

Choice Miscellany.

September.

Thou art leaving hence thy roses Glad summer fare thee well!

Mrs Hemans.

The Story of a Hyacinth.

An unfortunate flower was this poor little hyacinth.

Mother Nature had fallen to nurse this tiny floral waif, and so it was not a pretty flower, but a pale, pink blossom that had forced its feeble way, after many struggles, up through the hard, stone-covered earth, and it stood there in the field all alone.

Not so much as a dandelion had it welcome, and in all the field about only the weeds grew—

A gentle summer breeze came floating by, bringing upon its wings, a leaf, a simple withered rose leaf that had fallen from its parent stalk in the garden not far away.

The wind hastened in its flight, and by some curious accident the withered leaf fluttered to the ground and fell upon the sickly flower.

The little pink hyacinth sighed heavily and bent its neck as it bore the heavy burden, but uttered no complaint.

Hope came to the lonely flower and it murmured softly: "Who knows? Perhaps if I bear this leaf awhile some of the fragrance of the rose may be mine."

Then there came another breeze and another leaf, but not from the rose. "I come from that pure, white hyacinth standing in the corner of the garden," whispered the leaf, and the pale, pink flower whispered in reply:

"Ah! that is better. With your own beauty and the shade from the withered rose leaf who knows but I may develop into a lovelier and a brighter flower!"

And the winds brought many dead leaves and brought also white threads from over the way where the milkweed had burst its pods, and the hyacinth laughed and said:

"I am not alone—Even the milkweeds love me. They too, send their tokens to me, and I can bear their light filaments that would destroy the beauty of the proud flowers in the garden."

And still the wind brought dead leaves and the poor little hyacinth withered under the weight of its burden.

The leaves murmured to the weeping wind: "Oh, it is nothing. The morning sun will revive her. She was always pale and sickly, and every morning she has revived—of course not as pretty and as fragrant as a hyacinth should be, but as beautiful as when she first blossomed."

And the night came and darkness covered the field and the garden wherein each pretty flower closed its bright eyes with hopes that the warm morning sun of the morrow would bring a new flush of pink to the cheeks of the withered flower.

But in the night another leaf fell upon the hyacinth. A little leaf, but its weight was too much for the little pink blossom. In their midnight dreams the garden flowers heard a strange noise come from the field, and when they shook the dew from their fragile bodies and emerged into the bright sunshine of another day they bowed their heads in grief and mingled their tears with the dew upon the ground.

Over in the field the poor little hyacinth was lying cold and prostrate with the dead leaves of the other plants all about her. And the flowers said: "Oh, it is sad indeed. Who will bear our dead leaves now? The morning winds sighed as they chased each other across the field and the milkweeds nodded to each other, and the daisies mourned. Nature's children each and every one sang silent songs of pity for the poor, pink flower that had borne bravely to the end.

And the sun kissed the cold and faded leaves with love and tenderness, and the grand old world continued moving as before.

God pity those who bear their burdens to the grave.

By the Western Window.

She sits in the summer twilight listening to the foot-falls as they pass her door, watching, waiting, as if somebody were coming to her, but nobody is expected—

no husband, no son, no father, no brother will come to her to-night, and she says sadly to herself, "Nobody to come any more." Once the house was filled with merry voices, singing, laughing, chatting; little ones ran to the gate to welcome mamma; papa, too, gladder than any when she came after a short absence.

But little ones soon grew up, and made more noise and joy in the house by their frolicsome happiness. The goings and the comings to and from distant schools, the visits and the visitors, caused pleasant and healthful excitements in the house circle, and the eager expectations of "somebody coming home" made hands and feet fly in busy preparation, and shouts of joy went up when the carriage wheels were heard that brought sister or brother to the loved old home. But nobody comes tonight, "nobody to come any more!"

Carriage-wheels have been so many away who have never returned. Father is gone and the children are gone—home, we know but still the heart sings the sad refrain, "Nobody to come any more!"

The mother can talk with God now. No interjections, no questionings from busy prattlers, no presenting duties to draw her away, no searching the house for mother, no exclaiming in thoughts from the world and its cares, nothing now to separate her from God, and she talks with God everywhere. She lifts up her soul to him. Once, when this great cloud of loneliness threatened to cast an

impenetrable shadow over her life, there came with the still small voice of the Spirit such a revelation of God's great love to her, of the blessedness of being his child and having a home in the corner of his house, or sitting at his feet and grasping his hand, of looking up in his face, of being hid in this pavilion from all ill forever, then was the cloud lifted and the angel of his presence cast a halo of light over her lonely pathway.

But at times the shadows came back, and sad and sorrowful feelings prevail when "no body comes any more."

In the place Jesus has gone to prepare, they are waiting, waiting for her, gazing from the windows, peeping out at the door, straining every nerve to catch the sound of chariot-wheels in the distance, so while nobody comes somebody is waiting, waiting for her.

"Oh, then what rapturous greetings On Canaan's happy shore, What knitting severed friendships up Where partings are no more!"

"The eyes with joy shall sparkle That brimmed with tears of late, Orphans no longer fatherless, No widows desolate."

—Christina Tiddell.

The First Glass.

In one of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all.

He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The insubstantial cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed a part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady, surely he could not refuse to drink just one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the man reasoned. He had never tasted wine, but when once the cup passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass, pressed to his lips by a young, thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers; rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance—his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup; but it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.—A National Temperance Society Leaflet.

Heroic.

In the great square in The Hague, Holland, called the Plein, is the statue of William the Silent, erected in 1848, "by the grateful people to the father of their fatherland."

He was a King who lived for his people, his country, and his God, and his death has been compared to that of Lincoln. The assassin was a man named Balthazar Gerard who falsely represented himself to be a French Protestant, exiled for his religion.

Philip II. had offered twenty-five thousand crowns of gold to any one who would murder the Prince, and the friends of the latter had begged him to take measures for self-protection, but his answer always was,—

"My years are in the hands of God." The Prince took Balthazar into his service, and at the time he was murdered he was living at the convent of St Agatha at Delft, a building which is still standing.

June 10, 1584, William was descending the staircase to dinner with his daughter, Louise de Coligny, on his arm, when Balthazar met them with his passport in his hand, which he asked the Prince to sign.

He was commanded to return later. At dinner the princess inquired who that young man was who had spoken to them, added that his expression was the most terrible she had ever seen. The assassin was at that time in waiting in a dark corner for his victim.

At his fatal hour the King left the table, and approached the staircase, where the assassin fired.

The King staggered. He knew that he was mortally wounded, but the purpose of his life became the thought of his death. He had but a minute to speak, and his thought rose sublime in prayer, "God have mercy upon my poor people."

They were The Silent's last words. The years have answered the prayer.

Survival of the Fittest.

For some time past the question of purity in baking powder has formed quite a feature of newspaper discussions

and eminent doctors of philosophy have given opinions as to the ingredients which compose many of the articles sold under that name. The investigations have narrowed down to the limit which awards the Royal Baking Powder the palm of purity, and several of the most distinguished scientists have testified to their conviction that no extraneous or deleterious matter enters into its composition.

The Royal Baking Powder Company have achieved a world-wide reputation for the success which has marked their preparation of cream of tartar for baking purposes. It is indisputably shown that they have eliminated all elements of tartaric acid, alum or other impurities, and present to the public a healthful and chemically pure article.

Such widely known chemists as Henry Morton, E. G. Love, H. A. Mott, Wm. McMurtrie and others have verified its superiority over other manufactures, and testified, through practical experience, to its excellence.

It is well for families to observe the fact that it costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the one "absolutely pure" baking powder made.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething.

Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and surgeons in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

We say to those who are sceptical as to the hair-producing qualities of "Minard's Liniment" that in every case where the hair has fallen by disease, and by using 6 bottles of "Minard's Liniment" on the head will not produce a good growth of hair, or where one bottle will not remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out we will furnish the Liniment free.

THAT TIRED FEELING.—The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, but common complaint, known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Dr. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists.

A gentleman in a neighboring town who had suffered two years with chronic diarrhoea and was so reduced that he could not walk, was cured and restored to sound health by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. This Liniment is worth its weight in gold.

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CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES.—"I had the muscles of my hand so contracted that I could not use it for 2 years. I used Minard's Liniment and now have the use of my hand as well as ever."—Mrs. RACHAL SAUNDERS, Dalhousie.

Man is the only animal known to naturalists that is fool enough to drink when not thirsty.

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MISREPRESENTATION. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11. The Board considered the proceeding of the Royal Baking Powder Co. (or whoever was responsible for its publication) in advertising the Board's action, through its analyst, in support of their Powder, and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

RESOLVED, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Co., quoting the State Board of Health of New York as recommending through one of its Analysts, its purity, etc, is a misrepresentation.

True copy from minutes of State Board of Health of New York, Feb'y 11th, 1885. Signed LEWIS BALCH, Secretary.

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NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with JAMES B. MARTIN, Admr JOHN L. MARTIN, Admr Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c. and this slip. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway. Time Table 1886—Summer Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Accm. M.W.F., Exp. Daily, P.M. (Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Kentville, Port Williams, Grand Pre, Yarmouth, Hantsport, Windsor, Halifax).

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.F., Accm. Daily, P.M. (Halifax, Windsor, Hantsport, Annapolis, Grand Pre, Port Williams, Kentville, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Middleton, Bridgetown, Annapolis).

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 Friday at 7:15 a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning leaves Annapolis every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, p.m. for Digby and St. John.

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

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday at 3 p.m. and Boston every Saturday at 8 p.m. for Boston.

Steamers "Alpha" and "Dominion" leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cambridge" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 a.m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

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F. INNES, General Manager Kenville, 12th June, 1886.

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