"FEET NOT THYSELF."

So wearily the feet must move
When the heart is not at rest;
God keeps His children in His love,
And He knows best.

So tedious is the path of life
When the care is borne alone;
But God, amid the greatest strife,
Quiets His own.

No road is sunny all along,
But the shadows thickly lie;
Yet reason is there for a song
Since God is nigh.

No heart but has to bear its pain,
Yet the trouble goes at length;
The fading hope is bright again
When God gives strength.

O child of God, be calm, be still,
Let the past be what if may.
Live now as for the Father's will,
And Him obey!

And let the tumult and the rush
And the doubts and questions cease;
Give God thy care, and know the hush
Of perfect peace.

—*Marianne Farningham, in Woman's Journal.*

Winfield Mott's Conversion.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

It was a warm morning in July, but there had been no drought in Eastboro. The verdure of the fields and woods was fresh and glossy, and the brook which turned young Winfield Mott's planing-mill brimmed its pretty banks full. There was therefore no apparent reason why the mill should not be running, but it was not. Winfield Mott himself sat in the middle of the mill floor on a pile of shavings, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man of, perhaps, twenty-seven. His handsome face was cleanly shaven but for a light mustache. His clothes were neat and good. He looked robust and intelligent, yet there was an expression upon his countenance of great dissatisfaction. What was worse, this expression had rested there for a year or more. He had been a merry boy, but people said that he was getting soured.

"Things have gone wrong with Win Mott, and kinder *sodged* him all up," was the way in which Aunt Nabby Tolman put it.

Aunt Nabby was the village oracle, and kept a sharp lookout on all her neighbors. Her phrases were often hard to parse, but there was never any doubt as to her meaning.

Another remark which she made about Win Mott was that he looked as if he were "chuck full of *besom*," which the plain country folk who heard her understood to mean that he looked as though he were full of bitterness and hatefulness, though no dictionary could have helped them to such a conclusion.

After Winfield Mott had sat upon the pile of shavings for perhaps fifteen minutes he rose and walked toward a window. Opposite the mill stood a little white cottage. Winfield Mott, as he glanced toward it now, could see his young wife moving slowly about in it, while his year-old baby crowed as it crept about the floor.

"I don't believe Clara will ever be strong again," he sighed, as he turned away. "Well, I don't know that I can do any more than I am doing for her. Anyhow, now I must go to work."

Just then, without a note of warning, the door opened and a gray-haired, thin-faced man walked in. Winfield Mott started.

"Good morning, Mr. Ely," he stammered, extending his hand, though with scant cordiality, "I—I didn't hear you coming. Did you drive up from the village?"

"No; I walked through the woods and came in at your back door."

The old man took off his spectacles to wipe them and revealed a pair of mild, kind, blue eyes.

"You must excuse me for calling so early," he continued, "but these hot days I have to go early if I go at all; and I have wanted to see you. It isn't a busy time with you, I hope, that is, too busy for you to spend a few minutes with me?"

An ungracious "I suppose not," muttered almost beneath the young man's breath, was all the reply that he vouchsafed, though his visitor's manner was tender and even affectionate.

"Now, Win," he began, seating himself upon a work bench close at hand, "talk with me freely. I have been your pastor for ten years. I baptized you into the church and your wife with you. You and Clara seem like my children, but now you rarely come to church or to the Sunday-school. Clara never comes. I suppose she cannot leave the little one."

"No," replied Winfield Mott, speaking with difficulty, "Clara is obliged to stay with the baby. She isn't strong enough to go, anyway. I am worried about her all the time."

"But she is doing her housework alone," I understand.

"Yes; she isn't able to do it, but she won't let me get any one to help her. She says I can't afford it."

"Are you having very hard times, then, Win?" ashed the old man, anxiously.

"I've had the worst kind of luck. I supposed everybody knew it."

"I have heard that you were not prospering, but I did not know for certain," murmured the pastor.

"I can easily show you the main causes of my trouble," snapped Winfield Mott, throwing his reserve to the winds. "My fellow church members have used me ill, Mr. Ely. I might as well tell you," he went on, raising his voice fiercely, "that I bought a young cow of our precious Deacon Mosley, and it proved to be unsound. He knew it was sick when he sold it to me. He must have known it!"—Winfield Mott was fairly husky now with his wrath—"I paid him in hard money, and when the cow died two weeks afterward I was that much poorer. I tell you he is a cheat, and I will never take any communion bread from his hands again.

"But that is only one thing. I had a large order for hard wood finishings. I bought a load of wood in the log, and was going to saw it myself. I bought it of your honorable church member, L. S. Mead. O, *he's* a virtuous and upright man, *he* is!"

Winfield Mott laughed harshly.

"I tell you, Mr. Ely, half that load was poplar. Mead left it there just at night, very promptly, O very—the next day, in fact, after I ordered it—and I did not happen to look at it for ten days or a fortnight. Then I found that half of it was no good. Mead swears that 'somebody meddled with it;' that I 'had no business to leave it lying around loose so!' Does L. S. Mead take me for a fool?" cried the young man, his face now fairly purpling under the stress of his emotions. "Don't you suppose I could tell if anybody had touched my logs here? L. S. Mead is a fraud; but the money loss wasn't all. I saw what religion amounts to. I don't want any more dealings with church members, thank you! World's folks are good enough for me."

"O Win, Win!" sighed the pastor. Drops were gathering upon his brow. He meekly wiped them away.

"Yes," went on Winfield Mott, frowning darkly, "and my wife and the baby have been ailing for months; the doctor's bills are enormous. He's another member of the church, but he charges me right up to the mark every time. O yes! I've had to mortgage my house and my mill. I'm about as tied up as a young fellow can be. There are other things about church members that I might tell you. I don't feel much like attending church. Clara *makes* me sometimes. I confess I go only to please her."

The old man took no notice of the brutal frankness of these words.

"Does she feel as you do?" he asked, after a pause.

"Clara? No. She's as good as gold, and she thinks everybody else is. But I'm free to tell you, Mr. Ely, I don't care for any church in which such men as Deacon Mosely and Mr. Mead are shining lights. No, I thank you!"

He laughed another bitter laugh.

"O Win, Win!" cried the old man again, in a tone of acutest distress. He paused. His heart was evidently too full for utterance. Then he turned and took his young friend's hand.

"Let us pray, Win," he said gently, and together they knelt upon the floor among the bits of broken board and the little heaps of sawdust.

"Dear Lord," implored the old man, "come to us this morning and show us Thyself as our pattern—our guide. Stand between us and the whole world. Hide that from us, and let us see only Thee in Thy beauty. Let humanity be blotted out before us. Reach forth Thy loving hand and pull us from the Slough of Despond into which we have fallen. Take suspicion and hatred from our hearts, if such there be, and fill us with love and forgiveness toward all who have injured us, even as Thou wast full of love for those who reviled and persecuted Thee. Quicken and enlighten us.

"O Thou that didst still the tossing waves of Galilee speak peace to our souls. Take our hands in Thine, and tell us how these our afflictions are meant for our good, and help us to keep faith in Thee, through all. Amen."

The old man's words came to Winfield Mott like a reviving torrent upon a parched land, sliding irresistibly upon its blessed way. God had inspired them. It was like David's music upon the darkened spirit of King Saul.

As they rose from their knees the aged pastor caught the young man's hand.

"I mustn't take too much of your time, Win," he began. The tears were welling up to his kind eyes. "But I must confess to you,—may God forgive me!—that I have been almost afraid to speak to you for fear I should say the wrong word. Then, as I said, I couldn't see you alone, but, O Win, let God say to you what I cannot! Study His Word—pray to Him. Whatever others are or are not, He is always the same—pure, true, loving. I can't help thinking you're too hard on these men. I can't think they meant to wrong you. But the human heart is deceitful, God knows, and you must not look at the faults of church members. There wouldn't be any end to that, would there? We are all sinners you know." The young man flinched a little under the searching glance which the good pastor gave him. "Can't you fix your eyes on Him, Win—just Him? Clara will tell you I'm right. I can't bear to see your young spirit clouded so! O, come out of the shadows and be our own bright boy again! Good-by, Win. God bless you."

The young man stood gazing after the retreating figure of his faithful friend, his handsome face flushed and his eyes moist. Was it true, indeed, that God was not against him? Could he believe that God was just, though every man were a liar? Yes, yes! He felt it as he had never felt it before. Passage after passage of Scripture came floating into his mind, verses, long forgotton but full of comfort, verses which warned Christians of exactly such trials as those which had come to him. Perhaps he had been too hard in his judgments. At any rate, whatever might be true of Deacon Moseley, Mr. Mead and the doctor, God was still good. He always would be. A great light seemed suddenly to shine through the bare, plain, shaving-strewn mill. He could think of nothing but Paul on his journey to Damascus.

Outside he heard a soft, slow footstep. Clara was coming, probably to ask him some question. He had not been very pleasant to Clara lately, he reflected with a qualm; in fact, he had been sullen, perverse, gloomy—a brute.

She opened the door timidly. His heart smote him anew as he observed her manner. He had been so cross and ugly that his very wife whom he loved was afraid of him. Her face wore a sad look as she peered in, but something in his expression changed hers and she smiled. How soft her husband's eyes had suddenly become! There was no shadow to-day on his broad, white forehead.

"Come in, Clara," he said, gently. He took her hand and pulled her down beside him on the bench where the good pastor had sat a few moments before. "O Clara!" he continued brokenly, "I have been a bad husband to you, morose, unkind. But you have been a saint! Why haven't I looked to you for a pattern instead of to Deacon Mosley and the rest? Why, Clara," he continued earnestly, "I have been thinking that everybody was bad, that every man's hand was against me. I have mistrusted the goodness of God, but Mr. Ely has been here and prayed with me, and God has seemed to show me my sin. I am going to be different now, Clara. I believe that I never was converted—never really had my heart changed until now. What I thought was conversion was only a sort of fair weather conversion, but now I believe it is for good, no matter what storms may come. Lut us pray together, Clara."

The young wife had never heard her husband pray as he prayed for the next few minutes. Her heart was full of happiness as they rose from their knees, and she hurried back, after doing her errand, to the babe whom she had left sleeping in the little cottage.

On the way out she met a man who was coming, as she afterwards learned, to order a quantity of work of her husband. God does not always send an earthly blessing with a heavenly, but

"He answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,

and he was very good to Winfield Mott to day.

"You are looking first rate, Win," said the man, an old neighbor, as he turned away.

"I never felt better in all my life," responded Winfield Mott, heartily.

"Your wife looks to day as she used to," went on the visitor. "I haven't seen so much color in her face for a long time."

"I can't help thinking that she may get back her strength," said Winfield Mott, hopefully.

As the good neighbor went out the young man laughed aloud for pure pleasure. The morning took on a new splendor. What a beautiful world it was, and how good God was!

* * * * * * *

Five years have passed. Winfield Mott is no longer picking flaws in his neighbors. He is a Christian now and nobody doubts that he has been really "converted," for his face, his presence in the house of God, his voice in the prayer meeting, all attest that the Lord has taken away his stony heart and has given him a heart of flesh.

Aunt Nabby Tolman wonders "whatever came over Win Mott to change him so, four or five years ago."

"After bein' all sodged up for a year or two," she said, "so that folks thought he was goin' to turn out a regular crowspatch, all of a sudden he grew different. From lookin' as 'glum as a plate of cold victuals'" (a favorite, though not elegant, simile of Aunt Nabby's), "he's come to be as smilin' as a basket of chips. Folks do say that he thinks he's been converted over again. I always supposed once was enough, but if it would affect other folks as it has Win Mott I wish more of 'em would get converted twice."—*Congregationalist.*

Meddybemps.

BY LUCY C. BULL.

Fizz-z bang! went firecrackers of all sizes and prices, under the window, and slam, bang! went Ned through the house in search of his hat. It was Saidy, as usual, who found it for him, and straightened his necktie. Ned's sister was a lively girl of fifteen, with auburn curls, and eyes the color of her tortoise shell necklace.

Ned had said to himself, the day before, that his holiday would be spoiled because Paul Spencer could not share it with him. He could not remember a single Fourth of July without Paul, who had always lived across the street from him till last autumn, when his family had moved to another state. Ned and Paul had been cronies from the time they could toddle, and had never been known to quarrel. Now and then a few sharp words would pass between them, and one of them would call the other a red-head; but, as both boys had red hair, this term of reproach did not sink very deep, and their differences ended almost before they were begun.

Although the boys had not seen each other for nearly a year, they had kept up a brisk correspondence. Paul wrote of his new home, his teachers and classmates, his pony and his dog. Ned responded with the news of the town, with particulars about Paul's old set, and with no end of regrets that he was unable to join them in their plans for the Fourth. But when the Fourth arrived, it found Ned so full of a balloon ascension, which was to take place in the park, that I doubt if he gave more than a passing thought to his friend.

"When does it go up?" inquired his sister.

"Twelve o'clock. Father, have you finished reading the paper? May I see it? Yes; it's just as Frank Deming said. They're going to send up three dogs and two goats"—

"All alone?" interrupted Saidy in a horrified tone.

"No; the balloon man is going with them, and when they are two thousand feet from the ground, he will throw them out, one by one"—

"O Ned! Why, how horrible! They'll be dashed to pieces!"

"Wait a minute; 'tisn't half so bad as you think. The animals won't be hurt a particle." And he continued reading: "Temporary wings, in the form of parachutes, will be attached to their bodies, so as to enable them to reach the ground in safety."

"Temporary wings!" said Saidy indignantly. "I should like to have that old balloon man try it himself."

"The performance wouldn't be permitted if it was likely to do the least harm. Why, Saidy, don't you remember how we used to drag Aunt Charlotte's little black and tan up into the loft, and toss him down on to that pile of dead leaves in the middle of the barn floor? Oh, how funny he did look, all buried up in leaves, with just the end of his nose sticking out!"

"Yes; but that was three years ago. You couldn't hire me to do it now, nor even stand by and see it done. Why, Ned, how would you feel if it was Bruno? Would you like to have him thrown from a balloon?

"I rather think Bruno would make it hot for the very first man that tried a pair of wings on to him. But these dogs are probably miserable, wretched curs, and, if one of them is killed, why, no matter."

"Well, Edward Swan," said his sister, flushing; "I never heard you talk like that before!" And she added in a softer tone: "Do you belong to a Band of Mercy?"

"Isn't it enough if I've given up gunning, and you won't wear a wing in your hat? I don't see why we can't have a little fun once in a while, if we do belong to a Band of Mercy?"

And Ned, who was evidently in a perverse mood that morning, gave the door a final slam, and ran off to join his friends.

Saidy's pet project and greatest achievement that year had been her Band of Mercy. Out of a humane society, organized only a few years before in the state, had grown a number of smaller societies known as Bands of Mercy, and made up of boys and girls of all ages.

One day Saidy happened to be turning over the leaves of the older society's annual report, with its flaming red cover, when her eye was caught by the clause, "Any boy or girl can organize a Band of Mercy." Saidy's mind reverted to the wholesale robbery of birds' nests and shooting of squirels which had been carried on in the neighborhood that spring, and she said to herself, "Why cannot I organize a Band of Mercy?" Nothing of the kind had been proposed in her school, but she knew of circles in other parts of the city.

To her great relief, Ned, who had occasionally brought down a woodpecker with his gun, was in full sympathy with her, and so warmly seconded her efforts that in less than a week twenty five boys and girls had pledged themselves "to be kind to all harmless creatures, and to protect them from cruel usage."

There was no mistaking the change of sentiment which had taken place in the neighborhood. Idle boys no longer wandered along the river bank for the sole purpose of shooting innocent frogs. Even the fire-hang-bird's nest was allowed to swing unmolested in the summer breeze, and it must have been a pleasant surprise to the robins and barn-swallows to find that the usual percentage of blue and speckled eggs had not been removed from their dwellings.

In Ned himself, who had now passed his thirteenth birthday, Saidy had detected an increasing thoughtfulness. On one occasion, after defending with spirit a long-suffering, one-eyed crow, he had remarked, half in jest, half in earnest, "Don't think for a moment that I shall not remain faithful to the caws!"

But now a spectacle was about to be given in which living creatures would be treated like blocks of wood. What effect would it have upon the swarms of children who witnessed it? Saidy felt as if it would undo all her efforts in behalf of dumb animals.

"I do think it is perfectly dreadful!" she said. "Father, don't you think it is dreadful?"

"What is dreadful, my dear?" said her father, looking up from his book. "Oh! that performance in the park? Yes, Saidy; you are right in condemning it. Even if no accident occurs, the moral effect of such an exhibition cannot be good."

"Can't the Humane Society put a stop to it? Why couldn't I write a note to the agent, or—or—go and see him myself? Wouldn't he be in his office?"

"I'm afraid not, on this day of all days in the year; but, if measures have not already been taken, something ought to be done. I might step around the corner,—here Mr. Swan stole a regretful glance at his slippers and new book,—"and have a talk with the president."

"O father! it's your one holiday, and I hated to ask you; but if you would—if you only would"—

The sentence ended in what Saidy considered one of her choicest bear-hugs.

Two hours later Ned and his friends might have been seen pressing forward to the front row of spectators, in that portion of the park which had been reserved for the balloon ascension. Not only were the boys bubbling over with expectation, but the great scarlet balloon itself was tugging away at its moorings, as if impatient to be let loose. To Ned's mind it formed a handsome contrast with the circle of green turf, from which all spectators had been carefully excluded by means of a ropo. The sight of two goats feeding complacently, and of men in the distance leading dogs of various sizes, did not have a tendency to lessen his enthusiasm.

"What a silly girl Saidy is, to miss such a performance," he said to himself. "Wish I'd made her come in spite of herself. Why, how much that dog looks like Meddybemps!"

His friend's dog—an intelligent, brown-eyed, rough-coated, yellow and white shepherd's dog, to whom Paul had given the Indian name of Meddybemps—had been only less deeply attached to Ned than to his little master. Even Bruno, a recent and valuable present to Ned from his father, seemed incapable of filling that corner of his heart made vacant by Meddy's departure. Bruno had not run races, and rolled in the hay, and gone fishing with him, from time immemorial. Ned felt a sudden recoil from the exhibition which was about to take place. The sight of that dog had turned him against it. His resemblance to Meddybemps, as he was led within the circle, grew stronger and stronger. They were trying his wings on to the poor puzzled animal, who turned an appealing look in the direction of the audience.

"Why, it *is* Meddybemps!" exclaimed Ned, speaking out loud in his excitement. "Meddy, Meddy! How are you, old fellow?"

If he had felt any doubt as to the dog's identity, it was dispelled by an agonized whine, followed by a joyous wave of the tail. Meddy's whole frame was thrown into a quiver to which the undulations of the balloon were as child's play. With one bound he reached Ned, who had made short work of forcing his way under the rope.

"There's some mistake, gentlemen This dog belongs to my friend, Paul Spencer."

"We owe your friend an apology, sir. We'd no intention of making free with anybody's dog. Upon my word, we took him for a cur,—picked him up in the street."

The crowd were still discussing the turn of affairs, when Ned's father made his appearance, in company with the president and local agent of the Humane Society. After a brief investigation the balloon was allowed to ascend; but hastily improvised bundles, to which parachutes were attached, took the place of living freight. Little did Nancy and Billy and Jip and Carlo realize, as they were led away, the precarious situation to which they had been exposed.

That evening, when Saidy was congratulated on the success of her efforts, she insisted that at least two-thirds of the credit belonged to her brother and Meddybemps.

"For, don't you see," she continued, "if they had not recognized each other, the balloon would not have been detained, and the president would have arrived just five minutes too late."

The next evening between nine and ten, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were sitting quietly in the library of their new home, when the bell rang and Mr. Edward Swan was announced.

"I've brought you Meddy, I've brought you Meddy!" cried Ned, bursting into the room with the dog at his heels. "No, he didn't run away to our house. I don't know where he was picked up. See how thin he is! I came on the afternoon train. Father says I can stay over Sunday. Where's Paul?"

"Paul went up stairs an hour ago," said Mrs. Spencer, when she could recover from her bewilderment; "but he's a sound sleeper, and if you'll promise not to wake him till morning, I'll put you right into bed with him."

Oh, what shrieks of delight and peals of laughter filled the air next morning, when Paul woke up and found his old friend in bed with him! Mr. Spencer declared the boys could have been heard a mile away.

The meeting between Paul and his Bemps, as he called him, is more easily imagined than described. In the days when the dog had appeared to have two owners, the boys had divided his name equally between them, Paul reserving only the latter portion for himself, as much as to say, "The Meddy is yours and the Bemps is mine."

After listening to the details of the rescue, and giving his indignation a chance to cool, Paul remarked that a very creditable performance could have been secured without sending a clever dog like Meddybemps two thousand feet up in the air. Hadn't the boys taught him to walk on his hind legs, and do any number of tricks?

"Yes, indeed," said Ned; "he's a whole circus in himself."—*Sunday-school Times.*

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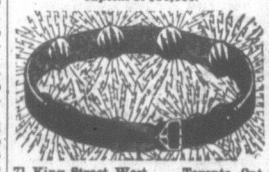

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Express for Sussex	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	16.55

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55, and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John,

Express from Sussex,	8.30
Fast express from Quebec & Montreal (Monday excepted),	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day express from Halifax,	19.20
Fast express from Halifax,	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
20th November, 1890.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—
LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.
Arrive at Digby, 10.00 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.
LEAVE Digby at 3.50 a. m. and 2. 46 p. m.
Arrive at Yarmouth 9.20 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.
Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.
Connexions—At Digby daily with steamer Evangeline, to and from Annapolis, Halifax, and stations on the W. and A. Railway; and Nova Scotia Central Railway with steamer MONTICELLO, to and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
At Yarmouth, with steamer Yarmouth, for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.
Yarmouth, N. S.

YOU WANT IT!
GATES'
LIFE of MAN BITTERS
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
ONLY 50 CTS.
Acadia Mines, N. S., Sept. 10, 1890.
DR. GATES,—Dear Sir: I was troubled with the sick headache for fourteen years; tried medical skill and many preparations I heard of without receiving much benefit. I then used your
LIFE of MAN BITTERS
—AND—
Invigorating Syrup,
and one bottle has made a cure of me, for I have not been troubled in the same way since. Yours truly,
MRS. ROBERT KILLAM.

At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S,
YOU CAN PURCHASE THE
Finest Shoes FOR THE LOWEST PRICES.
WINDSOR, N. S