

Return Unto Thy Rest.

Return! return! the shepherd's voice is calling
From breezy heights and pastures fresh and sweet;
O'er the fair landscape, and the shadows falling,
And earth and sky in dim embraces meet.

Lake fleecy clouds, in soft and woolly tumult,
The cherished flocks, with bleatings oft, ascend;
And on the quiet air the tinkling sheep-bells
With evening lullabies their music-blend.

And thus they rest, in green and pleasant pastures,
And thus at eve for quiet folds they yearn.
O soul of man, so weary of thy wandering,
Unto thy resting-place return, return!

Unto the ark the dove returned at evening,
Weary and baffled, by the flood distressed;
He who was rest, the wanderer receiving,
Folded her pinions on his tender breast.

Weary thy pinions, baffled, restless spirit,
Made for the Infinite, for Him we yearn!
O'er land and sea His voice is ever calling—
"Unto thy rest, O wanderer, return!"

—Selected.

The Tale of a Track.

BY JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE.

"But the hurtin'est thing is, mother's sick; an' she's a awful good mother, sick or well, Hank. I guess I won't go. S'posin' I'd ask her might I go with you to make Charley Norton give us maple-sugar, I know what she'd say—she'd say, 'No, Daniel. An' so I'm sure I won't go.'"

"You're a fool, Dan. Ain't that so, Stub?" And Henry Uncarfer sauntered on, followed by Stub, a scowling chunk of a dog, always at this young master's heels, trying to cock the ears that had been cropped, and wag the tail, cruelly had cut off.

Henry was the most distinguished young vagabond of his country community, the provocation of school-masters in winter, a young bear in the way of smaller boys in summer. There had been several days of March thaw, and he felt sure that little Charley would have to be "driving the kettles" in his father's sugar-bush to save the extra run of sap. Hence he had set out for a raid on the boiling-plate. And mischief, as well as misery, loving company, he had asked Daniel Downs to go along; but the mother-culture in him declined.

A little farther on he found his mate in Robert Waters, the boy of a farmer in good standing.

"Good joke," he said, "to scare a kid an' sweeten up the kidnappers in the dark."

Across lots at dusk strode the pair, with Stub in their wake. Crossing an orchard, they skirted a mound of earth, cone-shaped, several feet high, with here and there a straw in sight. "Agnew—th' ole stingy—" said Henry, "is got some fancy russets buried there, I'll bet."

"Why not open the pile for 'im, Hank?"

"All right, Bob, it's done. You're my style."

Entering the woods of Michigan maple they soon halted, and Henry drew from his pocket an old black apron, tore it in two, cut rough eyes and mouth in each piece, and a moment later the two boys were masked; and with a handful of mud Stub was soon made a dog of another color.

They walked in silence close up to the kettles and young Charley Norton, and without a word signaled him to be off. But his father having told him to stay, he stuck. One of his school-book inspirations had been, "The boy stood on the burning deck."

So the hooded pair seized each an arm of Casabianca the second, and they tied him hand to foot with his own rope, then laid him tenderly back upon the straw beneath his own shanty roof.

Coolly the novices at bulldozing now dipped into a barrel half the contents of the sweeter kettle, roused the fire under it, and started rapidly toward home.

Charley protested vigorously against being left there all night; but neither the pair nor the painted dog uttered a bark of explanation.

Yet a half hour later the boys in veils sat by the boiling fire munching good Roxbury russets, while between them lay a grain sack perhaps a quarter full of reserved stomach-ache.

For an hour or more, without a word, by turns they sat and munched, then stood and drank of the syruping kettle. Later Robert arose, stretched, rubbed both hands over his distended waistband and turned round, facing out into the dark of the woods.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a moving light, low down, and away in the direction of their prisoner's home.

Quickly he touched his comrade and pointed: Henry looked, and even his mask frowned. They knew it was Mr. Norton and his lantern coming to see why Charley didn't come.

Catching up the sack of unfinished apples, Henry silent lead Robert and Stub again into the dark toward home, leaving their victim worse confounded than before, and in the kettle they left their regrets.

Before morning the weather turned cold, the mud froze, a light snow fell, and the marks of the night were covered. A few days later, however, the weather was again warm, and Farmer Agnew went into his orchard "to fetch a basket of those crisp russets from the apple-mound." Instead, he fetched home wrath against the rascals that had uncapped to the frost his twenty bushels of spring comforts. He'd catch 'em, he said and they'd "catch it."

Meeting Mr. Norton the two went back to the orchard scenting scamp-tracks; and they found some. They noted first that all the foot-tracks were boys' boots; and looking closer they found only two pairs represented; one pair of which was mismatched, consisting of two left-foot boots, one of them run over at the side and down at the heel. The other pair, too, was odd, having left the print of a diamond formed by carpet-tracks in the sole.

But the queerest track the theft had left behind was the impression of a small dog sitting upon his haunches in the moist sand, and forgetting to take his stub of a tail in under cover.

"A short tail," observed Mr. Agnew; "but it will help to unfold a long tale."

Mr. Norton mentioned the outrage upon Charley, and the presence of russet-cores before the fire, adding: "These troubles must be twins; the cause of one is father of both."

Next morning Mr. Agnew rode about the neighborhood and told the Uncarfers, the Downses, and other poor families, that he was going to open his apple-mound that afternoon, and if they'd let their boys come over with bags he'd give 'em all snug loads.

So afternoon found Messrs. Agnew and Norton, and one substantial, jolly-looking stranger early in the orchard.

This afternoon the air was again frosty, and the old tracks stood up in good shape. Henry Uncarfer soon came up slapping last year's weeds with a grain-bag; Daniel Downs came with a pillow-case neatly folded, and his pants neatly patched; Billy Pond, and Johnny Shepherd, and Tommy Stark also were there. Robert Waters had not been invited, for his people were not of the "poor," nor himself of the suspected. But, passing the orchard, he saw the boys, hopped over the fence, and was welcome.

Just as he came up the "substantial stranger" was saying, in an off-hand way, with a finger toward the diamond track, "Boys, that's the print of a rather neat boot—that square toe and that tack diamond on the sole. I'll bet a five-cent ship-laster there isn't a boy here can match that track."

Now Robert hadn't permanently forgotten his late evening of mischief, but he thought Messrs. Agnew and Norton had, and the stranger, of course, was not interested. So, after all the other boys had looked at their boots and stood back, Robert recognized his own, and said "Guess mister, I'll take your five cents." Then fitting his foot snugly into the footprint, he added, "See! jista fit; fork over, please!"

"How about that diamond?"

Robert threw up his new boot and showed the figure in bright-tack-heads. The three adults exchanged astonished glances, thinking of the family he hailed from. Then the stranger opened his wallet and gave the boy that wee offspring of the war—Uncle Sam's five-cent note.

"I declare, Bob," grumbled Henry, "yer a lucky feller."

"Well, boys," said the stranger, moving slowly about, with one eye on the ground, "here's the old track of another queer boot—a pair of 'em—both left-footers, and one run over at the side an' down at the heel. What boy'll fill these tracks for five cents?"

"Me! me!" eagerly answered Henry, throwing down the bag and shuffling to the front.

Mr. Agnew had already noticed on the bag in Henry's hand a grease-spot that looked familiar to him; so, while the other men and boys huddled about Henry and the tracks, he stepped back, and with his foot straightened out the folds the bag had fallen into.

Behold! The initials of his own name looked up at him through a dirty face—a charcoal attempt to hide them.

Of course, Henry Uncarfer took that left-footed prize; nor did any other boy seem to wish he wore such boots.

"Im sorry for you other boys," said the jolly stranger, with a wink

at Mr. Norton; "but perhaps we can find something more to try on," and he led the half-dozen to the opposite side of the mound.

"Why, yes," he said with a laugh of surprise, as he reached that side, "Here's a track there can't one of you fill, I'll bet a dime; and he pointed to an oval and divided depression, with a short handle at one side.

The boys all looked and laughed, and Mr. Norton wondered out loud what it could be.

"It looks," Daniel said, as where some dog set down to wait for some other fellow."

"If that's so," said the stranger—"an' I guess you're right, Master Downs—you boys must give the dogs a chance. They say, you know, that 'every dog has his day'; so may be this is the day of one of your dogs. Now, I don't say a dog is worth two boys; still, the dog that can fit that ground-rest, if he's here, shall have a dime."

"Heah, Watch!" "Heah, Zack!" "Heah, Stub!" "Heah, Towser!" quickly shouted the boys to their pets.

Watch came up first; and being told there was money enough at stake to buy him bones for a week, he sat down, like a good dog. But he covered altogether too much ground, and proved that the dog for the dime must be short of tail. So Master Tommy got laughed at for entering such a dog at that prize-match.

Then the other dogs were looked over, and Henry, jumping at this new chance for wealth, collared Stub.

Stub sulked and growled that he wouldn't take that chair, but finally was tripped into that sand-mold, caudal abbreviation and all, the stranger "admitting" that he'd lost, as no hickory meat ever fitt'd its nut-shell better.

The two farmers smiled approvingly, as Henry, much envied by the other boys, shoved that dime into one of the vast pockets in his vest pants.

"That's a very truthful dog," observed Mr. Agnew to Henry. "Do you an' him always go together?"

"Y-e-s-s-i-r," drawled Henry. "Us sticks closer'n twins—sleeps together. Dogs is good stock, an' a short tailer pays best this time o' year, ye see, don't ye; an' now, mister, if ye don't min' a dumpin' in them apples ye told dad we could hev for the fetchin', I'll tote 'im home."

Mr. Agnew half-filled his own stolen bag, with the remark that he was sorry the apples all froze—he should have to take better care of his fruit next fall; but if soon used, they'd be better'n no sauce in springtime.

Henry whistled for Stub, and, without thanks for apples or cash, trotted off; and the other boys, all well loaded, soon followed.

The men were satisfied, especially the substantial stranger, who, by the way, was a village constable, with experience at trapping rogues into telling more truth than they meant to.

He went home that night, but came back early next morning with warrants to arrest Robert and Henry, and search their homes.

Calling to inquire about roads he'd traveled forty times, he dropped into easy chat with the mothers about their boys, and discovered that, on the night of the trouble, both had been out quite late, and toward morning had come down with what Mrs. Uncarfer termed "the crampiest kind of collar-morbus." Also he found the Agnew sack in the Uncarfer pantry, and a half-dozen sanded, unfrozen russets under Henry's bed.

The mother broomstick the officer; but he only smiled, as though used to that class of mothers, then put onto the boy the handcuffs—the "come-alongs"—and took him away.

Robert's mother begged for him, then broke down in tears. The officer didn't smile that time, but said he was sorry he had to take him. Robert himself was badly frightened, and at once confessed to both the apple-stealing and the sap-bush scrape.

Mr. Waters drove right to town with Robert and the constable, and bailed his boy till trial day; but nobody offered to bail Henry and he lay a week in jail.

At the end of that time there came into court as witnesses all the men and boys who had been present at the trial of tracks in the orchard; and even Stub came to tell his tale. But after Robert's confession and the constable's story of the tracks, the sack, and the apples put to bed, Henry saw that further lying wouldn't win, and he too owned up.

Then the little court pronounced its solemn sentence upon each of the boys—a fine of ten dollars and costs; and, in default of payment, six months in the Reform School.

Robert's father, of course, at once paid his boy's fine, then hurried him home to his sorrowing mother. And he said to his wife: "Sarah, guess we'll know after this where Bob is o' nights."

But there wasn't anybody present who thought it would be worth ten dollars to the community to have "Hank" Uncarfer at large six months right through the fruit and water-melon season; and to the Reform School straightway he went.

The sap-bush case Mr. Norton said he'd hold over the boys for good behavior.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The Essential Difference Between Romanism and Protestantism.

BY THE REV. JAMES M. KING, D. D.

Uniformity is not essential in the Church of Christ, but unity is, although diversities are perfectly consistent with its success. Pentecost was the birthday of the Christian Church, and the many languages there spoken proved that the Church then born was for the nations, speaking different languages and made up of different temperaments. But no difference in climate can make the difference in faith which history records. The difference between Romanism and Protestantism have a deeper significance than can be explained by national diversity.

What are these essential differences? They are different in their tendencies of thought, and in their conceptions of the nature of religion.

Most people always follow authority, and believe because others have believed before them. The Protestant spirit has demanded and does demand criticism and liberty as essentials for establishing truth. And truth is authoritative. It does not reject authority, but requires the authority of the one central divine truth, uninterrupted access to the grace of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. These constitute what may be called the mental differences.

But what constitute the differences in these antagonistic Christian forces concerning the nature of religion? Romanism says, through its standard writers, Man's supreme need is truth. About it there must be certainty. There must be some authority beyond appeal. The Church, the possessor of truth, was founded by Christ, who brought truth into the world, to preserve and impart truth to individual man. The Church must be visible; must have accredited organs, and a supreme head whose deliverances are decisive and final. The Holy Ghost makes the Church infallible, and the logical consistency of this line of thought and of those claims is the infallibility of the head of the Church, the Pope. Admit the assumed premises of Romanism, and its conclusions are inevitable and irresistible. But Protestantism denies these assumptions. Because the Holy Ghost carries on His work where the Roman Church has no power. Because popes have excommunicated popes, and history and their own confessions have proved them again and again to be heretical and unscriptural. Because certainty about truth is not determined by law, but by conscience and by personal assurance; not by its location, but by its nature. Because belief in Christ determines belief in the Church in so far as the Church breathes His Spirit, and belief in the Church does not determine belief in Christ were intelligence and conscience control.

The yearning of the heart of man after the consciousness of personal salvation constituted the initial power of Protestantism, and to-day is the soul of its existence. It not only protests against falsehood claiming to be divine truth, and against man usurping the place of Christ; but asserts that in matters of faith and salvation the word of God is the only and supreme authority.

It is the convinced assent of the understanding, and the loving communion of the heart with the Saviour, whom it has found after seeking in his word. Protestantism believes that the Church has an organic necessary form, and thus an external existence. But the Holy Catholic Church of Christ is made up of the individual believers, spiritually united by saving faith and love to their holy Head, wherever they may be found. The visible Church may die or become corrupt, but the invisible Church lives forever, adorned with spotless purity, and is the real vine that imparts life to all the branches of the visible Christian Church.

God's Thought and Power in Nature.

There is behind creatures, and anterior to their existence, a thought. There is a design according to which they were built, which must have been conceived before they were called into existence—otherwise these things could not be related in this general manner. Whenever we study the general relations of animals we study more than the affinities of beasts. We study the manner in which it has pleased the Creator to express his thoughts in living realities, and that is

the value of that study for intellectual man; for while he traces these thoughts as revealed in nature, he must be conscious that he feels, and attempts—as far as it is possible for the limited mind of man—to analyze the thoughts of the Creator, to approach, if possible, into the counsels that preceded the calling into existence of this world with its inhabitants—and there lies really the moral value of the study of nature; for it makes us acquainted with the Creator in a manner in which we cannot learn him otherwise. As the author of nature, we must study him in the revelation of nature, in that which is living before our eyes.

But there is an argument now brought forward, which is very spacious, and about which I will say a few words. Man knows how to modify animals. If he desires it, he has the means of doing it. And every gardener knows how to produce new fruits and vegetables. All those things can be done by men. And the argument is, that nature has the same mode of procedure, and will accomplish the same objects. Mark the difference. In the one case men act with a purpose, and are watchful of the end. In the other it is accident and chance. Now, we have seen that throughout nature there are combinations which give evidence of a plan; we have seen that there is an agency at work on a thousand-fold more powerful scale than any man in the farm or garden, but yet it is an agency. It is mind in both cases; and if man can improve his cattle it is because he has mind, and the more intelligent a farmer is the more successful he will be. But if he leaves the weather and the seasons to make his plans, he will see that nature in its wild elements will not improve his farm, any more than nature will produce any new race.

And so I say that nature teaches us everywhere the direct intervention of one intelligent Being—supreme and all powerful—who exercises a deliberate will, according to a fixed plan; and that we may see in the study of nature another revelation of Him whom we have learned otherwise to love and adore; and that museums should be no longer considered as libraries of works of nature, but as libraries of works of God, in which we may read his thoughts, and become more familiar with him as the Father of all things. As institutions meant for that purpose, I say that museums should receive the patronage of all civilized nations; and I hope to live long enough to see the time when every school shall have its little museum as it has now its little library.—*Professor Agassiz.*

Definition of Evolution.

Herbert Spencer, the high priest of materialism, thus defines evolution:—"Evolution is an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Lucid and exhaustive!—*Classified Gems of Thought.*

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11.40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

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9.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.
2.15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanocboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.
7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John and intermediate points.

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11.30 A. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.
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