster cannot be fired more than seventy-five times before bursting.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful and unfailing efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

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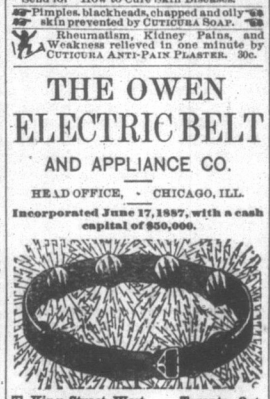

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G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.

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is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

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The following are among the diseases cured by the use of the OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Diseases of the Chest
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Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
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Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

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GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.88 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,
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(Except Sunday.)

CHANGE OF TIME.

SIX TRIPS per WEEK.

COMMENCING MONDAY, June 22nd, 1891, and until September 12th, one of the steamers of this Company will leave

ST. JOHN

—FOR—

BOSTON,

AS FOLLOWS:

ST. JOHN, MONDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" TUESDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, to Portland, connecting with Boston & Maine R. R. train, due in Boston at 11.10 a. m.
" WEDNESDAY, 7.25 a.m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" THURSDAY, 7.25 a. m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.
" FRIDAY, 7.25 a. m., and EASTPORT at noon, to Portland, connecting with Boston & Maine R. R. train, due in Boston at 11.10 a. m.
" SATURDAY, 7.25 a m., and EASTPORT at noon, Boston direct.

Through first and second class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'91. Summer Arrangement. '91.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John,

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton,	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	11.20
Fast express for Halifax,	14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	16.35
Night Express for Halifax,	22.50

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 16.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express Trains between St. John and Halifax.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John,

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted),	6.10
Fast express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec,	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day express from Halifax,	18.30
Fast express from Halifax,	22.30

The train due 18 arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
17th June, 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.
Arrive at Digby, 10.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.;
LEAVE Digby at 8.30 a. m, and 2. 46 p. m.
Arrive at Yarmouth 9.30 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.
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