

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended thee,
That thou should'st take away from me
My little son?"

"Upon the thousand useless lives—
Upon the guilt that's vanishing thine,
Thy wrath were better spent?
Why should'st thou take my little son?
Why should'st thou vent thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes the vision spread
Of things that might have been;
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark-red with sin!

Then with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A Shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest;
And the my arms be childless now,
I am content—to Him I bow
Who knoweth best.

—Eugene Field.

Only One.

"I don't believe I'll go to prayer-meeting to-night."

Mr. Martin said it rather doggedly, as if expecting protest against his decision and fully prepared to meet it.

"Seems to me—I would if 'twas me," said Mrs. Martin, with a little hesitation. "So few go."

"That's just it. So few go that there's no life about the thing. Mr. Dent feels discouraged because it's so, and that makes him dull, I reckon. Everything is dull."

"It's a bad night," said Mrs. Martin.

"Dreadful. Nobody'll be there but those that feel as though they must be."

"Then all the more those ought to go that can," said Mrs. Martin, with a feeble little laugh. "I'd go if I could," she added, with a rueful glance at her sprained foot.

"Of course you would," he said peevishly. "I'll say that for 'em—women'll go when men won't. But that makes it all the duller. Nobody to keep things moving."

Mrs. Martin gave her chair a jerk which turned it so that she could get a view of the deepening shades outside.

"I sometimes wonder," she began, hesitatingly, "why Mr. Dent holds meetings at all such bad nights."

"So do I. He oughtn't to. Ought not to expect folks'll come out. Fact is, I wonder he doesn't give up having prayer-meetings at all."

"Oh John!" she said in a scandalized tone.

"I do," he answered, stoutly. "I don't see any good in such dead affairs, where folks have lost all their interest."

The subject dropped with the summons to tea. Mr. Martin was sober during the meal. His wife hoped it might be owing to the stirrings of conscience against his forsaking his "assembling together." But this was not the case. He was really debating with himself the question whether or no to give up prayer meetings altogether.

After tea he settled himself to his newspaper. But he was restless, several times going for a look out of the window. The February night was raw. A slight fall of snow over a coating of ice, brought by a sharp frost after rain, made the footing precarious.

"Wind's rising," he remarked. "Awful mean night to be out."

"Did you ever wonder, Maria," he resumed, on the occasion of his next journey to the window, "whether there'd ever be a prayer-meeting held and nobody come to it—not a single soul?"

"Dear me—no, I never did," said Mrs. Martin, in a depressed tone. "Do you think such a thing ever happened? Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

"Dreadful for who?" said Mr. Martin, with a short laugh. "For the parson or the folks?"

"Well, for both, I guess. Dreadful for the minister, but worse—yes, a good deal worse for the folks who ought to have been there and weren't." Mr. Martin again took up his paper. At the quarter after seven his wife turned her head inquiringly toward him, but he was absorbed in attention to the telegraphic columns, holding his head stiffly in one position.

Half-past seven—five minutes later. The wind howled mournfully about the house.

"Wheat lower. Great storms on the coast. I should say," with a glance towards the window, "that if there's any common sense going to-night, there'll be no prayer meeting. Hear that wind? Who'd think of going out such a night? Well! Well!" half angrily, "if there isn't a light in the lecture-room!"

"I thought Mr. Dent wouldn't give up to it," ventured Mrs. Martin, meekly.

"Some folks don't know when it's the proper time to give up."

Mr. Martin resumed his seat, and read aloud a long account of a burglary in the next town. Neither reader nor listener could have told a word of it after he had finished. Again he strolled to the window.

"Not a track on our side of the street. Slim meeting, I guess," spitefully. Then with a start and a total change of voice: "Maria—I say! That man's got a light in the window."

"What man?" she asked.

"What man!" irritably. "Why, what man should I mean but Parson Dent? Yes, he's set a light in the window."

"Meaning to let folks know he's there," said Mrs. Martin, cheerfully. "Well, that's a little more 'a I can stand."

It would have been difficult for Mr. Martin to tell, if asked, by whom he felt abused as he stalked across the room to a closet containing his overcoat and rubber shoes. But abused he did feel as he opened the door, letting in a blast of cutting wind, and stepped out on the sidewalk.

Through the yielding snow, over the icy foundation, he floundered and stumbled. There was no trouble now in determining against whom he had a grievance. All three of them were in it—the minister who unreasonably insisted on holding a prayer-meeting on such a night; his wife, who, without really saying so, had conveyed so distinctly her opinion that he was under obligation to go to it; and himself, weakly yielding to the combined pressure.

"I'm going to have it distinctly understood after this," he growled to himself, as his feet slipped to the left, giving him a bare chance of saving by a grasp on the fence at his right, "that I am not one of the men who can be depended upon to be always at prayer-meeting."

The outside door was slightly ajar, and being late he entered with noiseless footsteps. At first he heard no sound except the rush of the wind outside and the creaking of the shutters and rattle of the sashes always prevailing in the building during a storm. The silence was surprising, for according to Mr. Martin's calculation it must be near the time for the closing of the minister's usual prayer-meeting talk.

It was at length broken by the sound of a hymn—in the minister's voice. Mr. Dent did not usually "raise the tunes," the duty being taken by one or other of the women. And as it went on Mr. Martin could hear no other voice.

"Blest be the tie that binds—"

Mr. Martin was spellbound by the peculiar condition of things. There was something weird in the union of the storm without and the stillness within, broken only by the solitary voice. It was a quivering voice—for Mr. Dent was rather a weakly man as well as a discouraged one—and just now it seemed to bear a pathetic wail as it thinly rose and mingled with the voice of the wind.

The singing was short. With the words:

"We share each other's woes
Our mutual burdens bear—"

the tremulous voice died away. A few moments of such intense silence that outside sounds appeared lost in it, and then the sound of prayer arose.

Mr. Martin ventured near the inner door and applied his eye to a crack in the thin panel.

It was as he had already guessed—the minister was alone.

Here was at length, a prayer-meeting to which no one else had come.

The impulse to go quietly in, alternating with reluctance to interrupt, held him a listener—rather, an humble, shame-faced sharer in the petition.

He heard the full outpour of the pastor's heart. Heard while the servant of God, alone with his Maker, laid before him his burdens and trials—his craving, yearning solicitude for the souls committed to his trust.

At first the weakness and the discouragement prevailed—the pain of lack of sympathy, the bitterness belonging with fear of unprofitable service. But across came a more triumphant strain—of unwavering, all-grasping faith in the King who has promised to honor the least of those who serve him with their hearts, a resting on the pledge that seed sown in tears shall not lack its time of fruition, though the fulfillment be long delayed.

"Lord, thou art the hearer of prayer, though it is of one alone." The voice sank lower. "I am only one, Lord, there are not even two to plead before thee—"

"Parson, parson, there are two." The unguessed participant had opened the door and with swift footsteps was at the minister's side.

With streaming eyes the men grasped each other's hands.

The prayer-meeting lasted for some time longer. And from that night dated a quiet but steady growth of interest in the church, based upon prayer-meetings with such improved attendance, through the persevering energy of Brother Martin, as would have awakened gladness and courage in the heart of any parson.—*The Presbyterian.*

Obscure Work.

The temptation of our period is to long for the showy work, for the work which is carried on with a certain flourishing of trumpets, with a glow of enthusiasm, with plenty of others looking on. We are in danger of undervaluing the quiet ways and the quiet work, of discounting that which is done by humble workers in obscure places. Yet perhaps the greatest courage and the highest qualities are those which are displayed at posts of service of which the great world hears little and for which only God cares.

In a farmhouse deep hidden in the recess of the Northern woods, a woman, young, well-educated and beautiful, is spending her days and nights in the constant care of a querulous and exacting invalid. The suffering victim of a nervous malady has become so accustomed to consider herself first, that she does not even go through the form of thanking the friend who waits on her so tenderly, nor in the household, accustomed to the ministrations of a rarely unselfish and noble soul, is there any special recognition of what she is doing. The place of duty here is obscure, almost as obscure, indeed, as that of the signal service watcher on the mountain peak, who spends his months in making observations and records by which a brilliant and busy world profits. But the brave Christian woman goes cheerily on one day at a time, never complaining nor deeming herself heroic, and when I think of her I am reminded of Keble's lines:

Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily life an angel's theme,
Nor that the rod they bear so calm,
In heaven may prove a martyr's palm.

Obscure service is that of a pastor's wife in a hamlet, tucked away under a mountain peak in the wilderness. She lives remote from the railroad, and mails reach her only once a week. Beyond the telegraph, a dispatch sent over the wires to her nearest station would be carried for delivery forty miles on horseback. I remember this woman a brilliant, beautiful girl, my school mate and my life-long friend. She has never allowed her talents to rust; the musical skill, the fine taste in literature, the gentle manners, have been used in the education of her own children, and the paragon, where so much of the work has often of necessity been performed by the hands of the mistress, has been the centre of pleasure for the parish.

"A. might have been a famous woman," one of her friends said to me, "had she not married a poor minister, and been buried alive all these years."

Buried alive! I did not so describe the bright, busy, intensely absorbing life my old schoolmate had led, and as for fame, had she not earned something better and more rewarding—the consciousness that she had done her duty in that place where God had put her?

A Sabbath-school teacher's work may be very much in the background, and it may not seem to her, as she sits in the middle of her restless circle of mission boys, that she is doing much good. And her sister, the missionary teacher on the far outpost in the West, or in some Indian settlement, or over the sea in a land of strangers, simply teaching rudimentary things to slow-witted or inattentive children, anyone of these may now and then feel sadly that her work is very lowly. Yet, should she feel sad about it?

Rightly regarded, all work is equally important, and it is faithful performance, not magnificent results for which the Master looks. The "Well done, good and faithful servant" will be as cheerily spoken, and as gladly heard by the little gleaner who gathered up the droppings of the harvest as by the sturdy reaper who carried full sheaves home at the end of the day. It is required of man that he be found faithful.—*Congregationalist.*

Climbing the Height.

I remember said the old school-master, a summer morning when I stood in the square of the town of Chamouni, where two parties of travellers were preparing for the ascent of Mount Blanc. One young Englishman disregarded all the directions of the guides, and loaded himself with things which he declared were absolutely necessary for the journey.

He carried a small case of wine and delicate food to pamper his ap-

petite; a camera, with which he purposed to photograph himself and his companions at different stages of the ascent; note-books in which to record his impressions, and a picturesque plumed cap and gay Indian blanket which he wore to win admiration from possible beholders of his triumphs.

The guides, after a protest, whispered together, and allowed him to have his own way.

Six hours after his party started ours followed. At the little chalet where the first night is spent we found his food and wine. The guide laughed.

"Herr Englander has found that he cannot stop to humor his stomach, if he would climb Mount Blanc," he said.

A few miles further on we found the note-books and camera. He had given up the hope of winning fame by recording his progress in the actual hard struggle of the ascent.

Still higher he had thrown off the gay robe and plumed cap.

We found him at the summit in leather jerkin, exhausted and panting for breath. He had encountered heavy storms and reached the top of the mountain at the risk of his life; but he had reached it. Clothes, food and the comments of the people below did not come into his thoughts. He had reached the summit.

"When I was a boy," the school-master said suddenly, leaning over his desk and looking at his pupils, "I used to plan out my life just as he planned his climb. Fine, fashionable clothes would be a necessity in it, I felt, and good things to eat, and plenty of notice and applause from the public, as I marched along, and a record of my progress to be kept forever by the world.

"But at forty I cared only for clothes that kept me warm, and at fifty only for food that kept me strong; and so steep was the height above me that at sixty I care little for the opinion of people below if I could only reach it. And if I ever safely do reach that height, looking upward, I shall not care whether the world keeps any record of my climbing or not, for I shall know that God has it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Warming Up.

But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant, cried the invalid earnestly; I am cool and it warms me.

Precisely, came the doctor's crusty answer. See here; this stick is cold—taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire: now it is warm; but is the stick benefited? The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into flame, and replied: Of course not; it is burning itself.

And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.

Oh, yes, alcohol will warm you up; but who finds the fuel? When you take food, that is fuel, and as it burns out you keep warm. But when you take alcohol to warm you, you are like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it as it burns.

A young infidel was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors. Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever know an up-roar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The young man admitted that he had not. "Then do you see," said Dr. M., "that by expecting the professors to be holy you admit it to be a holy religion and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power."

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

One Bottle Cures.

DEAR SIRS.—My little sister Violet woke up frightened one night and was picking her nose very much. She looked as if she would take convulsions, but mamma gave her Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, and one bottle cured her.

MAY ARCHIBALD, Vernon, B. C.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P. Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

Ask your Druggist for



Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER
A DAINTY FLORAL EXTRACT
For Handkerchiefs, Toilet and Bath.

New Goods

SPRING OVERCOATINGS

—IN—

Venetians, Vicunas, Worstedes and Covert Coatings.
Fancy Trowersings, Scotch and Canadian Suitings, Serge Suitings

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Corner Queen St. and Wilmore Alley.

JULY 16TH.

THE BALANCE OF OUR

WOOL CHALLIES,

Regular price 40 cts., will be cleared at 15 cts. commencing

Thursday Morning.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

McMurray & Co.
Booksellers Stationers

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

WE handle only first-class instruments, which we sell at very low prices and on easy terms. We employ no agents, but give the large commission paid agents to the buyer.

Call and see our Stock, or write for Prices and Terms.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ORGANS

Having furnished over twenty churches in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Organs, for which we make a special discount both to the church and clergyman.

Any person in want of any of the above goods, will find it to their advantage to write us for prices, terms, etc.

MCMURRAY & CO.

P. S.—Reference, by permission of the Editor of this Paper, who has two of the Organs in his Church.

STILL THEY COME.

Another carload of Mixed Furniture consisting of 700 Chairs, 17 Chamber Suites, Oak and Elm Sideboards, Centre Tables, Extension Tables, Leaf and Common Square Kitchen Tables, Bent and Square Cradles.

GREAT BARGAINS!

For balance of season, will be given in Children's Carriages. Last shipment came in late and we have to close them out.

Great Reductions will be made in Carpets for the remainder of the season.

ANOTHER LOT

Of those New Styles in Parlor Frames just landing. If you want a Suite we can suit you. Our Glosse Oak Parlor Suite, Upholstered in Embossed Push, at \$24.50 is a Beauty—In fact it is now pretty well known that our whole range of Upholstered Goods are below the market.

Parlor Suite, Lounge, Easy Chairs, Platform Rockers, Push Seat and Cribber Seat Oak Rockers.

Our range of Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Cutlery and Silverware are fully up to the Standard.

JAMES G. McNALLY,

NEW GOODS

Now Opening at

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co.

NEW WOOL, TAPESTRY AND BRUSSELS

CARPETS

OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS, NEW DRESS GOODS, NEW PRINTS, ETC.

T. D. & CO.

The Great Church LIGHT.
PRINCE'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, the Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and institutions. L. F. PRINCE, 651 Canal Street, N. Y.