

## Recompense.

Through the long toilsome day she went,  
With quiet sweetness, everywhere;  
I watched her tender tireless hands,  
Jarringly here relieving there;  
No recompense, no answering smile,  
No words of cheer were hers the while.

"Tell me, thou patient one," I cried;  
"What secret hope sustains thy heart,  
That through a thankless ministry  
So gentle unto all thou art?"  
She turned on me her soft eye's light;  
"I heard them not. He comes tonight."

O soul, whose hope is high as heaven,  
Cease thine unprofitable plaint!  
A watcher, waiting for thy Lord,  
How canst thou grieve, how dar'st thou faint?

Work on, rejoice, while yet 'tis light,  
Thy Bridgroom's voice may call tonight.

A day of toil—what matters it?  
So short this life of tears and pain.  
Lift up thy face! What dost thou fear?  
Thou hast not given thine all in vain.  
Soon thou shalt walk with Him in white.  
Who knoweth? It may be tonight.

## "Coals of Fire."

Poor Bruno lay dying; his great brown eye lifted up to his master's face in an almost human appeal for help; his burly black form that but for a moment before was convulsed with agony lying still and rigid. It is over; and now the man turns away with a hard look on his face and bitter words on his lips. "I'll pay him for this!" Silas Merner and Rick Cobden had been good friends generally for at least a quarter of a century; but lately, through this very dog, a little cloud had arisen on the hitherto clear horizon.

Bruno had an especial antipathy to fowls, probably the result of his early training—and could never see a matronly "Biddy" industriously providing for a promising brood in his master's garden without evincing an unneighborly degree of severity. Yes, he had been known to encroach on foreign territory at times in pursuance of his own besetting sin; and it had even been hinted that he was guilty of graver offences, but of this we can not speak of certainty. As boys, Rick and Silas had fought shoulder to shoulder in many a hard battle; in early manhood they had confided to each other their dearest secrets, their hopes, ambitions and disappointments; and none grieved more than Rick when a blight that seemed to have soured "the milk of human kindness" in the bosom of Silas Merner. "I'll pay him for this," he said, for he suspected that Rick had poisoned his favorite, as complaint had been made the evening previous of Bruno's depredations, with a request to have him chained up—a request that had unfortunately been unheeded.

"Merner's dog's dead, father," said little Ted Cobden, as he came in from an evening's fishing. I saw him burying it down by the pond, and I guess he thinks we killed it, for he said if I came there fishin' again he would have me 'rested for trespassin' and he never said a word to Pete Hayes.

"I am sorry for Merner," said his father, "for he thought a sight of his dog, though I can't say I'm sorry it's dead; it was a mischiefous brute at times, and I as good as caught it at that last sheep worrying. With the exception of his mother, it was the only friend he clung to lately; and yet I knew Silas Merner when he was a good deal different. Poor old fellow, I wouldn't have killed his dog for a farm, though I expected it would get him into trouble if he didn't tie it up, and so I sent him word in time—as I thought."

A night or two after this a valuable mare belonging to Cobden was hopelessly lamed by being cut in the fetlock joints while grazing in the pasture field. Rick was grieved to the heart about it, not only on account of his loss, but because he believed Silas had taken this plan to avenge the death of his dog, and it cut him to think his old friend had proved so faithless, though not even to his own family did he tell his thoughts.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Strange that the preacher had chosen this text for the following Sunday, a text that filled two of his hearers with wonder as to how he could have found out what they had never breathed to mortal man.

"Coals of fire!" I never thought of that," said Rick to himself in such a loud whisper that more than one in the scattering congregation turned round to see who spoke.

"Coals of fire!" said Silas, as he passed through the village on his way home.—"Great way that would be to pay him back."

"Coals of fire!" exclaimed Rick next morning, as he toiled in the hay-field under the burning rays of a July sun. "It was the Master's way and it must be right. Give me grace to do it, Lord."

"Coals of fire shouted Silas, as he blew the forge until his iron was at a white heat. "Poor Bruno!" I'll try it, though."

Never before did the lusty blacksmith wield the hammer with such giant force; and never before had the anvil rung out such mighty strokes! The words he had just spoken seemed to fill his already strorg arm with Herculean power, and the iron was shaped as if by magic. But, hark! in spite of the deafening clang, that scream of terror has reached the strikers' ear, and throwing down his hammer he rushes out to the mill pond, where a little form has just slipped from a log into the murky depths.

Ted Cobden's gettin' drowned!" cried a shrill voice from the neighborhood of the logs.

"Ted Cobden!" The blacksmith clinched his fist, and hesitated a moment after repeating the name, "coals of fire," Silas; but see, he is already to the rescue, and soon the slimy little figure is recovered and resuscitated, for this is not the first time that the young blacksmith has brought back life's current to the stagnant heart. But warmth is needed now, so hastily fetching his coat he folds it around the child and hurried up the hill to the farmhouse.

"Here's your boy, Cobden," he said, uncovering his bundle. "He was most gone; but he'll come all right with plenty of blankets and hot water."

The hands had been just summoned from the field to dinner, and the sudden entrance of Silas in such a condition, together with his burden and ominous words, caused a momentary panic in which the company seemed unable to comprehend the situation.

"The boy had been nearly drowned!" shouted Silas. "Get blankets and hot water, quick!"

The mother was the first to grasp the truth, and soon the requisites were applied, after which the child fell into a quiet sleep; so, seeing that all was well, Silas left as abruptly as he entered and his absence was only discovered when the father thought of thanking him for rescuing his boy.

"I'll go there in the evening and take our thanks to him," he said to his wife; "by-gones must be bygones after this."

As the farmer passed the blacksmith's shop at dusk on the above errand, he was arrested by a moaning sound that seemed to proceed from the interior of the building, and on pushing open the door he dimly saw a prostrate figure in one of the farthest corners. Thinking that Silas had been taken seriously ill, he hurried to his side and bent over him, when he discovered that the sufferer was a stranger.

"Well, my man, what's the matter?"

"Sick, dying; look here!" groaned the poor wretch, pointing to a wound in his neck, from which his life's blood was fast ebbing.

"How did you come by this?" inquired Rick, in tones of alarm.

"Pistol went off in pocket," gasped the man.

"An accident was it?"

The tramp nodded, and seeing there was no time to lose, Rick hurried away for help. In a few words he thanked Silas for the life of his child, and then told him of the wounded man in the shop beyond, asking him to go and see if anything could be done until a physician was found.

On arriving at the village he learned that the doctor was not at home, but the servant promised to send him with all speed to "The Corners" on his return; so with apparent disappointment, the messenger retraced his steps, fearing that the aid he sought would come too late.

As he stumbled in the darkness over the threshold of the shop, a prolonged "ah!" came from the watcher, whom he discerned by the dim light of a lantern, bending over the dying man, so he quietly drew near and listened.

"No, never killed nobody; going to shoot dog if the poison I gave him didn't work; bit me, so he did; sorry I cut the horse, thought 'twas Boulder's; he said I stole his sheep. It's a lie. Dye think He'll take me—that One? [looking upward], take a bad man? Will he?"

"Yes, he died for men, for bad men like you and me," said Silas solemnly.

"Yo, yo," gasped the man, but the words would not come, and Silas gently laid the hand he held across his pulseless breast. "Can you forgive me, old fellow?" he said turning to Rick; "I was mean enough to blame you for killing my dog—you who have stood by me good and true all these years. Can you do it, Rick?"

"I believed you suspected me of this, and was mean enough to blame you for ruining my mare out of revenge! Can you forgive, Silas?"

The men clasped hands in silent token of the words they could not utter in the presence of death, and of Him who forgives our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.—Exchange.

## The Misery of Money.

"Mr. So-and-so," a friend of mine told me the other day, "is barely forty-five yet, and already wealthy. I believe," he added with a burst of enthusiastic admiration, "he will die worth a million."

"And the more fool he!" I could not help saying. "Die worth a million, will he? If he could live worth a million, there might be some sense in it. But what good is the wealth to him when dying? What good all the gold he has rendered himself prematurely old in gathering? Will that million of money—the whole of it—gain for him success over pain? Will it buy for him an extra hour of life? No! In my humble opinion there is no creature more to be pitied than your miserable would-be millionaire, who toils and groans behind his desk in a dusty city—who pores by day over musty ledgers, and dreams of gold and shares at night in his bed. He can not be a happy man in the true sense of the word; nor can he be a healthy man—he has no time to be either. The best that can be said for such a mode of existence is that he is living for others—living for those who come after him. He is a self-made man, people will tell you. Yes, a self-made man and a self-made martyr."

"I think I can quite follow the drift of your thoughts," said Captain H—. "You would have people—"

"I would have people," I said, seeing that he hesitated—"I would have people to live rationally and temperately, neither neglecting exercise, fresh air, nor sleep, and obeying all hygienic laws; not only for their own sakes, because life with health is a pleasant thing, but for the sakes of the friends and relations who will sadly miss them when gone, and also for sake of insuring themselves—accidents apart—years spent in comfort and a happy death. I would have people spend a quiet moment or two in considering their latter end, and familiarizing themselves with the inevitable; and I would have them be prepared to die, from even a worldly point of view. How often have I not heard men exclaim, when told there was little hope of their being restored to health, 'Oh! but I am not ready to die yet. I have work to do in the world. I have work unfinished that must be done.' And so on in the same vein and same strain."

"And yet you would not have people always thinking—or even thinking—and moping over the inevitable."

"I would not have them mope at all, nor even think gloomily of it. I tell you that, once the thought is faced, it loses all its terrors, and we are able to look beyond. The fear of death, I maintain, is in itself a disease, and I, as a physician, am but proposing a prophylactic for the trouble. Only make it a habit to occasionally commune with your own heart, to look sometimes inward and not always outward, and you will enjoy life none the less, while the end thereof will be peace and calmness."—*Cassell's Family Magazine* for December.

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

## Spurgeon's Advice to Boys.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized and joined the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did; no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had been deceived or made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and I would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to Jesus to be His servant was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and unfailing comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience.

## A kind Thought.

Long years ago, when I was a girl at boarding school a silver-haired old lady was in the habit of coming into our advanced French class now and then. We girls all fell in love with Madame Closson for her kind face and gentle placid manners, and used to think it a great privilege to sit by her, and find the place for her, and help her with her wraps after class was over.

One day, when it was my good fortune to hold the place of honor beside her, the last one to recite chanced to be Miss Parks. She was a day pupil, a plain, awkward girl and very dull. It was evident

from her first sentence that she did not know the lesson; but mademoiselle patiently heard her through apparently desiring too see if there was anything in it she did know.

When we had been dismissed, and I took up Madame Closson's shawl to lay it over her shoulders, I was thinking, "What a dreadful homely, stupid girl Miss Parks is!" Could the dear old lady have read my thoughts? I think she had a soul too innocent for that, but this remark she made:

"My dear, what a sweet-tempered disposition Miss Parks seems to have!"

The words went through me like an electric shock. For the first time I realized my own selfishness, and saw it contrasted with the goodness of heart which could see only goodness in others. My eyes filled with tears, and with a sudden impulse I kissed the hand she gave me as she said good-bye.

Again and again since that day, when some unkind thought has come into my mind, the memory of dear Madame Closson's kind face and sweet words has come to help me; and, if I have learned to see more of God's image in those I meet than I did in my girlhood, I owe it in a great measure to the dear old lady's kind thought.—*The Advance*.

## SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

## Petty Trials.

Many a Christian, weary and worn, is tempted to ask, Why does God appoint for me a lot in life that is as full of petty cares and trials as a neglected field is of briars and thorns? If he should send upon me some great affliction, I could rally all my strength, courage and faith to bear it. But these daily hourly annoyances are like gnats and mosquitoes, so small and yet so many that they exhaust my patience and drive me to despair. But did you never think that you are being shaped and polished for the skies, and that the work of the sculptor is slow—a little chiseling at a time and all the time? Dr. Talmage says:

"I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click. I say: 'Why don't you strike harder?' 'Oh,' he replies, 'that would shatter the statue.' So he works on, slowly, little by little, and the features come out, and everybody who enters the studio is charmed. God has our souls under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling our characters for the skies."

Paul says "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment [and he might have added comes every moment], worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We cannot all be conspicuous martyrs, but we can all be faithful unto death, and then receive the crown of life.

C. E. B.

## A Woman's Sleep.

A physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. A woman will plead that she hasn't time to lie down for a few minutes in the daytime; and she will infringe upon the hours of the night, which should be given to sound, healthy, needed sleep, in order to finish some work which could as well be completed on the morrow. She will rush and hurry all day long; and then, when the household is hushed in slumber at night, she will sit up to read the daily paper, thinking she will not have to pay for the time she is stealing from the health-giving sleep that comes before midnight.

Many indeed think of being happy with God in heaven; but the being happy in God on earth never enters into their thought.

## Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

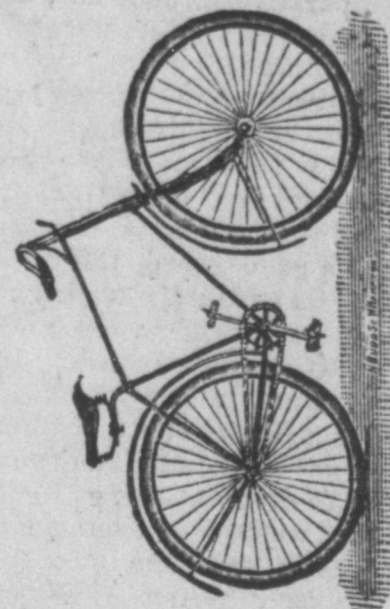
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*Always on Hand.*—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had cough so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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