

THE CRUISE OF ALABASTER.

With a cruise of Alabaster.
Full of splendour, light and sweet,
Stands she weeping near the Master,
While her tears bedew His feet.
Her soft hair, a golden tress,
Waves about the radiant crown,
Tears her eyes from the Master,
Of a love that bath no stain.
"Knows He not that I am here?"
Only speaks the Master,
Who had hidden Christ to dinner,
Where He dwelt in Bethany.
Just on her the Master's hand,
Spirits like within her,
She with splendour, light and sweet,
Laves the weary feet again.
She is a sister—He the Master!
Meet it is that she should come,
Who hath greater need of love,
Than any that hath none.
Known to Christ her whole condition,
At its best and at its worst,
She who stands in such company,
The wife of man, and
(O, the glory of the Master!)
O, the glory of the Master!
Eyes the Master of Alabaster,
Is with grace and pardon sweet.
As the Alabaster Jar is known,
I know the Master's love,
So His love, "I know it,"
For both are one and the same.
—THOMAS M. WILKINS, in "REMEMBRANCE."

A TRUE KNIGHT.

"The next topic in our lesson to-day is chivalry," said Mr. Professor in the history class, taking a look through his glasses at Thomas Troubridge as he rose to recite.
Tom Troubridge never made a poor recitation; he was the best student at Rexford Academy. Tom was known in school as the "Great Bear," on account of having the fewest polite manners of any boy at the academy. He began to recite the lesson as follows, in a business-like way.
"Chivalry formed a marked feature of the European civilization in the Middle Ages. The true knight of the Middle Ages was a man trained to the use of arms, ideally courteous, brave and generous; he was a secular saint. A young knight was initiated in the following way: After enduring a severe fast and receiving the sacrament, he repaired, clothed in white, to the church or hall where the ceremony took place, and knelt before the presiding knight, who gave him the accolade—three strokes with the flat of the sword—accompanied with the words, 'In the name of God, St. George and St. Michael, I make thee a knight.' Be valiant, courteous, and loyal."
"That is sufficient," observed the professor; "the class is dismissed."
Miss Worne, the assistant teacher, looked her desk that night at the close of school, and rose with a sigh to leave the schoolroom after a day unusually trying. Tom Troubridge had remained in the room to finish his next day's Latin translation, and he changed to be leaving at the same time with Miss Worne, and reached home a little before. He stalked out in front of the lady, and left the heavy door go with a bang which set all her tired nerves jangling.
"That boy is always doing something rude!" she exclaimed, "giving way at last to the irritability against which she, all day, had been striving."
When Thomas had left the academy yard, he roamed a plain-looking, gray little woman, who had served in his home as a seamstress, and who, in Thomas' juvenile days, had done him many a kindness. The little seamstress' features lightened when she saw him, for a hand-shake and a word with "my young gentleman."
"Hello!" greeted Thomas, tramping past her with a stolid expression, which sent the seamstress on her way with a sorrowful countenance, and doubtless with the sad reflection that the young fellow, very soon, and that the world is rather a dismal place for a poor sewing girl to grow old in.
The next person Tom met was Judge Harwood. After going through college, Thomas expected to read law with Judge Harwood, and to become a fine lawyer, and some day (who knew?) perhaps to be a judge himself.
Just as Thomas reached home, he chanced to stumble over a brick lying loose on the sidewalk. He picked up the brick with the best of intentions, and flung it aside, but, unluckily, it fell in a mud-puddle, and sent a large splash of muddy water over his sister who stood at the gate. Tom really was sorry for the accident, and a hearty apology from him offered at once to his sister would have made all right. But Thomas, instead, pushed ungraciously by her, and entered the house. Bessie ran after him into the vestibule.
"You mean thing!" she screamed in a passion, and snatching off one of her overshoes, she put the print of it on her brother's overcoat, then vanished as the professor entered, who, unknown to Thomas, had been behind him as he left the schoolroom, and on the way home. The professor was uncle Edward to Thomas and Bessie, when off duty at Wexford Academy.
"Tom," said his uncle, a few minutes later, "the chivalry of middle ages was at least a noble ideal."
"Very good for the time, sir," answered Thomas, yawning, with both hands in his trousers' pockets.
"I should like to see the ideal revived," spoke Tom's uncle, leaning back in his arm-chair.
"The day for that sort of thing has gone by," said Tom, "and I don't see it." "I see," said the professor, dryly. "It is a practical age, sir," spoke Thomas; "men nowadays have something else to do than to study fine manners."
"Tom," said his uncle, "will you do me the favor to turn to the first episode of Peter, at the third chapter and latter part of the eighth verse?"
Tom took a Bible from the library table, and did as requested.
"Now, what does it say there?" asked his uncle.
"Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous," Tom solemnly read aloud.
"Be courteous," the professor repeated. "Thomas, that is a plain direction. Do you think it is binding on you?" "It is, sir," Tom acknowledged, coloring, who had vowed in open Christian profession, a few weeks before, to take

How Bess Bradley Saved the Train.

"You will be surprised, mother, when I tell you the situation is mine. Lee Marks goes on the next train to take charge of a city engine, and I am to step right into his place to-night," said Hugh Bradley, coming suddenly into the room where his mother and sister sat, busy with their needles. "Bessie shall go back to school after vacation, and your poor eyes are looked for a long rest as soon as I lift my first month's wages."
"That seems a very responsible position for a boy of your years," said his mother, thoughtfully.
"Why, I am sixteen, mother, and I understand the business thoroughly," interrupted Hugh. "I overheard Mr. Smith telling the superintendent that I was as capable as Marks himself."
"I have no doubt concerning your ability to receive and send messages, but you will find it very hard to keep your eyes open all night long, and besides you are not accustomed to being left alone."
"A bit lonesome I may be, mother, but I am not afraid of the dark, and then you know twenty-five dollars a month is not to be picked up every day. The thought that I am assisting the splendid company in itself," Hugh replied, with a touch of pride in his voice.
"You're not going to be frightened at his mother," said Bessie, "still I tremble that such a responsibility should be thrust upon your young shoulders. You know how often railroad accidents are caused through the neglect of the telegrapher."
"But I don't get more frightened at his mother," said Hugh, "I'll be careful, mother," insisted Hugh.
"I am sure you do not, my boy, but a few minutes sleep when you should be awake and watching might cause you a whole lifetime's regret. It is a very solemn thing to have the lives of scores of people in your keeping."
"I'll not be caught napping, mother dear, so worry no more on that subject," said Hugh, stooping to leave a kiss on the little mother's brow.
That night as the brother and sister stood talking for a few minutes at the gate, Bessie said quietly:
"I am going to leave my little blue lamp burning in my window to keep you company through the darkness. Hugh, and if you don't mind, I'll look this way and think I am praying for you."
"Do you suppose I am such a coward as that, Bess? If a big, strong fellow like me is not able to look out for himself, how much more so will you be?" "I'm not," exclaimed Hugh, impatiently.
"Strong and brave-hearted as you are, Hugh, you cannot get along without God's care," insisted Bessie.
"I suppose not; no one can for that matter. I believe in God, but I don't believe in his help. I shall not object to the light in the window if it does you any good, but I cannot promise to leave my work to look at it very often."
"Then I have a request to make of you," Bessie said, timidly.
"Every night, at midnight, hang that little green lantern in the east window, and then I shall know that you are not sleeping."
"Stuff and nonsense, Bess. Do you put up with that? I don't need a light to keep a peep at that ugly little green-eyed monster?" demanded Hugh, sharply.
"I do not intend to sit up at all, Hugh, but that great lumbering freight that side-tracks here at midnight, never fails to awaken me. It comes half an hour before the lightning express, and if I do not see your light I will have time to run down and wake you up."
"I'll see about it, midgie; but mind, I make no promise," laughed Hugh, hurrying away to begin his first night's watch.
Though Hugh had made light of the idea of being afraid, when left alone he found a wonderful amount of comfort as he lay in the cot in the solitary light that burned steadily, the wind of the tiny cottage, perched like a bird's nest on the side of the cliff.
Promptly as the clock struck twelve an answering flame leaped up from the green lantern, and every night found its way to the station window looking toward sunrise.
Every night, just before laying her head on the pillow, Bessie knelt down by her bedside and asked the dear Lord to bless Hugh and help him to be faithful to his duty. It was half past a few minutes after midnight, the rumbling of the heavy freight train sent her to the window to thank Him that the green lantern was still on duty in its accustomed place.
"What a lovely night!—it was the night before Christmas—the green light was missing from the east window, and twelve o'clock came and went without the noise and clatter of the unwelcome freight."
"God is so good in time of trouble," repeated Bessie, hopefully, coming to her brother's assistance, as the lantern seemed determined not to burn. Just as he had succeeded in coaxing the stubborn thing into a bright blaze, the whistle of the express in the distance was heard, and the next minute the red light was swinging in its place. Not a minute too soon, for before the train came to a full stop it was the length of itself beyond the station.
"Thank God!" cried Hugh, fervently. "He had proved a very present help in time of trouble. If it had not been for you, Bessie, there would have been a fearful accident in the tunnel, and I would have been held responsible for the loss of life and property."
"I would say nothing about the night's adventure further than is already known," said Mr. Burns, the agent, who came down to the station at once to learn why the express had switched off.

Where Jack Found the Rainbow.

Jack Merry was a little boy, and his eyes were as blue as a summer sky. He had yellow hair, that looked as though the sun was shining on it. His little hands were always in mischief, and his feet ran away with him the minute he was outside of the gate.
But he was a sweet little fellow for all that.
Jack's mamma had taken him away from the city, where their home was, to a pretty country place. The houses were not so close together as he was used to seeing them, and there were plenty of trees, and green grass to roll and play upon.
One day it was very rainy. Jack had played with everything he could find. He had even been in the kitchen, only to spill the sugar and put the cat's paw in the cream. In fact, he got in so much mischief that the cook had to send him up to his mamma. He asked so many questions that he almost set her crazy. Then she told him about the rain, and that when it rained and the sun shined, there was a beautiful rainbow. And she spoke of the wonderful adventures of the travelers who have journeyed over many lands to find the spot where the end of the rainbow touched the green earth; for there is a priceless treasure awaiting the successful searcher.
Jack watched the sky, and late in the afternoon the sun shone brightly, although the raindrops were still falling. Jack ran out on the porch, and pretty soon shouted with delight, "O mamma, I see the rainbow! I see the rainbow!" After a few minutes, as Jack did not come into the room, his mother went to the door to see what mischief he was in. She did not find him anywhere around, so she stepped outside of the gate. Away down the road she saw a little golden head bobbing up and down, as he trotted along. Mamma put on her hat, and walked as quickly as she could in the direction Jack had taken.
Soon she came to a little stone church, where the doors were wide open. In the aisle stood the little Jack, gazing intently at a broad ray of sunlight, with all the beautiful colors of the stained-glass windows reflected in it.
"O mamma," he whispered softly, "I've found the rainbow; and it comes from up there where Jesus is blessing the little children." And he pointed to the picture on the window.
"Yes," said mamma, gently, as she led him away. "You have discovered the treasure."
The rainbow was still one of Jack's greatest delights, and he always says he "found it in the church, where it came straight down from heaven."—Selected.

A Greedy Mouse in a Pumpkin.

It was the biggest, roundest, yellowest pumpkin you ever saw. Uncle Jack called to Dolly kids to come and look at it.
There, that will make enough pie for the little old woman that lived in the shoe and all her children, on Thanksgiving day.
Dolly kids laughed; for although she did not belong to the little old woman, she knew that she would have a place of honor.
The pumpkin was laid on the cellar shelf not far from the wall where Mrs. Mouse had built herself a snug house. There was a large family of them, and Mrs. Mouse called to her and told her to get the time to find homes for themselves.
"There is Whiskers, now," said his mother; "he is old enough to climb the pantry wall and take a sip of cream. And here is Long Tail, who, yesterday, took a nip of cheese from the trap by himself. Clear out, all of you!"
Off scampered the little mice. Now, Whiskers had seen Uncle Jack put the pumpkin on the shelf, and he thought what a fine home it would make.
Once inside he would always have plenty to eat, and would never have to go scrambling through the cellar in search of a dinner as the others did.
"No, no!" cried Mrs. Mouse, when she heard of it; "you will be sure to be caught in your own trap."
But Whiskers only laughed; what did an old mouse like his mother know? So he gnawed a hole in the pumpkin, and ate and ate until his sides grew so full he could hardly move.
"You'll come to harm," sighed Mrs. Mouse, shaking her head; but Whiskers laughed again.
His brothers and sisters had to work hard for their living; and Whiskers, with his head stuck out of his pumpkin-house, made sport of them, and would not give them even a taste of the sweet, yellow meat.
The day before Thanksgiving, Uncle Jack carried the pumpkin upstairs and laid it on the table. Whiskers, as usual, had eaten so much that he was sound asleep and did not know it.
Grandma, with a sharp knife, cut into the pumpkin, when out rolled Whiskers.
"O, o, o, o, o!" a horrid moan! Kill it quick! And poor Whiskers was thrown into the waterpail to meet a cruel death.
"I told him so," said his mother; "but children will need some advice from their parents."—Our Little Ones.

Dick's After-Thought.

A certain celebrated Southern judge, who was not a believer in revealed truth, was in the habit of twisting his body around on religious matters. "Dick," he said one day, "you say the devil beats you; now I want to know why he sets a snare like me off free." Dick could not tell why, but the next day he went duck shooting with his master. The first time the judge fired into the flock he killed two or three and wounded as many more. At once the hunter threw down his gun and with sticks and stones tried to make sure of his wounded game, but paid no attention to the dead ones floating down stream.
"Mama," called Dick, "it just comes to my mind why he beats troubles me so much, sah, an' let you lone. You like de dead duck; he dun got you safe, sah; I do wound de duck, I is tryin' to get away, an' he feared I gwine do it. If you wuz to flitter a little, sah, and mek out you gwint git 'way, I spee' he mek a big splash arter you, same he do arter me, sah!"
How much Dick had to do with the judge's finding the truth Dick's biographer does not know, but master and man at length sat together at the Lord's table.—Well Spring.

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1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Victoria and Halifax—Leave daily at 8.15 a. m.

Express for Halifax—Leave daily at 12.30 p. m.

Express for St. John—Leave daily at 1.30 p. m.

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