

"SAVE OR I PERISH."

BY ROSE TREY COOK.

I walk amid a cloud of fear.
Mine eyes are held, I cannot see;
Mine ears are sealed, I cannot hear—
I can but hold to Thee.

Adrift upon this wandering world,
That rushes on through awful space,
A helpless atom, forward hurled,
To some strange dwelling place:

My struggling soul would gasp and sink
Amid this vague eternity,
Or perish on its fearful brink,
But for my hold on Thee.

In desolation and despair,
When foes derided, friends betrayed,
The burden of my bitter care
Upon thy hands was laid.

But for this strong and conscious trust,
This anchor sure, what should I be?
A creature of the cloud and dust,
But for my hold on Thee.

Father! Thy hand the wild-bird brings,
With fearless flight, from shore to shore,
Safe in that sheltering peace it sings,
How'er the tempest roar.

So tossed, so frail, so lone am I,
Except that hand my guidance be.
Hear Thou my fearful, hopeful cry;
Dear Lord, lay hold on me!

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
Did you see for loving favor,
As a shield to day?

CHORUS.

Oh, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to day;
So, when life seems dark and dreary,
Don't forget to pray.

When you met with great temptations,
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit,
As your guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you seek for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another,
Who had crossed your way?

The Fireside.

THE TEA-KETTLE LIGHT.

[The following is from St. Nicholas, and is part of a story of a country boy who started a gas-factory by himself.]

His name was Joe, and he lived in New Hampshire. One winter he earnestly wished to attend school; but this seemed impossible, for his spare time could all be taken up in splitting shingles. He tried, but in vain, to do the splitting by fire-light. Lamp he had none; candles were too dear; he must have something else.

Weeks before, he had been surprised at a strange light flaming high above a charring heap of birch-wood. He found that this was caused by the burning of gas which came from the birch-bark. Why could he not get more of the same light, split his shingles by it, and so save time for the winter schooling? He resolved to try; mysteriously told his brothers and sisters that he was going to stop the cracks in a certain old tea-kettle, and disappeared into the wood-shed.]

Lois called after him that if he didn't "grease his tea-kettle well, it would stick."

"He's going to make a tea-kettle dumpling!" shouted Deborah.

But Joe, out in the cold wood-shed, kept plastering dough over the cracks in the tea-kettle. This well-don, he began cutting into small pieces the birch bark he had saved, so that it could be crowded closely into the tea-kettle. By the time he had filled it, supper was called, and Joe, going in, set his patched contrivance close by the fire.

"Well, Joe," laughed his mother "what now? Are you going to turn blacksmith or baker?"

"Joe, Joe," piped Moses, "will you be a black-smith or baker, mother says?"

"Oh, I am a shingle-splitter," said Joe, smiling back. "And I'd like to be a lightsmith, too, pretty well, if I could."

After supper was cleared away, and the little kettle was taken off the crane, Joe hung on his tea-kettle, bread dough, birch-bark, and all, swung it over the fire, and sat down to watch the result of operations.

"What is it, anyhow, Joe?" asked Moses.

"Why don't you see? It's an old tea-kettle."

"What you dot in it?" piped little Judith.

"Birch-bark, sis," responded Joe, laconically.

"Maudie-bark is best to make ink off, isn't it, mother?" queried Debby.

"Yes, indeed, Joe; and you don't have to burn it,—only steep it, and put in a little copperas."

"I am not trying to make ink, mother," Joe answered, "though I must make some before long."

Then turning to his father, he said:

"You remember how the coal-pit we burned last week got 'bewitched,' don't you? Well, I think it must have been the green birch-bark, which I don't suppose ever before got piled into a coal-pit, that caused the light somehow, though I don't know exactly how; and I am trying to see if birch-bark won't make a light here as well as there."

Joe spoke with a deprecating tone, for he knew his father's violent antipathy toward all "new-fangled notions."

"Well, you are a dunce, to be sure. Don't you suppose that if birch-bark had been good for anything but a torch, somebody would have found it out before this? Young folks, nowadays, think they know more than their fathers. It wasn't so when I was a boy. You'd better just put that tea-kettle out of the way and go to work."

The key-note had been struck by his father, and every voice in the household joined in making fun of him and his cracked kettle. Joe was irritated, of course, but was so full of his new idea that he hadn't time to get angry, and he comforted himself with the belief that it might be his turn to laugh before long. Yet he knew he never would hear the last of it if his experiment failed. He watched it very anxiously. At last, his father impatiently ordered him to take his kettle away, but he was so earnest in his pleading for time to give his idea a fair trial that his mother interposed out of pity, and his father consented to let him alone, thinking he would thus be more convinced that he was following up a crazy notion.

So Joe, thankful for the respite, kept intently watching the flames creep up toward the queer, patched object on the crane, basking the dough-ement harder, and concealing it with a deposit of soot. Soon a trace of steam issued from the spout, and became a new center of interest to him, and a new subject for chaffing by the merry circle of sisters.

"When the steam passes off the gas will begin to come," explained Joe, quietly. Then there was a new cause of alarm. "Jane became more and more nervous," "fidgety," as her mother said—because company was coming, and her brother and his old tea-kettle "would be torn to shreds." This nearly stopped her proceeding; but she managed to save his machine a little longer; Jane's "young man" still delayed his expected coming; and as the cloud of steam began to grow less and less, with strange earnestness, that even the thoughtless little ones repeated, Joe begged for only ten minutes longer, and warned Jane and her tongue away from interfering, in a tone so quietly stern, that she never thought of answering him, but sat down immediately.

The girls went to work on their grammar lesson, but soon got back to the kettle. Everybody's thoughts spun round that black, hissing object just

now. They talked a good deal about it, but Joe did not appear to be listening. The steam had stopped entirely, and he was carrying a lighted shavings with trembling hands towards the spout of the kettle. A brilliant blaze suddenly lighted up the house.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Sell your box of candles and buy yourself a new gown, mother. Hurrah for school and shingles all winter! Hurrah!"

"Why, Joe," cried his mother, something speaking in her eyes, "why, Joe, I didn't think it would burn so; but it does, and I'm glad of it, too."

Little Moses and Judith skipped about from one corner to another, laughing to know that something was not hid there to catch them every time they ventured into the darkness. Joe came in just then to Jane's great satisfaction, though, perhaps, he did not help to a correct grammar recitation on Monday. Notwithstanding his presence, she did seem very seriously alarmed for Joe's reputation. Joe looked on the blazing tea-kettle in amazement and with some trepidation.

"May be it's bewitched!" said he to Jane.

"Oh, I don't know what Joe's been doing to it, I'm sure," said the promising girl; but I guess it is light enough to see to play cat's cradle, and so they tried it.

"Why, Joe, you're a genius instead of a dunce, I do declare!" cried Debby. "This is an invention, and no mistake."

"You are all acting like a parcel of dunces," declared their father, preparing to go to bed. "Taint no great wonder that birch-bark should burn after it got afire, if it is an old tea-kettle. It'll all burn out in ten minutes."

"No, Debby, I'm only a dunce," Joe replied; "but you will soon see that it will burn all the evening."

At last, at last! At bed-time the tea-kettle was taken from the crane and the blaze extinguished. The next night it was hung on again—this time without opposition—and lighted after it got hot, no time being lost in waiting for steam to dry off. Joe split his shingles now without delay; and never was there a more diligent or happy fellow. Toward the end of the week the crust burned off the cracks in the kettle, whereupon the light became more brilliant than ever, for it streamed out from every crack as well as from the spout, and the black, old tea-kettle was clothed in a mantle of flickering flame. But Joe was afraid that the shattered constitution of his favorite would hardly hold together under so much excitement. So, on Saturday, he plastered the cracks over anew, with time and clay, and filled it with a new stock of birch-bark.

And thus he worked by his tea-kettle light all winter, and got his schooling, too.

Here ends the true history of the first of all the gas-factories.

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

There are two or three hours on Sunday afternoon which give to most of us a feeling of perfect leisure. How do we employ them? The attendance on morning church and Sunday-school is over, and before the evening bells shall ring we have this space, this margin, which is an opportunity for repose, for reflection, and for improvement such as no other day in the week affords.

Well, some of us go to bed. The Sunday afternoon nap is taken by people who never think of going down proper to engage in other duties.

Others, Tuesday for ironing, Wednesday for washing, Thursday for mending, Friday for sweeping, Saturday for a grand campaign of everything combined, and Sunday for a collapse. That is their way, practically. If they go to church, they are too tired to gain the real good they ought to gain in God's house. So when afternoon comes, and dinner is over, they go to their rooms, shut out the sunshine, darken the blinds, turn the key, and go to sleep. We do not decline against a daily nap. Every woman who can get it is the better in health, and the fresher in feeling, and will last the longer in her usefulness and energy, if every day she will lie down for a half or a whole hour, and rest, and sleep if she can. But we do not approve of making a convenience of the Lord's day, and spending its golden time in slumber, simply because it is His day and we cannot war not scruple.

Some people write letters on Sunday afternoon. This is a sort of correspondence which it is perfectly proper to engage in on holy time, but it goes without saying that it is correspondence suited to the day and to the spiritual tenor of thought and feeling which the day should induce. To save secular time by writing letters in sacred time is a sin. To devote the pen to the service of business, of gossip, of compliment, or of mirth, is to defeat the object for which the hallowed day was given, and to lower the tone of one's religious character. It is not remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, not observing it by a holy resting all that day from employments appropriate to other days.

Some people read novels on Sunday afternoon. They may be sprinkled with piety as a cake is decorated with sugar, or flavored with morality as a pudding is spiced with nutmeg. But they are nevertheless works of fiction, whose primary purpose is to please the fancy, to amuse an idle hour, or to afford recreation to a jaded mind. We thoroughly approve of good novels for secular reading. For Sunday afternoon, we entirely disapprove of them. Standard Christian classics are abundant. Biographies, and no reading is more directly efficient in forming character than that of the lives of good men and women. Devotional poetry and missionary literature are elevating and profitable. Many of us could not do anything for ourselves quite so beneficial as to sit apart our Sunday afternoon leisure for Bible reading and study. Few of us study our Bibles so deeply and so thoroughly as we ought.

The mother with her little ones, some of them too young as yet to comprehend distinctions of day from day, is doubtless the person who can least secure a season of unbroken rest on Sunday afternoon. But in the Christian family the children early learn that the more noisy play is prohibited on the Sabbath. They are willing while yet very small to have the little wagons, and drums, and whips, and tops put in the closet till Monday, and though the wee girls may take care of her dolls as mamma does of the baby, and the little boy run and jump out of doors as the lambs frisk and the colts leap, they soon catch the Sunday atmosphere; they like to see the Sunday picture-books and to hear the Bible stories. Mother ought not to have the whole work of entertaining and teaching the children left to her. Father should share it, or auntie, or elder sister, and the duties of the day should be so adjusted that every one under the home roof should receive into the soul the blessing and the gladness of the day which is God's ever-blessed gift to man.

Another six days' work is done, Another Sabbath is begun.

Let body, soul and spirit, a threefold union, enjoy and delight in the festival—Christian at Work.

PEOPLE who do not "get on" in the world often fail to realize how much waste is involved in habits of needless expense that seem very trivial. Lord Derby recently gave to English workmen an impressive lesson on this subject. They would, of course, all like to be land owners. Estimating the value of an acre of fertile land at sixty pounds, the price of a square yard of land would be about three pence. "I wonder," said Lord Derby, "how many workmen consider that when they are swallowing three-penny worth of beer or spirits they are swallowing down a square yard of good agricultural land?" As land is much cheaper in this country, it requires a waste even less than six cents to do away with a yard of it. A succession of such little improprieties soon swallow a small farm of useless or foolish expenditure.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years, Like a leaf on the autumn wind, or a bubble on the sea.

With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go

Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread, Or an arrow's flying lead,

As soft as the languorous breeze whist, That lift the willow's long golden list,

And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down: As fond as a lover's dream;

As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat, As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,

So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass Down the dim-lit stair;

We hear the sound of their steady tread In the steps of the centuries long since dead,

As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love; Shall we waste them in idleness?

Shall we trample under our ruthless feet Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,

By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let No envious taints be heard;

Make life full pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,

But never an angry word!

—Selected.

THE TWO SAILORS.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, and with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden-gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's arms, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," he said, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I kept it, and the globe over to New York and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes; and today I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half. "For," still continued he, "yesterday I came into my counting-room a man, forty years old."

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Well," said he, "I was brought, drunk, into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden-gate; and to-day I am master of my own destiny, a grateful return for three years, during which time I continued taking a gradual return of strength."

One hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms left demanding care. The only notable sign during those months was the excretion. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated or tubercular lung? I answer, in the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung, and which the highest authority in Lung Diseases (Lancet) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Alas! to this, I had the sudden, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany to trifle.

Respectfully,

JAMES I. FELLOWS,

Inventor of *Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites*.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When *Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites* is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP."

And be sure no imitation is foisted or other article thrust upon you.

SEND FOR A PAMPHLET

PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,

Agents for the Dominion of Canada,

MONTREAL.

SUBSTITUTES!

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among certain classes of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of *Pain-Killer*, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," and then they offer some other article as a substitute. 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.

FOR SUDDEN COLDS, NEURALGIC, RHEUMATIC AND ALL OTHER PAINS IN ANY PART OF THE BODY, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER IS UNRIVALLED.

IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

The *Pain-Killer* is put up in 25 c. and 50 c. bottles, containing 25 and 50 doses respectively—large bottles are therefore cheaper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1881.

ON and after MONDAY, the 29th November, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for St. John.

Accommodation for Point du Lac, 11.45 A.M. 11.50 A.M.

Express for Sussex, 5.00 P.M. 5.05 P.M.

Express for Halifax and Quebec, 7.30 P.M. 7.35 P.M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express leaving at 7.25 P.M., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express leaving at 7.25 P.M.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Quebec and Halifax, by connection at Moncton, 7.30 A.M. 7.35 A.M.

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