

GOD'S UNREQUITED FAVOR.

1st Cor. 15: 2

The stone with which to quench the gospel light
The stone with which to quench the gospel light
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But when at length his great prize is slain
And sold in loss in everlasting gain;
Paul, saved by grace, counts the startled world
Upholding a light flag of Christ unfurled.

And yet, when years of marvellous work for God
Have proven Paul the chosen of the Lord,
A wonderful mystery fills his heart with grief
For awful acts of former selfish life.

The bitter words he heeded—the word remained;
And resolution brings again the pains
So keenly that we cannot understand
Why God withheld his justly vengeful hand.

But sweetest is the morning passing bright
In contrast with the darkness of the night;
And looking back he sees the truth is true
The grace of God has favored even me.

—ANTHONY F. BROWNE.

Tues., Aug. 16, 1893.

MARY LOUISA'S GIRLS.

Mrs. Murray was at her wit's end—so she had declared for the fiftieth time that day. However, the declaration was not a declaration of war, as only Mrs. Murray's figure of speech; though there were people who insisted that the terminus thus indicated did not point out any great extent of travel.

Chief among those who used their tongues in this manner was Miss Haley. People in Dunton called her an old maid. She preferred the appellation of "elderly spinster." There were several reasons for the preference, one being that she held the later part of a doubtful engagement more dignified, while the former was more expressive. This last declaration she explained by the statement that there was a "mint of difference between being 'old' and being 'elderly,'" which no one in Dunton felt disposed to deny or even argue.

No one unless it was Mrs. Murray, and she did not attempt to argue as to the actual difference, but as to its applicability in the present instance. She was firmly convinced that the more appropriate term was "old," and she held to it with a tenacity that had much to do with the opinion that Miss Haley felt forced to render again when the recurrence of Mrs. Murray's state was told her.

All of which goes to show that there was no great affiliation between the two parties living on the opposite sides of Dunton's one long country street.

The special case of Mrs. Murray's present arrival at their deplorable terminus was one calling for some sympathy rather than for sarcasm. It had its origin in two places—Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Murray's niece, and in Mrs. Murray herself, or, to speak more plainly, in the idiosyncrasies, as some would call them, of each of the two women. Mrs. Murray had no use for girls, Mrs. Murray excepted, and Mrs. Murray seemed to have a great deal to say for them. A woman herself, Mrs. Murray argued that she knew all about women, and, logically, according to her ideas, she had no use for them. Whether Miss Haley and her biting remarks had anything to do with this conclusion, it is not our purpose to debate. The conclusion remained.

But that mysterious thing some people call fate, and others denigrate as providence, seemed to have conspired that Mrs. Murray should be brought face to face with just what she did not want. She, however, did not attribute it to any such thing. She attributed it to Mary Louisa.

"She knew that I couldn't have having one girl about me long, let alone twenty, and here she's never as much as asked me, and up and writes me she's coming down here with twenty of them. I'm just as good as dead as buried." When this statement was added to the one already given Miss Haley, for once in her life she took the edge off her instrument of speech and said she "didn't blame Mrs. Murray one bit. Mary Louisa was an unthinking piece of baggage," together with sundry other statements that should have set that young woman's ears tingling in the same proportion that the said speech, when duly reported to Mrs. Murray, reassured her and possibly assisted in preventing her from going over the brink into the oft-threatened idiosyncy.

Such is sympathy. The affair had this good effect, first, it set Mrs. Murray and Miss Haley together in a common bond, and the latter proceeded to continue her sympathy.

"I should have thought Mary Louisa would have been ashamed to impose on her aunt that way," she cried, and ought to've written a line for permission."

Miss Haley's opinion was reasonable enough. But there are some things that, if walked upon, never get done, and Mary Louisa was determined to do one of them. Then, she owned part of the farm stretching back of the village street where Mrs. Murray lived, and that had some weight in determining how she should carry on what she had designed. Mary Louisa knew her aunt, Miss Haley, and the whole of Dunton as well, and she knew that under the circumstances too much talk would spell all if allowed to have too long a way before her.

She was right in this case. She certainly would not have succeeded in her undertaking had she even suggested the matter. As it was, Mrs. Murray had not time to give up in despair. Mary Louisa came the next day, and that meant that Mrs. Murray must put off the evil day of collapse until the coming was over, at least.

The knowledge of Miss Haley's sympathy and the knowledge that the next question was watching her efforts to get ready, strengthened her more than she would have admitted. Miss Haley was curious, too.

"How she is ever to get ready for that crowd is more than I can see," she ejaculated to herself, as she watched the active preparations going on opposite.

"What I'd do with twenty young things turned loose on my place is more than I can say. I'd drive 'em wilder than any."

She was wrong. The morning after the arrival she felt impelled to drop in upon her neighbor. She did not find her in her own room shut away from the noise as she expected; but down in

the 'kitchen she sat, surrounded by girls. They would come right in here and take hold, and Mary Louisa said 'I've said 'I'd have to let them feel at home, and here they be,' said she, with faint apology, to her caller.

They were at home. A red-headed girl was sitting strawberries with a black-eyed one. One in a sprigged kim was helping a gray-robed one to pit cherries, while three others were priding over a huge pan of vegetables, preparing them for dinner. One with skirt plumed up, was washing off the back veranda, and from the hall came the sound of brooms busily at work.

"It looked for all the world like a boarding-house, only it didn't," said Miss Haley to a caller that afternoon. "An' what takes me is that Melinda Murray was settin' there like she hadn't no notion of layin' down 'n' dyin'." I didn't know how she has always been about havin' girls around, I should say she took to it mightily for a lady that was her mother's best friend two days ago 'cause they were comin'."

Mrs. Murray was in a peculiar situation, to tell the truth. The twenty girls who had accompanied Mary Louisa had come to the heart of the city, and come for their first outing in several years.

"And when she told me that, I couldn't get up heart to say no or nothing for a pecker or a picker, 'se you don't see, but, land! who would've thought I'd give in at all?"

"You seem to rather like it," remarked Miss Haley dryly.

Mrs. Murray cogitated for a moment. "I don't know," she replied. "I don't like it as bad as I expected, I admit. They try to be helpful."

"So I see. They're more considerate than I looked for, seein' 's Mary Louisa didn't show none in the first place."

Mary Louisa laughed softly at the thrust—she had called with her aunt for a purpose.

"If you should see how they live in the city you would not wonder that I took the surprise to let them see how we live in the country," said she. "Tain't livin' at all there, as far as I can see," said Mrs. Murray. "I showed 'em my flower garden, and that black-eyed one just cried, because she said it made her think of her mother's. She lost her four years ago—and she hasn't had a breath of country air nor a sight of a home flower-garden since."

"My garden is in bloom too," remarked Miss Haley. "In flowers she was Mrs. Murray's unflinching rival."

"She should see that," put in Mary Louisa, quickly. "Can't we come over some afternoon? I know what would be fine. Let us have a real lawn party here next week. Auntie's garden and yours can furnish flowers, and you two can try your best receipts, and we'll furnish fun."

"And that they actually got to go to promise to them girls to do it," said Miss Haley to her neighbor on the other side who dropped in to hear about the call.

They came. For one whole afternoon they ranged the old house with its broad halls and large rooms, its lovely old garden and orchard beyond. Their exclamations of joy would have delighted a stolid, and Miss Haley had not quite reached that point. She beamed upon them all graciously, and told Mrs. Murray as they prepared the tea table that she did not believe in any light flirts for peaked city girls, and Mrs. Murray graciously agreed with her. The result was an abundance that called for more from even Mary Louisa an exclamation.

"I wasn't goin' to let your aunt's place get a better reputation than mine," she answered, in a low tone. "Did the red-headed one or the sad-eyed one, both of whom left with a big bouquet of roses from the choicest bush in Miss Haley's garden, both smiling 'all over' at a whispered word said to her by her even Mary Louisa could have spoken for all."

"All of us girls have had a lovely time, haven't we?" Mary Louisa asked, with a playful shake of Miss Haley's spare shoulders as she looked straight into her eyes.

"And a body wouldn't've taken us for very old-to-day, I must say," said Mrs. Murray, smiling at Mary Louisa.

"I ain't old," replied Miss Haley, with a sudden stiffening. "Well, elderly, then," said Mrs. Murray, magnanimously. "What's the difference, anyway, Helen Haley? We ain't goin' to be children 'yain in this world 'less we see more of 'em anyway," she added. "Why can't a widow and an old maid—spinster, I mean, let those girls see what folks like you and me can do and how they can really live and keep young inside?"

"How would you do it?" queried Miss Haley, in a croaking whisper. "The question was not answered then. Two weeks passed in a commendable spirit of emulation between the two. The girls were in demand. The two women concocted plans innumerable to outvie each other, and Mary Louisa in amused enthusiasm lent her aid to both."

The visit was over. The girls had left, a "super-happy, renovated" set, as one of them said. Mrs. Murray was very much alive, and Miss Haley was very much aware of it.

"I expect the same thing next year," said the former, without the trace of a sigh.

"So do I," said the latter, grimly. "What, Helen Haley, do you really mean it?"

"I mean you ain't going to get the chance to do it alone," was the determined reply.

"Well, if you really mean it," said Mrs. Murray, when she recovered from her surprise, "why not make it something worth doing?"

Then Miss Haley repeated her question and found an answer. Mary Louisa could tell them how, and did.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," she declared. "I can fix it so there'll not be the least bit of trouble, if you'll just let me. I wouldn't like anything better."

"There wasn't much use of doin' anything else," said Miss Haley; "for Mary Louisa is a masterful spirit."

enough when she gets going. If she should take it into her head to set up a summer home for girls right here, her aunt and I'd have to give right up, and let her do it. Mrs. Murray couldn't stand out in the beginning."

"Nor you in the end," retorted Mrs. Murray.

The result showed that neither one could.

The next summer forty girls came down to Dunton at the express invitation of "Miss Haley and Mrs. Murray, two elderly ladies who open their homes to the recipient for a two weeks' visit!"—so the card read.

They had compromised on "ladies" and buried the hatchet, the only time Mary Louisa feared it about to peep forth being when they read the card for the first time.

"I'm most sorry we didn't make it three weeks," said Mrs. Murray, regretfully. "When you used to despise girls so?"

"When you used to despise girls so?" asked Miss Haley, crisply, inspecting the card in turn.

"A wise person changes her mind; a fool don't," quoth Mrs. Murray.

"Which leads me to say you needn't never tell about your lovin' your wits any more," replied Miss Haley, acidly.

Now! cried exasperated Mary Louisa, gently. "Don't be afraid, Mary Louisa," interrupted Miss Haley. "When old folks like you and me grow young enough to turn themselves out and body—and estate—over to a lot of girls for the remainder of their days, you needn't worry over an occasional flesh 'twain 'em."

After that speech Mary Louisa worried at nothing. She knew the plans for her girls would be carried out. "What aunt doesn't manage, Miss Haley will," she mused. "It really brought about more than I expected."—*Zion's Herald.*

One Opportunity.

Armed with a shade-hat and a book, Julia was on her way to find the coolest side of the big piazza, and there enjoy the morning. She stopped for a moment at Lucy Wilton's door, to persuade her to join her, but Lucy refused; she "had to go sit with the sick, in a minute," she said.

"I wish I was good like you," sighed Julia. "But that is quite impossible, you know," responded Lucy, briskly. "It is sheer waste of time to talk it. You would much better fix your thoughts on being good like yourself, which is all you can ever hope for."

Julia thought of this for some time. It was a little thing to do for everybody, and such nice little ways in which to do them. I want to be a useful member of society, too; but I don't know how. You seem to have a regular knack for finding opportunities. It's just as if you were a child, hunting for four-leafed clovers; you would have a handful before I got one, though I was peering my eyes out in all directions.

"Nonsense! As if for less than clovers had the least thing in the world to do with opportunities! Why, they don't bear the most distant resemblance to each other. Opportunities are not things that a person may or may not chance to find; they are things that are cultivated crops, so to speak."

"Yes, so to speak," repeated Julia, discomfited, as she closed the door. "I am much afraid that they are pretty far from being things that are cultivated crops. The porch was almost empty, nearly all the boards being down at the beach or in their rooms, so that Julia had a free choice of chairs and shady corners. For a quarter of an hour she read a book, and then she went to the porch, and there she found a very welcome companion was thrust upon her. Little Frances Maple came racing along the board walk, and flung herself down on the steps at Julia's feet. She was not an attractive child, very dreary and young, and Julia thought she "abhorred" her, and now hoped, by fixing her eyes on her book and ignoring the intruder, to soon shake her off.

Frances persisted with questions and remarks longer than Miss people would have done, but even she was not proof against the abstracted money-labors which were all that came in response. The pauses grew longer and longer. At length, with considerable and very unbecoming meekness, she hesitated one more query:

"Do you know where Miss Lucy Wilton is?"

Perhaps it was the reminder of the name, or perhaps it was the subdued sound of the little girl's voice, that roused Julia and brought a sudden, swift thought to her mind: "What if this should be a four-leafed clover, right at my hand?"

She shut her book and leaned sociably toward Frances, as she answered: "Miss Lucy has gone to sit with Mrs. Dwyer for a while. Did you want to see her?"

"I always want to see her. I like to know she's around. I think she's lovely, don't you?"

"I do, indeed."

"Everybody does, I guess; they couldn't help themselves. What do you suppose makes her so nice?"

"Religion," said Julia, wondering, as she uttered the word, whether the child had the least idea of what it meant.

Frances looked around at her, then laughed.

"That sounds awfully old-fashioned," she uttered the word, whether the child had the least idea of what it meant.

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notices in the death column, and the undertaker's bill, and the plot at the cemetery? If you do, you are altogether wrong; you are not beginning to get at the meaning and the beauty of it. We need it when we die, but not a bit more than we have needed it all along, through every common day that is past and before us. We need it when we need it right this minute sitting here. We need it to make life sweet, and satisfied, and well to do, from the beginning to the end."

Julia had talked on, at the last, perhaps, more to herself than to her companion. Now when she stopped, and, after a pause, turned her gaze away from the great blue ocean, it rested in surprise on a very serious little face before her much-befuddled leghorn.

"Nobody ever talks to me like this before," said Frances. "Grandmother gets after us sometimes, but she cries generally and we don't like it, and run away as soon as we can. Anyway, she just tells us that death is coming some time, and we ought to be ready, maybe we might die young. But you know, we are all of us awfully healthy, and we don't believe in that much. But—"

She paused. Julia waited until she saw her companion's face again.

"But it's different your way. It must be nice to be sweet and to be satisfied every day, from when you're young till when you're old. I'd like to be like you."

"And you'd like, wouldn't you, when the time really does come to die, to take with you out of life something more than just the last feeble years of your old age? For my part, as I said at first, I'm not willing to wait for heaven so long. I want it now—some of it. And when I get over there, I want all of it. That is to say, I want heaven to help me to enjoy life, and I want life—youth and all—to help me to enjoy heaven."

Frances knit her brows in an attempt to understand. Suddenly, however, she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"There's Lulu! Excuse me! I've got something to tell her."

Julia returned to her book with a sigh and a smile.

"Well, if I didn't do Frances any good, it did her some to try."

One day, when fall and winter had passed, and spring was on the wane, the postman brought to Julia's city home a letter, directed in a round, school-girl hand. Julia looked at it curiously for a moment before she broke open the envelope, and read as follows:

My dear Miss Haley: After you told me to come on the porch that day, I couldn't forget it. I tried to, but I kept coming back into my mind, and now I'm trying to practice it better and better. Grandmother says you would like to join her, but Lucy refused; she "had to go sit with the sick, in a minute," she said.

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The King's Household.

What the Bible contains is its best claim to inspiration. But before it can be appreciated at its full worth the contents must be known. "To know the book" is the aim of the King's Household, briefly expressed. It is to help to the ready knowledge of the Book of books that this organization was started. In October, 1885, by Rev. Edwin H. Bronson, of Philadelphia. Many thousands have been enrolled, and many testify to the benefit received by membership therein. Says one: "The whole plan seems to be arranged so as to oblige one to think and to become interested."

The entire Bible is read in four years, and a certificate awarded to all who take the full course. Students are encouraged to make notes on the daily reading, and also to review frequently, thus doing thorough work. A new class is now forming, which all are invited to join. For descriptive circular address Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, N.J.—*Examiner.*

Out of the Ordinary.

The Babcock test has taught us that it does not pay to churn cream at the ordinary temperature of a summer day. Too much of the butter remains in the buttermilk when the churning is started with the cream too warm. From 56 to 58 degrees is high enough. Churn cool. It gives better butter and more of it.

—Before harnessing your horse, pass a dry cake of carbolic acid soap over the animal's entire body, giving special attention to those parts upon which the flies are wont to settle. The cake of soap is to be fresh, with as much as possible of the odor of the carbolic acid perceptible; but it is not, on any account, to be wet. The soap, besides protecting the horse from the flies, will give the animal's hair a polish that is highly satisfactory.—*Barnes Journal.*

In the near future the attempt will be made to establish families of citizens and traders as well as of draught stock and butter cows, and then an approach will be made to uniformly in type and also in results. Until this fixity of purpose be made the rule with breeders the good horse is an accident.—*Meine Farmer.*

The commercial value of a tree is wholly out of proportion to the cost of producing it. If you do not quite believe this, price two adjoining town lots, one well planted with trees, and the other bare to the sun and the wind; or see what a naked farm will sell for in comparison with one so well set with trees that it has a green and pleasant look.—*Meine Farmer.*

Large crops of fruit are not always the most profitable. Quality rather than quantity is what, to a considerable extent at least, determines the profits.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

The pig-pen ought to have a space of fresh soil that has not been trampled over for several years for the pigs to root in. Such soil helps to correct acidity of the stomach and keep the pig healthy. But where the rooting is over land filled with decomposing pig manure the pigs are sure to get some disease, and this is doubtless often the means by which the dreaded trichina is introduced. The pig likes to be cleanly. His rooting in fresh soil for roots and larva insects does not disprove his preference for cleanliness.—*American Wooler.*

A Message from the Sea.

Capt. Grafton, of the St. John barque, Queen of the Fleet, says that Dr. Manning's German Remedy is the best pain-killer for general use that he ever had on his vessel and he would not be without it at any price. Dr. Manning's German Remedy is a certain and speedy cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, strains, bruises, cramps, colic, chills, and all other ailments, whether internal or external. Sold everywhere.

—Mrs. J. W. Feindel, Railroad St., Wakefield, Mass.: "Have suffered for over twenty years with dyspepsia. Have used a great many kinds of medicine recommended to cure it, but nothing helped me like K. D. C. It has proved a valuable medicine to others in this place, as well as myself."

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Three pence.....40 5 cents......75
Six pence.....1.50 8 cents......75
One shilling.....15.00 10 cents.....15
1 cent......06 124 cents.....10

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Anonymous.

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