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VOICE CULTURE.

MISS JENNIE D. HITCHENS, Pupil of Mr. L. P. Mc BRICE, of Boston, M

pen a class in vocal music in 8t John ber 10th. Williefen actions in vocal must in 8 sound Mine Hitchens has had YARRS OF EXPERIENCE in reaching, with great success. She of the property of t

The undersigned, desixus of iciming a limited Parinership under the Laws of the Province of New Blunswick, hereby certify: That the name or firm under which such thership is to be conducted is W. C. Pit-



THE HOME-

He Grees, He Grewn.

I sometimes think when life seems drear,
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When Hope's bright star foreakee my skies
And sorrow o'er my pathway lies,
If would be enset, it would be best
To fold my tired hands and rest;
But then God eads an angel down
Who sweetly says: "No Cross, no Crown!"

wao sweetiy says: "No Cross, so Crown!
Leat night I heard the river moan
With sad and melanoholy tone;
Leaw its waters dashing free
And dashing headlong to the sea!
I would have plunged beneath its tide
And on its friendly honora died,
And then 60's sent an anget down,
Who whispered still; "No Cross, no Crown!"

wao waseperea siiii, "No Uros, so Crews." I said: "I he world is dark and lone; There is no hand to hold my own. I cannot bear the monday heat.
The thoras up pierce my bleeding free! ""Behold!", he uried, "where, scoridor!, Siine the red, bleeding woun is of Christ!" And fell his tears of mercy down, While still he said: "No Crose, no Crown!" Then turned I from the river share
And sought the louely world once more;
with aching heart and burning head
To battle for my crust of bread!
But Hunger came, who knew me wel!,
And fainting by the way I fell;
But still the angel fluttered down;
And weeping aad; "No Cross, no Crown."

and weeping said: "No Cross, no Grown."

No Cross—no Crown—! . As standing there,
The cross too heavy seemed to bear;
And for the crown—! could not see
Tast it was ever meant for me!
The words I could not understand,
Even while I presend the angel's hand;
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said; "No Cross, no Urown."

ne chance to do anything for the you ger children, and he got a marx lecture from Aunt H. ster before the summar was over.

"You got what you set out for," said the time of the sum, "but Emily got more, and you will did it so all your life, Learns. The Bible anys, Give and it shall be given unto you, and you can't get back of the Bible.

A good many folke have willed to, but they can't do it, but you've got to give first—

the obedience and then the reward, and you will find it so right along, my dear."

It proved as Aunt Hester said all through life. Enilg's heart and home were always packed to make a little more room for somebody, but no family ever found so many on: six tched bands eager to aid when any of them meeded outside her, become "everything she touched brought a bleesing;" and when one of Laurs's sons was shot down in his young manhood by the Indians in New Mexico, Aunt Emily's picture and letters hid in his breast told why he was Laurs bas always protested that Emily's honester ping suffered became she sends, and at death who coming she dreade, wordering at Emily's beat on any thing."

But to-day time they came near tending the with which is a his mark to all her time to exrach for the sum in the whole of coke.

An English paper cites an incident when any one of Laurs bas always protested that Emily's heart and the time of the man temper, but emphatically vindicated his wor principles. "Billy" belonged to a regiment and a ver was a goat nore at tenture to public duty than was he In the lonely, impatient woman, fretting at life with which she has falled to make friends, and the first of the man temper, but emphatically vindicated, his wor principles. "Billy" belonged to a shall dashe marked out the path she has trooden all these years, when she retured to give up a part of her bursel to the principles. "Billy" belonged to a shall dashe marked out the path she has trooden all these years, when she retured to give up a part of her bursel.

Hens and Chiekens.

I wonder if you oblidere, who have bens an

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Belleving God's nurpose was in it, we have obeyed the call to come and labor at the MARKINGE TRUELS. Appliestly: invives much sacrific of noise and other MARKINGS or the second of the William of the Court MAGAZINE.

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