

Poetry.

THE END.

The course of the sweetest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The ocean, forever and ever,
Strives onward to the sea.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are risen,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right though the wrong be tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all the weak exhorting
When once the goal is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and unadorned face;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear heavy unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Though the dark low winds are complaining,
Yet the sunrise glows the height;
And love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be satisfied.

—Tinsley's Magazine.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolved, to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the faded waters that bid us forget it;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—Selected.

A SWEDISH POEM.

It matters little where I was born,
If my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the old world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I'm called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best that I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where my grave,
On land or on the sea;
By purling brook or "neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me.
But whether the angel Death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—Baptist Weekly.

The Fireside.

CONQUERING WITH KINDNESS.

Samuel Dean lived in the town of Wexford for many years, and had always got along peacefully. He had a little farm well tilled, and his neighbors regarded him as an honest, upright man.

A farm adjoining that of Dean's had been sold, and had been purchased by a man from another State. The new farmer's name was Alexander Hartford, and although he was an industrious, pushing man, he was also inclined to be quarrelsome.

He had only been in Wexford a few months when a horse, belonging to another farmer named Daniel Jones, broke into his field and destroyed some of his grain. Hartford turned the animal into the field he had come from, but said nothing to the owner. The next day the horse was in the grain field again, and Hartford took his gun and shot him. From that time forth there was war between Jones and Hartford, and property of both was destroyed.

About two years after Hartford had killed the horse belonging to Jones, and while the war between the two families was still going on, a number of hogs belonging to Samuel Dean broke into Hartford's cornfield and destroyed some of his corn. Hartford was furious, and without considering that the breach was in his part, the fence, he took his gun, went out to the field, and shot two of the largest and best of the animals.

When Dean learned what had been done, he immediately harnessed his horses, filled up a load of corn, and drove over to Hartford's.

Dean was a jolly, good-natured man, and he said as he drove up:

"Hallo, Hartford, I understand those nasty hogs of mine have been playing smash in your corn field. They deserved killing; the nasty fellows will not destroy any more corn; they should have kept on their own side of the fence. I've brought a load of corn to replace that which was destroyed."

Hartford wore a scowl on his face, and scarcely made a reply. Nevertheless, Dean unloaded the corn, went home for another load, and returned to his neighbor's barn. This was more than the quarrelsome man expected, and his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"I thought I had not brought quite enough," remarked Dean, "and you know it is better to give too much than too little."

After he had gone home, one of his sons told him he thought he had done a very unwise thing. Said he:

"You have lost two valuable hogs, and now, instead of making Hartford pay for them, you have given him two wagon-loads of corn. I wouldn't have been quite so kind to the old rascal."

"Ah, John," said Dean, "that man shall not pick a fight with me. I can accomplish more with this man, and all other men, by pursuing the peace policy. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have shown goodwill to my fellow-man."

The next summer during a wind-storm the fence between Dean's and Hartford's farms was blown down, and as the fence was not in view of either of the houses, Hartford's cattle were in Dean's wheat field two hours before it was known. Dean discovered it and turned the cattle out, but was careful to do them no injury.

When Hartford learned that Dean had again re-

turned good for evil, he was conquered. He came over to Dean's, called him out of the house, and with a quiver in his voice and considerable moisture about his eyes, he said:

"Dean, let us be friends. I am ashamed of myself. You have acted the part of a gentleman, whilst I have been ill-natured and quarrelsome. Can you forgive me?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded Dean, in his hearty, good-natured way, "it's all right. Here's my hand, and let us always be at peace."

As Hartford took the proffered hand he said: "I have a peace offering; you must accept it; I will not be satisfied unless you do."

And he thrust his hand into his pocket and took out a purse of money, which he placed in Dean's hand.

"Now," said Dean to his son, after Hartford was gone, "wasn't it better to give the man two loads of corn than to make war upon him as Daniel Jones has done? Yes," he continued, "I believe in killing quarrelsome neighbors with kindness, and in being at peace with all men."

No more quarrels arose, and Hartford continued to be a firm friend of Dean's until the day of his death.—Christian Observer.

THE YOUNG CARVER.

We hear many stories of young artists leaving their native villages and country sweethearts to go to the metropolis in quest of fame and fortune. An interesting tale of this kind is told by Miss Phillimore in her recent "Life of Sir Christopher Wren," the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Philip Wood was a village carpenter, who had developed an uncommon skill in wood carving, and had made some striking figures for the adornment of his sweetheart's house, a lady above himself in rank and fortune. In the hope of improving his circumstance, and thus lessening the disparity between them, he went to London, where he sought work in vain, until his store of money was reduced to a single guinea.

The huge dome of St. Paul's was then rising above the smoke of London. Philip Wood applied to the foreman for work in carving the wood for the interior. Rejected by him, he haunted the place day after day, and at last attracted the notice of the great Sir Christopher himself.

"What have you been used to carving?" asked the architect.

The carpenter, in the extremity of his agitation, could only stammer out:

"Troughs, your worship."

"Troughs!" said Sir Christopher. "Then carve me, as a specimen of your skill, a sow and pig—it will be something in your line—and bring it to me to-day week. I shall be here."

The poor fellow shrank away from the laughter of the workmen, and returned to his lodgings in despair. But he had a friend in his landlady, who advised him to take Sir Christopher at his word, and carve the best sow and pig he could in the time.

With his last guinea he bought a block of pear wood, and by using his utmost diligence finished the work in time and took it under his apron to the appointed place.

The architect was there and beckoned the trembling carpenter to approach.

Upon inspecting the beautiful work, Sir Christopher said:

"I engage you, young man. Attend at my office to-morrow forenoon."

A few hours after Sir Christopher came to see the carver again, and said to him:

"Mr. Addison wishes to keep your carving and requests me to give you ten guineas for it."

Then he added:

"Young man, I fear I do you some injustice; but a great national work is entrusted to me, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands. Mind and attend me to-morrow."

It is a pleasure to know that the young artist did much of the fine carving of St. Paul's and married the girl of his heart, who could not have been sorry to change such a name as she had.—Hannah Hay-battle.

KATY'S TEMPTATION.

Sarah was leaning against the gate of Farmer Jones' orchard. She was thinking how nice the farmer's pear tree looked, and how good the pears would taste. Just then her friend Katy came along.

"Where are you going?" said Sarah.

"Oh, nowhere in particular," said Katy. "I had nothing to do, so I thought I would take a walk. I am real glad I came across you; what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Sarah, "I am glad to see you, too. I was getting dreadfully lonesome. Do you see that pear tree over in the corner? Well, let's go and get some."

"But they are Farmer Jones' pears," said Katy.

"Well, he will never mind a few; we can just pick them off the ground. Besides, if we should ask him, you know he would say and ask him; you know mother always says if a thing isn't worth asking for it isn't worth having. Besides, the command says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," said Sarah, "but it wouldn't be exactly stealing, do you think? Mr. Jones would not care so much for the pears on the ground."

"Are they our pears? That's the question," said Katy. "Have we any right to take them?"

"No," said Sarah, "and I am ashamed and sorry that I proposed such a thing. I am glad that you stood up for the right, instead of yielding to my evil advice. Come, we will go together and ask Mr. Jones for some pears. I am almost ashamed to face the kind old man after-intending to treat him so meanly."

Just inside the orchard they met Mr. Jones. Katy asked him if they might have some of the pears that lay on the ground.

"Yes, certainly you may," said the old gentleman, "as long as you do."

"Come with me," said Sarah.

When he reached the tree he gave it a good shake and down tumbled the mellow pears.

"There," said he, "I am always glad to favor a little girl that stands up for the right as Katy did, and also one who acknowledges her faults and is sorry for them as Sarah is. I heard all that passed between you, and I am glad that you are little girls to be trusted."

You may imagine Katy and Sarah's feelings. What would they have been, if they had not resisted the evil temptation? "Be not overcome of evil."

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as on doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a delapidated bridge at its foot. As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me, "Another time in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing, "No, I thank you." If John, at that time a clerk in a store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to go to a drinking saloon, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be the inmate of an infirmary asylum. If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been an honored man instead of occupying a cell in the State prison. Had William, when at school, said, when his companion suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from

school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life. O, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have failed! Their own passions, appetites, lusts, and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down hill; learn now to say at all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they come, "No, I thank you," and in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.

"THE MILK-MAIDS OF DORT."

If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dykes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourself some day in the ancient town of Dortrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain; and if you will look close, you will see upon the tall pyramid a figure representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milk-maid. They are there to commemorate the following historical facts:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, their beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster who had not yet left his bed.

They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the soldiers were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from invasion, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milk-maids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone. *Harper's Young People.*

MAMIE'S WAY.

BY MISS ALICE M. GUERNEY.

Mamie's home is in the country, close by a beautiful green field dotted with golden dandelions. On one side of the house is a large flat rock—just the place for playing housekeeping. Mamie's large family of dolls has had many a nice tea there, and in the long summer vacation days, when the city cousins come, the great rock, and the shaly yard, and the old house with its big garret, echo the happy voices from early morning till late at night. Dearly as Mamie loves her dolls and her pet kittens, they are not quite as good playfellows as real, live children. I think this was the reason why she was in such a hurry to get back to school in the afternoon; she can hardly stop long enough to eat her dinner, so eager is she to have a long play before the bell rings.

One day she was in even more of a hurry than usual. "O, I must go early this afternoon," she cried, "I'm going to help the elates."

"Why, papa, you don't want to go yet. It's half an hour to school-time," said sister May. But Mamie was almost at the door when her papa called her.

"Come back, Mamie," he said. "I don't want you hanging round the school-house half an hour. What do you think of that?"

"I hear her say, 'O, papa, can't I go? I must, papa, because I'm going to help the elates. Say, can't I?'" But Mamie knew a better way than teasing.

She stood still a minute, and a little shadow crept over her face; then, without saying a word, she went into the parlor, and soon I heard the piano going softly, as if some one were thinking and playing at the same time. Then came careful practicing with a march which I knew was Mamie's last music lesson. When some minutes had passed, she called—

"May I go now, papa?"

"Yes, run along now," he said; and off she ran, as happy as a bird.

WHAT WAS IN A BOTTLE.

I was once called upon to analyze a bottle of liquor in a case of suspected poisoning. I took it into my laboratory and applied the chemical tests that science had developed, and found only the usual component parts of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. No, there was no poison there, such as had been suspected. It was, as the manufacturer stated on the label of the bottle, "pure liquor."

My little chemical skill had failed to detect any unusual ingredients.

I sat looking at the suspected compound for a few minutes, when imagination, ever busy with the human brain, said to me: "O, thou most blind and inexperienced chemist, most ignorant of what thou art! Most assuredly it is thy scientific knowledge of so little avail! Seest thou no poison there? Look again; regard not the evidence of the alembic and the reagent, but take up into the laboratory thy recollections of the past and of all human experience, then tell me what thou seest."

I looked for a few moments, and soon I saw its color change, and on the bottom the red drops of murder were gathering there; I looked again, and from their liquid depths the ghastly face of suicide looked forth at me, with the glazed eye and livid features of the dead. Again I looked, and pale, haggard, faint, and wretchedness were floating like a mist in the sunbeam in its sparkling contents. And there I saw the mother's grief, the wife's agony, and the tears of the drunkard's children; saw the ruined hopes of a wicked life and the record of sin and crime. The very bubbles that sparkle on its surface were full of human sorrow, disease, and woe.—From "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer."

MUSTARD PLASTERS.—These biting plasters are often very essential, but if prepared with hot water they will raise a blister too quickly for comfort. Beat up the white of an egg stiffly, stir it thickly with mustard, and apply it to the seat of pain. No blister will rise. Or take the half of a sponge cracker, dip it into scalding hot water, apply dry mustard over it and apply, and it will not rise to blister. A very sticky plaster can be made by stirring up the mustard with molasses, and it will not effect the skin with too great severity.

BOXES IN THE TOILET.—Keep a cup of powdered borax on your washstand; it will do wonders in the way of softening the skin. If you have been working in the garden or doing things about the house, when you wash them dip your fingers in the borax, and rub your hands well with it.

The first camp meeting ever held in the United States by the Reformed Catholics opened at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, on Saturday last, under the direction of Bishop McNamee of New York, of the Reformed Catholic church. The attendance was very large, and much interest was shown by the people in the services. The meeting was closed on Sunday with services conducted by Bishop McNamee.

Farmers and Mechanics.

Provide yourselves with a bottle of PAIN-KILLER at this season of the year, when summer complaints are so prevalent; it is a prompt, safe, and sure cure. It may save you days of sickness, and you will find it is more valuable than gold. Be sure you buy the genuine PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, and take no other mixture.

I have been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the past six years, and have much pleasure in stating that its sale in this town has been larger than any other patent medicine that I have on my shelves, and in those years I have never heard a customer say aught but words of the highest praise in its favor. It is an article that seems to have combined in it all that goes to make a first-class family medicine, and as long as I have a house and store, Perry Davis' Pain-Killer will be found in both.

Yours, &c., J. E. KENNEDY.

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August 11—1m

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See 14—3m

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June 24—1y

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Feb 3—1y

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Paragon's Purifying Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in your system. It is a powerful medicine, and will take a full course of treatment in 10 to 15 weeks. It is a powerful medicine, and will take a full course of treatment in 10 to 15 weeks. It is a powerful medicine, and will take a full course of treatment in 10 to 15 weeks.

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