

BEDTIME.

The sleepy stars are blinking,
The drowsy daisies nod,
The dew-drops bright are glistening
All o'er the grassy sod;
The pretty poppies dreaming
In silk robes white and red,
With violets in velvet
Out in their bordered bed.

In downy nests, the birdlings
Have long since ceased to sing;
The little chicks are cuddled
Under their mother's wing,
While puss, with her two babies,
Is curled upon the rug,
And Jip has sought, contented,
His corner warm and snug.

Two blue eyes slowly closing,
Now droops a curly head;
And yet, says baby Willie,
"Taint time to go to bed."
We'll take him on a journey,
Over to dreamland bright;
So bring his pretty garments
And dress him all in white.

Now here's the car to take him,
That rocks us to and fro;
In mamma's arms pressed closely,
How safe and fast he'll go!
He's almost there—the borders
Of dreamland dawn in sight—
Now—to and fro—more slowly—
He's there! One kiss—good night!

Seventy Years.

This is my birthday. The days of my years now are threescore and ten, and I can not help thinking what wonderful years they have been in the history of the world. Suppose that when I was born somebody had said to my parents, Before this child dies, a man will be able to sit in his office in one city and converse with a friend in another a hundred miles away. Suppose he had said, A man in New York will be able to send a message to London through the Atlantic Ocean, and get an answer back in an hour. Suppose he had said, When your baby is a man, he will be able to read in his newspaper every morning a full account of what has happened the day before in New York and New Orleans, in London and Paris, in Canton and Calcutta. Suppose he had assured them that I would be able to go from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, crossing the great desert and the Rocky Mountains, in five days, and be as comfortable during the journey as if I was in my home, or in a first class hotel; or that I could get on a vessel in New York and cross the Atlantic in less than six days. Suppose that this wonderful prophet had brought with him a map of North America, and, putting his finger on a point on the Pacific Coast, had told them that there would be a city there of three hundred thousand inhabitants in which their son would edit a newspaper and preach the gospel. Suppose that he had brought a map of Africa, and, pointing to that great interior marked "unexplored," had told them that Christian colonies would be planted all over it in less than seventy years and steamboats would be running on all its great rivers. Suppose he had told them that there would be daily papers that would gather news by electricity from all around the world until four o'clock in the morning, and then print twenty thousand copies an hour, and place an edition of from fifty to a hundred thousand in the hands of that many patrons before breakfast. Suppose he had told them how grain would be reaped on the great farms of the West and of the Pacific Coast; that a Centennial harvester would go into a field of thirty acres in the morning, and have the crop cut, threshed and sacked for market by sundown. Suppose he had told them about the ironclad warships that would be as impervious to an old-fashioned cannonball as the hide of a rhinoceros to the bullet from a toy pistol, and then of the guns that would hurl a sharp-pointed shot five miles, and penetrate a steel plating a foot thick.

If a man could have foreseen in 1821 what we who are seventy have seen and are seeing now, and had told our fathers of it, he would have been called a lunatic. Nobody would have believed him. His stories would have seemed more improbable than the voyage of Sinbad the Sailor, or the achievements of Aladdin with his wonderful lamp. The progress of the world during the lifetime of us who are septuagenarians is simply marvelous. No previous generation has witnessed such wonders of invention and discovery. And the question arises, Have we neared the limit, or is it possible that those who are to come after us will behold equal or even greater advancement?

Thirty years ago I heard an ambitious young man say: "There are no chances left for us. Morse has invented the telegraph, Howe the sewing-machine, McCormick the reaper; steamboats and locomotives have been perfected. We can do nothing but enjoy the fruits of these great improvements." But all the young men did not think so.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

Edison and others went to work, and we all know the result. Forces that had never been dreamed of have been utilized. And may it not be so in the future? God who made the world is infinite in wisdom. Can we believe that his finite creatures have exhausted the resources of his power and skill? that they have found already all that he has stored up for them? that they have been able to think all his thoughts after him? I can not believe it. I am persuaded that the child born to-day, if he lives to be as old as I am, will see progress on the earth greater than I have seen. I can not tell in what directions. It may be in the improvement and perfecting of processes already known, or it may be in processes altogether new. Men thought seventy years ago about utilizing steam more fully, but they did not think of electricity as a motive power. Now we are working at electro motors, and are anticipating great progress in that direction. But there may be a force as yet undiscovered that shall supplant that of dynamos.

The sad fact in this review of seventy years is that the world's progress has been material rather than moral and spiritual. It has been an era of great inventions and great fortunes rather than of great and good men; an era of millionaires rather than of missionaries; an era in which modern alchemists have been able to turn base metals into gold, rather than an era in which modern ministers have been able to turn many into righteousness. The world was never before as rich as it is to-day. But alas, how little of its wealth is consecrated to God and used in the extension of his kingdom!

It is true that, as compared with many previous eras, truth, freedom and righteousness have made great progress in earth during this nineteenth century. Protestantism has been steadily growing in numbers and influence, while Rome has been declining. Foreign Missions, that were in their infancy seventy years ago, have now girdled the world. The evangelical churches are relatively five times as strong in this country as they were when I was born. An immense number of Bibles have been circulated, and a noble Christian literature has been created in the form of books and periodicals. The religious newspaper is an institution of this generation, and how great already is its diffusion and its power. Institutions of learning have multiplied and been liberally endowed, and most of them under Christian influence. But we need power from on high to vitalize these institutions and agencies. The Church of Christ never had such facilities and opportunities as it has to-day. Let us all pray for a Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit. If our educated young men would consecrate themselves to the work of the Lord, and our rich men would give freely to sustain them at home and abroad, the world could be evangelized before the close of this century, and some of us whose years are threescore and ten might live to see it. We feel like Simeon in the temple, if we could witness a genuine and general revival of religion, we would say: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

C. E. B.

San Jose, Cal., Aug. 19, 1891.

"The Gift of Ears."

BY REV. JAMES L. HASTIE.

Dr. Burrell said in a recent sermon: "We are wont to plead earnestly in behalf of our ministers that they may have the gift of tongues. Might it not be well to pray for while that the people may have the gift of ears?" It is a good thought. May every church member have the "gift of ears." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." A preacher feels almost inspired when he is conscious that his congregation is eager to hear the words of instruction and advice.

There is a peculiar character in every church. It is the deaf hearer. The words of the preacher strike upon his ears as sound but not as intelligible words and thoughts. He cannot make out what all the talking is about. It is all to him, "words, words, words!" There are many like him. He can hear but not understand. If it were a Fourth of July oration or a political speech he would hear and understand, but now, that the subject is the sinfulness of the human heart and the need of Christ he is deaf. He is a curious paradox, a living iceberg. His trouble is that he has a hardened heart and that causes his deafness.

Another character in our churches is the man who always hears wrongly. He is listening to his pastor preaching against future probation and goes home saying: "Well I don't believe there is any future probation in spite of what the pastor says." He listens to the preacher declare that baptism does not save the soul and goes home saying:

The worst disease—Dyspepsia. The Best Cure—K. D. C.

"There, our minister just believes what I believe, that you must be baptized to be saved." He always will get things twisted. There is no hope for him unless he can get a new pair of ears.

Then there is that curious hearer that can hear any rebuke that is administered to others but becomes suddenly deaf when the gun is pointed at him. He is a very generous listener because he gives all that he hears to others and never keeps any for himself. If you should talk so very loud that he cannot help hearing, he becomes angry. But wonders why others should be angry when the doctor is giving them medicine that will cure them, if it is a little bitter. He needs an operation upon his ears for defective hearing.

A species of ears exists in the old country (and some learned men think it may be found in this country), that can only hear the bad about others, but is not able to detect the higher, sweeter notes of praise and commendation. Those who possess these ears are somehow always miserable even though they take a sort of delight in the peculiar faculty of their ears. A new pair of ears must be obtained if these patients wish to be happy, ears that are turned up to catch sweet sounds.

Then there are itching ears, that are always seeking some strange, mysterious, or novel doctrine. To-day they are atheists, to-morrow agnostics and the day after Buddhists, Brahmins, or Mohammedans. These are the Athenians ears which are always seeking to "hear some new thing." There are Christians with these ears in every city. We call them "tramp Christians." They study the advertisements of the sermons and then rush off to hear the sermon that is on the most strange and startling subject. These ears need a special anointing from on high; so do the tongues of the "startlers."

Then we have the ears of the shallow hearer. They are emotional but lack will power strengthened by the Lord. Sounds get through these ears to the head and the feelings, but do not go on into the will and the heart. Such ears rejoice when they hear of the glories of heaven, but their owners are not willing to toil and labor and suffer to walk the up-hill road to heaven.

The best ear to have is the "wise ear," or the "hearing ear." Such an ear shall have knowledge. When God speaks it will hear and rejoice. It will be glad to hear the words of correction, because by their perfection of life and character is possible. It will rejoice to hear the simple words of truth and seek to understand the profound words of truth. It will listen to the cry of the oppressed and of the sinner asking what he must do to be saved. It will be turned toward the afflicted and find more joy in the house of mourning than in the house of rejoicing. It will listen to all that is pure, true, kind and instructive. It will be turned away from the voice of malice, hatred and slander; from the allurements of the world and the devil. It will say to the Lord Jesus: "Speak and I will hear."—Philadelphia Pa.

An Attractive Manner.

Two young men were established in a similar business, side by side, on a city street. Both were known to be perfectly trustworthy, the prospects of each at the start were about equal, but one succeeded very much better than the other, enlarging his store after a while and striking out into new lines, while the first seemed barely able to maintain his original position.

"How do you account for the difference?" was asked, and a customer summed it up by saying: "It's entirely a question of manner. If you go to Fox to be measured for a suit of clothes he looks at you with as much indifference as if you were a stick of wood; he shows you goods with an air of ennui and never assists you by a word of advice. It is apparently a bore to him to wait on you at all, and sometimes he is so glum that the atmosphere all around is positively frigid. If, on the other hand, you go to Cox, he is just as friendly as he can be. He comes forward cordially to meet you, says something pleasant and takes an interest in you personally. Cox cares about your tastes and he tells you what you ought to buy and how it ought to be made. Fellows like Cox and hate Fox. It's a question of manner."

The question of manner has more to do with success than many people think, and it also has much to do with happiness. It writes itself, too, on the countenance, for one whose manner is frosty will have a chilling set of the mouth, an icy expression, will repel instead of attracting. Moods affect the manner, and those who let their moods control them, instead of assuming control of their moods, are decidedly uncomfortable people to have relations with, either in business or society.

"My Aunt Lydia would take any

trouble, go to any expense, to serve one of us," remarked a girl of an elderly relative, "but she is so disagreeably satirical and snubs one so unkindly that we avoid going to her house, and we fairly throng Aunt Carrie's because she is so pleasant. But yet Aunt Carrie does not put herself out for any one, and Aunt Lydia is very unselfish."

There are good men and women who trample upon conventionalities, despising these as trivialities and clinging to rude or unclouth forms no longer in vogue, simply from a sentiment of independence. Do these dear, mistaken beings ever remember that we should not suffer our good to be evil spoken of, and would it not be nobler for them, even in small matters, to cultivate attractiveness of manner?

Nothing more effectually distinguishes the gentleman than a winning manner toward children and servants. In a large up-town shop in New York I was waited upon lately by a sweet-faced young girl whose weary pose and tired look went to my heart. She had occasion to summon a little "cash" to her aid and she said, pleasantly, "Susie, go to such a one, dear, and bring me some more of these garments." The child beamed, for not every saleswoman called her "dear!" And I knew the young woman, who was so patiently trying to find just what I wanted, to be that sweetest thing on earth, a lady. Her manner stamped her thus.—Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in *Congregationalist*.

Our Habits with our Hands.

What to do with the hands, especially on important social occasions, is with many persons, even of cultured habits, often a disturbing problem. No one likes to appear awkward, and frequently the very dread of doing so precipitates the result that was feared. Quiet self-possession, especially amid unwonted scenes, is the solution of all perplexing matters of this sort; but unfortunately the command to be self-possessed is much easier to give than to obey. What to do with the hands, therefore, is best solved by doing nothing with them. If no thought is given them, they will naturally take care of themselves, in a manner that will attract no attention and give no mortification to the possessor. One thing, however, should be early instilled into the practice of children, as it is then most easily made a rule of conduct—keep the hands at rest when there is nothing for them properly to do. The practice of incessantly toying with whatever may be within reach is one of the most annoying imaginable in that class of habits which do not directly affront other people, and is not by any means confined to those who might be classed as ill-bred.

An incident in point will illustrate the practical phase of this habit. The writer once noticed a clergyman whose fingers were never at rest. No sooner was his prayer begun than they began their work. While the man of God prayed long and earnestly, his busy fingers explored every portion of the external surface of the reading-desk. They found each nail that had been used in the upholstery, dwelt upon its head with a gentle emphasis, as though distinctly to indicate it to the congregation—who certainly followed the preacher's fingers much more generally than his prayer, every junction of the plush was tracked back and forth as though to find possible entrance for the persistent fingers' ends; and when finally a small rent in the covering was revealed, it seemed from the fond persistence with which the aperture was fondled, coaxed together, drawn apart and explored, that the object of all the research was at last realized. Of all this ridiculous fumbling the perpetrator was, of course, entirely oblivious—and that was the worst phase of the matter; the habit had become fixed, and is doubtless a life-long possession—such as it is.—Good Housekeeping.

Love A Positive Force.

If anyone should say, "I have met one who has wronged me, and have passed him on the street unnoticed to-day; I wish him no ill, but cannot have anything to do with him," this in all probability, would not be genuine charity. This would not be that love that is the underlying principle of the "golden rule." True charity not only "thinketh no evil," but is always kind; that is, never fails to seek the good of another. Love has a positive side. It requires us to hold the righteous attitude toward those who may have injured us, or who fancy that they have been ill treated by us.

Love does not leave room for any statelessness of manner toward such persons, but leads us to ask what can be done to restore friendship. This love, the touchstone of Christian character, is often subjected to severe tests. For example, we may be prohibited by

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPESIA.

another from making kindly advances. What course is to be pursued in such a case by us? Manifestly we are not to rush forward in an inconsiderate way. This would probably defeat our loving purpose. Love "suffereth long." Rather let us be patient. Time may be necessary to remove the occasion of difference.

There is one way always to be observed—the way of secret prayer. When difference comes, and when our efforts looking to reconciliation find no response in another's heart, true love prompts us to ask God's guidance. It then becomes a positive force. It then not only kindles in our own souls warmth and blessing, but it touches the throne of God, the seat of all power. He then reaches the estranged heart, and subdues unholly temper. This is charity in its wide, positive influence. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

Random Readings.

He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over.

Why should we live half-way up the hill and swathed in mist, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads if we would only climb higher, and walk in the light of his face.—Dr. MacLaren.

Not every soul can extend its influence right and left, but every soul can extend its progress upward. "It's a small piece of ground," said a householder of his building lot, "but I own all the way up."—Sunday School Times.

Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.—Ruskin.

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10.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east, McAdam Junction.

4.30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.25, 7.30, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.25, a.m., 11.45, 5.55 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 7.00 10.00, a.m., 2.00 p.m.; Vancoboro, 9.40 a.m.; St. Stephen, 5.35, 7.45, a.m.; St. Andrews, 6.10, 12.20.

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9.25 a.m., 12.35, 6.40 p.m.

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