THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

Nov. 5, 1879

Loetry.

6

IN THE LAST PEW.

She sits bent o'er, with wrinkled face, Poor and forlornly old ; no grace Smooths the sharp angles of her form, Long buffetted by life's slow storm. All else around is fine, and fair; The stained light falls, a golden glare, In seeming mockery on her loose, gray hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed, Tells how our hearts afar have strayed, And how all souls should be content With those good blessings God has sent. And one, of all that self-poised throng, Hangs on his words nor deems them long, And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn, Her eyes with age and tear drops dim; What can their gay world hold for her-This worn and weary worshipper ? Now, rustling down the aisles in pride, They toss bright smiles on every side, Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits with tear wet face, As loath to leave that sacred place; The organ, with quick thunders riven, Lifts her sad, trembling soul to heaven; She feels a sense of blissful rest, Her bony hands across her breast She clasps and lonely sighs; "God knoweth best!"

One day, within some grander gate Where kings and ministers must wait, While she hopes humbly for low place Far from the dear Lord's shining face, Above the chant of heavenly choir These words may sound, with gracious fire: "Well done, good, faithful servant, come up higher!"

family Circle.

SHOULD HE BE PERMITTED TO PREACH?

CHATPER II --- RICHARD LANDON AND MIN-

ETTE JOY.

The letter was written, ready for fold-Richard Landon sat irresolute. ing. Open before him on the table lay the loving lines penned by his mother's hand, breathing to him that depth of feeling

warmth nor pulse.

tudes, commanding their admiration, lead- from a sad heart. ing them onward and upward to the worshipped victor,

sacrifice, the desperateness of the effort, the many disappointments; the roughness and darkness of the way. Anticipation and desire gloatingly seized the end, ignoring every lawful means by which that end must be reached.

These were his thoughts, this his decision, and it became the arbiter of her fate to whom he stood pledged.

Minnette Joy was a plain, sweet country girl. Richard Landon was to be, accordto his own programme, a man among men -one who should lead the people. Could she be asked to stand beside him in his grand march of success? No! Then she must not stand in his way.

About the little homestead on the Western prairie the haze of the evening was gathering. It had been a busy day with which is the master power of a mother's the young girl acting mother to that de heart alone. His eye rested with a look pendant family. It was Saturday and so of perplexity on the unfolded page where- many things to be done - churning, workon he had just traced strange sentiments ing the butter, baking for Sunday, apple and as he gazed he vainly strove to un- sauce making, tidying up the whole house. ravel the snarled web that was weaving mending garments for the children, drying wondrous thought-tapestry through his apples for the winter, seeing that the autumn leaves in press had change of paper, and the bachelor buttons were gathered for the parlor vases. All these things, with a multitude of minor details, passed through her active brain and from her equally deft fingers. There was sunshine in Minnette's heart, toned down it is truefrom the glare of noon to a mellowed softness by the thought that he whom she loved was away from her for a year. But Minnette's was a hopeful heart; Min nette's mind a practical mind. She looked at life as it is, and not dreamily as she might fancy it should be. And she said to herself, "Never mind, it is hard, but it "Is this so? is this so?" he asked him- will be tenfold rewarded by and by. So self again and again. "Is my life work she kept laughing her sweet ringing laugh on the kettle; and prepared the meat and my own? Can I carve out my own des- and singing her glad song of hope and grits.

Richard Landon. He could not read it. the Holy Spirit. Minnette's religion was From his childhood he had been taught one of love, not of fear. "God is Love," that "the steps of a good man are all or was the first verse she had recited in Sundered by the Lord." This teaching had day School while she could but lisp, and as brought about a measure of indifference a tender, compassionate Father she had as to his responsibility as a free agent. ever regarded Him. And even when her Now he heard that a man's life work is dear mother was removed from her side, his own. In his maze he had overlooked she had wept in the depths of her affliction the very marrow of the axiom, "under but she had not murmured. Minnette God." He had the statue but it was only was a confident Christian without one dead, cold marble. No breath of life-no feeling of self-righteousness. She knew and felt that she was a great sinner. She

All day long he had been revolving this also knew and felt that Christ was a great sentence of Prof. Wheaton's. Measurably Saviour, willing, able, to save all who trust he had deduced the conclusion-that he in Him, and being fully persuaded in her could make of himself what he choose. own mind that she did trust Him and The next step was to make choice. What nothing else for salvation, her soul firmly should this self made being be? Hear how claimed the promises and sweetly rested Richard Landon had fashioned it. It was in them. Life to her was a great good to thus: a man of grand intellectual power, be enjoyed, not a buiden to be borne, impressive in manner, swaying the multi- whereby sighs and tears were extorted

Minnette was rapidly turning the drying heights whereon he stood, and to which he apples, with Sarah beside her, who, havshould commandingly beckon them. How ing finished up her doughnuts and hid grandly the panorama opened out before them safely from the maranders, Tom and him. In imagination he leaped the pres- Chapman, in the cupboard stacked up on ent, and the years to come, and stood the old blue meat dish, whose centre figure within the glorious goal a wreathed and of the man and the boy and the dog, was as much a study of art to her as the flight

He noticed not for a moment, the self- of Joseph and Mary into Egypt, on the Majolica plate of the Castellani. Collection in Memorial Hall has been all summer to the thronging Centennialists-had come out to take the air and aid her sister.

The sound of horse hoofs caught Minnette's ear. The blood rushed to her cheeks. She held the pieces of dried apples in her hand and turned toward the road. Her

attitude and look spoke the deepest meaning. She was the very embodiment of Rizzardo Galli's, "Shall I see him again?" in her eager expectancy.

A moment and the father was in sight. Assured of this, Minnette commenced to turn the apples over very hurriedly, letting drop every two pieces out of three. What makes you do so, sister? You are so excited! Yes, I know what is the matter you expect father will bring you a letter from Richard Landon.

"You ask father, Sarah, if he has any etters," Minnette said blushingly, as she took Sarah's hand and the two ran toward the gate, to open it for the father. "Any letters?"

"Yes, I have two in my pocket some where," replied Mr. Joy, feeling through all the things in his great pocket with one iner. "And " " And what? Go on, hand while he held the bridle rein in the other.

If I Only Had Capital.

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram shop are drinking yours, and destroying y ur body at the same time, and you, upon the street corner, are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for fortune to begin with. If you had \$10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

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are plural." A clergymen asked some children, "Why SPECIAL do we say in the Lord's Prayer, "who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer boy answered, "Be cause it's headquarters."

Smiles.

Artemus Ward said of the Mormons,

their religion is singular, but their wives

.761

There's a heap of philosophy in the question which a Washington young lady of the mature age of six propounded to her aunt the other day. It was after the story of the Creation and the Fall had been related, and the young lady had been meditating for some time on the moral of it, when she suddenly broke out with : "Aunty, after Adam and Eve disobeyed God, why didn't He kill 'em ded and begin over again?" It is not impossible that the question has occured to older people.

An English undergraduate at examination, on being told to repeat the parable of the good Samaritan, thus did it : "A certain man journeyed from Jerusalem to From 10 to 30 Per cent. Jericho, and fell among thieves." Then

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brain.

Mind, shooting out in every direction, found itself brought to a stand still here. lost in a maze there, diverted from its track at this point, turned back on itself at that-until defeated in his outlook he sat as one in a confused dream.

Prof. Wheaton had said to him in class that day, "Mr. Landon, a man's life work is, under God, in his own hands."

The words fell with weight. Richard had been in a puzzle ever since he entered college on this very question of how much of his future depended on himself.

tiny?" The thought followed him e.ery- love; and was a crown of glory to her where. He pondered it as he rested apart doting father and a well-spring of joy to beneath the autumn-tinged shade trees in the whole house. the campus. It rang through his soul as he trod the busy streets on his way to and from the post office. It stood out in blazing letters from the walls of the quaint little room in which he sat moodish and sad.

dark, intricate labrynths. Some spirits houses and barnyard to roost, Minnette's seem to be of a regular moleish nature. eyes, no matter where she was, would keep far from the light of day. It is not that up the road. Often she would involuntarsimply can't get there, with all their tug- smoke house, to listen for the sound of ging and working. And while growing in horses' feet along the road. their own favor and taking to themselves great swelling airs, they find, to their cha- nor crimps nor furbelows-only a nice grin, that men will not see them as they brown calico dress, with broad clean check see themselves .- will not render them apron, and white linen collar. Her hair their claimed meed of honor; and they waved over her forehead and hung about fret because they are not appreciated, and her shoulders in loose flowing curls. A pronounce the world heartless and ungrate- band of black velvet held it from her eyes Men who work on a right basis and with touched cheeks, and full cherry lips, proper motives are always rewarded more with fair complexion, made her as attractthan they look for. Appreciation may ive as a picture. And then she blended come slowly-but it will come, and come womanly thought and sentiment with the fully. Only let the soul mount up from sweet artless joyousness of a child. And the earth plane and tread its grand ma- above all this natural goodness and atand righteousness under the sunlight of beautiful temple-her genuine piety. At God's effulgent love, and it must wear the twelve yearsshe had made a public professvictor's crown and wave the victor's palm ion of Christ. And following her Lord in branch.

To-day Minnette was peculiarly cheerful, and yet despite her gladness, there was a tinge of nervous anxiety in her look ing seized her heart, and the blood crept and movement. And as the shadows on the front porch lengthened and the summer chickens came stealing up from out of Life with some is ever groping through raspberry bushes and from beneath out-They love to burrow underneath the turning toward the front gate and peering they are destitute of ambition. No, in- ily pause as she passed from the kitchen deed! They would (could they) sit in from the kitchen where Sarah was frying fibre of her being there was a change; to the uppermost seats in the temple, and the Sunday doughnuts, to the long lines dispense law to the millions. But they of apple boards that stood beside the

Minnette Joy wore neither overdress ful. Men who work for reward alone are Minnette was as pretty a girl as one in five life. The free, glad girl was joyous no sure not to receive what they expect. hundred. Expressive dark blue eyes, rose- longer. The shadow of the remorseless jestic march over the highways of truth tractiveness rose as the cap-stone of the cost what it might. Fearful resolution. baptism, arising to walk in newness of life,

"One's for me if it isn't, and I do believe it is from Aunt Jane. Here Minnette this is yours." Sarah ran and seated herself on the porch step to read hers Minn. ette looked at hers quickly. It was from Richard. She hid it away down in her pocket and hastened to the kitchen to prepare her father's supper, while he took his horse to the stable to feed him. The boys had not returned from their Saturday nutting.

Minnette quickened the fire and placed

Then she took out her letter and neryously breaking the seal read it as well as she could. Richard did not write a very plain hand, so she had to puzzle over some words.¹¹As she proceeded, a strange feelordingly through her veins. What did Richard mean. Did she understand him, or was it that now he was at College he had learned a style which was not so clear to her mind as he used to talk at school. and in the parlor beside the table with its lamp and mat.

There was something-Minnette could not tell what. She felt through every her, it seemed a fearful change. The tears rushed to her eyes; she wiped them away with the corner of her big check apron. But as she read on they flowed faster and faster. She uttered not one word. She only read and wept.

Her father's step was heard on the porch. She thrust her letter into her pocketwiped her eyes, and springing through the back door hastened into the garden.

A blight had fallen on Minnette's Joy's tyrant ambition had fallen on the quiet farm house. It rested too on the student's room, for the tyrant sat enthroned in the student's heart.

His life work was to be wrought out by himself. He would become great, let i We shall see what it cost. (To be continued.)

Why are heavy showers like heavy drinkers? Because they usually begin Dr. Wheaton's problem was a riddle to she had daily manifested the indwelling of with little drops.

he stopped. "Go on, sir," said the examsir." "And the thieves sprang up and choked him !" triumphantly ended the youth.

A curious sign has been adopted by a native baker in India, proud of his knowledge of English. "European loafer' is printed in large letters over his door, and the baker is evidently quite unaware of the colloquial uncomplimentary meaning of the word.

Said old Mr. Wiseowl: "there is a passage of Scriptur' bruthren, thet's impress-1000 ed me much, very much : Eve thought on't, and thought on't, and I'm alluz think. in' on'ter I disremember jest warit is, and eg for that matter jest what it is, but you carn't tell how much uv a sollis it is to me on my journey through this vale o' tears."

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