

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hill; and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn; but he did not give it out—he had his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in interest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might; but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hill was out in two by Sugar Brook—a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory; yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population, eating their bread in the full perception of the primal curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; what hope had a still in the midst of the sluggish souls of these men who used their days to struggle with barren hillsides and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacancy.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trumpet of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe in the Lord and follow his footsteps. Today—a long time before today—he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and he had been to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and forebode the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as the words of Scripture were read back to the individual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." So with a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now, when I say this, I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'tunes,' as they are called, for the prayer meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'"

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relations; let us each try to be to our families of that day in our measure what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger; husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon. I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday, the church is to be prayed for. Let us then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great Exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer-day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brothers, you know and I know that there are heathens at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the Gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that you know not of lying in your midst. And let us all, on Saturday evening, meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please to rise."

Everybody rose, except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes; and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled and weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about each tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen to you."

"I'm sorry for it," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I haven't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell you."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes.

"We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us, either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick set man with a shrewd, kindly face and

gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I don't know why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it came. Monday I loosed about me, began with 'I am amazed'—don't of coffee, and it ain't good for me—the doctor says it ain't; but, dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks call nervous, and I could cross, before night comes; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I told you it came hard. I bawled after that cup of coffee drank! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast with out it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a going to stay stopped."

"Well, come to dinner, there was an other fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was tetchy up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor, he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me uneasy by spells, and controllable as a weathercock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothin' help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across the part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, think I, we ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean and pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't, and to ye. I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me considerable, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped on up. I'd feel fain and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it larnt me a good deal more'n I knew before."

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday school as they ought to, along back; but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, I would take the evening to tell it all; but I found one real sick, been ailed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time, 'sin.' 'I was much as ye did it out to one of the best of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he comes in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you'd kinder look down on him. I'm awful glad you've come. Brethren, so was I! I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye; but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said: 'If any man will be the head of the church, he must be the servant of all.' Whether it be of God, or whether it be of myself?"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon, "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class, nor took such interest in 'em as I do today. I got me to begin to teach. I believe they'll come more regular now, too."

"Now, come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailing; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant toward everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors and was easy; but when I come home at noon spell Philary says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat.' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my lots ever since we got in the aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong, as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin' with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, deacon? I'd rather he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day.'"

"Breth-er-en," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come round like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas him and nothin' else. I think more of him today than I ever did before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at being good a week. I believe my hope has been one of them that perish; it hain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to it."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord," said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent responses.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Jo had

forgot the kindlin'. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, who came over one suddenly that mornin' for the day of prayer for the family relation. I just tetchin' in the kindlin' myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife."

"Dear me," says she, "I've got such a headache, Josiah, but I'll come in a minute. I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the text 'about not bein' bitter against 'em,' so I says, 'Philary, you lay abed; I expect Emmy and me can get the kindlin' today.' I declare, she turned over and gave me such a look; why it struck right in! There was my wife, that had worked for and waited on me twenty odd year most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail of water she'd always drawn herself, and then I looked to see when I come in Philary was up tryin' the potatoes, and the tears a-shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still; but she hain't no need to. I felt a little meaner 'I did the day before. But 'twas nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night I went to the stiller steps for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heard Jee, up in the kitchen, say to Emmy, 'I do b'lieve, Em, 'a' goin' to die.'—Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!—Well, I do; he's an everlasting pleasant and good-natured. I can't but think he's struck with the fever, but I tell ye, I set right down on them stiller stairs and cried. I did, really. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me just as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fetherly and kind, all the while I was a-dyin' and scolded and prayed, 'at, em, and tried to tetch 'em up—just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know—but I hain't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they theirs. Seemed as though I was fadin' out more about Josiah Emmons' short days, than was real scart, and I thought, 'Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little easier, but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy practice, and five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some certain calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures out, and along back, but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, I would take the evening to tell it all; but I found one real sick, been ailed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time, 'sin.' 'I was much as ye did it out to one of the best of these, ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he comes in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you'd kinder look down on him. I'm awful glad you've come. Brethren, so was I! I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye; but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me.'"

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and peace reigned in their homes and hearts; imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an effect of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.

The House of Commons.

Cannot pass a law that will prevent people having coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and lung troubles, but Hagar's Peppermint Balm does away with the difficulty by promptly curing all affections of the throat and lungs. It is the pleasantest and safest cough remedy in use.

The Music Cure.

In these days of mind-cure, rest-cure, electricity cure, ovariotomy, and other forms of faith-cure, why does no one start a music-cure? The influence of music on disease is as undoubted as that of opium on pain. In many forms of nervous affections, in mental perturbations, the art which soothes the savage has proved a distinctly curative element in the treatment. In chorea, the influence of gymnastic exercises, aided by music is of benefit. In the delirium of fever we have known the tender strains of Schubert's serenade, evoked from the piano by the hands of a master, soothe the patient until he dropped into a quiet sleep. The "Lancet" says: "By acting as a refreshing mental stimulant and restorative to the depressed nervous tone, and indirectly of the other tissues. That there is something to be said for the old custom of exercising pestilence by the sounds of music. Calmed and inspired by harmony, the tonic energies of will and nerve combined to oppose a wholesome bodily tone to the invading scourge, and to prevent that tissue laxity which has often provided the nidus of disease. A similar process is raised on by those who turn to music, among other diversions, for some relief from the pain of atonic neuralgia. In melancholia and allied states of depression its value is generally admitted in our own day."

Like Half a Dollar.

"About 8 years ago my feet and legs became poisoned, and came out in great sores as large as a half dollar, which ate in almost to the bone. After the failure of other remedies, the sores were completely healed by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. Joseph Gonyon, Tappanville, Ont."

Young Girls in Gowns.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by University men, and made by the same tailor. At present they have only donned the B. A., or Bachelor of Arts robe, which is black and brown, and the B. S. C., or Bachelor of Science, which is yellow and black, but no doubt in turn they will attain to those of higher degrees. The long black silk gowns, which are all of the same pattern, with large cape-like sleeves gathered into the shoulders, the skirts full and flowing, were worn over ordinary short black dresses, with lace or crepe lisse frills appearing above them at the throat. The ladies rich in academic honors wore white gloves and carried the square college cap in their hands.

Mr. John Radcliffe's team, St. Helena, tonight last, Saturday evening, ran against a tie post, in front of R. K. Miller's store, dragging Mr. Radcliffe from his seat. The team was stopped, after a few minutes run, fortunately without injury, but the conveyance was considerably damaged. Mr. Radcliffe was not much the worse, only receiving a severe shaking up.

How a Dime Caught Cold.

A slim young man in the height of fashion was violently sneezing in a street car, when a companion remarked, "Aw, Charles, dear boy, how'd ye catch that dreadful cold." "Aw, dear fellow, left my cane in the lower hall to-day, and in sucking the ivory handle, so dreadful cold, it chilled me almost to death." "If Charles had used Dr. Harvey's Red Pine Cough Syrup he could not have troubled him, very much, or said at J. Wilson's prescription drugstore."

Gideon G. Hood has removed to Huron Co., Michigan. He is a steady, young man and will do well. He will be greatly missed at the Methodist church, Sunshine. Mr. Hood was superintendent of the Sunday School for some time, filling the position most acceptably. He also took a great interest in the musical exercises.

Eat fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60cts. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, New York.

Mr. Francis Fowler of the Huron road, Hullett, died on Wednesday last after a lingering illness of over a year. His wife died about the same time. Mr. Fowler was a native of Yorkshire, England, and was one of the first settlers in this district. He was a good neighbor, a kind and worthy man, and possessed the esteem of all who knew him.

More Remarkable Still.

Found at last, what the true balise has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures impure or impoverished blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc., soon disappear when treated by these excellent tonic medicines. For Sale by Good, Druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

NEW FIRM!

R. P. WILKINSON & Co

Having just completed the purchase of the well-known hardware stock of R. W. McKENZIE, and thoroughly renovated the premises are now prepared to fill all orders and requirements of the public in their line.

Special attention given to Marine Outfits. We solicit public patronage, and will aim to give perfect satisfaction.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

Another large consignment of Fresh Teas of superior quality.

In order to counteract the dishonest practices perpetrated on the Public by peddlers and others, we are offering Special Inducements in Tea and Coffee, and solicit your patronage.

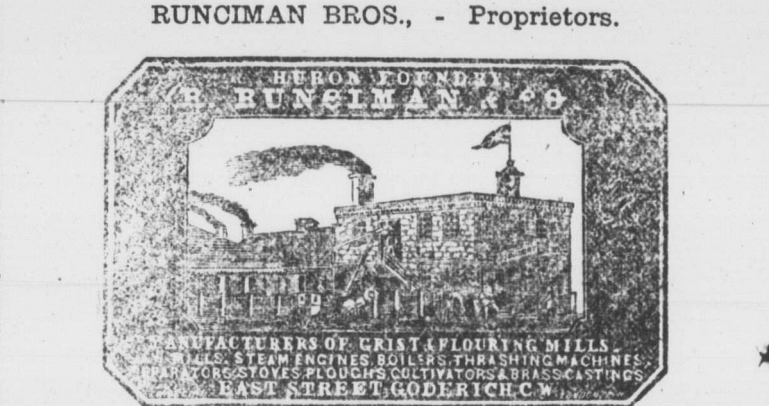
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Orders by Telephone promptly attended to.

Goderich Foundry and Machine Works,

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WE HAVE ON HAND FOR SALE:

Improved Land Rollers Price \$22.00.
HORSE POWERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, STRAW CUTTERS, PLOW POINTS &c.

AT LOW FIGURES!

FLOUR MILLS BUILT ON THE LATEST IMPROVED SYSTEM. Having made arrangements with the JOHN DOTY ENGINE & BOILER WORKS CO. TORONTO, We are Prepared to Quote Prices to Parties in want of the same.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

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of this town for the last 40 years, and is yet.

Any person wanting a First-Class Job, come to me for it.

I am bound to get your trade if Quality and Price is any consideration.

I have an immense stock of Furniture now on hand, and carry more Undertaking stock than all others combined.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING A SPECIALTY. HEARSE SECOND TO NONE.

PICTURE FRAMING AND GILDING DONE.

Blind Shade Rollers at 15 Cents each.

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