

ONLY.

It was only a sunny smile, And little it cost in the giving; But it scattered the night Like morning light, And made the day worth living.

It was only a kindly word, A word that was lightly spoken; Yet not in vain, For it stilled the pain Of a heart that was nearly broken.

It was only a helping hand, And it seemed of little availing; But its clasp was warm, And it saved from harm A brother whose strength was falling.

A smile, a word, or a touch, And yet it is easily given; Yet either may win A soul from sin, Or smooth the way to heaven.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

REV. GEO. F. PENTECOST, D. D.

In one of the missions recently held in Saltcoats, Scotland, where the Lord wonderfully poured out his Spirit on the people and hundreds of souls were converted to Jesus, there occurred one of those child incidents which so often rebuke us for our unbelief concerning the capabilities of the very young to comprehend and enter deeply into spiritual truths.

For many days the church had been thronged with people, and scores every night were giving themselves up, in open surrender, to the Lord. The bulk of the converts up to this time were, as of old, and as of ever, from among the common people.

I did not understand the meaning of the movement, for as yet I had not heard the details of this little gospel drama which was being enacted in living reality before my eyes.

After the invitation was over and a couple of score of souls had come forward, I then, as usual, asked them in their own language to make such confession of Christ as it was in their hearts to do.

"I am a great sinner; but I take Jesus Christ for my Saviour." Then they both sat down, and I wondered that the bright-eyed little lassie did not confess Christ also, especially as she seemed to be so forward in helping the old man.

After all the confessions had been taken and the meeting further dismissed, I and other ministers and Christian workers present gave ourselves to the delightful task of speaking with these converts, taking their names and addresses, and giving them such words of counsel and help as seemed needed.

"Oh, I am a Christian. I was converted last spring in Miss Tyson's meeting. Neither Father nor Mother could come with 'old Rowan' so I just came to bring him to the meeting, and help him to come forward; for you see poor 'old Rowan' could not come alone.

All this was said in the most artless and matter of fact way, and her little face was shining like an angel's. Truly, I thought, this is a case, indeed, where the Scripture is fulfilled which saith: "And a little child shall lead them."

Subsequent and further conversation revealed the fact that for a year past, since this little one had given her heart to the Lord, she had not only in her artless life manifested

a sudden illness was not able to get out. They were therefore in trouble about the old man, for neither of them could go with him, and they feared that he would not go alone, and if he did would not have strength or courage of himself to go to the front seat and confess Christ at the after meeting, which they both felt they needed to do, to strengthen him in his decision.

They had not thought of this expedient. Yet as soon as it was suggested by Jeanie, in whom, "dear little woman," they had every confidence, it was agreed that when Rowan came around to go, they would send him off under the protection of their "wee bairn."

Sure enough Jeanie and "old Rowan" came into the church together. I did not then know the child, but when the second meeting came, and after the address to inquirers and the anxious in the congregation, I looked around to see if "old Rowan" was there according to his promise.

Yes, there he was seated in the same pew that he had occupied the night before. But I missed the good coachman's wife, who had been with him then, and I saw his golden-haired, prim little maiden, sitting beside him.

At my first call, for those who were ready to confess Christ to come forward, "old Rowan" did not move. I saw that he did not have strength of will to move. His old bleary eyes were looking anxiously toward the front as tho' he wanted to come, but did not have the strength to get up.

I looked again and saw the little child speak to him; but he did not stir. Then we sang another verse of the little invitation hymn: "Just as I am; poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind; Yea all I need in Thee I find; Oh, Lamb of God I come, I come."

Again I looked at "old Rowan." He still sat helplessly in his seat. Then the little girl arose from her seat (she was sitting inside of the pew across the old man's feet, she turned about and took him by the hand and led him forward to the front seat and sat down beside him.

I did not understand the meaning of the movement, for as yet I had not heard the details of this little gospel drama which was being enacted in living reality before my eyes.

After the invitation was over and a couple of score of souls had come forward, I then, as usual, asked them in their own language to make such confession of Christ as it was in their hearts to do.

One after another these converts arose in their seats and confessed Christ as their Saviour and Lord. Every one that had come forward made the confession until "old Rowan" was reached, and he twisted nervously on his seat as if he was desirous of rising but had not the power.

For a moment I waited, and was just about to pass him, for it is not my custom to press a confession, leaving it to the voluntary choice of the penitents, when I noticed the little girl looking up into his face; and then, whispering something to the poor old man, she again took him by the hand and they both stood up together, and the old man faltered out:

"I am a great sinner; but I take Jesus Christ for my Saviour." Then they both sat down, and I wondered that the bright-eyed little lassie did not confess Christ also, especially as she seemed to be so forward in helping the old man.

After all the confessions had been taken and the meeting further dismissed, I and other ministers and Christian workers present gave ourselves to the delightful task of speaking with these converts, taking their names and addresses, and giving them such words of counsel and help as seemed needed.

I came to "old Rowan" and questioning him further, found that the old man was truly penitent (as far as I could judge), and that he had made an honest surrender of his heart to the Lord.

all the graces of the Spirit, but had been busy with her testimony among other children, telling them of Jesus and striving in her child's way to lead them to Christ. On one occasion, a few weeks before, an entertainment of some kind for children called a "Kinders' spiel" had been gotten up, and this wee Jeanie had been invited to it. But she declined to go. When asked why she would not go, and was assured that there was nothing wrong in it for a Christian, she replied:

"Well, I dare say it was all right; but since I have been enlightened in the truth, I don't care, to go to these places any more."

Now this may have been an exaggerated view of life by the little one, but so she was taught of the Spirit; and she had taken her course of separation for Jesus' sake. And yet she was a sunny, bright and happy little girl.

What shall we say to these things? Why, just what Jesus said: "Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, I thank thee, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."—Independent.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

A People Without a Known History.

In the south western part of Colorado, nestled in the sides of the canyons, are found the remains of a race that geologists say has been extinct for thousands of years. To reach the ruins of the cliff dwellers' houses one must travel on horseback along an Indian trail for thirty miles, traversing canyon after canyon, where in many places along the trail one misstep means a fall of hundreds of feet below.

Many of these pre-historic abodes are built on the side of the cliffs about midway up and under overhanging rocks. They are reached by way of notches usually found cut in the rocks. When finally you reach the house you find instead of a door nothing but a small-sized window, through which you are compelled to climb in order to get inside.

In exploring these ruins there have been found many relics buried in "trash heaps" in the rear of the houses. It is said in their haste to escape from some warring tribe the cliff dwellers buried all their relics in this odd place. Facts bear out this theory, as many skeletons have been found lying across the threshold with their skulls crushed.

The Cliff Palace recently discovered in Colorado is the largest house known to have been built by cliff dwellers. It is about 150 feet up the side of the cliff, and is built in a space in its side. Its length is 450 feet, and it has 244 rooms, many of them well preserved. Small towers surmount the palace, and are pierced by many holes, supposed to be loopholes for arrows. The place belonged, no doubt, to the chief of the tribe. Many of the outer walls have crumbled, but the inner courts and rooms are in good condition. It is five stories high. Some twenty rooms, that in all probability were used as council chambers, are of circular shape, six large pillars supporting a roof of sticks and clay, in the centre of which is left a hole for the stone chimney. The room is ventilated by air chambers extending down the side of each pillar, with openings like fireplaces.

Another interesting house, the Balcony House, is found a few miles up the canyon. It is two stories high, with a balcony from the second story. It is not as large as the palace, but in preservation is nearly perfect.

A most interesting place is the graveyard of this pre-historic race. In the rear of one cliff house a skeleton was dug up in perfect condition with all the weapons the living man had used. With other skeletons were found agricultural implements stone axes with oak twig handles, skinning knives, made of bone and wood, slate tools for making pottery, pieces of feather cloth, awls, and needles made of turkey bone, bands of cloth resembling carpet, earthen ladles, sandals, stockings of yucca fibre and deer hair, willow bands, corn cobs and corn husks together with many fine pieces of pottery. The mummies found here are so well preserved that in many instances the eyebrows of the children have not faded. The hair is usually found in good condition. The color of the hair of one of the mummies taken out was auburn, and extended midway down the back of the mummy. Others were darker, and a few were found to be decided blondes. In many instances the skeletons had the knee joints and the legs doubled over. This was one only in the cases of adults of a large stature. The supposition that the race was of small stature is erroneous as many skeletons measured nearly six feet.

Sparks From Sam Jones.

In a sermon preached at a camp meeting at High Bridge, Ky., July 23, from Proverbs 1: 26, 27, the distinguished southern evangelist said many striking things, among which were the following: We hear men say that God is too good to damn a man. God never did and never will damn a man. There is no man in hell that God could have kept out.

You can make fun of the preacher and laugh at the Bible; but when you kiss the cold lips of a dead wife or child you come to your senses. I may be a fool, but I am a happy fool. If I am a fool, I get along a heap better than I did when I acted like you do.

The newspapers say this place is run for money, and you kick about paying a quarter to get in here. Some people want to run heaven and earth on a nickel. If it depends on you, Bud, it won't run far. The above thoughts will bear thinking about. Wicked men go to hell through the abuse of their free will, in spite of all God can do to save them from hell. He even gave his Son to die to save them; but they persist in unbelief, in wickedness, in refusing to be saved, and thereby render it impossible for God to keep them out of hell.

Christ wept over Jerusalem and said, "How oft, etc., 'but ye would not.' If the omnipotent God were to pick the rebellious, unbelieving sinner up bodily, carry him away, and set him down in heaven, even then heaven would be a hell to him. There must be first a willing mind, a voluntary hatred of sin, and a longing for salvation, before God can save the sinner. So long as the sinner loves sin he is gravitating directly toward hell, and unless he changes, repents, hates sin, and loves righteousness, he must sooner or later land himself in hell.

How true it is that no man ever "makes fun of the preacher" while he stands by the dying bed of a dear wife or a loving child. Death brings us to our senses in regard to matters pertaining to religion. And if all were true to the convictions and resolves that agitate their minds while looking into the open graves of dear departed friends, how many more would be truly religious than there are. "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment."

The hit which Mr. Jones makes at those who object to paying a small admittance fee at a camp meeting is as timely as it is pointed. Such people think nothing of paying from twenty-five cents to three dollars to see a circus, a baseball game or a theatrical performance, but deride religion and Christian people, and stay away from camp meeting, because a small admittance fee is charged as a means by which to meet the necessary expenses. God be praised, the time for such narrowness, inconsistency, and stinginess is rapidly passing away.

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THE SCOLD.—There was a little boy of 7 years in her family whose business it was to prepare kindling wood. Sometimes he forgot to prepare it. Seven years isn't a very great while to live in this world, and sometimes people who have lived seven times seven forget things.

This woman who scolded entertains a memory which will abide forever. The memory is associated with the words of a dying child uttered in delirium: "Don't scold me, mamma dear, I forgot the kindling, but I'll get it now—and please don't scold—me."

The words have burned into her soul. They afford no measure of comfort. She hasn't scolded anybody for years. There is no one to scold.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Had I some of the blood poured forth on the cross, how carefully should I carry it! And ought I not to be as careful of the souls it was shed for?—Bernard.

How closely the servants of Christ are watched, and what reason they have to be circumspect in their walk! The world notices also the company which we keep.

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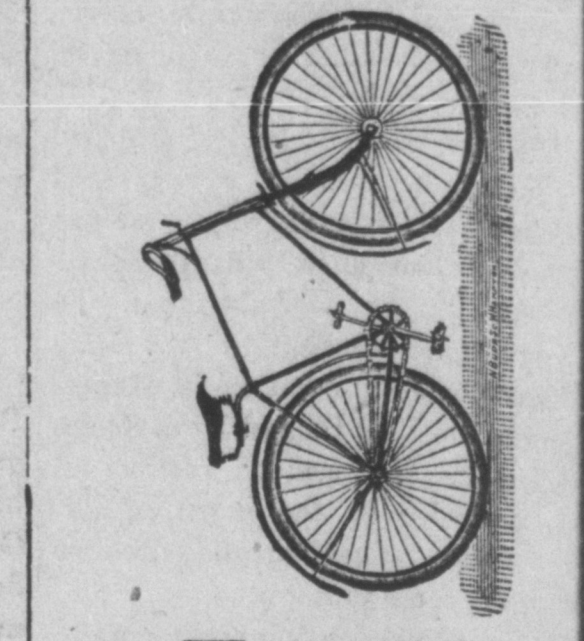
Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health, in fact he is quite a new man.

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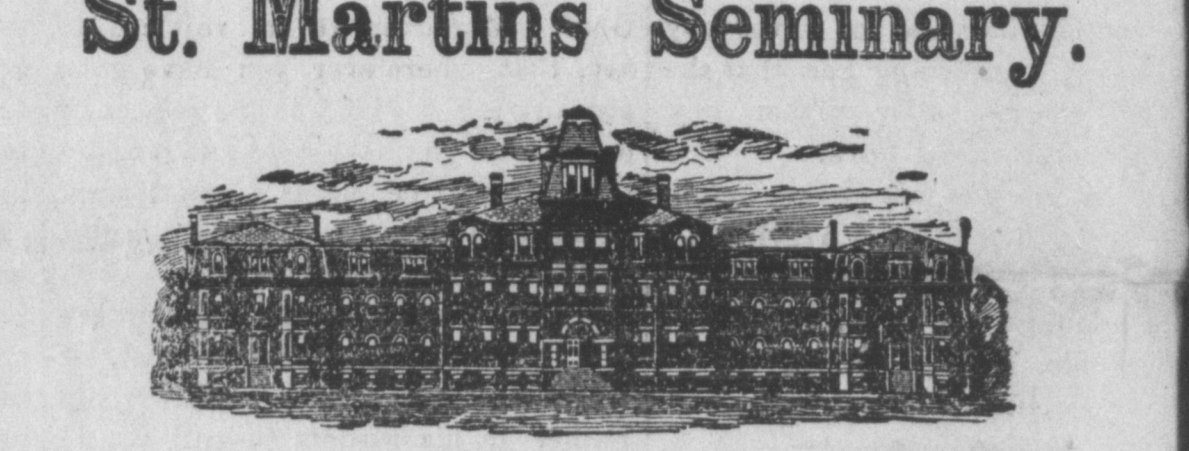
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