

AUGUST 31, 1887.

The Hour of Comfort.

Sometimes there comes within the life,
The cheerless life of ours,
So much of loss and pain and strife
That our sad eyes, with tear-drops rife,
Look up and see no flowers.

A sudden sorrow clouds the day,
And the tired heart grows faint,
For strength and courage die away,
And lips that have been firm to pray
Can only make complaint.

And life becomes at such a time
An unattractive thing;
There is no sound of cheery chime,
The day moves on in dreary rhyme,
And brings no heart to sing.

If such a time should come to thee—
And somewhere in the years
For everyone its pain will be—
Do not despair, but try and see
Some sunshine through the tears.

And know that he whom sorrows teach,
Receives a gift from heaven;
His tenderness our hearts may reach
To whom the glad in vain might preach,
And joy through him is given.

O, then, be thou a comforter
To some more sad than thee!
And while thou thus dost minister,
Strange bliss in thine own heart shall stir,
And grief forgotten be.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

The Prayer of Childhood.

WILL M. CLEMENTS.

It has been said that the opening sentence of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," is more sublime in its simplicity than Milton's richest verse of descriptive poetry. Felix Mendelssohn, whom the musical world will ever honor, was impressed with the passage in the first book of Kings, "Behold, the Lord passed by," and saw in it so much of beauty that he determined to write an oratorio in which he could set it to music. The result was "The Elijah." The little prayer of childhood however, that little verse beginning,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

to my mind is grander and truer in its spirit than the elaborate liturgy of the Anglican establishment, or the stilted addresses to Deity delivered in legislative halls and religious assemblies. It is unaffected helplessness casting itself upon power. That which is more nor less can not be prayer.

What are words? During the progress of dreadful storms, when dark clouds hang low, when winds uproot the trees, and buildings succumb to the fury of the gale, I have seen, as you have seen also, the little children repeat those lines of simple faith. God knew what of comfort the little childish heart did seek.

Prayer, like other things, has its literature. Children and childhood have their literature, and indeed, juvenile literature is voluminous. Literary men and women delight to write of their earlier years, and rightly think that there is no crown of sorrow in recalling mother's smile and father's approbation. Perhaps the most tender recollection that comes to man is the memory of the evening prayer at mother's knee. Unfortunate is that man whose mother did not teach him to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The literature which has gathered about this childish prayer has its burlesque as well as its pathos. The following instance is doubtless old to many: Two congressmen were conversing, and a freak of mind utterly inexplicable led them to refer to religion. Forthwith one of them began to eulogize the Lord's Prayer as most touching and eloquent in its diction; he concluded by offering to wager ten dollars that his brother could not repeat it. The wager was consummated, and the congressman began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and repeated the childish prayer to the end. "I am amazed," the other said; "I really did not think you could do it. The money is yours." Perhaps the recurrence of the word Lord is what led to this ignorance.

A large number of poems have been written upon this simple prayer. Among them is the following:

"Now I lay me—say it darling!"

"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep";
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the drowsy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And a dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

"God knows all the rest." There is a faith here that argues all theology down.

A mother says that she saw her youngest child die, he shrouded and buried, and did not shed a tear. The evening after the funeral she was listening to the prayer of her now only child; and when the childish voice piped, "If I should die," she thought of the one whose spirit the Lord had taken. The prayer smote her heart, as the rod of Moses smote the rock, and a flow of tears gushed to her relief.

The sketches of the life of the Rev. Dr. Nott relate that he sank into second childhood. The last hour of his life on earth was peculiarly tender and impressive. He lay on his bed, apparently unconscious. His wife sat by his bedside, and upon his request sang the songs of his youth. He was hushed to repose by them, like an infant on the pillow, Watt's cradle hymn, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," seemed especially soothing. Visions of home floated before him, and the name of his mother was often upon his lips. "Let us pray," he said, and all the family and friends present knelt. He clasped his hands and began, "Now I lay me down to sleep." They waited for him to continue. His wife was first to discover that he was dead.

Charles H. Harris, the writer of German dialect, is the author of the following: "One night I came home from mine house, and took mine leedle daughter, Gretchen, Jr., on mine knees. I told her some shorty riddles, and vas make her some laf. Pooty quick she vas creeb on my bosom, and vas so sleepie, I took her on her leedle ped, and went to her."

"Gretchen, would you gone ped mitout saying your prayers?"

She opened dem beautiful eyes, dose leedle blue eyes, und rodder dreamily exclaimed:

"Now I vas lay me down to sleep, I pray der—"

then adding, in one shewet leedle whisper "He knows der rest," she sunk down on her leedle ped, in his watchful care who gifs his beloved sleep."

Almost every mother in the land can add to the literature of this simple child's prayer. There are common people in the world who do not care for protoplasmic monads, or earth worms, who can not appreciate essays with hard names, but they have smiles and tears for what is a faithful transcript of every-day life. The literature of the heart and home is what they love and, after all, it is the holiest and the best.

Beaver Colonies.

Two beaver colonies have just been discovered at Amild, near Christiansand, Norway. On the bank of a river the beavers have made lodges of branches of trees, which are held together with clayey mud, the whole resting on logs of wood. The entrance, a hole, faces the river, but is below the surface of the water. Round the entrance there are numbers of aspen and birch trees, the bark of which has served as food for the animals. The beaver gnaws the tree about two feet from the root, and if it finds the bark to its taste, cuts the tree up in pieces from two to three feet in length, which the animal then drags or carries down to its house—proceedings which are fully demonstrated by the many "log runs" in the woods along the river bank. Observers have also noticed another remarkable habit of this interesting animal, viz., that on arriving by the water side with such a log of wood it will poise the piece on the back of its neck and swim with it right into the lodge, where the bark is gnawed off and stored away for winter use. This accomplished, it will shoot the log into the river. The largest trees the animals have dealt with in this manner are eleven inches in diameter. The colonies are situated far from human dwellings, where people only come in winter, during the timber selling season.—Nature.

When You Study, Study.

Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was a great student, and when he studied, he studied. He used to get up at five o'clock, and study till nine or ten. He got so that he could read Latin and Greek right off hand the same as you can this. He had the power of putting his whole mind on his book. Many people put part of their mind on their work and the rest on something else. But all this is wrong. Play when you play, and when you study, study. In study all the faculties are needed; reason, to judge of what you read; memory, to recollect it, and so with all the rest. Macaulay became one of the most distinguished writers of his time, and it was mainly by dint of this early habit of his, putting his entire mind at the disposal of the work before him. All cannot study alike, but we can all be deeply in earnest in whatever it is that we do, and only downright earnestness will cause us to succeed in life.

RANDOM READINGS.

He who is never satisfied with anything satisfies no one.

Humility kneels in the dust but gazes on the skies.—Archer Butler.

There are more good people in the world than some wise and holy men think.—Henry.

Good company not only makes glad, but makes good, which is the best effect.—Thomas Adams.

It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

The philosopher spends in becoming a man the time which the ambitious man spends in becoming a personage.—Joseph Roux.

Poor human heart, with human needs, How many are its broken needs, Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds! —Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

A true woman is to a true man's influence what the rolling process is to the furnace gold, for she rolls it into multitudinous sheets.

The enticements to wrong-doing are so many and so strong that every step of life needs to be watched and guarded with the utmost care.

Saying prayers, or engaging in outward religious services, is one thing, and being alive to God in the spirit may be quite another thing.

The condition of the world would be improved if men were to think less of the dishonor of submitting to wrong, and more of the dishonor of doing it.

Wouldst thou see a reason for all that God saith? Look into thine own understanding, and thou wilt find a reason why thou seest not a reason.—Augustine.

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.—Hugh Miller.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand-shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

God is the light, itself unseen, which makes everything visible and clothes them in colors. The eye does not perceive the ray, but the heart feels the warmth.—Jean Paul.

Beloved, let us love so well Our work shall still be better for our love, And still our love be sweeter for our work.

—Mrs. Browning.

Our Lord God doeth work like a printer, who setteth the letters backward; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall see the print reader—in the life to come.—Martin Luther.

In yielding to one temptation, the way is opened for so many. Nothing will serve us day by day but a humble trust in him who is able to keep us from falling, and earnest striving to watch as well as pray.—Short Arrows.

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—F. W. Robertson.

Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.—F. W. Robertson.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CARE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 32.)

No. 226.—B—ear

A—moy

C—oat

O—ats

N—ame

BACON.

No. 227.—Leopard.

No. 228.—1. Sable, table.

2. Sage, gage.

No. 229.—A—then—S

B—olivi—A

R—ive—R

A—rabi—A

M—issour—I

ABRAM. SARAI.

No. 240.—RHOMBOID.

(BY "VAN," YORK.)

Across:—A woman's name; a sign of

sorrow; to fall; costly.

Down:—A consonant; a preposi-

tion; a colour; a measure; a female

animal; used for father; a letter.

No. 241.—HALF-SQUARE WORD.

(BY G. N. BREWER, SAN FRANCISCO, CA.)

A common name; Greek for hand;

a fluid; a preposition; a letter.

No. 242.—PRIZE HOUR GLASS PUZZLE.

FROM "GEELEY," QUEENS.)

Persons; to rise; an animal; a kind of sweet; a letter; dread; openings; a person's state; walkings.

No. 243.—CHARADE.

(BY EMMA L., EAST PUNICO, N. S.)

Through the dewy, scented grass
There is a streamlet flowing;
And upon its mossy banks
My first is always growing.

O'erhead the dancing leaves
Are in the breezes blowing;
While upon a lofty branch
My next is loudly crowing.

In among the light and shade,
With dogs, and guns and clatter,
Bright and black eyes we'll surely find,
Though deaf to feet's light clatter.

No. 244.—GEOGRAPHICAL BLANKS.

(BY HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, APOHAQUI.)

[Fill the blanks with the names of capes making it rhyme.—H. E. W.]

Two princely youths who knew no—
Arose one morn't to chase the deer;
'Twas in the blooming month of May,
And every bird on verdant spray,
Greeting the sun's forthcoming—
Poured out a merry roundelay.

Through early dawn the sky was
'Haste! oh, haste! my brother dear
Let something suddenly appear,
Bringing the floating clouds together
To spoil for us this bright—'

"I'll ride," said—, "to the—,
Just for the joy one shot to send."
"And I," the other said, "am able
To limit the other and the—;
But to the desert some will lie,
Though somewhat—, just to try
Their luck where green oasis lie.
It well-befitted noble—
To excel in every manly grace;
Fearless, though pent in busy town,
To roam the meads and moorlands
brown,
To know each turn of mountain path
Nor shun the wild beast's fiercest—"

This was a speech for boys quite spicy,
They knelt to quaff the water—;
The elder gazed upon the—,
Cut short the horse's grassy feast,
"—," cried he, "we'll hasten
forth,
And turn us to the breezy—;
For there the deer was seen at morn,
We'll make the echoes with our—
With noble quarry hunters cope,
To bring him down they have—
Up and away with fierce hallo,
The dogs have rushed the thicket
through.
Up and away o'er hill and dell,
And till we meet we'll say—"

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q. 1. Why does water boil?

2. Why does the thermometer

rise in warm weather and fall in cold?

STUDENT.

Ans. 1. Water boils because 212 degrees of heat, giving an influx of 162° of caloric, converts it into steam, which, passing off, still keeps it at 212° when the effort of the whole to escape at once is repressed by that which, in evaporation, equalizes the temperature, and creates the ebullition of boiling. The capacity of water for heat varies, however, with the atmospheric pressure to which it is subjected. In Chili, high in a mountainous district, it boils at 196°, and in some parts of France the temperature of boiling, or ebullition, is at 210°. Beneath the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, water will boil at a very low temperature.

2. Because the mercury, excluded from air in its tube of glass, expands with heat and contracts with cold. As it cannot expand laterally of course it rises, and, as it contracts, of course it falls.

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196 196

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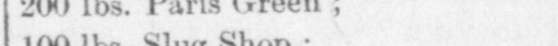
200 lbs. Paris Green;
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100 lbs. Dalmation Insect Powder;
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June 15, 1887.



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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.00

Accommodation..... 11.00

Express for Sussex..... 16.35

Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax & Quebec..... 5.30

Express from Sussex..... 8.30

Accommodation..... 12.55

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

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June 28th, 1887.

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