

## Poetry.

## FACE TO FACE WITH GOD.

DEUTERONOMY XXIV. 10.

The mountain lighted by the fires of God,  
Seemed more than Horeb; seemed like part of  
heaven.  
For there the angel of the Lord appeared  
And talked with Moses. All the desert round  
Became a temple; and in solemn state  
The man was set apart for higher work  
Than any of his fellows. Yet he asked,  
How it could be that he was not great,  
Nor bold, nor eloquent, should win the names—  
Leader, Deliverer, Lawgiver to those  
For whom God cared—His people, Israel!  
And the swift answer came—Be satisfied,  
I will be with thee certainly. And so,  
The man, no more afraid, would henceforth live  
His life, as face to face with God.

He stood  
Before King Pharaoh. Stern, unyielding eyes  
Looked in the monarch's face, and the slow words  
Were full of meaning. As he spoke, the king  
Counted his troubles. First the poisoned Nile,  
And last the thick, black darkness of three days,  
And in the midst of these all the land  
Was ravaged by fire. Now was this man  
That he should turn the king? And who his God  
That He must needs be feared? In these swift  
ways

In Egypt to bring down the haughty head.  
And angry Pharaoh threatened the bold man  
With death if he should see his face again;  
Then answered Moses, "Thou hast spoken well,  
Lo I will see thy face no more."

And then,  
He turned and looked into the face of God.  
And stronger still, and yet more fearless, went  
On His behalf.

They were away and free  
A little later. They, the captive host,  
The slaves of Pharaoh fled from the old life  
Of want and bondage, toward their promised land;  
But now had come which made their faces white;  
For Pharaoh's host pursued them, and the sea  
Stretched out before them. Then their leader  
spoke,

"Be not afraid, stand still, and ye shall see  
The Lord's salvation." Presently his hand  
Waved over the waters, and the sea became  
Strong walls to shelter them, until they passed  
The other shore; and Moses' hand called back  
The flood, and Israel's foes were in their graves!  
But who shall find in the desert, beyond  
And how shall they get water? Manna came,  
And water flowed from out their rocky bed,  
And birds came down to them, and they were fed.  
For evermore their leader saw God's face,  
And evermore obeyed His voice.

Moses stood  
Upon Mount Sinai, and the lightning flashed,  
The thunder rolled, and with great pomp and  
power  
The Lord came down to Moses, making him  
The bearer of the law; and he henceforth  
Must teach the people of the will of God,  
And his "Ye shall," or "Ye shall not," should be  
Their law for ever.

So the great man lived  
And saw his brothers and his sisters die,  
And led the host amid the wilderness,  
And told them how to prosper and to win,  
And taught them precepts to be handed down  
Unto all times; and he led the people there,  
Rebels and punished them, and was indeed  
Greater than any king. God made him great,  
And crowned him with honor and with power,  
Until at last He drew him with His hand  
Away from the fair prospect of the land,  
To be for ever face to face with Him,  
And Moses teaches us that through all times,  
He is the greatest man who lives with God.

—Marianne Farnsworth.

## SOMETIMES.

Sometimes the way seems long, and clouds as black  
As blackest night hang in the dismal sky,  
And hope seems almost dead within my heart,  
I know not why.

Sometimes the heavens are brass, and not one  
ray—  
One cheering ray of blessed light I see;  
No radiant star with kindling beam appears  
To comfort me.

Sometimes the waves in restless surges beat,  
And tempests rage within my weary soul;  
Sometimes it seems my back can never reach  
The farther goal.

Sometimes I tremble with a nameless fear,  
And hideous vapors fill about my path;  
The dreadful future seems devoid of cheer,  
And full of wrath.

Sometimes the tender flowers that I have loved  
Beneath the north wind's withering breath decay,  
And beautiful forms, like visions of the night,  
All pass away.

Sometimes, oh, it is not always thus,  
Sometimes my happy heart is blithe and gay,  
And lovely flowers in richest perfume bloom  
Along life's way.

Sometimes I deem I see the Master's face,  
And hear the music of the glory-land;  
And through the misty clouds I sometimes see  
My Master's hand.

Sometimes the earth seems beautiful and bright,  
A fair elysium of peace and bliss;  
Sometimes I ask if Bethlehem's manger can be  
More fair than this.

Sometimes the path is smooth and sometimes  
rough—  
Sometimes the way I may not understand;  
But whether dark or light, if I may clasp  
My Saviour's hand,

Then be the sky above my trusting soul,  
Or dark or light, it matters not to me;  
For through the blackest night or sunniest day  
His face I see.

—Mrs. L. A. Stutle, in Christian Weekly.

## The Fireside.

"BOY WANTED."  
It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window.  
For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or  
two, it would be missing, and passers-by would  
wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a  
boy to suit him; but, sooner or later, it was sure  
to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, any way?"  
one and another would say; and then they would  
look at each other, and in their opinion he was looking  
for a perfect boy before he found one. Not that  
there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen  
used sometimes to appear in the course of a morn-  
ing, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said  
to be rich and queer; and, for one or both of these  
reasons, boys were very anxious to try to suit him.

"All he wants is a fellow to run errands; it  
must be easy work and sure pay." This was the  
way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters  
wanted more than a boy, and this in the way he  
did it. He had been engaged that very morning,  
and had been kept busy all the forenoon at pleasant  
enough work; and although he was a busy fellow,  
he had enjoyed the place. It was towards the  
middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to  
a dark, dingy place inhabited by mice and  
cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said  
Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order."

It stands right in the middle of the room; you  
can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long, deep box, I should  
think it was," he said to himself, as the attic door  
closed after him. "It would weigh more than a ton, I  
guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the  
world but old nails, and screws, and pieces of iron,  
and broken keys and things—rubbish, the whole of  
it. Nothing worth touching; and it is as dark as  
a pocket up here, and cold besides. How the wind  
blows in through those knot-holes! There's a  
mouse! If there is anything I hate, it's mice! I'll  
tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going  
to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails,  
he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind  
of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs,  
three at a time, and was found lounging in the show  
window half an hour afterward, when Mr. Peters  
appeared.

"If you put the box in order already?" was  
the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there  
was nothing in it but nails and things."  
"Exactly. It was the 'nails and things' that I  
wanted put in order. Did you do it?"  
"No, sir. It was dark up there, and cold; and  
I didn't see anything worth doing. Besides, I  
thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were  
hired to do as you were told." But he smiled  
pleasantly enough, and it once gave John an errand  
to do down town; and the boy went off chuckling,  
declaring to himself that he knew how to manage  
the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing  
up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock, John was called, and  
paid the sun promise him for a day's work; and  
then, to his dismay, he was told that his services  
would not be needed any more. He asked no  
questions. Indeed, he had time for none, as Mr.  
Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning, the old sign, "Boy Wanted,"  
appeared in its usual place.

Before noon, it was taken down; and Charlie  
Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands—plenty of  
them. He was kept busy until within an hour of  
closing. Then, behold! he was sent up to the attic  
to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of  
a mouse nor of the cold, but he grumbled much  
over that box. Nothing in it worth his attention.  
However, he tumbled over the things, growing all  
the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or  
two, and finally appeared with this message:

"Here's all there is worth keeping in that box.  
The rest of the nails are rusty; and the hooks are  
bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to  
the post office. What do you think? By the close  
of the next day, Charlie had been paid and dis-  
charged, and the old sign was in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged,"  
grumbled Charlie to his mother. "He said he had  
no fault to find, only he said that I wouldn't stay."

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next.  
He knew neither of the other boys, and so did errands  
in his ignorance of the "long box," until the second  
morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he  
was sent to put in order. The morning passed, and  
dinner-time came, and still Crawford had not ap-  
peared from the attic. At last, Mr. Peters called  
him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right. It is dinner-time now; you may go  
back to it after dinner." After dinner, back he  
went. All the short afternoon he was not heard  
from; but, just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call  
him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down  
at the bottom of the box I found this." "This"  
was a five-dollar gold piece. "That's a queer place  
for gold," said Mr. Peters. It's good you found  
it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-  
morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting  
the gold piece in his pocket-book. After Crawford  
had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took his  
lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There  
was the long, deep box, in which the rubbish of  
twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had  
evidently been to the bottom of it. He had fitted  
pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in  
these different rooms he had placed the articles,  
with bits of shingle laid on top, and labelled thus:

"Good screws." "Picture nails." "Small keys,  
somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of  
the long box. In perfect order." So on through the  
box. In perfect order. It was at last, and very  
little that could really be called useful could be  
found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over  
and read the labels, laughed gleefully, and morn-  
mured to the noise: "If we are not both mistaken,  
I have found a boy; and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough. The sign disappeared from the  
window and was seen no more. Crawford became  
the well-known errand boy of the firm of Peters &  
Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up, next to  
the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the  
foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters had  
given him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't  
forget it," he said, when he handed it to Crawford;  
and the boy laughed, and read it curiously—"He  
that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in  
much." "If I try to be," he said; and he never  
saw thought of the long box over which he had  
been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is  
errand boy no more, but the firm of Peters, Mills  
& Co. a young man and a rich one. He found his  
fortune in a long box full of rubbish; but Mr.  
Peters said once, laughing, "Never was a five-  
dollar gold piece so successful in business as that  
of one of his boys; in it good he found it." Then,  
after a moment of silence, he said gravely: "No,  
he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible—He  
that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also  
in much." It is true: Mills the boy was faithful,  
and Mills the man we trust.—The Parson.

## TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh! oh! look at that spot!" exclaimed papa.  
"Just where it can be seen most distinctly!"  
cried Alice.

"It is too bad!" said mamma.  
"I am very sorry," said mamma.

"How did it get there?" said Aunt Emily.  
"It was a great spot on the parlor paper that had  
called forth all these exclamations; and this is the  
way it got there."

A few young folks had been spending the evening  
with the children. Bob Grant had had his car out  
just before coming, and without thinking, he had  
carelessly leaned his head against the wall as he sat  
upon the sofa.

Bob was a real little gentleman, and would have  
been terrified had he known what an unsightly  
mark his shining head had made, besides, too, the  
trouble he had caused his friends in trying to clean it.

Benzine removed the grease, after repeated rub-  
bing with a soft cloth, but left a little mark of its  
own, which would not come off.

And here let me whisper to the little folks a few  
things to remember when they visit their young  
friends.

First—If your shoes are muddy, clean them be-  
fore going into the house, and do not scratch on the  
furniture with your finger nails, or a pin, or two of  
you crowd in the rocking chair.

Do not pull at the tassels or fringes of the furni-  
ture or curtains.

If cushions are on the sofas, do not make foot  
balls of them.

Never tip back your chair, or put your feet on  
the rounds.

Don't handle the cards in the basket unless you  
are asked to look at them.

Do not throw anything on the floor, and never  
lean your head against the wall.—Lutheran Ob-  
server.

## CONSECRATION.

BY MATTIE R. PEACHE.

When with sorrow the costly anointing is made,  
And all worldly and selfish ambitions are laid  
On the altar of burning, and there sacrificed,  
Then the soul with the blood of the offering bap-  
tized

May enter the Holy of Holies; draw near  
To the Wonderful Presence, and hear  
In that hallowed seclusion, the message divine  
To the people without, who seeking a sign

Can see but a cloud, not the glory within,  
The people who wait in their blindness and sin  
For the words of forgiveness and hope. Blest is  
he

Whom the Lord hath appointed His high priest to be.

## AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or  
ten entered a place in which a bakery, grocery,  
and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth  
of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy  
who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick,  
and ain't had nothing to eat all day." The boy  
was just then called to wait upon some men who  
entered his saloon, and the girl sat down. In five  
minutes she was nodding against a barrel, while a  
sound asleep, and leaning against a barrel, while  
she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip be-  
tween her thumb and finger. One of the men saw  
her as he came from the bar, and after asking who  
she was, said: "Say, you drunkards, see here.

Here we've been pouring down whiskey, when this  
poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a  
dollar, and that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And  
I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars,  
and the spokesman carefully put the bill between  
two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away,  
and whispered to his comrades: "Just look at here—  
the girl's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had  
rolled out of her closed eyelids, but the face was  
covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and  
the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping  
child. She awoke with a start, and cried out:  
"What a beautiful dream! I haven't sick any more,  
and we had lots to eat and wear, and my hand  
burns yet where the nickel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickel had been re-  
placed by a bill, a dollar of which landed her down  
with all she could carry, she innocently said:  
"Well, now, but I won't hardly believe that you  
sent up to heaven and got an angel to come  
down and check your grocery."

## THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in a Public  
School sometime ago. It seems that the boys at-  
tending the school, of the average of about ten  
years, had in their play of ball and broken one of  
the neighbor's windows, but no clue to the of-  
fender could be obtained, as he would not confess,  
nor would any of his associates expose him. One  
case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of  
one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately  
and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished  
him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to  
the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference princi-  
pally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at  
their sports;—to the principles of rectitude and  
kindness which should govern them everywhere,  
even when alone, and when they thought no one  
could see, and there was no one to reprove or  
punish.

The scholars seemed deeply interested in the re-  
marks. A very short time after the visitor left the  
school, a little boy rose in his seat, and said:

"Miss Low, I hated the ball that broke Mr.  
Jones' window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as  
the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute  
after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the whole,"  
said another, rising in his seat. "All of us that  
were playing should pay something, because we  
were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my  
share."

"And I," and I, said several voices.

A thrill of pleasure ran through the school as  
the display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart  
was touched, and she felt more than ever the re-  
sponsibility of her charge.

## NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing  
should be as soon silent as a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent  
boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of being  
believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according  
to Webster, is a gentle man—well-bred, refined.  
Such a one will no more swear than go into the  
street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is indecent—offensive to decency, and ex-  
tremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of  
wisdom."

7. It is enomous—showing a boy's heart to be a  
nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of  
them sticks out from his head.

8. It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all  
things and good.

9. It is wicked—violating the Divine law, and  
provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold  
him guiltless who takes his name in vain.—Ex.

## BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie one day, after work-  
ing a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me  
just what this means? I forget what Miss Acton  
said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry. "I've got lots to do  
to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not  
have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little  
tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the  
room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going  
off to Mr. Jones' woods for naps. You've got time  
to go along have you?"

"All right! Of course I have time," cried  
Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside.  
I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;  
and within five minutes he was on his way to the  
woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and gen-  
erous little boy that afternoon?

CHURCH MOORINGS.—An old sea-captain was rid-  
ing in the cars, and a young man sat down by his  
side. "I am going to Philadelphia to live,"  
said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a  
church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young  
man; "I did not suppose you desired to look at  
that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see  
that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia pre-  
senter, and I have been in and down in the world;  
and it is my rule as soon as I get into town, to fasten  
my ship fore and aft to the pier, although it may  
cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship  
out in the stream, floating hither and thither with  
the tide."

A TRANSPORT of strong coffee put into the gravy  
of melted butter, pepper, and salt, to be poured  
over breakfast, imparts a delicate flavor to the  
gravy and meat.

**PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS**  
MADE IN NEW YORK  
FOR THE CURE OF  
BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, &c.  
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## AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of  
young, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich  
color, and deep black, as may be desired.  
It cures itching of the scalp, dandruff, and  
thins hair, thickens, and restores it to its  
natural growth.

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## PARKS' COTTON YARNS!

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TARY EXPOSITION  
For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.  
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Made of good American Cotton with great care, correctly  
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WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to re-  
member that our Yarn is spun on Throats Frames,  
which make a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in  
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It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each  
hank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This  
makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up  
without leas—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.

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Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.  
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All fast colors.

Each 5's hank contains 10,000 yards in length and  
ends in width.

We have put more twist into this warp than is formerly  
had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than  
that made with any other material. Since its intro-  
duction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very gen-  
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