The Duties of Christian Parents to Sunday-School Teachers.

READ BEFORE THE YARMOUTH CONVENTION BY MISS AGNES CHIPMAN, AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CONVENTION.

From time to time we have laid before us the duties of Sunday School Teachers. Men, with well-stocked book-shelves and well-filled brains—on whom nature has bestowed her choicest gifts in the line of oratory and breadth of intellect, on the printed page as well as by word of mouth, present us with such a list of the qualifications required to fill that most onerous position at all worthily, that we gasp for breath, feeling as if we had been treated to a cold bath. Models of propriety in conduct, dress, and language—possessors of marvellously retentive memories, with wits so keen that neither circumstances, weather nor health, can in the slightest degree dull them, filled with an enthusiasm for the work, that nothing can dampen, apt at questioning and clear in explaining, and punctuality by no means the least of the virtues by which they must be endowed—our poor struggling teachers, conscious of so many failures, shrink within themselves while listing, and are strongly tempted to abandon the work. Now if the duties devolving upon the teacher be so multifarious and weighty, those too which rest upon the parent, are also many and great.

Do the fathers and mothers throughout our land make it a rule to see that their children, before leaving for the Sunday-school, can answer intelligently the leading questions which will be asked upon the part of Scripture under consideration that day? We fear not. In too many instances, the happy task is left to the instructor, of both teaching and hearing the day's lesson, to say nothing of reviewing previous work, all in the space of an hour at the most.

And not a few pupils present themselves for instruction entirely empty-headed, the teacher being obliged to carry Bibles to supply them—and empty-handed with regard to the lesson, as they frequently are ignorant even of where it is to be found. How cheering to a teacher to see the blackboard consulted for that knowledge! This certainly shows a great neglect of parental duty.

Let us now consider a habit in which some indulge—a habit that has an injurious effect upon the minds of the youth, by largely weakening the influence for good, all conscientious teachers desire to exert—viz., the custom of speaking disrespectfully of Sunday-school teachers; criticising their manners, censuring their conduct, and speaking disparagingly of their abilities.

A teacher makes the coming Sunday's lesson the subject of many hours' thought, and prayer through the week, and when before his or her class is grieved to behold a carelessness and inattention on the part of many of its members, which is sometimes caused by their having listened to such injudicious conversation as that of which we have spoken. And the word in season which you, parents, are so anxious should be addressed to your dear ones, is uttered, but it falls on ears whose sense of hearing has been impaired by exposure to your cold remarks.

It is also one of the duties of Christian parents to see that the hour at which the school opens is not disregarded. When instructive labor is in progress, interruptions are exceedingly patience-trying, and late arrivals not only disturb the class and break in upon the train of thought occupying the teacher's mind, but often force one to review what has been done previous to the entrance of the tardy scholar, involving a great loss of time.

We will now glance at another phase of the subject.

It is a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the summer season. The hum of myriads of insects is upon the soft air; a warm breeze, laden with the perfume of many blossoms gently fans the brow. Indoors, the lounger invite repose, or suggest delicious day-dreams. Outside, the warmth and brightness tempt the feet to linger—the prospect of labor is not inviting.

A mother, who is much wearied with sewing until a late hour the night before that her children may be decent to attend church and Sunday-school—that is to say, will appear in a costume with as many unnecessary stitches as the dress of her neighbour's children exhibit—a mother, who thus the previous night answered to the call of conscience, is enjoying an easy chair, the quiet, and a book, while her lord is peacefully snoring in an opposite corner of the apartment. She meditates, between the lines, upon her excellency as a mother, in expending so much mental and physical strength on the attire of her offspring, and having now favored the Sunday-school teacher with their presence. And what we wish to advance is, that such parents ought to feel extremely grateful for the nursery afforded by the Sunday-school, and a great amount of gratitude to the nurses, who so kindly relieve them for a few hours. But what of the parent-teachers—the mothers, who must spend the preceding evening, aye, and more than one perhaps, in preparing the lesson. How is the clothing of their children put in proper order to meet the public gaze? To this question we can make no reply. The Great All-Seeing Eye beholds many a weary struggle, and ale out superhuman sacrifice on the part of the majority of such teachers. The position of Sunday-school teachers is a very difficult and trying one. All who instruct in any line, experience at times, we think, a desolate, dissatisfied, heart-sick feeling, especially when laboring for the good of souls; for often in contemplating the importance of the work, does it assume such prodigious proportions as to discourage us. And the utmost amount of sympathy, concurrence, and interest—not of the dictatorial sort though—it is in the power of parents to bestow, would be freely bestowed. But a lack of appreciation is often felt by our laborers in the Sunday-school. When they take into consideration the hours which are spent even in the course of one week, upon the religious training of the young—hours that might be devoted to their own pleasure and profit, and these services received by many parents as a matter of course, they at time become discouraged, and often too a provoked sort of feeling arises. As an illustration of the appreciation and ingratitude [illegible] relate an incident that occurred [illegible] experience of an efficient teacher [illegible] or five years, she had [illegible] struggled to get the attention [illegible] interest, of one of the boys [illegible], and was then coolly informed by his mother at a social gathering, that he knew very little about the Scripture for the length of time he had attended the school.

Soon after, the teacher wishing to get a substitute for a few weeks, requested the father of the aforesaid youth to act in that capacity. The answer she received was, that Sunday afternoon was all the time he had in the week for resting and reading—and we will venture to add, dozing.

But we are thankful there is One who understands our motives, and pities and forgives our faults and follies, and it is for the upbuilding of His Kingdom that we toil.

I will close with my topic slightly altered—it is one of the duties of Christian parents to be Sunday-school teachers more generally than they are.

Mrs Habirshaw's Cure.

Mrs. Habirshaw's ample house was a model of spotless order. There was not another like it in the town.

Her life was one long battle with dust and dirt, in which by ceaseless energy, she was continually victorious. In fact this struggle made her life. Her sober ways had never been broken in upon by the gift of children. Her husband, after twenty years of married life, was thoroughly well trained, and paid her the compliment of a growing resemblance to herself. She seldom went out, except to run into a neighbor's now and then of an afternoon. Economy went hand in hand with order, and prosperity followed after.

Yet it was not a happy life. She had no delight in reading, or in the pursuit of any special branch of knowledge. She was not given to hospitality. The labor of entertainment seemed too great. She had no pleasure in visiting. She was too proud to receive where she did not give, and other people's neatness seemed to her untidy, and their order confusion.

Her Christian life was poor and weak. She took no part in the work of the church. She neither visited strangers, nor helped the poor, nor watched with the sick. When bedridden Nancy Fleet lay dying, and someone must be found to sit by her side for a night, the messenger passed by Mrs. Habirshaw's door and asked help from Mrs. Brown, who worked hard all day to keep six children.

Her Christian life was starved; but her house was clean from cellar to garret.

Yet even here her victory was not quite complete. She grew weary sometimes, and the dust that settled in her empty rooms never did. She could have her own way now, but in the years to come she foresaw defeat. Yet, when her soul was hungry within her for something wider, higher, sweeter than she had ever known, she had no refuge but in sterner effort to wipe away the last speck from her floor, and the last mote from her window-panes.

Her cure came suddenly. She was sitting in Mrs. Brown's back parlor one afternoon when Anna and Julia McAllister came in to call. Instead of going in to see them, Mrs. Habirshaw kept her seat behind the folding-doors, out of sight, but within sound of every word that was spoken. "She would take a book and read," she said.

She soon found herself listening, however, as Julia McAllister began to tell about the Widow James, whose husband had been killed on the railroad the year before, leaving her without a dollar and with the burden of two little children. Mrs. Habirshaw had heard it all before, but it seemed more real to her as Julia told about the widow's struggles; how she had taken in washing, and worked late and early, and denied herself to keep the children fed and clothed, and Lucy, the elder, at the school, and yet not have to ask for help. Now she was sick, and they had nothing; and when she died who would take the children? Poor Mrs. James was out of her head with fever—"starvation fever," the doctor called it—and she kept moaning out prayers to God and agonizing cries for her fatherless children.

Then Anna McAllister spoke up in her sharp, quick way: "There are homes enough and people enough, if they only wouldn't call their idleness occupation. I wonder what some folks will do when they get to heaven. Doing chores ain't the chief end of life up there, nor saving money that ought to be sent to help the poor. There's Mrs. Habirshaw" (here kind Mrs. Brown made a heroic effort to interrupt, but between the secret terror of the back parlor, and the open fear before her, stammered and failed), "what can she find to do in a place where there won't be any moths or dust, or brooms, or house-cleaning? She'll have a trying time unless the dear Lord lets one of his angels strew a little dust in the corners of her golden street to make her feel at home."

In the back parlor hot flushes made the listener's sallow cheeks burn like fire. The conversation changed again; but Mrs. Habirshaw did not hear another word. The arrow had struck home. She saw how selfish and how useless, even from the point of view of selfishness, her life had been. She complained that she had no joy in serving Christ. What would he say to her when she confessed that she had never served him? Then, as the thought of her empty house with all its comforts came to her, and with it the picture of the poor hovel where Mrs. James had struggled for her children, she seemed to hear the reproachful voice of her Master saying: "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have not done it unto me."

The strain was too great to bear. She went out quietly through the kitchen, and instinctively turned down towards the place where Mrs. James lay dying. As she came near the house she remembered how often she had complained of late of her washing. How much better it would have been if she had given Mrs. James the work to do! Wages are so much better than alms.

As she entered the sick room the end had almost come. No one was there except the two weeping children and Mrs. Follansbee, the patient wife of a drunken husband and tattered mother of three tattered children.

Mrs. James had come to herself. The fever was broken, but her strength was broken, too, and from its golden bowl the water of life was ebbing swiftly.

Mrs. Follansbee was kind, but not neat. The children's hair had not been brushed that day. The poor furniture was in disorder. A thrill of disgust passed over the visitor, but gave place in an instant to pity as she saw the mother and her little children.

The dying woman looked at her with question in her eyes—question, not expectation; she had ceased to expect anything from the world. Mrs. Habirshaw took the dusty chair which Mrs. Follansbee brought her.

"You are very ill," she said.

"I am dying," was the answer, in low tones, halting with weakness: "but how can I leave my children?" Her eyes looked about the bare room and rested at last on Mrs. Habirshaw who sat for a little time in silence battling with her conscience.

"Have you no friends?" she asked at last.

"Only God," was the solemn answer.

The path of duty grew clear every moment before Mrs. Habirshaw's eyes. No thought of her own cares and duties of the disorder of children in her well-kept house of the money, hard earned and saved with care, could hide it. Here were Christ's little ones, and she was Christ's servant. "Inasmuch," the voice awoke in her heart again. Should it be "as ye have done it," or "as ye have not?"

"Will you give me the children?"

The dying eyes searched her through and through. They seemed to ask a thousand questions, to exact a thousand promises, to burn into her heart like fire. Then the wasted hands, in a last effort, took the children's hands and put them in hers without a word.

A sigh of perfect relief, a name—the name of him who conquered death—breathed in thanksgiving, and the end had come.

When Mrs Habirshaw brought her children to her husband, not knowing how he would receive them, he laid his broad hand tenderly on her shoulder and said: "Why, Mary, that is just what I wanted, but I was afraid to ask."

Order is still triumphant in Mrs. Habirshaw's home, but it is no longer worshipped for Christ is King. Mrs. Habirshaw is a busy, happy disciple, loved for her wide-spread ministries; but Anna McAllister never learned what part she had in her conversion.

A Story For Boys.

BY H. E. BENJAMINE.

Johnny Day was born in a farmhouse, a quaint old rambling structure standing on a sunny slope in one of the most beautiful of the hill towns of Northern Massachusetts.

The "Day Farm," unlike many New England farms, had never changed its name. Here James Day settled more than a hundred years ago; here he built a log house and lived alone till by his own labor, with no help excepting as he "changed work" with a neighbor, he cleared a few acres of the ancient forest, he planted and sowed and gathered his crops, and here he brought his young wife and made a home. As the years went by, the forest grew less, and the cultivated fields increased, the happy voices of children were heard, the old log house gave place to a small framed building, to which additions were made from time to time, barns and sheds were built, the flock and herd prospered, and, as a reward of his honest industry, here James Day passed a happy old age and went to his grave in peace.

John Day was the youngest son, and the only one born in the "new house." As the older children all left to make homes for themselves, John remained to care for his parents and succeeded his father as owner of the farm.

When I first became acquainted with the family, John Day was more than eighty years of age, and though he had always worked hard, he was still erect as ever, and quite active. His wife had died some years before, and he had given up the care of the farm to his son James, a broad-shouldered, sun-browned man of fifty years, full of energy, and of good report throughout the town. James Day had several daughters and only one son, John, or "Johnny," as he was called, named for his grandfather, and who, it was hoped, would in time be the owner of the "Day farm," and keep good the family name. Johnny was then a stout, manly lad of fourteen, active and intelligent, and, but for one fault, a boy of great promise. This fault was a failure to keep things in their proper places. His father and grandfather often repeated the old motto, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," but Johnny was careless, and when he had finished a piece of work, the tools were either left where they were last used, or, what what was often worse, were put away in the wrong place, where they were not easily found.

One evening James Day announced at the supper-table that he had just been "drawn out" to serve as juryman at the September term of court, and should be absent from home for several days, and he charged his son to take good care of things during his absence, to obey his mother and grandfather, and to be sure to remember the motto, "A place for everything, and everything in its place. Johnny promised to do his best, and though he was sorry to have his father leave home, yet he was eager to prove to him that he was quite competent to manage the farm, and that he was in fact already a man.

The Days were of Puritan descent, and family worship was never omitted. The morning after James Day's departure from home, his aged father, after the early breakfast was over, opened the old family Bible to the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, and after reading a part of the chapter, he made some remarks directed to the children, telling them that not only is there a proper time for everything, but there should also be a place for everything; and turning to his namesake, he said,—

"I have observed with sorrow that you are not careful to keep things in their proper places. Do you remember what happened last spring when you were at work at the wood-pile in the dooryard.

"I 'member," said little Bessie; "Johnny left the axe with the cuttin' part up, so kitty run on it and cut her-foot."

"Yes," said Johnny; "but I only left work a minute to get a drink of water, and threw the axe down without looking to see how it lay, and there was not much harm done; the kitten's foot got well in a day or two."

"Very true," said his grandfather; "but your little sister was at play chasing the kitten, and if she had stepped or fallen on the edge of the axe, the case might have been a very serious one. If you leave work for a moment, be sure and leave things so that no one can be injured through your carelessness. If you had left the axe sticking in the chopping-block instead of throwing it down on the woodpile, it would have been much better. Life is made up of moments; the work of life is largely made up of little things, and if the moments are well employed, and the little things properly cared for, our lives are likely to be happy and profitable."

The aged man then knelt, and after thanking the Giver of all good for His manifold blessings, and praying Him to watch over and guide each member of the household, the labors of the day began. After caring for the animals, Johnny started for the "farther pasture" with his hatchet and bush-scythe to cut the small trees and bushes. He carried his dinner with him, and determined to do a good day's work, as he had "taken his stint" to clear the pasture of bushes, and to pile them ready for burning during his father's absence. He worked with a will, expecting no pay besides words of approval, and by sunset had done a good day's work and, with hatchet and scythe in hand, started homeward feeling well satisfied with himself.

The buildings of the Day homestead are arranged for comfort and convenience. The cattle barn is connected with the kitchen by a long shed where the carts, waggons and farming-tools are kept. Along the back of the shed runs a walk which is generally used by those passing between the barn and the house. As Johnny reached the house, he found that his grandfather was in the barn milking the cows; so, hastily hanging up his scythe, (not in its proper place), he seized a milk-pail and ran into the barn. Just as he reached the barn, he met his grandfather coming out with two full pails of milk, who said to him,—

"You are a good boy, Johnny, to think of helping me. I have milked all the cows except old Brindle, and you can milk her if you choose."

So Johnny sat down to milk old Brindle, but he was scarcely seated before he heard a scream and a heavy fall, and, running to learn the cause of it, he found his grandfather lying on the floor of the walk, groaning in great pain.

"What is the matter?" cried Johnny.

"My eye is out; my right eye is out," cried the old man. And Johnny instantly knew that his grandfather had run against the point of the scythe, which he had carelessly hung in the wrong place. Calling his mothers and sisters, they helped the poor man to his bed. Then Johnny quickly mounted the horse and rode for the doctor, calling at one of the neighbors on the way to get help to take care of his grandfather.

After several weeks of great suffering, the old man began slowly to recover his strength, but his right eye was gone, and the shock to his nervous system was so great that he could never labor again. He lived three or four years after this, but never said anything to his grandson about the loss of his sight. He wisely thought that he had learned a lesson which he would never forget; and so it proved.

John Day is now owner of the "Day farm," with a worthy wife and happy children. He cared for his parents in their declining years, and they passed away in peace not long ago. His sisters have all left the old homestead and have homes of their own, and all of them train up their children to have "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Co-Workers.

BY ELIZABETH M. COCKERHALL.

"Talk about 'blue Monday'! This is indigo Tuesday!" I exclaimed impatiently, as the goblet I was washing slipped from my sudsy fingers and distributed itself between the dishpan and the floor. "Really, Sue! this parsonage must be bewitched. Cook sick abed, nurse with the toothache, Will's fingers nearly chopped off, now I've spoiled your birthday set of glasses, and——"

"To help matters, there's Totallis's wicked for the fourth time," interrupted my sister-in-law, finishing the sentence and laughing merrily, as simultaneously with the slam of a loosened blind came the baby's scream.

"It's marvellous to me how you can take it so easily; I don't call it any laughing matter," I continued crossly, as Sue appeared with the wee one, soothing him as cheerfully as if sleeping by some installments were the one thing she especially delighted in his doing. "I should have been in a fit of fidgets long ago, if I'd had half the interruptions you have; such petty demands always irritate me so."

"Did you ever try not thinking them petty?" asked Sue, her voice toned to a sweet seriousness.

"How can I think a thing what it is not?" I asked, still, I fear, a little pettishly.

Sue was silent for a second or two, then with a thoughtful tenderness in her face, she asked, "Have you ever considered what is meant by—as Auerback calls it—'holding the world in the unity of God'?"

"I dont entirely understand you," I answered hesitatingly. "Seems to me that's a very large view of very small affairs; putting things together that don't belong."

"I think not," she replied. "It is simple this—we should look at ourselves as helping to do a part in the great system of which our Father in heaven is the Eternal Head. 'Co-workers with God'! That is such a glorious helping thought, that one can hardly meet the most exacting duties other than patiently under its inspiration."

"Yes; but is it proper that little, fussy things, or duties merely called by exasperating accidents—like this morning's, for instance—should be dignified in such a manner?"

"Why not? Patience is only learned by repeated trial, and with me it is trifles that are most annoying, and that fact first taught me that I was putting too low an estimate upon my work. I used to consider my range of employment so limited, and felt so keenly how much easier it was to build great things in thought than by actual effort, that I became discouraged."

"Who can help it!" I interjected despondingly.

"But don't you see it is because we look more at our humanity than our immortality? 'All that is done for God in this life is preparatory to the joy that is set before us.' If we accept this as a truth (and it's the utterance of a holy man), so laboring together with God, surely we can work and wait in cheerful trust."

"When we feel we *are* laboring with God," said I, still doubting. "But these little everyday things that are so trying are yet, it seems to me, too insignificant to be brought under such an ennobling rule."

"That is, virtually, you do not believe in numbering the hairs or caring for sparrows."

"Of course I believe the Bible," I returned, "but"—

"Put away that 'but,' and believe, if you are God's child, you are working with and for him in the minutest affairs of your life. It may seem that we are appointed to a narrow province of labor while our hearts are filled with high and broad aspirations, yet how do we know the importance of the part given us to do? It has been said there are no little things with God, and eternity may reveal that the small, circumscribed duties faithfully performed have been, in the guiding hands of the Great Artist, the strokes that give finish and beauty to the perfected work. When one comes heartily to feel that, what we call little, become pleasant ministrations unto the Master."

"I had never thought of it just so. Sue, I confess, you may be right, still people differ in these matters."

"But Christ's teachings do not differ," she said, as she rose from her chair with the sleeping babe. "And before I go I'll give you a bit I remember from Thomas a Kempis to confront 'people' with. 'He to whom the Eternal Word speaks is set free from a press of opinions.'"

Suddenly Turning Gray.

STAFF SURGEON PARRY, while serving in India during the Mutiny, saw a strange sight. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chamda was a Sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding, the by-standers were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaimed, "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid, glossy, jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of the uniform greyish hue.

Some years ago a young lady who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her, husband-elect, received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained for five hours. On the following morning, her sister saw that her hair, which had been previously of a rich brown color, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural color. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray. This case coming under the observation of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, shattered his unbelief in the possibility of the sudden conversion of the hair from a dark color to snow white. No man knows more about the hair than Dr. Wilson, but he is at a loss to explain the phenomenon quite to his own satisfaction. "If," says he, "it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood—a transmission of fluids from the blood vessels of the skin into the substance of the hair really occurs, the quantity and nature being modified by the peculiarity of constitution or state of health of the individual—it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of impressing new conditions on the structure into which they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit salts of lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to gray." Then he adds as: "The phenomenon may be the result of electrical action; it may be the consequence of a chemical alteration wrought in the very blood itself, or it may be a conversion for which the tissue of the hair is alone responsible." So may "may-bes" from such an authority prove that the mystery of the sudden whitening of the hair is yet unsolved. It is likely to remain unsolved since the doctor, more modest than many of his brethren, owns that "the mysteries of vital chemistry are unknown to man."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Timely Word to the Boys.

I wonder if you know how much everybody is expecting of you, Frank and Will?

I never pass you on the street with your books under your arm, I never return your polite salutations, without thinking that there is a world of work waiting for you, and you will be in the midst of it in ten or fifteen or twenty years from now.

By the way, how charming it is to see that boys all over the land are more courteous than they were a while ago! Off comes the lad's cap whenever he meets mamma or sister, or any of mamma's friends, on the highway. His "I beg your pardon" is ready if he is obliged to pass before you or does not hear what you say. And it is very, very seldom that one sees a boy, whether poor or rich, occupying a seat while an old or feeble gentleman or lady is left to stand.

There is certainly an improvement in good manners among our boys.

Boys in these days should be wide-awake. There are traps and snares especially set for them, which I wish they could be persuaded to avoid.

One is contact with impure companions. No matter how clever, how manly-looking or how handsome a certain big fellow of your acquaintance is, if you hear him using profane language or speaking sneeringly of his parents, have nothing to do with him. Our comrades help to make us.

Another bit of advice I would give you is this: Avoid silly, sensational stories, particularly those which tell of crimes and hair-breadth escapes, and unlikely happenings, generally, and are sold for ten cents or less at book-stands. The very pictures of these publications are enough to make one shudder.

Besides, there are plenty of good books which are vastly more entertaining than anything these catchpenny dreadfuls have to offer you. If you do not know where to find such, ask your Sunday-school teacher or pastor, or some older friend who cares for boys and likes to see them happy.

Go to church where your parents go. Do not get into the bad habit of roving about from church to church. Even though it may not be insisted upon at home, go always with the family, and sit in your place in the family pew.

Pray every day, and never omit your morning prayers. Some people think it is quite enough to pray at night; but morning prayer is just as needful and just as important. Pray to keep from temptation and deliver from evil.

While still a boy stand up for Jesus. Come out boldly, enter the church and own you Saviour. We want an army of young men to fight the Lord's battles, and we want you to be one of the number.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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Wolfville Aug. 15, 1885. 33-tf

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1885. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M	Acc. M.W.F. P.M	Acc. dy P.M
	Halifax,—leave,	7 00		2 30
1	Richmond,		6 15	3 33
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 15	3 30
40	Newport,	8 45	9 12	4 50
46	Windsor,	9 00	10 05	5 32
53	Hantsport,	9 22	10 37	6 1
64	Wolfville,	9 54	11 25	6 44
66	Port Williams,	10 00	11 35	6 50
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
	Do—Depart,	10 30	12 25	
83	Berwick	11 03	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 18	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 36	2 10	
102	Middleton,	11 57	3 00	
116	Bridgetown,	12 40	4 00	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 20	4 55	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. A.M.	Acc. T.T.S. P.M	Exp dy. P.M
	Annapolis—leave		6 15	1 30
14	Bridgetown,		7 10	2 13
29	Middleton,		8 10	2 58
36	Kingston,		8 40	3 19
42	Aylesford,		9 15	3 37
47	Berwick,		9 35	3 52
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M.	10 33	4 25
	Do—depart,	5 40	11 15	4 40
64	Port Williams	6 00	11 36	4 55
66	Wolfville,	6 10	11 44	5 03
77	Hantsport	6 38	12 30	5 39
84	Windsor,	7 00	1 20	6 05
93	Newport,	8 10	1 44	6 21
116	Windsor Junction,	10 00	3 45	7 38
129	Richmond,	10 40	4 27	
130	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 30	8 00

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis the same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p. m. for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

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Kentville, 13th Nov, 1885. General Manager.

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