

Poetry.

THE LAST HYMN.

MARSHALL FARNSTON.

The bright Lord's day was ending, in the village by the sea.
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.
But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be telling awful tales.
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a brave vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then a pitying people hurried from their homes and through the beach.
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!"
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces look with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be!

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him such a message! Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon! Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir," rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing 'Jesus, lover of my soul!'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."
Strang, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hanga my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not." The singer dropped at last into the sea.

And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the Singing of that hymn."

The Fireside.

UNDER THE OCEAN.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DIVER.

"How does it seem," said a Boston reporter the other day to George W. Townsend, a diver of twenty-three years' experience, "to go down into the water, fathom after fathom?"

"Well," was the reply, "the first time a man goes down he is likely to be considerably scared on account of the pressure. If a man is lowered to fast it will kill him. Divers are seldom or never killed by drowning, but by an unequal pressure. A diver could cut a hole in the lower portion of his suit without danger of being drowned, as long as he stood erect; for as long as air was supplied by the air pump, the water could not reach his mouth. In deep water the pressure is very great, and usually a diver can descend as deep as he can stand the pressure. You see we are in a vacuum. There is no pressure perceptible to us on the copper helmet about our heads. The pressure is all upon the lower garments, and if it is too great it drives all the blood in the body to the head, and the result is death. I have seen men killed in this way, whose heads were fairly split open, and whose eyes were driven from their sockets. A more horrible death could not be imagined; and I, and almost all other divers, have narrowly escaped it. Divers seldom descend over 150 feet, and rarely as deep as that. Under the water the ears feel stopped up, but sometimes we can make ourselves understood by putting two helmets together and shouting, but that is not sound louder than an ordinary whisper. A man who went down for the first time would be likely to signal to come up after feeling the pressure in the ears, which is very unpleasant until you are used to it."

"How about the fish? do they never molest you?"

"Very seldom. You see, we make it a rule not to disturb them. We know that we are in their element, and we are not in ours. As for sharks, we don't care for them. They are cowardly, and easily frightened off. We are much more afraid of the barbed, a surface fish, with teeth three inches long. Talk about fish—why, one can't have any conception of them until he has been under the water and seen them of all sizes and colors of the rainbow. The noise made by a school of fish sounds under water like the rumbling of thunder."

"One of the greatest curiosities in this line was the Jew fish I encountered when diving in the bay of Cumana, on the coast of Venezuela. The fish are from six to fifteen feet in length, and have a large mouth with small teeth. The Jew-fish have a great deal of curiosity—more than any woman I know of—and used to eye us while we were at work. We were a little afraid of them at first, but found they would not harm us. I suppose you have heard of the electric eel, which has the power to give a shock equal to any battery. When we were diving at the West Indies, one of our divers received a severe shock from an electric eel, and for a time he seemed almost paralyzed. Males and other animals, when fending streams in that country, often receive a shock."

"Is it dark under water?"

"That depends upon how clear the water is. I have been down twenty fathoms where I could see to read the finest print, and I have been down ten feet where you could not see your hand before you. It is not very pleasant exploring a wreck, especially where there are dead bodies, when you are in utter darkness. I remember working in March, 1861, on the ship *John Trux*, which was sunk at the Arch Street wharf, Philadelphia. The water of the Delaware river is so thick and muddy that you can't see anything five feet below the surface; and as the steward and stewardess were both drowned, I knew I should not have a very pleasant

job in recovering their bodies. Well, I went down, groped around in the darkness, found the skylight, and after I got into the cabin, the first thing that my hands touched was the body of the steward."

"Isn't it a horrible sight among the dead bodies in a vessel's wreck?"

"Well, yes; but we get used to these sights, and while I can't say we don't mind them, I can't say they don't enter us from going down. I am one of those who believe that drowning is an easy death, comparatively, because I have noticed that the face of a drowned person looks as if he had gone to sleep, and seldom denotes pain. Sometimes we find drowned persons with a death-grip upon a piece of rigging or the side of a bunk, and it is very difficult to break their hold. Before we see a body or an object under the water, we always see the shadow first. In looking for a body on a vessel's wreck, we sometimes find it closely following the sediment in the water."

"How about the bottom of the ocean?"

"In many places it is beautiful, especially where the coral reefs are. Coral looks like a forest of trees that had been cut down. I have seen coral as large as the stump of any tree you ever saw, with enormous limbs running downward, the trunk and branches being of the purest white coral. I have encountered a coral reef after descending three fathoms, and a bottom of pure, white sand after descending two fathoms more."

PLUCKY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, complacently—he just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few whips of hair on the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest-pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about that sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why you can't look over the counter."

"Oh, yes I can, and I'm growing, please, growing very fast—there! see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they copped?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep your shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes, anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough, I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might your age be, sir?" responded the man with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it—and—I haven't had—any—breakfast, sir."

The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest-pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *City of Boston*."

"Ah! you don't say. That's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see!" and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on a pencil, "is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his left ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir—work all the time!"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken struts, that had a twist through the whole flight, creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or, perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that momentous hour enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it, mother! I've got it! I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerks call 'Cash!' Well, I'm that! Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for I'm the man of the house now!"

The house was only a little ten-by-fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked confounded; then she looked faint; and then she looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now—*Youth's Companion*.

LITTLE ALLAN'S SELF-JUDGMENT.

"Allan! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan was gone; there was his cart.

"I see here," at last said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother, "it is waiting for another run."

"I've not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I'm punishing my own self. I picked some green currants and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh, when mother told you not to? Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan. "I punish my own self."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see he took the same way himself.

"You are not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I'm sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I punish me. I stay here a good while and think."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry in

not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again. That is a very short shallow sorrow. Allan felt this, so he was for making serious work of it.—*Prophetical*.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY REV. PETER STYERER, D. D.

When the sky is bright above me,
When around all seems to love me,
When no fears of troubles move me,
Then I'll trust in God.
He's the source of all my pleasure,
He from out his richest treasure
Gives me without stint or measure,
Bliss at home, abroad.
When the way is dark and dreary,
When my feet are worn and weary,
When my heart is broken nearly,
Then I'll trust in God.
He it is who kindly leads me;
He it is who kindly feeds me;
And I know whatever my needs be,
He will help me.

Climbing hill, or in the valley,
Treading avenue or alley,
I may hear with courage rally,
Singing "Trust in God."
He's my all, I want no other.
Jesus is my elder brother,
Tender as a loving mother,
Is my blessed Lord.

—N. Y. Observer.

STICK TO THE COUNTRY.

Boys, stick to the country. You have a better chance to be somebody, and get ahead there than in the city. In the great cities a few rise, many fall, the temptations are greater. The Good Book says, "enter not into temptation," and good sense endorses the book. But going to the city unless in obedience to a call of Providence, is going into temptation. Don't do it, you might be sorry, but do go where you have nothing to give and everything to lose.

It is no promotion to have a farm and become a drummer for some house, and knock about the country for a few years without a home, to be superseded by and by a younger, sprightlier victim. Be content to make yourself a place where you may marry, and live and die in ripe old age, beloved and honored by your fellows to whom your virtues have long been known.

Stay at home; stick to the country; there is money in it in the long run. You will live longer, have more comfort, make more friends and be more useful a hundred to one, than if you go to the city to swell the long, melancholy list of ruined boys.

Stick to the country from intelligent choice, not from fear. Look at its great advantages, and prefer what it offers to what the deceitful city can promise.

In the name of God let this mad rush to the city be stopped! Keep the boys at home; keep them out of the dens where victims they become. It is the boys from the country that swell the number of rascals in the city. Teach them contentment amid the innocent joys of home. Then let them be saved.

WORK AND PLAY.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you have a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction-bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men that work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit at 6 p. m., and don't go home until 2 a. m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, but who will go to the sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a license. But the man who is not proud of these things, who does not know their name, even. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know they are there. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be and do this: take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are the less dirt you will get to get into. The sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

HOME HINTS.

SWIMMING.—From bathing we pass by an easy transition to swimming. Every person who learns to swim; and, if the art is acquired much earlier in early life, parents should encourage their children to learn. It should be made a leading branch of the pleasant education of the seaside.

THE TEETH.—A distinguished dentist lately wrote that he is frequently astonished to hear persons who have sound teeth and firm gums state with some shamefacedness that they had never used a tooth-brush, but had simply rinsed their teeth with water after each meal. Cold water is a notable preserver of the teeth and gums.—*Household Journal*.

TAY STAIRS.—Tay stairs should be removed with butter, thin slices of cheese. Out of a nice fat Cheshire cheese, or any good rich cheese, some slices about half inch thick and place them between some slices of brown bread and butter, like sandwiches. Place them on a plate in the oven, and when the bread is toasted, serve in a napkin very hot and very quickly.—*Mrs. Burton's Household Management*.

For a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quick-lime, and it will not only absorb all dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight or as often as it becomes slack.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.—Some mischievous boys, seeing signs of a grocery which read "Arnold Drunkright," painted over the first three letters, leaving it "Old Drunkright." The sign was soon restored to its former condition, and the boys painted D before the first name, making it "Darnold Drunkright." And then the grocer in despair painted the name out.

GOOD SIGN-BOARD FOR A SALOON.—A temperance lecturer in Great Britain, formerly a cab driver, related the following incident:


"A short time ago, I was coming from Aldridge's where I had been to buy a horse for my cab. I saw a woman laying dead drunk on the collar flap of one of the neighbouring public-houses; so I walked into the bar and said to the landlord: 'One of our sign-boards has tumbled down.' The good old publican came outside exclaiming: 'Where?' 'There,' said I, pointing to the heap of rags on the floor. 'Why don't you take it inside and put it in your window, like other respectable tradesmen do with their goods, and label it 'Our own manufacture, made to order.' Instead of having it here as if you were ashamed to own it.'"

40 YEARS

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

GOOD PHYSICIAN

IN CURING CHOLERA
and all Summer Complaints,
Cramps and Pains in the Stomach,
Sudden Colds, also for Scalds, Burns,
Bruises, Sprains, Chills, Boils, Rheumatism,
Affections, Neuralgia, Toothache, Pains
in the Joints or Limbs, Stings
of Insects, &c., &c., &c.



BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The Pain-Killer is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Workshops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals,—in short, by every body everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

The Pain-Killer is prepared from the best and purest material, with the most approved appliances that can be had for money, and with a care that insures the most perfect uniformity. No expense is spared to make it what it is, superior to all would-be competitors, a thoroughly reliable killer of pain. Instantaneous in action, harmless and safe in the most unskilful hands.

SUBSTITUTES.

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of Pain-Killer, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," "but have another article just as good, if not better," which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the Pain-Killer; and being compounded of the vilest and cheapest Drugs, are bought by the dealer at about half what he pays for the genuine Pain-Killer, which enables him therefore to realize a few cents more profit per bottle upon the imitation article than he can on the genuine.

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FOR CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS,

As well as all Summer Complaints of a similar nature, the Pain-Killer acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails when taken at the commencement of an attack, and often cures after every other remedy has failed. If you reside in a country place far from a physician, the Pain-Killer can be relied upon; it never fails.

FOR STITCHEN COLDS, SORE THROAT, &c.

The proverb "A stitch in time saves nine," is never so well illustrated as in the treatment of these complaints. A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer taken at the beginning of an attack will prove a certain cure and save much suffering.

TOOTHACHE, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, BRUISES, &c.

The Pain-Killer will be found a willing physician, ready and able to relieve your suffering without delay, and at a very insignificant cost.

GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For Colic, Cramps and Dysentery in horses, the Pain-Killer has no equal, and it has never been known to fail to effect a cure in a single instance. It is used in some of the largest livery stables and horse infirmaries in the world. To resuscitate young lambs or other stock chilled and dying from cold, a little Pain-Killer mixed with milk will restore them to health very quickly.

The Pain-Killer is for sale by Druggists, Apothecaries, Grocers and Medicine Dealers throughout the world.

The Pain-Killer is put up in 2 oz. and 5 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50 cents respectively,—large bottles are therefore cheapest.

PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,
PROPRIETORS,
MONTREAL AND PROVIDENCE, R. I.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, the 14th June, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North.

Express for Port-au-Fort, 7:55 A. M., 8:00 A. M., 11:45 A. M., 11:50 A. M.

Express for Sussex, 5:10 P. M., 5:15 P. M., 8:30 P. M.

Express for Halifax and Quebec, 10:25 P. M., 10:30 P. M.

A Pullman Car runs daily on the latter train to Halifax, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Pullman Car for Montreal is attached. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal is attached at Moncton.

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Express from Halifax and points south of Campbellton, 1:55 P. M., 2:00 P. M.

Chief Superintendent.

NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED AND IN STOCK.—A large lot of Tea Sets, Ice Sets, Cutlery, and Silverware, Pickle Stands, Cups, Communion Ware, Stewpots, Forks, etc.

Also, a good stock of GOLD and SILVER JEWELLERY of every description, Silver Jewellery, etc.

WE ARE continually adding NEW GOODS to our Stock and shall endeavor to meet the wants of any who may favor us with a call.

JEWELLERY of all kinds made to order on the premises.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
48 King Street.

LAME HORSES.

"Hollows" Leaming's Essence will cure Sprains, Ring-bones, Curbs, Splints, Swellings and Stiff joints of Horses. Give it a trial. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street.

30 PIES BLACK BREAD-CLOTH.

30 pieces New Ulster Cloths;
50 pieces Wended Coatings;
50 pieces Meltons;
50 pieces Scotch Suitings;
50 pieces Black and Blue Dressings;
120 pieces Shirtings, Oxford, Angora, &c.;
700 pieces Prints, in New Styles;
5 cases Black Merinos, Lustres, Italianes, &c.;
5 cases Fancy Dress Goods;
4 cases Silken and Linen;
43 cases Hosiery, in Reels, "Shoe Thread," Buttons, Black Braids, Trimmings, Elastic Braids and Wale;

100 dozen Towels; 80 dozen Corsets.

For sale by DANIEL & BOYD.

Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

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Also, a good stock of GOLD and SILVER JEWELLERY of every description, Silver Jewellery, etc.

WE ARE continually adding NEW GOODS to our Stock and shall endeavor to meet the wants of any who may favor us with a call.

JEWELLERY of all kinds made to order on the premises.

PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON,
48 King Street.

LAME HORSES.

"Hollows" Leaming's Essence will cure Sprains, Ring-bones, Curbs, Splints, Swellings and Stiff joints of Horses. Give it a trial. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Wholesale and Retail by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street.

30 PIES BLACK BREAD-CLOTH.

30 pieces New Ulster Cloths;
50 pieces Wended Coatings;
50 pieces Meltons;
50 pieces Scotch Suitings;
50 pieces Black and Blue Dressings;
120 pieces Shirtings, Oxford, Angora, &c.;
700 pieces Prints, in New Styles;
5 cases Black Merinos, Lustres, Italianes, &c.;
5 cases Fancy Dress Goods;
4 cases Silken and Linen;
43 cases Hosiery, in Reels, "Shoe Thread," Buttons, Black Braids, Trimmings, Elastic Braids and Wale;

100 dozen Towels; 80 dozen Corsets.

For sale by DANIEL & BOYD.

Market Square and Chipman's Hill.

PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

No. 5 to 100.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throstle Frames, which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, and in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 lbs. of 100 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without hank—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

COTTON CARPET WARP.