

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands so careful and brisk, Putting the tea things away; While mother is resting awhile in her chair.

For she has been busy all day; And the great little fingers are working for love.

Although they are tender and wee, "I'll do it nicely," she said to herself—"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs, For papa will quickly be here; And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire.

That is burning so bright and so clear, Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch; "He can't come in without me, When mother is tired I open the door—There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms around papa's dear neck, And a soft downy cheek 'gainst his face, She will not pass to her haven of rest While the tears dim her little one's eyes.

Little true heart, if mother can look Out from her home in the skies, She will not pass to her haven of rest While the tears dim her little one's eyes.

Betty's Verse.

Mr. Rogers was thinking, His thoughts went back twenty years, And he saw a young man doing a prosperous business, and although not in partnership, still intimately associated with one who had been his playmate, neighbor, and close friend for thirty years.

And then Mr. Rogers saw the financial trouble that had come upon him, and he thought, bitterly, that if the friend had played the part of friend, it might have been averted.

He saw the twenty years of estrangement, he felt again the bitterness of that hour of failure.

Mr. Rogers rose from his chair, and going to his safe, drew from it three notes for five thousand dollars each, due on the following Monday.

"Twenty years is a long time to wait for justice," said he to himself, "but now and without my lifting a finger, these notes have come into my possession, and I know, Robert French, that it will be hard work for you to pay them. It will be hard work to do it at last." And Mr. Rogers replaced the notes in his safe, and, closing his office, went home to tea.

Many a man will cry out for justice when it is revenge he desires. On Monday morning the fragrant lilies went to the station to take the eight o'clock train for Boston. He had just taken his seat in the car when he heard his name spoken, and saw Mr. Palmer, his neighbor, standing by his seat.

"When anybody does naughty things and breaks your playthings he's a 'inymunt.' Wobbie French was my 'inymunt'; he bawked my dolly's nose and he sticked burrs in my ba-lammie's fur, and he said it wasn't a ba-lammie, noffin' but just a lammie," and the big eyes grew bigger as they recalled this last indignity.

Mr. Rogers looked deeply interested, and, in fact, who could have helped it, looking at the earnest little face? Betty continued to "splain."

"It doesn't mean," she said, "that you must let him break all your dolls' noses nor call your ba-lammie names, 'cause that's wicked; but last week Wobbie bawked his 'loopee, and the next day all the boys were going to have a wace, and when I said 'Wobbie had bawked his 'loopee, I was glad, but when I wanted to go to sleep I felt bad here," and Betty placed a tiny hand on her chest and drew a long breath.

"But by and by, after much as a hour, I guess I thought 'Wobbie had bawked his 'loopee, and the next day I told the Lord I was sorry Wobbie had bawked his 'loopee and I would lend him mine part of the time, and then I felt good and I was asleep in a minute."

"And what about Robbie?" asked Mr. Rogers. "Well," replied the child, "I guess if I keep on loving him he won't be a 'inymunt' much longer."

"I guess not, either," said Mr. Rogers, giving his hand to his dear down from the seat as the car alighted at the station. He led the child from the car, and gave her to her grandmother's care.

"I hope she has not troubled you," said the lady, looking fondly at the child. "On the contrary, mamma, she has done me a world of good," said he, sincerely as he raised his hat, and bidding Betty good-by, stepped back into the car.

Mr. Rogers resumed his seat, and looked out of the window, but he did not see the trees, nor the green fields, nor even the peaceful river, with its thousands of white water-lilies, like stars in the midnight sky.

Had he told the Lord that he was glad his 'inymunt' had broken his 'loopee, and could not join in the race, for the wealth and position? When he came to put the question straight to his own soul it certainly did look like it.

It was of no use for him to say that the notes were honestly due. He knew that he could afford to wait for the money, and that the Robert French would never be ruined, and he heard the sweet voice of the child saying, "Love your 'inymunts';" and he said, in his heart, using the old, familiar name of his boyhood days, "Lord, I'm sorry Rob has been so wicked, but I'll lend him mine until he gets his 'loopee."

Had the sun suddenly come out from behind a dark cloud? Mr. Rogers thought so; but it had really been shining its brightest all the morning.

How He Was Taught.

"It's very easy to doubt," said a young man. "I actually do believe the truths of Christianity, but my faith isn't warm; it isn't living. At the very moment when I am thinking, 'Christ, did I live, I find myself saying, 'Yes, but am I sure of it? We need miracles as much as ever, in order to be thoroughly convinced.'"

"The hard experiences of life serve that purpose," said the older man. "Let me tell you how I gained the foothold which I have never lost."

"When I was a young man, I went to South America, hoping to travel and perfect myself in various dialects, and in order to obtain a certain position in commercial life. I had two trades—the carpenter's and the machinist's—at my finger's ends, and by means of them I supported myself for some time in various coast towns."

"Finally, I fell in with two scientists, and took a trip to several hundred miles into the interior. There we camped, making collections of plants and insects, and one of our party was sent back for letters. In due time he returned, and brought me a home letter, full of sad news."

"By it I learned that my father and mother had been thrown from a carriage, and were lying dangerously ill. My sister thought I ought thus to be prepared for the worst news she might have to send me later. I do not believe she thought of my suspense in waiting for another word."

"I could not tell you what I suffered that night, after reading the letter. Thousands of miles from home, I could not rush across the sea for one parting word with my father and mother before losing them forever."

"I could not even hear again, for weeks. Perhaps they had died; perhaps they were dying at the moment when I was sending forth my very soul on the wings of love and agony to guess at news of them."

"At that time I had no 'living faith' in God or immortality. I believed there was some sort of impersonal power about us, but whether or not we should live again, I did not attempt to decide."

"But that night when I lay in the wretched bed of the tropic forest, with my comrades sleeping about me, I never saw my father and mother again? It is impossible. Somewhere they are alive; somewhere they love me as I do them."

"But I thought, even if that is true, what comfort is there for me in my wretched lot? A hotel was thus advertised: 'This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan.' 'I wanted a saddle-horse for a lady weighing about 950 pounds.' An Iowa editor says: 'We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.' 'Board may be had at No. 4 Pearl street for two gentlemen with gas.'"

Policy and Principle.

Several years ago I crossed the ocean in one of the large ocean steamers. On the voyage back to this country the wind was almost constantly dead ahead. I remember one day we came up with a sailing vessel. It was blowing half a gale, and with a few sails set, she was beating up against the wind. Tossed about by the waves, which sometimes seemed to throw her half out of water, she was having a hard time of it. But our steamer, with every sail furled, was going into the very teeth of the storm, plunging into the waves, throwing them off, and rising over them in glorious style, while the heavy and rapid thrashing of the propeller drove us on, and we soon left the ship far astern."

The man who acts from policy is like the sailing vessel, completely at the mercy of circumstances outside of his self, driven hither and thither by the currents of public opinion. Sometimes in the way he would like to go, but often or not, and sometimes he is in difference or doubt. But the man who acts from principle is like the steamer, independent of circumstances. If they favor him, he spreads his sails to the breeze and goes all the faster. If they oppose him it makes little difference; he keeps on the way which he has marked out for himself just the same. As the steamer in the storm, he pushes forward in the face of opposition, and rises unshakenly over everything which is in his way."

In this age of fickleness and policy we want more men and women of principle. Men and women of earnest purpose and high aims, who do not ask 'What will come of this?' but only 'Is it right?' Who, when they know they are right, will keep on though all the world oppose. These can be trusted. Confidence in policy people will always be disappointed, but principle never deceives."

"The following specimens of curious punctuation are given by the Printer's Register. 'A man was killed by a railroad car running into Boston, supposed to be dead.' A man writes: 'We have decided to erect a school house large enough to accommodate 5-0 scholars five stories high.' On a certain railway the following direction was printed: 'Hereafter, when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.' A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: 'Tickets 25 cents at office; hall price to be had at the office.' A hotel was thus advertised: 'This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan.' 'I wanted a saddle-horse for a lady weighing about 950 pounds.' An Iowa editor says: 'We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter.' 'Board may be had at No. 4 Pearl street for two gentlemen with gas.'"

One great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines is that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys while it imparts strength."

A teacher in one of our grammar schools was giving a lesson on the art of putting words into sentences. The words selected, with their definitions, were "aqueous, a conductor," and "effluence to work." One of the sentences handed in was, "My father is an aqueous, and has to effluence very hard."—Harper's Year-book.

Baird's Balsam of Horchound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief."

A remarkable testimony in favor of the longevity of teetotalers was given at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and Provident Institution. The expected claims for deaths in the temperance section for the year were 307 for £73,916, whereas the actual claims had been 184 for £43,874. The anticipated claims in the non-teetotal department were 378 for £80,488, whereas the actual had been 326 for £70,000. Ten deaths were the result of accident, the only one being in the temperance section."

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you."

Among various expressions of intelligence which often place the dog in no mean place of comparison to his master, a little habit developed by a dog in the suburbs is worth mentioning, says the Boston Journal: Whenever this dog becomes angry, instead of making an exhibition of his temper he turns away from the offending person as quickly as possible and makes a bee line to a flash to the nearest brook. In a few minutes he returns, dripping, but serene, without a trace of his former excitement in his manner. His plunge has apparently cooled off all angry feelings and even caused forgetfulness of causes of disturbance."

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, Curable by CUTICURA. I took Gold, I took Sick, I took My Meals, I take My Rest.

INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO. ST. JOHN, N. B. ANNAPOLIS, N. S. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ST. JOHN LINE.

Wool 200,000 Lbs. Wanted. Oxford Woollen Mills. In exchange for the World-Renowned OXFORD CLOTH.

Wool Growers. Send post card for samples and full instructions for sending your Wool direct to the mills in exchange for these goods. Hundreds throughout the Provinces are receiving satisfaction every year. Try it!

Wanted. STAMPS of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and other provinces before 1869. I will pay from 10c to \$10.00 for each lot, besides 10c per cent extra for those sent on the original stamps. Send stamps, send what others you may find for price. List free. H. L. HART, care MESSINGER & VISITOR, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GATES' NERVE OINTMENT. A very beautiful and efficacious compound for strengthening the Nerves and Muscles. FILES, BURNS, SCALDS, BRUISES, WOUNDS, BRONCHITIS, and all INFLAMMATIONS internal and external.

Baltimore Church Bells. My special story is for the man who has an opportunity to get at small fruits; perhaps lives where they are raised, or in work and care. The woman to tell her of lives on a "home farm" of a few acres in the busy city of Pawtucket Island, and not far from Providence was a bookkeeper in Pawtucket mills, at a large had married and settled down home farm. Accompanied by a busy life, and above all, a mistress of a pocket book of soon found herself missing it, ing that she had something to the woman with the "Sara"

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '90. Summer Arrangement. '90. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 30th JUNE, 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John. Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00. Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 8.10. Fast Express for Montreal & Quebec, 12.55. A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.30, and take sleeping car at Montreal. Sleeping cars are attached to through light express trains between St. John and Halifax.

Trains will arrive at Saint John. Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 8.10. Fast Express from Montreal & Quebec, 12.55. (Monday excepted). 8.35. Accommodation from Halifax & Campbellton 10.05. Express from Halifax, Pictou & Miramichi, 11.00. The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive at St. John at 8.30 Sunday, along with the express from Montreal and Quebec, but neither of these trains run on Monday. A train will arrive from Montreal on Monday at 7.00, arriving in St. John at 8.30.

READ THIS LIST of Distinguished Baptists who commend DR. ARMITAGE'S GREAT WORK, History of the Baptists.

Book & Tract Society, 120 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S. are general agents for Maritime Provinces for the above work. One or two experienced agents can find work for the winter by applying at once, giving experience.

Bounding Billows ON THE SEA, or the pure mountain Breezes will soon invite your presence. Make your visit the pleasure by taking along our entertaining Music.

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JULY 30. "The Cornhill" contains on Sister Rose Gertrude, Minister to the Lepers at St. Aster Rose, when you saw Did you give as Him on the hill When the leper cried, "I will! Be clean!" Or when meet And strew the lilies about And press your hands to the

Sword of the spirit and lil Flower of the heart and Tender and keen with th To dare this deed an With the flush of you Southern Sea, To be unto Death for wh

When you life was a child, come, That day that you gave ball To the crippled boy? the call When the bird's were all Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Railway Office, Montreal, N. E., 6th June, 1890.

Business Openings for Women. The stay-at-home girl in this time, no doubt, that she a little attention paid to special needs. . . . I cannot strongly this form of work, many times it is the mother of whom the burden of her rests—appeals to me. She by so many circumstances go out into the world to duty holds her where she

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K. D. C. IS GUARANTEED

TO CURE DYSPESIA AND INDIGESTION OR

MONEY REFUNDED.