A CONTRAST.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor,
Both sat with children when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud,
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the sound of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

— *Boston Transcript.*

The True Conquest.

A STUDY IN CHILD LIFE.

"I will conquer that child, no matter what it may cost him!" says the misguided parent. But suppose the parent should say, "I will help that child to conquer himself, no matter what it may cost me!"

Child first, and parent second: this is the root principle of all true and effectual child training. In age, in strength, in experience, in judgment, in authority, of course the parent is first—is the head. But this headship is simply a means to an end. The end is the child's growth in the direction of his own individuality.

A child cannot even be taught that he is subordinate or accessory to his parent in any respect, unless that parent's motive in so teaching him takes rise in the truth that the parent is in ultimate purpose subordinate and accessory to the child. "For my child's sake" is the only parental motto that will bring the child to adopt "for my parents' sake" as his motto. The surest way to have the parent first in the eyes of the child, is for the child to be first in the eyes of the parent.

All that a parent is for, in the matter of teaching and training his child, is to help that child to do the right thing rightly—that is, because it is right. The parent is accessory or auxiliary to the child's development of his own powers in a right—a God-ward—direction.

Any seemingly complicated issue with a child will be simplified by holding the issue to this one point. Parent and child meet in common at that point—which is a joint struggle on the part of both to do God's right, and not on the part of either for mere superiority or mastery. The only principle that works with all temperaments and under all environments is, not the principle of arbitrary parental mastery, but of parental aid and service. This is our Father's way of dealing with His children. He threatens no compulsion, but throws the responsibility on them by giving them a right of choice. But in this exercise God is ready to lead, to guide, to restrain, to counsel; so must the earthly parent be.

Will this principle work in real life?

There was real life in profusion on a certain Sunday morning in May. The trees were alive, the sod was alive, the sky was a living blue. The honeysuckle clung to the trellis at the corner of the porch, while it waved its myriad arms to the live and life giving spirit of the morning breeze. And my boy was alive; he loved life as he lived love. He could run and climb and jump, yet not quite so well nor with such full-souled joy as he could nestle, fondle and caress.

Nature was all in tune with the little man on that day when he was almost midway between seven and eight years old. Nature was growing, so was he; Nature's life was beautiful, so was his; she was gentle, so was he; she was vigorous, so was he; Nature was God's, so was he. Should such a boy want to leave these things of the eye, this music of the moving breeze, this sweet-scented sward starred with buttercup and daisy, to go and sit in a church made by grown folks, run by grown folks, and intelligible only to grown folks?

But the enchantment that bound him was the very thing that made us want to loose him and have him go with us—just that day—to church. This was a thing that we seldom pressed upon him so long as he was such a regular and ever-willing Sunday-school scholar. Still he sometimes accompanied us to the preaching service, of his own choice. To-day his little sister was going, and for the second time in our lives we hoped to see our pew with the whole family in it. So it was proposed to him.

The little fellow could not quite make up his mind, as he was dressing after rising, whether to go or not. But stepping out on the porch after breakfast, there seemed to be every inducement to spend the morning in the free air.

As ten o'clock drew near, I sent him word that I should like to see him in the library. He bounded up the stairs. He doubtless knew that I should renew the proposal to him; but love brought him, no the result what it might.

"I don't want to go to church to-day, papa," he said earnestly, but good-naturedly, as he approached me.

"But," I replied, "it is such a beautiful day, and sister is going, and I do like so much to have you sit by me; but still I want you to do just what seems best. I want you to do, not what you want, but what God wants."

He hesitated awhile, and repeated, deferentially, yet entreatingly, "But I don't want to go to church to-day."

"Then maybe it is best for you to stay at home," I said; "and, if so, I don't want to insist on your going. Only, you know it is not so much what we want to do, as what it is best to do, that we ought to consider."

I turned to my reading, while he sat close beside me buried in his own thoughts. I read them more than I did my book. A marked feature of his individuality was his delight in my will, and, often in mere minor meters, his preferring my preferences. Yet he was a real child, with the surface caprices and spontaneous impulses, as well as the deeper likes and longings, of child nature.

So, seeing that he was still unsatisfied, I added:

"I know you always are very good about it; you go to Sunday school, and I know my little fellow gets tired sometimes when he goes twice a day, so I seldom ask it. Although mamma and sister and I want you so much this morning, maybe it is better for you to stay here."

Indeed, the matter would have been dropped before this, had it not been that I saw an unusual opportunity of teaching him a principle that should be of value to him all through life. He could be saved, too, from the pain of a needless regret, which I know was inevitable with him if he remained at home. So when he again repeated his desire to remain at home, I asked:

"What did I say we ought to do—what we want?"

"*What is best,*" he promptly replied.

"Yes, that is it; even papa cannot always do what he would like to do,—none of us can. So now I leave you to decide just what would be right and best to do, and I will not ask you to do anything else. If you feel that you do not know, suppose you ask God to tell you; He will help you when you don't know what to do."

So saying, I left the room to prepare for church.

It was not many minutes after, when I was at the washstand, that his manly figure approached through the open door, and my lover stood as nearly in front of me as he could get. With upturned face, and with all the soul-strength that underlies deep emotion, he said,

"Papa, I'm going to church!"

I put my arm around him, and together we walked to the front room. Then I asked him.

"Did you really think it was right and best for you to go to church with us this morning?"

"Yes, papa," he answered, tenderly patting my cheek, and laying his noble head against my breast.

I gave him all the outward signs of my pleasure in his action I knew how. But it was not fair to leave him there. No victory is complete with the victor's gratitude left out. "He that overcometh I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, . . . and I will write upon him the name of my God." Had he not overcome himself? Was there not reason for gratitude to Him who had promised to write upon my boy the name of his God!

"Suppose we kneel here and thank God for helping you through," I said.

That was one of the joyous moments of my life,—the praise peal of his own self-conquest, not of my conquest of him. I had given him the principle to decide by, then thrown the responsibility upon him. He exercised the choice, and made the decision. In that act new strength was added to his character, a new source of joy to his life.

The May day that dawned so beautifully grew more beautiful indoors as well as out. It was a proud moment when my little conqueror took the hand of his sister, for whom he always had such a knightly devotion, and led her up the church aisles. As we four sat together, I could think of little else than the conquest. I knew that the one question, What I want or what is best? would be a life question and his life guide. I knew that the foundation-stone had been laid for a new "pillar in the temple of my God."

Another Sunday came—only one week later. The conqueror this time was fighting for his life, a victim of diphtheria. Three days later, when he was still fighting his battle, and life trembled in the balance, there came a time when he must be asked to do that which was a trouble and an offense to his weakened frame.

"Will you take this now?" said his nurse.

He recoiled physically. What should be done? Perhaps life or death hung on that one act. Despite his intensely sensitive organization, which made many things very hard for him to do that another might laugh at, he had a right side of approach; and that side was the side of right. This was no time to agitate him by compulsion. Could he put his principle into practice in this time of crisis? I went to his bedside, leaned over him, and said:

"Dear little fellow, we don't want to trouble you; but you know we learned to say 'Is it right? is it best?' This is best for you."

"All right!" was his quick, but docile and sweet tempered, response.

Only a few hours later, in the stillness of midnight, when the stertorous breathing had become easier, he fell sweetly into sleep as he lay on his side, with his right hand under his round, white cheek, and the tapering fingers of his chubby left hand doubled in careless grace under his chin. The little conqueror sleeps to wake with those who "shall be clothed in white raiment," and shall sit with Christ in His throne.

I had lived for my tender-hearted, deep-souled boy; my boy had lived, he would have died, for me. O fathers! live close, live close to your boys. Let there be no battle between you and them, but help them to see their own battle for the right. Theirs be the conquest. Is it not a joy to me that one of the last acts of that busy little life was a conquest of self through a decision for the right?

The Sabbath comes again. The green sward is still starred with daisy and buttercup; the trees are full and rich and bold with new life; I see the honeysuckle joyfully waving its myriad arms. Beautiful life is there, is there. But a beautiful life is—where? I gaze up into the infinite blue. There blooms for "him that overcometh" the "tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—*Norman Patterson, in S. S. Times.*

A BOY'S IDEA OF HIS FATHER.—At ten years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at fifteen he knows as much as his father; at twenty he knows twice as much; at thirty he is willing to take his advice; at forty he begins to think his father knows something after all; at fifty he begins to seek his advice, and at sixty—after his father is dead—he thinks he was the smartest man that ever lived.—*Exchange.*

— "Having used Burdock Blood Bitters for loss of appetite and headache, I heartily recommend it."
HELEN B. SINCLAIR, Ninette, Man.

Only Our Hired Boy.

On one of the coldest days of January, 18—, a procession of some half-dozen open waggons, mostly occupied by men, wound their way through drifting snows up the long hills that led to the old church at B——. I should scarcely have thought it a funeral had I failed to observe the rude pine coffin that lay uncovered in the first waggon. There was no hearse, no mourner, not even the tolling of the bell in the church spire to tell of the near approach of the dead.

It was entirely unlike the funerals I had been accustomed to see since I had been a resident of the village, for on such occasions the people of the whole village and town, men, women and children, flocked together to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead, and to offer words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved ones. The bell, like a sentinel in a tower, proclaimed to the people below the near approach of the mournful procession. Often, at night, the people were startled by its slow and mournful peals that told them even at the still hour of evening one of their number had passed away.

All felt it deeply and thought it a duty to lay aside at such times the care and business of life and follow their friend's cold remains to their last resting place. Consequently the old church was never so densely packed as on such occasions.

Men who disregarded God's law, set at naught His commands and profaned His holy day, still retained enough of the sense of moral duty and respect for the dead to perform those offices which they felt that they must require of others for themselves. Even the tolling of the bell made an impression upon them more salutary than an ordinary sermon on human mortality.

But all these customary solemn rites were on this occasion dispensed with. Soon the foremost waggon, containing the coffin, halted before the wicket gate that opened in the burial ground and two men in a rough manner lifted the coffin to their shoulders and bore it hurriedly over the snow, past the church door, to a distant corner of the yard set apart for colored people and paupers. Resting it upon a stone they proceeded to clear away the snow and prepare a place for its reception—for even this had been neglected.

Watching the whole proceeding from my window, I felt very desirous of knowing whose earthly tabernacle was being laid away in this heartless manner, and determined, if possible, to ascertain. Hastily donning my wraps I crossed the street, and, entering the yard, soon stood beside the opening they had just completed. Without seeming to notice me they proceeded to lower the coffin into the grave, and to throw hard, frozen clods upon its lid, which was not even shielded with straw, and which gave back that dull leaden sound as they struck which has but once to be heard to be always remembered. Fainter and fainter grew the sound, until at last it ceased and the grave was filled.

Their task was completed and they were about to leave the ground, when turning to a boy standing near I enquired of him who the deceased was. With a slight curl of the lip he carelessly replied: "Only our hired boy," and walked away.

"Only our hired boy," thought I, as I turned to gaze upon the rough mound their spades had just completed. "Only our hired boy." The manner in which the words were spoken, and the apparent unwillingness to impart any further information on the subject, made me still more desirous of obtaining the desired knowledge.

Overtaking the old sexton, who was slowly wending his way homeward, and who had overheard my conversation with the boy, I again made the same enquiry, and with much better success, for he seemed ready and willing to talk, and told me briefly the following story:

John H——, the dead boy, was about fourteen years old. His father, who died when he was but ten years old, had once been a successful merchant of considerable wealth in the city of Boston, but in one of those reverses of fortune so frequent in large cities he had been reduced to want, which so crushed his spirits as to bring on a fever which soon terminated his life. John's mother was also in delicate health, and stripped of almost everything that makes life dear, a dearly-loved husband, and all means of support, without a relative to look to for help—what was she to do? It was a question very easy to ask, but oh! how hard to answer—a question that hundreds are asking to-day with no better success.

She at last determined to seek a home in the country, hoping the change might not only prove an advantage in pecuniary matters, but also in health. Accordingly she collected what little money and few things she still retained and left for the village of B——. Here she hired a few rooms, and managed by taking in sewing and washing to live very plainly, but still quite comfortable.

But even this was destined to be of very short duration, her fragile constitution could not stand the hard work she was unaccustomed to, and at the end of two years found her completely crushed by want and privation. She was forced to go and leave her boy, her one treasure, to a cold and unfeeling world. On the day of her death she bound him to a farmer, a Mr. M——, until he should become of age. The farmer was a wealthy man who was in want of a boy, and who had professed a strong attachment to her son, and had promised to send him to school and to furnish him with comfortable clothes, in short, to act the part of a father as well as guardian to her son, who was so soon to be an orphan. This promise soothed the mother's last hours, for she trusted him fully.

But those who knew Mr. M—— pitied the boy, for they well knew what a hard master he would have, notwithstanding the fair promises that had been made. He was one of those men whose sole aim in life is to make money and to make all that is possible out of those that are hired. His heart could be reached only through his pocket-book, and when reached could only be seen through the most powerful lens of the microscope. Knowing this people feared that the orphan would suffer much, although they did not dare to make it known to each other, for he, Mr. M——, was a very influential man and they did not think it advisable to even throw out a hint that would in any way reflect on his character.

They, however, secretly feared for the boy, and their fears were realized. It were vain to enumerate the sufferings through which he was called to pass. Any one at all acquainted with farming, knows that in the part of it known as "boys' work," there is no end—that is, it is considered that there are so many little things that a boy can do to keep him out of idleness, that his tasks are without limit. Such was the case with John; he must be the first in the morning to rise and the very last to retire at night. Even the hour at noon that the men had for rest, John had to spend weeding the garden, if in summer, and if in the winter, the cattle had to be fed and so on—the drudgery of the whole family he had to perform.

Through the warm months of summer and the pleasant, early Autumn days, he passed comparatively well, but the cold, dreary winter brought with it much suffering. Much of the time he was without shoes to his feet or proper clothing to shield him from the severe cold of an eastern winter.

Consequently he suffered from a severe cold through all the dreary months and when the joyous spring came to spread its mantle of beauty over the earth, to breathe upon the ice bound rivulets and to impart its warm smile to the opening flowers, he still had a cough, only a slight cough, but taken in connection with his pale cheeks and eyes that seemed to sparkle with unearthly lustre, it clearly told that consumption was surely undermining the citadel of life. How he passed the following summer can be better imagined than described.

His growing love of retirement and rest was attributed to his stupidity and the want of a just appreciation of his employer's interest. They either could not or would not see the difference, and credit the truth.

The rod was the more often used to compel him to perform his accustomed work, and even the hired help were instructed by Mr. M——, in his absence, to resort to the same measures which they did, often without the least provocation, forcing him to do not only his own, but a good share of the labor assigned to them.

Time passed, winter again took up its despotic reign, and the New Year was again ushered in bringing joy to some and sorrows to others, but to him it was almost unnoticed.

He thought of it only as his last on earth, and he looked forward to the next with the hope of spending it in the world where sorrows can never come, and where his mother would again receive her weary boy within her fond embrace, and again, as of old, he could lay his head upon that faithful breast and rest, a rest that would be eternal. Oh, how sweet the thought was to him—to rest—poor motherless boy, how he longed for the change to come!

Being no longer able to perform his usual amount of labor he received much abuse, but he bore it with serene Christian resignation—he knew that it must be of short duration.

One day he took the opportunity to tell Mr. M——that he could no longer work, he was sick and he knew that he soon must die, that he was sorry he had not been able to please and serve him better, but that he had faithfully endeavored to do all that his strength would allow, at which Mr. M—— flew into a great passion, ordered him to his room, and bade him show himself no more, nor ask for food until he was willing to work, for those who did not work should not eat. He went as ordered to his room in the garret. He did not make his appearance the following morning, and one of the servants went to the door of his room and knocked. There was no answer; she entered. There he lay, his head thrown back, his body half covered by the tattered blankets and half by the snow that had drifted through the window, and which was stained by a crimson tide that had frozen as it flowed from his parted lips.

"Ah," said the man who related the story, "I shall never, never forget the scene that met my gaze as I entered the room that morning!"

"I have witnessed death," said he, "in many forms, but none so sad, so bitter, so terrible as this. Without a relative to offer a word of comfort, or a friend to hear his last request or stand beside him in that trying hour, he had gone alone down to the cold river of death."

Just as the narrator had finished the sad story and turned to go, the wind that all day had whistled around the corner of the old church, seemed suddenly to rise almost to a wail. A chill suddenly and involuntarily seized me, and I hurried to my room and fire, my heart, as I trust, truly filled with pity and sorrow for the unprotected poor. For this story made an impression on my heart that has never been effaced.

This narrative carries with it its own lesson. That such extreme cares of suffering are not common in the country is true, but that very many of the hired and "bound" boys and girls that are thus early thrown upon their own exertions for a living, are treated cruelly and suffer many unnecessary hardships, is equally true. Our country is flooded with the youth of both sexes in the more humble ranks of life, who are "bound" to close and unscrupulous people, who think there is nothing too hard for them to do, when these youth, with proper care and attention, would stand first even in the learned professions, and become an honor to their country and the world, were not their rising aspirations crushed and their ambitions for a higher and nobler life trodden down to the dust by the iron heel of oppression. They form a class for whom the community lacks sympathy.

There are many hands open to support the orphan societies and homes of the friendless, noble, generous institutions, that ever stand as monuments of praise to a country; but there are too few to look after the inmates of those homes after they have left their doors. Many, Sabbath after Sabbath, contribute to their support who have poor at home, even in their own households, who are in want of the necessities of life. They have never learned that charity begins at home, although it does not always stay there.

Having occasion, some years after, to pass through the village of B——, I had a desire to visit the grave of John. At first it was difficult to find, for time had settled the little mound to its common level and spread over it a carpet of moss.

No stone stands at its head to mark the spot, no flowers planted and matured by the hand of sympathy bloom upon it; but it matters not to John. He is safe now from all the storms and ills of life, and although he is forgotten by man he is not by God, and his trials and wrongs will all be brought to light in "that day."

— *J. T. A., in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The Borrower Must Pay.

There was wisdom in what the old man said—he who does not borrow will not have to pay. The admonition had not a little to do with the success of one life, and its repetition may have an effect upon others. The story comes from the Atlanta *Constitution*:

A successful young business man of Atlanta told a story yesterday that is worth reproduction here. He said that when he was a boy he had occasion to want to borrow $20 on a gold watch, and went to a bank to secure the loan. He found there a venerable old gentleman, whom he has since come to know as the father of Mr. Darwin Jones. The old gentleman spoke very kindly to the boy, told him the bank did not lend money on watches, and referred him to the pawnbroker on Peachtree street.

As the boy was gathering up the watch Mr. Jones said slowly and earnestly:

"But if I were you I would not borrow the money."

"Why?" was asked by the impetuous youngster.

"Because"—and every word weighed a pound—"because you will have to pay it back."

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'91. Summer Arrangement. '91.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John.

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton,	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	11.00
Fast express for Halifax,	14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	16.35
Night Express for Halifax,	22.10

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 16.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express Trains between St. John and Halifax.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted),	6.10
Fast express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec,	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day express from Halifax,	18.10
Fast express from Halifax,	22.30

The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

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All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
17th June, 1891.

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 6.15 p. m.
LEAVE Digby at 5.20 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,
Yarmouth, N. S. Gen. Supt.

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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
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Invigorating Syrup,
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(Mrs. ROBERT KILLAM.