

A Stormy Sabbath.

Not many to thy sacred feasts,
O Zion of our God today,
Will upward haste with willing feet
Their early sacrifice to pay.
A few—the strong in manhood's might,
And women, venturesome for prayer,
And youth, as buoyant as the light—
May mingle in devotion there.

O Sabbath, to my soul most blest!
Though clothed in sadness and in storm!
Thou bringest to the weary rest,
As if thou cam'st in milder form.
I hailed thee when thy mellow light
Bathed spire and tree, and vale and hill
When every scene that charmed the sight
In quiet whispered, "Peace, be still."

And now, as howls the angry blast
And thickly falls the drenching rain,
Faith sees the bow of promise cast
Athwart the brow of heaven again.
And something in this hour of strife,
Through all the paths our feet have trod
Proclaims, amid destruction, life!
Amid the frowns, the smile of God!
—Henry S. Washburne.

A £100 Cheque.

She stood with an open letter in her hand, and a look of sorrow and perplexity upon her face. She was pale and slight and grey, a middle-aged woman with the best of her life behind her, but with such exquisite memories, as only they have who, with a passion to spend and be spent for others, have wrung from life its best satisfactions, and filled every year as full as it could hold of feeling and of work. The letter was couched in courteous tones, but it brought dismay to the reader. It was from the landlord of the cottage in which she lived, and it intimated the fact that circumstances had arisen which made it desirable for him to sell the cottage forthwith. Its price was £130, but remembering the many years during which she had paid rent for it, and the improvements which she had wrought in it, he would be happy to dispose of it to her for a hundred guineas. It was a pretty little cottage, and several persons wished to buy it for their own use, but he thought it only right to give her the first refusal. He would therefore be glad to hear her decision as early as convenient.

She felt that she had received a blow. Could it be possible that her little home, so dear to her—how dear she could not bear to think just then—would be sold over her head? She had been afraid of many things, but such a thing as that had never entered into her head to fear. A hundred guineas! Why, she had not a hundred shillings! And there was no one to help her; she could scarcely remember the time when she had not to be self-dependent and self-reliant; from her girlhood her lot had been to help others and not to be herself helped. There was no one to aid her; and people believed her so much better off than she was. She painted pictures, and it was supposed that she received great sums for them—these things always got exaggerated—but the fact was that she had never been able to earn what she needed. Still, now she had some misgivings that she had not been sufficiently worldly wise. It was true that she belonged to a club, and had therefore something provided for illness and death, but beyond that she had nothing. And she knew that she had often been blamed for her few little charities. She had not been guilty of indiscriminate almsgiving; she had never done such a thing as give a copper to a great hulking fellow who ought to have been at work, and she had no difficulty in steeling her heart when a whining woman with a baby told a tale of woe in breath that smelt of drink. Indeed, she did not give as much as some people thought she ought, for you might even look down many a subscription list without finding her name; and the cases that did appeal to her did not appeal to everybody. She had frequently bought a book for a certain youth, believing that she had found a genius, and that in helping the orphan she was really helping the world of the future; she had sent to the seaside for a month a widow, because a doctor had said it would save the mother of five young children to them; and, worst of all she had bought a concertina for a poor little sick child who had a strange longing to possess one, and who had literally played himself happily to his death with it. She had never talked of her generosity, of course, nor let them be known if she could help it; but a few things had leaked out, and she knew that people had said that a woman who could give away books and concertinas and seaside holidays, must have so much money that she did not know what to do with it. She had been able to make it all right with her conscience by painting an extra picture or two, but it was different now; so many other people painted pictures in these days, and if her own hand had not altogether lost its cunning, her eyes were getting dim, and her pictures did not sell as well as they used to do.

A hundred guineas! It was very cheap, and every year she had been making her home more and more pretty. Both the woman and the artist had spent loving care and attention upon it. It was the beautiful abode of harmony and peace; and it had been a refuge to many a tried and tempted soul, for it was wonderful how often people in trouble found their way to that cottage. What is a single woman for if not to be a succourer of others? That quiet fireside had seen many a spiritual battle fought and won. Confessions had been made there, and absolutions prayed for in soft, womanly tones which had won their way to heaven. Men and women had entered that cottage bowed down with grief, and left it with elastic steps that spoke of hope. Ah! the prayers and the praises, the silent resolves, and the new lives, whose histories the angels could read upon those walls. Why, there are churches duly established and consecrated, with not half the sacred associations of that cottage, which had scarcely belonged more to its mistress than to the poor and needy.

A hundred guineas would make that house her own, her very own, to live in and to die in. She laid the landlord's letter on the table, and sitting in her favourite chair called up scene after scene, and reverently thanked God for the blessing that had attended it. She did not ask Him to work a miracle for her now; He had been giving her miracles of joy for so many years. But she remembered that a hundred pounds or so was nothing to Him, and that there were more than a few servants of His who could very well spare it if He moved their hearts to do so, and let them know where the need was. The need? Ah! how many people there must be in the world to whom a hundred pounds would mean salvation, so far as this life is concerned. And sometimes, no doubt, by that curious intuition of another's wants which she had herself often experienced, and the awakening of some strangely generous impulse, the need had been met. Almost before she was aware of it, and impelled by the habit of her life, she said, with a sudden uplifting of eye and thought, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst!"

Two days later another letter arrived. It was from a lawyer, who stated that a client of his who did not wish his name to transpire, had many years ago bought very cheaply a picture of hers, which had often given him pleasure and sometimes even inspiration and comfort. It had occurred to him lately that he would like to make her an acknowledgment, and he had therefore requested his solicitor to forward the enclosed.

The enclosure was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

Now, how had that been brought about?

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Curing Ill-Temper.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once, in a sermon, gave the following hints concerning ill-temper.

It is not enough to pray for self-control. We must all study the cause of irritability. If men would often go to a sanitarium concerning their health habits they would find an answer to prayer in his revelation of truth. I have known men who prayed for a good temper in vain until their physicians prescribed eating so much meat; for they could not endure such stimulation. So long as they ate abundantly of animal food they could not control their irritability; but as soon as they were put on a milder diet they were able to keep their temper. Their physician, by the aid of science, revealed to them the cause of that irritability and their prayer was answered. They were not unwise in praying; but they were wise in adding hygienic advice. It is quite in vain to pray for a tranquil spirit, or a genial, hopeful spirit, when the organs of digestion are out of order. Not that one that is suffering from sickness should not pray for health; but prayer is to be conjoined to hygiene. It is in vain to pray for patience, and then run heedlessly into those very conditions where experience shows causes which lead to impatience. Is it wise for me to ask that I might not be torn with bribes, and then run into the thickest hedge? Is it wise for men to pray that God will give them all the fruit of the Spirit, and then associate with persons that will contaminate them? Have I a right to pray for purity of my heart, and then let my ears drink in all the vile sayings, and wicked speeches, and vulgar insinuations of corrupt men? Can a man take fire in his hand and not be burned? Has a man a right to pray that he may be honest, and then go into temptation? Has a man a right to pray that he may be a truthful speaker and then take no pains to seek the truth? Has a man a right to pray that he may be moral and then put himself where his morality will be sapped and

undermined? It is folly for a man to pray for common morals even, and still more for spiritual graces, and then take no heed of the way, humanly speaking, by which these things are achieved. Just as soon might a man shut his arithmetic and pray that he might know how to cipher, or to sit in his chamber and pray that he might be a good engineer, as to pray for the graces and then do nothing to get them. We must study these things. The presumption of prayer being answered is measured by the degree in which it leads us to study the conditions that tend to bring about that for which he pray. We are to work for it not without prayer but not to pray for it without work.

Love Blossoming Too Late.

There is a great host of weary men and women, toiling on through life toward the grave, who most sorely need, just now, the cheering words and helpful ministries which we can give. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins; but why should it not be scattered in the hard paths on which their feet to-day are treading? The kind words are lying in men's hearts unexpressed, trembling on their tongues unvoiced, which will be spoken by-and-by, when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they are needed so much, and when their accents would give such cheer and hope? The flowers are growing to strew on their graves; but why not cut them now to brighten dreary lives and dark paths? Many a good man goes through life plain, plodding, living obscurely, yet living a true Christian life, doing many a quiet kindness to his neighbors and friends yet seldom hearing a word of commendation or praise. The vases filled with the incense of affection are kept sealed. The flowers are not cut from the stems. One day you stand by his coffin, and there are enough kind things said to have brightened every hour of his life, if only they had been said at the right time. There are enough flowers piled upon his casket to have kept his chamber filled with fragrance all through his years, if only they had been sent day by day. How his heavy heart would have thanked God, if in the midst of his toils, burdens and struggles, he could have heard a few of the words of affection and approval that are now wasted on ears that hear him not! How much happier he would have been in his weary days if he had known how many generous friends he had! But, poor man! he had to die before the appreciation could express itself. Then the gentle words spoken over his cold form he could not hear. The love blossomed out too late.—Interior.

True Courage.

When Frederick the great of Prussia was ridiculing Christ and Christianity before a company of nobles and general, who were convulsed with laughter at the king's coarse witticisms, there was one brave general who remained gloomily silent. It was Joachim Von Zieten, one of the ablest and bravest generals there.

Rising at last and shaking his gray head solemnly, he said to the king:

"Your Majesty knows well that in war I have never feared any danger and everywhere I have boldly risked my life for you and my country. But there is One above who is greater than you and me—greater than all men; he is the Saviour and Redeemer, who has died also for your Majesty, and has dearly bought us all with his own blood. The Holy One I can never allow to be mocked or insulted; for on him repose my faith, my comfort, and my hope in life and death."

"In the power of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your Majesty undermines this faith, you undermine at the same time the welfare of your state. I salute your Majesty." Frederick looked at the man in admiration, and, then and there, in the presence of the illustrious company, apologized to him for what he had said.

Life in The South Sea Islands.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in confusion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank, another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against

all comers, a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made; and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment, but was as white as snow, not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with grotesque figures, not a pig that was not whitened. And mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight in the contemplation of the superior beauty of their white-washed babes.—Missionary Chronicle.

The Peddler's Prayer.

There was a peddler who carried his wares from house to house in Scotland. One day, while upon his errands, he entered a cottage where a noble lady was visiting its inmates. Some conversation ensued, when the lady rather haughtily inquired of the peddler, "What! can you pray?"

"Well," said he, "I ken I can." "Then kneel down at once," she said, and let me hear you." Where upon the man put his bag off his back, went upon his knees, and at once spoke thus to his God:

"O God, give me grace to need grace."

"O God, give me grace to ask for grace when I am given to feel my need of grace."

"O God, give me grace to receive grace when thou givest the grace I need."

"O God, give me grace to shew grace when I have received grace from thee, whether I get grace shown to me or not."

We commend this prayer to every one who is endeavoring to walk through this world to the glory of God as one of the most practically beautiful expressions of dependence on God ever uttered.

A Modern Joseph.

A Scotch paper tells of a dream and its interpretation which in truthfulness will rank with Joseph's famous explanations:

A laborer of the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house that ye gang till see often, and the two lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yerself, father."

Who could give a better answer?

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

Home Happiness.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have, who will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house, or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn to it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with indigestion and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

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