

HIS FATHER'S FLOWER.

The readers of the *Companion* are doubtless familiar with the beautiful story of Picciola, the little plant which, growing up between the massive stones that walled in a prison, restored to a poor captive his long-lost faith in his God.

We have lately heard the history of another flower whose errand into the world was as strange and pathetic.

The prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania were formerly subjected to solitary confinement. The warden at that time was a man who took a keen personal interest in his prisoners, and tried to be a helpful friend to them, as well as an inexorable gaoler.

One man, Benedict, sentenced for five years for forgery, was inaccessible to any friendly approach. He was evidently a man of some education, although belonging to the working class; but he was possessed with a dumb, bitter rage against God and all his fellow men.

In the third year of his imprisonment he was attacked by a slow, incurable disease, and lay day after day upon his pallet without speaking, a prey to his own wretched and foul thoughts. The only answer he made to the pleadings of the warden or chaplain was to glare at them savagely.

One day, a fellow prisoner, who was discharged, sent to "Beu" a broken pitcher in which was growing a little plant. The warden himself carried it to him.

"One of the men heard you were sick, and sent you this. He raised it from the seed in his cell."

Benedict grunted, and did not open his eyes. The warden set it down beside him. The perfume of the flower soon filled the cell.

Benedict started up eagerly. "Where is the mignonette? Oh, there?"

He lay down, ashamed of his emotions, but his eyes were fixed on the little flower, and the color receded from his face, leaving it very pale. Presently he put out his hand and touched it gently.

"My father," he said, as though the words were wrung from him, "always had the garden full of this weed at home."

The warden wisely went out and left the man alone. He knew that the flower and the memories it awakened were stronger than any words which he could speak.

It was a month before Benedict died. A stranger would have thought him savage and sullen to the last, but the warden saw that while the perfume of this flower was near him, he could not forget his innocent childhood, or the

father, whom it appeared he had loved better than anybody in the world.

"The old man," he said gruffly, one day, "who made the mistake of bringing me into the world, was a Baptist. If one of his kind of preachers was here, perhaps I'd listen to him."

An old Baptist minister was brought, and he did listen, though still silent. As he drew near the end, there was a change in the whole man. His voice softened; he spoke gently; at times his eyes were full of a terrible wordless sadness. He kept the little brown plant near to him, watered and tended it constantly.

"It sort of makes me a boy again," he said, one day, with a smile; the first the warden had ever seen on his face.

The day he died he kept his hand zealously on the pot. "Father liked to have it round—at home," he muttered as if in apology.

Do you believe in the Christian faith, my friend?" asked the clergyman, seeing that the end was near.

"I believe in my father's God. He knows me. He'll forgive me."

He did not speak again, but fell into a stupor. An hour later, he shivered once or twice, then all was still; the little pot of mignonette fell broken to the floor. It had done its work.—*Youth's Companion.*

At a church in a seacoast town in Massachusetts the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen by the name of Knight took place, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There Will be No Night There." The effect as soprano, alto and tenor, successively took up the refrain was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in anything but a humorous spirit.

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Wolfville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

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W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.F.S.	Daily
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leve		5 30	1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 50
59 Kentville dpt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 53	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor June "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M W F	daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun. "	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar'v	1 00	5 50	

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

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