

Serial.

CRIS-CROSS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Dear Aunt:

"If you see me some of these days walk in at your door, don't you be surprised. If pa don't stop I shall run away. I certainly shall, and I haven't got anywhere else to go. You see I want to marry Alf. Peck, just the nicest fellow you ever saw. I don't care if he is poor, he's awfully smart; but pa has got a kind of prejudice against him; he won't let me see him, if he can help it; but you better believe he can't lock me up if he tries! So anyway, if he gets too mighty I'm going to run for it, and I knew you're real good, everybody says so. Just write a line to say you've got this and direct it to Alf. Peck for me. Don't for anything let pa know, but I don't believe you will. Good-bye.

"Your affectionate niece,
"MARIETTE."

The impudence of the thing took away Miss Lydia's breath. She gave shelter to a runaway girl! the idea was monstrous. She had a great mind to inclose the letter directly to her brother; but the bell rang for preparatory lecture just then, so she tied on her bonnet and went to the church, and after she had slept that night on the matter, she resolved to delay any action at present. A dim sort of sympathy made her unwilling to betray Mariette to her father; an *esprit du corps* that she would have not acknowledged to herself, for Lydia never had a real lover: two or three elderly widowers had made prudent advances to her in vain; but no tender sentiment had ever stirred her chilly heart. Yet after all she was a woman, and shrank from violating this girl's confidence, however she disapproved of it. Several weeks passed and her fears vanished; she took no notice of the letter, determined neither to "make nor meddle" in the matter. In the meantime Mr. Sylvester had been ordained to the church, moved his family into parsonage, and commenced a round of pastoral visits. It was one of the leveliest of all June afternoons that he stood at Miss Lydia's door knocking for admittance. The white roses that clambered up to the chamber windows were thick set with bloom in every stage of beauty, from the swelling bud folded in green wrappings to the full-blown trembling blossom in whose glowing heart a dew drop quivered; such tokens that the night-wind had parted those pure leaves and dropped a tear of foreboding over their certain fading. Beds of pinks scented the fresh air with spice, and the early cinnamon roses were dull with half-finished and half-dead flowers, sending a sickly oriental odor of attar across the perfume and honey that freighted every breeze.

Miss Lydia herself came to the door; her usually calm and rigid face was flushed with some trouble evidently, and in her hand she held the yellow cover of the telegram; but she was glad to see Mr. Sylvester; he was the minister, and the new minister; it was a duty to be glad to see him. As he seated himself in the prim, cold parlor, he opened the conversation with a remark on the weather, that sure and safe first step.

"Yes; it's good weather," allowed Miss Lydia. "We generally do have the best of weather in June. I wish't sometimes 'twould last write along through the year."

"Perhaps we should not enjoy it as much if we had it all the time," quietly answered the minister.

"Mebbe not; but I can't say I like cold weather; it makes such a sight of dirty work. Wood is trying enough; always droppin' everywhere specks and slivers; but coal—coal is a heap worse."

Mr. Sylvester smiled. "But June is dusty."

"Yes; there's trouble every-where. Seems sometimes as though you couldn't pass a day without it."

"Yet one would think, Miss Crane, that you had very little; you have a lovely home here, and no family cares or sorrows."

"Well everybody has their own

troubles,"—her mind reverted here to the list we have already chronicled, and she felt rather unwilling to confide them to the minister, so she wound up with a glittering generality. "I have mine as well as other folks; there's a good many days when everything under the canopy seems to go cris-cross with me."

"Then you ought to be blessed indeed," gravely answered Mr. Sylvester.

Miss Lydia stared, but he went on: "I mean if you fully entertain the meaning of that word; it is only a contraction of 'Christ's cross.' Surely if you bear His cross daily, you are an unusually privileged woman."

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, with rude honesty.

"You are a Christian, Miss Lydia?"

"Well I should hope so! I've been a professor near about twenty years."

"But I mean a Christian," insisted Mr. Sylvester.

Miss Lydia darted a keen glance at him, but it sank before the clear, cool penetrating look of his gray eyes. She moved uneasily on her chair.

"Why, I suppose I am. I mean to be."

"Then if things go with you according to Christ's cross every day it is well with you, certainly."

"I didn't know as anybody liked crosses."

"No; but there is a wide difference between the cross we carry for ourselves and that we bear for Christ; there was Simon of Cyrene, you know; 'him they compelled to bear the cross.' It was harder for him, no doubt, than it would have been for John, who loved the Master, and would have rejoiced to save Him from even that burden."

Miss Lydia's face grew interested; intelligence and honesty quickened the worn lines: she did not understand, but she began to suspect there was something in the gospel she had never understood, and desired to know now.

"I don't believe I sense you yet," she said, more gently.

"It is very simple, my friend, if you look at it; it is merely taking Christ's cross instead of our own; that is, taking the trouble He sends and bearing them as He bore his own, because we want to be like him. Cris-cross ought to be the great blessing of our daily life."

"I don't know as I ever,—well, yes; I do know I never thought on't in that light before," said Miss Lydia gravely; "and I don't think I know now just exactly how to work it."

"I can tell you how I have tried," answered Mr. Sylvester; "and it has been a mighty help to me. Take the Bible and study the gospels; read them over and over. You know already what Christ endured; hunger, cold, thirst, temptation, the loss and desertion of friends; can you find the place where he fretted or complained over these troubles? He does not even allude to his crucifixion as a thing terrible to himself. He did not go about telling all men how dreadful his sufferings were and would be; what little we know of them is recorded for our benefit only, for our instruction in the way of life. Did you ever think, Miss Lydia, why Christ chose to be poor and lonely, when he might just as well have been a temporal king and still undergone death for us?"

"Well, I never did. I never thought on't much. I read the Bible, too' considerable; but it seems to me somehow as if it wasn't like other reading."

Mr. Sylvester understood; formalism was his special dread in dealing with just such people; people who "say" their prayers and read their Bible daily and dutifully, but simply as a duty, without apprehension of the divine depth and sweetness in either practice, if only it be done with the heart, not with the head.

It is this which makes the conversion of the heathen an apparently easier matter than the conversion of many church members; the gospel is new, fresh, living to the ear that has never heard its tender appeals and loving promises before; but where it is simply a ceremony to read the Word of God, and done ceremon-

ially day after day, the pathetic words of the prophet become the modern preacher's adopted utterance, "And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." For it is not the poetry, the splendid images, the lofty moral tone of the scripture that makes it a two-edged sword; but its living truth, and its practical truth, application.

Mr. Sylvester went on: "I don't think you are alone in that feeling Miss Lydia; but think a moment. How could Christ have given in any way such abundant force and help to us by suffering all things that we suffer, even the lowest and the poorest, of us, so that we can never say 'I cannot carry daily troubles to God; he is too great to understand them.' You know what Paul says to the Hebrews: 'For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are,' and this for the very purpose of making known to us his sympathy and power to help in all things. This was part of His cross; the cross on which He lived; perhaps as hard to endure as that on which He died."

Miss Lydia looked strangely moved; her religion had been that of form and routine; "a desire to be as good as she knew how to be," and a very honest desire, but so far it had not lead her, as every such intent will lead sooner or later, to the foot of the cross.

"It's as good as three sermons to hear you talk, Mr. Sylvester," she said. "I see how blindlike I have read the Scripture along back; but it does seem, nevertheless, as though there was some things that pester you amazingly, that are too small to talk about in that solemn kind of way."

"Then they are too small to be troubles at all," said the minister, smiling; "anything that is a real trouble, and can be borne cheerfully, silently, bravely, because Christ sends it to us to bear, will certainly turn into a blessing to ourselves or somebody else; it will be Christ's cross instead of criss-cross."

Miss Lydia's mind had been dwelling on the hens, the boys, the flies, and all her minor troubles before, but while these last words dropped from the minister's lips her eye fell on the yellow telegram.

(To be continued.)

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest forest?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said:

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way; leave your sheep and show me the road: I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, do not know your voice, and—"he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me false to my master; how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:

"I see, my lad, that you are a good faithful boy, I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his script to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

Visitor Pastimes.

Contributions are solicited for this Department. Persons sending the best six contributions during the second quarter of the year will be entitled to a prize volume, and the person who sends the most correct answers to puzzles during the same time will also be entitled to a prize volume.

Address: "VISITOR Pastimes," St. John, N.B.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 8, 7, 6, 9, is a European river.
My 7, 1, 5, is a river in Asia.
My 8, 2, 4, is a small animal.
My 3, 2, 6, 9, is crippled.
My whole is a city of the United States.

CHARADE.

In a beautiful and cozy first
In second, an American city,
Each Saturday night my whole is held
With songs so sweet and pretty.

LETTER CHANGES.

By changing the initial of a surname, you will obtain the following:
A disturbance; an animal; to drag; a weapon; moderate; a promise; to propagate; present time; by what degree.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A musical instrument.
2. An open space.
3. To plunge.
4. A share.

Extracts from a Letter from C. H. S. CROOKHILL, Esq.
CANTERBURY STATION, YORK CO., N. B.
October 10th, 1876.

Mr. J. H. ROBINSON.
Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of enquiry, I would say that your *Phosphoric Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime* is the best preparation of the kind I have ever seen or taken.

I was ordered by my physician to take it, and commenced about the last of August, and "one that has felt a different man." I was unable, in the summer, to walk any distance without much fatigue. I can now take my run and travel all day, and feel first-rate at night, and eat as much as any lumberman. Have not bled any since I took your preparation, and can now inflate my lungs without feeling any soreness, and I think I can inflate them up to full measurement same as before I was sick; have also gained in flesh, my weight in the summer was 173 lbs., and now it is nearly 190 lbs., which is pretty well up to my former weight.

The foregoing is a correct statement which I am prepared to swear to, and I hereby authorize you to give it publicity in your name.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

(Signed) C. H. S. CROOKHILL.

We, the undersigned, hereby consent to have our names published as witnesses to the effects of Robinson's *Phosphoric Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil*, and do assert that the foregoing statement is correct in every particular.

(Signed) ALEXANDER BENNETT, J.P.

WILLIAM MAIR.

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It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmonious ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects rapid. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuation, rapidly with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, a trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumption. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration mucous-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, an exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. At my business was a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not as cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some equivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-radish, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration came more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed the Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the toms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, bined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I ored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits ed from the composition.

At first my appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, frequent, the mucus became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. J. recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have tons left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months expectation. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated or elated lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. I last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest in Lung Diseases (Lancet) states is the result of tubercle, which has Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration the opinion of one of the best Physicians in the country. I believe I have ienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where the sufficient lung-tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary cation of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany.

Respectfully,

JAMES I. FELLOWS,

Inventor of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

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