

Poetry.

"THE MASTER'S HOUR."

When the long day's work is over,
Ere we weary or oppress,
There is a blessed season
I call "The Master's Hour."
With names and notes beside me,
My Bible on my knee,
I commune with the Master,
And the Master speaks to me.
As disciples daily told him,
At the setting of the sun,
Of taint, and threat, and welcome,
Of battles lost and won.
So I tell him all my ventures,
And, illumined by His face,
The least-rewarded effort
Seems a miracle of grace.
He does not often praise me,
For He knows that flesh is frail;
But He bids me eye remember
That no word of His can fail.
Though the seed of life eternal
Midst toils and thistles fall,
Yet the Spirit's balmy showers
May foster fruit and all.
And if my labor
Some error gives me pain,
I say, "Before the Master,
I'll think of that again."
Thus, though the night be stormy,
And by day the tempest lower,
There's naught but sin can rob me
Of my blessed "Master's Hour."
—The Christian

The Fireside.

BESSY'S LIFE ROPE.

[From an English paper.]
Steep Jack, who was celebrated for working on high steeples, had a daughter named Bessy, who had much of the fearless, adventurous spirit of her father, and would carry up his dinner to the dizzy heights without trembling; she seemed to feel as safe as a bird, and would stand at the edge of the highest scaffold, ambling her way by scattering bits of paper in the air, laughing to see her little pigeons fly, for so she called them.

Once upon a time, a flash of lightning struck Repton spire, and displaced the cross and globe which surmounted it, also doing great damage to the upper courses of fine stone-work, and Steep Jack had to repair it. This he did by ascending the tower as high as the bell-chamber, then placing the highest ladders were reached, through which Bessy was laid, which supported two light ladders, reaching up to the ball. Day after day Bessy climbed, with her father's dinner in a basin slung in a handkerchief, to this aerial scaffold, and it was only by calling her "Bet," which was her father's way of showing earnest displeasure, that she was prevented from scaling the slender ladders which went still higher.

At length the job was completed, a new copper ball, brightly gilded, superseded the old one, and a glittering cross surmounted the graceful steeple. Jack had done his work so well, that the vicar and churchwarden resolved, in addition to his pay, to present him with a new coat, vest and hat, and a sort of village fete to be held in honor of the occasion. Drinking one night at the "Red Lion," Jack had bragged that he would put on these new clothes on the top of the ball; and he was not the man to risk being twitted for cowardice from not making his rash promise good.

This intention of Jack got abroad, and on the fete day, quite a crowd, from the adjacent villages and farms, gathered to witness the exploit. Jack's wife was away working at a lone farmhouse, some two miles from the village, and Bessy had accompanied her, for she knew that her husband would in all probability spend the day in dissipation, and she did all she could to conceal his weakness from the little maiden.

With the bundle of clothes in his hand, Jack started up the tower, the crowd eagerly watching until he emerged from the loop-hole on to the scaffold. He came out, and pulling off his old hat, flung it down among the people, then taking a rope which had been made a noose, in his hand, he ascended the ladders. Flinging the rope over the ball, the noose passed round the cross, and tightening it, Jack managed to get beyond its bulge, which projected over the very top of the cross, while the huzzas of the crowd below came up like the buzzing of bees to the elevated regions of his proud ambition.

By some unlucky accident, while Jack was divesting himself of the old jacket and vest, having made his bundle safe on one of the arms of the cross, the noose of the rope slackened, and the rope itself slipped over the ball, leaving him without any possible means of overcoming its rotundity. A cry of horror made Jack look down, and he at once understood the desperation of the position. His pride was humbled, a vertigo seized his brain, and he would have fallen if he had not clutched the cross. What was to be done? Among the whole crowd there was not one with sufficient courage even to brave the scaffold, much less to mount the tottering ladders which led from it to the apex of the steeple.

Concentrating all his energies into one shriek of agony, Jack exclaimed:
"Send for Bessy!"

There was a movement in the crowd, and soon a farmer in his buggy drove off to Dawson's at "the waste," for the daughter of the entrapped steeple-climber.

What an hour of waiting was that! For the first time for many years Jack tried to pray, and the imperfect utterance was doubtless heard above, for when Bessy arrived she displayed no fear, but taking on her little arm a coil of slender rope, she passed through the crowd, which readily made way, and ascended the stairs. Soon her father's hand was seen upon the scaffold, and, without a moment's hesitation she ascended the ladders. Standing on the topmost rung, with one arm passed around the slender stone-work, she flung the rope. Jack clutched it, and the little maiden descended the steps. All the danger was over. Jack made the rope fast, and was soon upon the scaffold, while a shout of joy rose from the people below.

Poor little Bessy could not understand that she had done anything wonderful, but she embraced her father, and putting her little face to his, begged him to thank God for his safety.

Jack was never seen at the "Red Lion" again, for the cross which he clung in his hour of danger, became his solace and his salvation, and every Sunday morn he might be seen leading his darling by the hand to the house of God.

This was many years ago, but should any of you visit Repton, you may still see a fragment of line swinging in the breeze from the new tarnished cross surmounting the steeple, and among the simple peasantry it goes by the name of "Bessy's Life Rope."

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

The American Wide-Awake for April tells a very pretty story of the way that Beethoven composed this beautiful piece of music. He was going by a small house one evening and heard some one playing his Symphony in F on the piano. He stopped to listen, and heard a voice say:
"What would I not give to hear that piece played by some one who could do it justice."
The great composer opened the door and entered.
"Pardon me," said Beethoven, somewhat un-

barrassed; "pardon me, but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."
The girl blushed, and the young man assumed a grave, almost severe manner.

"I heard also some of your words," continued Beethoven. "You wish to hear, that is, you would like—in short, would you like me to play to you?"
There was something so strange, so comical in the whole affair, and something agreeable and eccentric in Beethoven's manner, that we all involuntarily smiled.

"Thank you," said the young shoemaker; "but our piano is bad, and then we have no music."
"No music!" repeated Beethoven, "how, then, did mademoiselle—?" He stopped and colored, for the young girl had just turned toward him, and by her sad, veiled eyes he saw that she was blind.

"I am sorry to pardon me," stammered he; "but I did not remark at first. You play, then, from memory?"
"Entirely!"
"And where have you heard this music before?"
"Never, excepting in the streets."
She seemed frightened, so Beethoven did not add another word, but seated himself at the instrument and began to play.

He had not touched many notes when I guessed, says the narrator, who accompanied him, what would follow, and how sublime he would be that evening. I was not deceived. Never, during the whole of my life, did I hear him play as on many days I know him, did I hear him play as on this day for the young blind girl and her brother, on that dilapidated piano. . . . At last the shoemaker rose, approached him, and said in a low voice:
"Wonderful man, who are you then?"

Beethoven raised his head as if he had not comprehended. The young man repeated his question. The composer smiled as he could smile.
"Listen," said he, and he played the first movement in the F Symphony. A cry of joy escaped from the lips of the brother and sister. They recognized the player and cried:
"You are, then, Beethoven!"
He rose to go, but they detained him.
"Play to us once more, just once more," they said.

He allowed himself to be led back to the instrument. The brilliant rays of the moon entered the curtained window and lighted up his broad, earnest and expressive forehead.
"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," he said, playfully. He contemplated for some moments the sky sprinkled with stars; then his fingers rested on the piano, and he began to play in a low, sad, but wondrously sweet strain. The harmony issued from the instrument sweet and even, as the rays of the moon spread over the shadows on the ground.

WHY A KEROSENE LAMP BURSTS.
BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.
Girls as well as boys need to understand about kerosene explosions. A great many accidents happen every year, and many of them are due to the fire to make it better, and by pouring oil into a lamp while it is lighted. Most persons suppose that it is the kerosene itself which explodes, and if they are very careful to keep the oil itself from being touched by the fire or the light there will be no danger. But this is not so. If a can or a lamp is left about half full of kerosene oil the oil will dry up—that is, "evaporate"—a little and will form, by mingling with the air in the upper part, a very explosive gas. You cannot see this gas any more than you can see air. But if it is disturbed and driven out, and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not touch the oil. There are several other liquids used in houses and workshops which produce an explosive vapor in this way. Benzene is one; burning fluid is another; and naphtha, alcohol, ether, chloroform may do the same thing.

In a New York workshop lately, there was a can of benzene, or gasoline, standing on the floor. A boy sixteen years old lighted a cigarette, and the burning match on the floor close to the can. He did not dream there was any danger, because the liquid was corked up in the can. But there was a great explosion, and he was badly hurt. This seems very mysterious. The probability is that the can had been standing there a good while and a good deal of vapor had formed, some of which had leaked out around the stopper and was hanging in a sort of invisible cloud over and around the can; and this cloud, when the match struck it, exploded.

Suppose a girl tries to fill a kerosene lamp without first blowing it out. Of course the lamp is nearly empty or she would not care to fill it. This empty space is filled with a cloud of explosive vapor arising from the oil in the lamp. When she pushes the nozzle of the can into the lamp at the top, and begins to pour, the oil, running into the lamp, fills the empty space and pushes the cloud of explosive vapor up the vapor is obliged to pour out over the edges of the lamp, at the top, into the room outside; of course it strikes against the blazing wick, and the flame of the wick strikes the invisible cloud of vapor, and there is an explosion which ignites the oil and scatters it over her clothes and over the furniture of the room. This is the way in which a kerosene lamp bursts. The same thing may happen when a girl pours the oil over a fire in the range or stove, if there is a cloud of explosive vapor in the upper part of the can, or if the stove is hot enough to vaporize quickly some of the oil as it falls. Remember, it is not the oil, but the invisible vapor, that explodes. Taking care of the oil will not protect you. There is no safety except in the rule: Never pour oil on a lighted fire, or into a lighted lamp.—Christian Union.

TELLING MOTHER.
A cluster of girls stood about the door of the school room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing.
"I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and will let you know if you promise not to tell any one," was the reply.
"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."
"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."
"Well then, I can't hear it; for what I can tell my mother is not fit for me to hear."
After speaking these words Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience; and if she continued to act on that principle, I am sure she would be a useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct. If you have no mother, do as the disciples did; go and tell Jesus.

SCOWLING.
Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your forehead to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals up on us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brow into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. "The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter, tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off." "O yes," we say about the children, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in

life as well as in water. It betrays our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace, that it will reflect ourselves in placid countenance. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. It shows that our soul needs sweetening. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or something out of some sort, and straighten those creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten with God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted by my kind;
Yet I am not that dying.
I am weak; yet dying.
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father superior, to thee.

O, merciful One!
When men are farthest, then thou art most near;
When men pass closely by—my weakness shun—
Thy charity I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines upon my lowly dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On benedict knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed that I might see
Thyself—thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

ATTENTION, SHARP!

A friend of mine was in the office of a gentleman in Philadelphia, when a young man came in for instructions with regard to some business he was to transact. The merchant and the different points distinctly, but in rapid succession, repeating nothing the second time. There were quite a number items, and the youth took no notes, but gave the sharpest attention, and then put on his hat and walked out.

In answer to an annual smile on my friend's face, the other remarked:
"You think that is rattling of business pretty fast, don't you?"
"Yes and the only wonder to me is that the boy can remember a single thing you said."
"It is all in training. A boy may just as well learn to attend to what you say the first time and remember it, as to look to have it repeated over and over again, and then quite likely forget half his directions."

There was a great deal of truth in the remark, and it is well worthy the attention of every young person. "It is a great disadvantage to any one to acquire the habit of half-listening, when he is told anything of importance." Attention, sharp!" should be the motto of every wide-awake boy or girl when taking in instructions. It will save many mortifying blunders, and help to win for them a name for ability, which is capital better than bank stock with which to begin life.

The same peculiarities are apt to run all through a person's character. The inattentive listener is pretty sure to be the inattentive observer. It is an old saying that there are people who "can go through a whole forest and see no firwood." People of this stamp lose a great deal that might be turned to account by way of personal improvement, and they miss many wayside signs of happiness.

Mr. Edgeworth claims that the difference in intellect among men depends more upon the early cultivation of this habit of attention, than upon any marked difference in their original powers.
Any boy of average ability may learn to attend closely to what goes on about him, or the business he has in his hand. It may be necessary to go through one thing to another in rapid succession, but for the moment we should give concentrated thought to whatever we are doing. It is by this close attention and sharp following up of facts that Watt made his great discoveries in steam, and that Edison has made for himself such a name in our day.

It was a hot July morning, and old Mrs. Dawes, carrying her clean linen down to the rectory, thought her basket seemed heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the son of a village doctor, overtook her half way up the hill.
"Why, mother," said he, "that's more than you can manage!" Let me have one handle, and then we'll trot it up easily enough.

Away they went, Johnnie chatting gaily, and the old woman's face beaming with gratitude and pleasure.
"The idea!" said Fannie Leigh, who came down the lane just in time to see her brother and Mrs. Dawes turn at the rectory gate. "You are a gentleman, Johnnie! Supporting Lady Blake had you carrying a clothes-basket! How could you do it?"
Johnnie whistled.
"A gentleman! Of course I am. I am a Bible-gentleman, like father."

Fannie looked puzzled, so Johnnie explained.
"Father said that a Bible-gentleman is always civil to poor people as well as rich ones; and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbor' just as much as Lady Blake."

THE TRUE SECRET.

At the house where I was staying there were two little sisters whom nobody could see without loving, for they were so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoops, playing with Rover the dog, or helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tender little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"
They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I s'pose 'tis Addie loves me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah! that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it!"
Dear young friends, do you ever think what an apple of discord "no letting" is! Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"
"Mary won't let me have her ball," bellowed Gerty.
"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want her to have my ball."

"Fie, fie! it is that way sisters should treat each other!"
"She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty.
"And you'll only lose it," retorted Mary.
"And I shan't let you have it!"

But these little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of goodness. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie.—Band of Hope Review.

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American Bleached Cottons, all the Popular Makes,
Ladies' Cambrils,
Fine White Batting, for Quilts.
All the above at Lowest Prices. Retail.
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
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DRY FISH.
500 QUINTALS Codfish and Pollock, landing, and
on hand.
Lowest Prices.
GILBERT BENT & SONS.
Oct 13

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling
Brooms and Brooms. Price Reduced 33
per cent.
NATURAL PUBLICITY
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Do Not Buy
FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, LAMPS,
CUTLERY, SILVERWARE,
AND FANCY GOODS,
Until you have examined Goods and obtained Prices at
J. G. McNALLY'S,
Opposite City Hall,
Queen Street, - - - Fredericton.

AMERICAN BLEACHED AND
UNBLEACHED COTTON FLANNELS.
White Flannels, from Fine to the Heaviest
Makes, Warranted not to Shrink.
Canadian Grey Flannels,
Unbleached Cottons, Fine and Medium
Weights, Nice Make for Family Use.
American Bleached Cottons, all the Popular Makes,
Ladies' Cambrils,
Fine White Batting, for Quilts.
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