

After Many Days.

I sit beside my flying loom,
I toss the shuttle to and fro;
The sunlight floods the quiet room,
Making the pattern gleam and glow,
Without, autumnal glories shine;
Through warp and woof rich shadows play:
Would God it were more fair and fine,
This web that groweth day by day!

I weave and weave till day is done;
But who will bleach the linen white
By alchemy of rain and sun,
Hot summer noons and dewy nights?
And who its shining length will wear?
Under its folds what heart will hide
Its stress of passion or of prayer,
Of worldless bliss, or love denied?

I plant a tree beside my gate:
Slowly it rises, fair and tall;
With prophecy of royal state
It towers above the old gray wall!
But who will see it in its prime?
What lovers seek its leafy ways?
What bard unborn, with song and rhyme,
Wed its green boughs to deathless lays?

I build a mansion wide and fair;
I rear its towers of fretted stone;
But who shall breathe its happy air?
Who call its sheltering roof his own?
What guests shall throng its chambers fine?
What feet youth's joyous measures tread
When I have drained life's lastred wine,
And grass grows green above my head?

On the soft air I loose a song;
From pole to pole it drifteth far;
It floateth fast, it floateth long,
Inconsequent as breezes are!
But who will hear it as it flies
Through shadowy spaces, vast and dim,
And lure it from the lonely skies,
When I have done with song and hymn?
—Julia C. R. Dorr in the Independent.

A Single Soul.

"Ruth, I have tickets for the concert of the Bell-Ringers on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend, as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer-meeting night."
"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer-meeting for anything."
"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, against her convictions, Ruth consented. That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her, and asked, gently, "Where are you going to-morrow night?" And she answered, "I thought I would go to the concert." Then the angel said, sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth, the next morning, as she lay, saying softly to herself, wondering what it could mean—"so little appreciation of the value of a single soul." She decided that she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer-meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing,—

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art, freely
let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart, rise
to all eternity!"

As the music ceased, the girl sprang impulsively to her feet. "I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers to-night," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer-meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sung."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward. As he waited, in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and, kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend came to Ruth, and said, "The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you." Much astonished, the girl went to receive the introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I wanted to tell you," the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian to-night to your testimony. I have not been inside of a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer-meeting, and that no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn."

"Jesus Lover of my soul,
I thought to myself, 'There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it.' So I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home to-night a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Ruth held out her hand and pressed gratefully that of her new friend. She knew now the meaning of the angel's message. She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had come to proving recreant to her

trust, nor of the dream that influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply, "I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it." Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound. Looking from the window she could see where the midnight express and 11.30 freight had collided. The frantic cries of the frightened, and the piercing shrieks of the wounded, made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thoughts of self, and, calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue. And the first face that looked into hers, as she stood beside the burning train, was that of Mrs. Walters. Pale and peaceful it was, though showing how intensely she suffered. She was extricated and borne to Ruth's home. The power of speech was almost gone. She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch.

Taking her hand, and pressing it to her lips, she whispered feebly, "Child, I'm going—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to appreciate the value of a single soul.—Kingdom Tidings.

Brother Luscomb.

The brethren did not like to have Mr. Luscomb speak at the prayer-meetings. He was slow, ungrammatical, and uninteresting. His gestures were awkward, his stories without point, experiences absurd—in fact he was totally unfitted to exhort; yet no meeting passed without a word from him. No one liked to tell him that his remarks were not acceptable, and so things went on. The leader offered long prayers and exhortations "to fill up the time," but Bro. Luscomb was not to be crowded out. The young people tittered and whispered over his antiquated pronunciation, but the old man was not to be giggled out of countenance.

There was also another provoking thing about him; he seemed always to enjoy every gathering for prayer. When all felt that a meeting had been as dead as it is possible for a mid-week prayer-meeting to be, Bro. Luscomb would come out of it as bright and glowing as if just from an intense revival service, and say with all his heart: "Good meetin', wasn't it brethering? He was a consistent Christian, no one disputed that, but he was not a consistent grammarian. He said 'set' instead of sit, and when the youngsters laughed, he obligingly changed it to 'sit.'" Words ending in "ing" were always deprived of the g, and those in "in" or "en" as invariably had a g added. "Perhaps, persuasion, presintement, were favorite words with him. There would have been some hope in the heart of the brethren and sisters if there were any signs of his over coming his faults, but on the contrary, he became worse as his years grew to be more of a burden. It was suggested that he be kindly requested not to 'take part,' when something happened that opened many eyes.

A young man of eighteen strayed into one of the week-evening meetings. He was well known through the town as a hard case, and to see him was a wonder. Bro. Luscomb sat so far in front that he did not notice the new comer. All the brethren tried to make the meeting as interesting as possible. One spoke fluently of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to his mother's Testament even in the pangs of death. Another said earnestly and meaningfully, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and then when the tone of the meeting was deep and reverent Bro. Luscomb got up and spoke. Just what he said hardly anyone seemed to know. He meandered through a sort of story about a "boy which had stole something, and couldn't get no peace till he made a 'restitution' and 'pre-haps' and 'brethering,' with a few other choice words, were about all that most of those present remembered of the story after the speaker "set" down.

A few weeks after this, the same young man came before the church to be examined for admission to membership. In the course of the questions that were put to him it was asked:

"When did you first decide to serve the Lord?"

"At the prayer meeting four weeks ago."

"What led you to that choice?" asked the minister.

"Something that one of the speakers said," was the reply.

"What was it?"

The young man hesitated, then quietly said:

"When I came into that meeting I had in my pocket a sum of money that belonged to a certain man here in town. I did not de-

liberately steal it from him, but I was sure he would never know where it went, I was going to keep it. The only part of that service that I remember was where Mr. Luscomb spoke about the stealing and restitution. It seemed as if he were talking to me, and what he said so clung to me that before I went to sleep that night I resolved to return the money. That was the first step, and the second was the giving of myself wholly to Christ."

At the next week's evening meeting, Mr. Luscomb being detained at home by sickness, the minister told the whole story, and ever after when Mr. Luscomb spoke or prayed, neither the grammar, the accents, nor the gestures were noticed, but rather the hearty love for the Master which had been blessed of God to the saving of a soul.—Methodist Protestant.

Systematic Praying.

He who prays much receives much, and the more system we put into our prayers the more we shall pray. Prayer cannot be made effectual in a half-hearted way: to-day long, to-morrow maybe none. We cannot expect to have our petitions granted when we ask carelessly. God would have us honor him in our prayers. Hurried, careless praying, with our thoughts afar off, is a dishonor that may be carried to the extent of blasphemy.

First, let us see that we pray with reverence, remembering that we are bowing before the mighty King of kings, whose wonderful majesty we mortals cannot even comprehend, and in whose hands is all power. Remember too—and oh! with what joy—that we are coming to a loving Father, who loves to hear prayer and to grant those petitions which are uttered in faith. Let us come in a humble spirit, ready to yield up the desire which he whispers to us it is best to withhold.

To pray systematically there must be a regular time for praying. No matter what your duties are, this is the first importance. You can better afford to lose sleep or your meals than your regular time for prayer. You have no business of equal importance. Earning your livelihood is nothing in comparison to praying. Your pleasures, to which you gladly give your time, sink into nothingness beside prayer. They become sin when they interfere with prayer; and by prayer they should be governed.

Erasmus said that when he had money he bought books; if there was any left he bought food and clothes. Let us see that our time outside of business is given to praying, and then, if there is any left, we may give that to the pleasures of which He approves.

Another help in systematic prayer is to have a list of things earnestly and soberly desired, with an appointed day for praying for each. For instance, on Sunday pray for a full outpouring of the Holy Spirit into your heart, that your life may be a sanctified one. On Monday remember the needs of others. On Tuesday, maybe, for temporal blessings, and so on; never omitting, first of all, an earnest petition for a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit, and that He will teach you how to pray aright.

Have a list of your unconverted friends. Pray for each of these until God sees fit in his mercy to send his Spirit into that heart, and the sinner turns to him. Old Father Nash kept such a list, and he was continually striking the names off, so great was his power with God. The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

The frequency of your prayers depends entirely on your love of prayer. David prayed seven times a day. Keep your petitions continually before the Lord. The importunate widow won her cause though the judge was unjust. The Syro-Phoenician woman would take no refusal. When an answer comes write it down in your book under the petition, and when that day comes around again remember to give thanks for an answered prayer. Let the thanks be given as fervently as the petition was made.

Of course there are many of us so employed that we cannot spend as much time in prayer as we should like; but a few moments at the noon-hour and each morning and evening will enable us to pray fervently three times a day. Surely we should feed the soul as often as we do the body. Besides that, we can pray without ceasing by living so near God that our hearts will be in constant communion with him.—Pres. Witness.

Speak Accurately.

In this age of much speaking it is not to be wondered at if a large proportion of it should be done incorrectly. I will make a stronger statement: very little of the public speaking of to-day will stand the test of the grammarian and the orthoepist. Now I have no gram-

matical hobby on which to ride into the middle of everything a speaker says. Furthermore, I am not an orthoepical crusader, ready to bring down with my lance every offender who wounds my sensitive ear with his blundering pronunciation. I am merely a constant observer in these matters which constitute the very elements of good speech, and I generally carry my note-book with me.

When a man professes nothing in the way of oratory, and makes occasional slips, reasonable people have no criticism to offer. Many admirable young men and women, developed by the Christian Endeavor movement, have been brought to the platform against their wills, and with strong convictions of their unfitness for such a work, and have done splendidly, despite some inaccuracies. But when men who have been trained in college and seminary in the use of language, and have gained some reputation as speakers, use wrong words, mispronounce the words they use, and construct sentences out of them in such ridiculous shape that it would be impossible, according to the most lenient rules, to parse them, they ought to know that the world perceives and makes a note of these palpable defects.

Take the mere matter of pronunciation. Ought not men to be educated out of their provincialisms? We always expect to recognize the Scotchman's burr. It is simply impossible for him to get it out of his tongue. The same might be said of the Irishman's brogue and of the cockney's "h." But why should American boys and girls grow up uncorrected, when they mispronounce regularly some of the commonest words in our language?

It is painful beyond measure to hear an educated man read from the Bible about Daniel, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and Matthew. Why should Daniel have his "i" knocked out? Why should Isaiah and Elijah be supplemented by an unnecessary "y"? Emma and Maria are often similarly treated. What offence have they committed? Poor Matthew? Why should his life-blood ooze out in this cruel manner? Then what kind of thing is an idea, on the one hand, or an ideal, on the other? These are a few samples of the baser sort.

Let our young and growing speakers beware. Probably no amount of caution will ever cure the old sinners. They are incorrigible. But every one who speaks in public should own a book on orthoepy. It is much better than a dictionary for this purpose. Consulting its pages, the most careful speakers will be astonished at his mispronunciations. We cannot all be orators. We cannot all be even moderately ornate. But it is within the possibility of every man, with a little labor and a long life, to be absolutely correct.—Rev. W. H. G. Temple, in The Golden Rule.

Misjudged.

Speaking of how we often misjudge people's motives, and how, sometimes, because we see at the moment but a part of what they are about, we reach harsh conclusions, "The Quiver" cites the following: "Among the lots put up at auction was one, 'A pretty pair of crutches.' In the crowd was a poor crippled boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of 'Shame! shame!' in the crowd. The boy bid again, and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman outbid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple and made him a present of them. The crowd were now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had been in their abuse, but the old gentleman had heard nothing of it; he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole."—Everybody's Magazine.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-feeding, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Suddenly Attacked.

Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

A Dutch Wonderball.

Little girls in Holland learn to knit when only four or five years old. They begin with two needles, and their mothers teach them how to make pretty wash rags, lamp mats, and every so many useful things. When they have learned to use five needles they make wristbands and stockings, and every Dutch girl gets from her mother a wonderball for the first piece of work done with five needles. And no wonder the girls call it a wonderball! Candies, trinkets, and many pretty things are hidden in a large ball of wool, which is put in a handsome case with a set of needles. As the girl knits away, one thing after another is brought out from this ball of wool, and when the whole is used up they find in the center a gold piece or a ring or some fine gift.—The Little Christian.

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