

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

Hark! the cry of heathen nations
Sounding o'er the distant sea
Calling on our land to help them—
Listen to their earnest plea:
Men and brethren, we are dying:
Send us men without delay
We are longing for the gospel,
Come and help us while you may.

Tell us of your precious Saviour,
Him who died for us as well,
We are ready to receive Him:
Haste thee, now the message tell.

Life to us is sad and dreary,
Burdened with a load of care;
Death is but a hideous spectre
Lurking for us everywhere.

Let the blessed light of Jesus
Shine across a darkened world;
Lift on high the gospel banner,
Let its glories be unfurled.

Till at last the ransomed nations
Pardoned from their sins, shall sing
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Crown the Saviour, Lord and King.

The Cry to God from the Lighthouse Tower.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"You see I have an invitation up to
William Johnson's tomorrow. It is his
birthday, Madge."

"Oh, father, do you think you had
better accept?" said Madge, who was
dressing for an errand out-doors.

Her brown eyes were dimmed with
tears. Her father, stout Andy Thomas,
the light-keeper, looked like a castle un-
assailable, but he had his vulnerable
side. He was sometimes "the worse
for liquor," and in official circles there
had been an ominous growl of disas-
faction. If it were to be broken, the castle
lord would yet make some show of strength,
and the light-keeper said somewhat
testily, "Now, daughter, don't you
worry. I am all right there. Don't you
worry, girl."

Madge had the sharp perceptions of
her sex, and said—nothing. She only
sighed, pined closer under her plump
little chin her thick, warm shawl of red,
and then turning away quickly, put to
her eyes a bit of the shawl's drooping
fringe.

Andy caught a glimpse of this act, and
sprang to her side. "Now, Madge, trust
your old father!"

She looked up and in response flashed
a lot of sunshine out of her eyes, and
smiled. "I don't know, father, I will
just see him a note. I will write it this
evening."

Something quickly happened, though,
that drove all thought of the note out of
his mind, effectually as the winter wind
chases a dove out of sight. It was
the body of some unknown sailor rolled
upon the sands by the waves.

The weather was wild. The mood of
the sea was angry. "Hope foul
weather won't last long," thought Madge
at twilight, hurrying to the door and
looking out. Their home was connect-
ed with the lighthouse by a covered
way.

Behind Madge, up in the air,
flamed the light in the lofty lantern.
At her right roared louder and louder
that crashing sea. Out of the lighthouse
was a cluster of rocks now in the mist
of a furious bonfire from a covered way
to the shore it was one wretched, mossy
undulation, one vast, continuous, toss,
throw, upheaval. Wave after wave
rose near the shore, towering, curling,
falling in cascades of foam and fury all
along the sands. The water was dully
at the edge of the beach, showing that
the plow of the storm-breakers was
reaching down to the bottom and throw-
ing it up. Madge looked off upon the
ocean, and, as far as the eye could see,
it was one frothing chaos, a prolonged,
angry, roaring, and tossing. "I had kept
those to whom night comes white sea,"
she murmured, and returned to the
"plattered kitchen."

The storm raged through the next
day.

"I think, Madge," said the light-
keeper, "I will go up to William John-
son's. His birthday dinner ought to be
noticed if a man has no invitation."

"Father," said Madge, laying her
hands firmly on his shoulders, "you
know your weakness."

"Yes, and what is the harm? Can't I
take care of myself?"

"Only with God's help."

"There's your religion!" he mur-
mured. "Next time drink gets the
better of me, I'll try your way."

"You—you will pray?"

"Keep your promise, father."

"Guess I can keep my word," he
said and left the house. "Nonsense!"
muttered the keeper looking at the heavy
clouds when on his way to the tavern
where William Johnson expected to
meet his friends. "I shall be home, too,
in good season."

But as it neared lighting time, he did
not appear at his home.

"Where is father?" exclaimed Madge,
anxiously going to the door and looking
out. "It is almost lighting time. I don't
see where he is."

The clock in the kitchen told that it
was sunset, though the western sky
above the sea gave no sign.

age-way, opened the kitchen door, and
there on the floor, leaning his head
against a chair, was her father, drunk!
Madge clasped her hands, fell on her
knees and looked up. Her burden was
so grievous. It seemed as if the storm
crashing into the passage way had
broken into the house, had reached the
kitchen, had burst into Madge's soul,
and was deluging it with the breakers of
despair.

The drunken father was somehow got
into bed. Madge sat up to watch.
The lantern must be visited, and she
dared not trust herself to retire to her
room and wake up at the right intervals.

How busy were her thoughts, as she
silently watched in the little kitchen!
If I could go to other different sur-
roundings," she thought, "get him away
from his associates! A change of en-
vironment! How many souls are held
down by circumstances who in new sur-
roundings would have an exchange of
letters for wings. And to begin again
in life, what a bugle note of hope rings
out in that thought! To dare once more
the assault on some old stronghold that
has been past capture, to believe in suc-
cess, to expect it! Could this ever be her
father's situation?"

"His surroundings can't be changed,"
thought Madge. "Then he must be
changed within. If he must stay here and
meet his old associates successfully, it
will be because God is in his heart. Oh,
that he would pray! He said he would
if he fell again. I wonder if he will re-
member it!"

"He said he would pray! He said he
would if he fell again. I wonder if he
will remember it!"

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"Let's change knives a little while,"
he said.

"Don't cut, though!" exclaimed
Snip in delight, as he tried it on his
windmill.

"I don't think it's very much of a
knife," said Johnny. But Snip did, and
before long both windmills were done,
and the two had a merry time running
with them in the wind.

"Snip don't look as if he had nice
things at home," he wondered why
that fellow gets to be a man, and
has lots of money. I'm going to have
a knife just like that. Cut jolly.

"Snip peeped around the corner and
watched up and down the street, but
Johnny did not come. At sound of a
step coming near him, Snip turned just
in time to see a gentleman pull a hand-
kerchief out of his pocket, and with it
a small parcel which fell on the pavement
and rolled and rolled until it stopped at
Snip's very feet. By the time it had
rolled there the paper had become so
unwound that, as he picked it up, a
pocket knife slipped from the paper into
his hand. Such a knife. Snip stared at
it in amazement. Could it be a knife,
though? Did ever a knife sparkle and
shine like this? Holding his breath,
Snip half opened one of the blades and
then let it snap back.

"It is a knife. Shines like a new
nickel. Cuts like sixty. I know. O my!
There's a streak just like a rainbow in
it!"

"Snip gazed admiringly at the pearl
handle with its gleams of coloring, then
at his half-finished kite sticks, thinking
how those bright blades would cut
through the soft wood. How hard it had
been to drive the dull blades of the old
knife into it!"

"Four blades!" He examined it more
carefully, holding it repeatedly between
thumb and finger. "If there is anything
you ever did hanker for, Snip, it's a four-
bladed. But it ain't your'n, and you
know it."

Down under the shabby clothes and
the dirt, in spite of neglect and poverty
and ignorance, lay a jewel in the poor
little heart, a jewel called honesty, cast-
ing a light whose rays shone brighter
than the sparkle in the rainbow-tinted
blade. All the while gazing at the
sharp blades, all the longing for such
a treasure for his own, could not dim its
lustre. But the unexpected temptation
meant a quick struggle to the
poor little street-boy.

"Snip," he said, in a tone of angry
reproach, "I saw your Uncle Phil down
and he sent you a knife. I came
near losing it, though. Dropped it and
never knew it, until a poor little street
Arab picked it up for me, and was off
again like a shot."

"I told Uncle Phil so," he said that
made no difference, that when he was
a boy he lost about a week."

"I don't lose as many as that," said
Johnny. "But, what a beauty!"

Even in the eyes of the boy accus-
tomed to the use of the gentleman's hand,
he ran as quickly back to his kite-sticks,
fearing he might miss Johnny. But
Johnny did not come, and he backed
and sawed away with the dull knife as
best he could.

"I'm going to show it to Snip," said
Johnny. "If he thought the old thing
was good, he'll think of this?"

"He'll be sure to cut himself," said
his mother, shaking her head.

"O, boys must get used to knives,"
said his father, laughing.

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Then he hesitated with a sudden thought.
The pale face and ragged clothes struck
a feeling of sudden pity to his heart.
He could not in the happy prosperity
which blessed his life, dream of the
weight of want and privation which he
longed with the days of the poverty-
stricken child, but he could dimly guess
at what he still more feebly expressed
to himself.

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Cuticura Soap
Cures Itchy Skin, Eczema, Scabies, etc.

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Is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as previously said to those of the man.

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CHALONER'S POOR MAN'S COUGH SYRUP.

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Since 1848 celebrated for superiority over others.

CINCINNATI BELT FOUNDRY CO.
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INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

CHANGE OF TIME. TWO TRIPS per WEEK.

AFTER MONDAY, March 26, 1891, and until further notice, we of the Steamers of this Company will leave:

ST. JOHN BOSTON, Via EASTPORT & PORTLAND.

Every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7:30, Eastern Standard Time.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '90. Winter Arrangement. '91.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John, Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7:10 (Monday excepted).

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Sussex, 8:30.

Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 9:30.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 10:30.

Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 11:30.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 12:30.

Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 1:30.

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Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 3:30.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 4:30.

Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 5:30.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 6:30.

Trains will leave at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 7:30.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 8:30.

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Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Quebec & Montreal, 6:30.

JUNE 17 HIS PROFESSION

My boy and I role in the
(One morning bright and
When I'm a grown-up man
I'll be an engineer.)

But soon the dust flew in
And heavy fog had hid
I would be a soldier
For all the world," he

My boy was at a seaport
And saw the rolling sea
"Must be," he said, one
"Is a sailor I shall be."

We took to go to a yacht
He had to go to bed
I wouldn't be a sailor
For all the world."

We read him stirring
Of soldiers and their fate
"I'll go and fight," cried
"An' put them to flight."

He took his little bed
I wouldn't be a soldier
For all the world," he

And thus to each profession
He first said "yes," then
To make a choice is hard
At least, I find it so!

"But what, then, will you
When you are grown
I really think you'd better
A gentleman," he said.

Dr. M. McLeod, in Man

THE HOME

Save the Boy

Women who have so
dread the demoralizing in-
fluences, ought to un-
derstand young manhood.

restless. It is distur-
bing, by threat for ac-
tion, to excitement, by irre-
sistible, rear your so-
lutions are associated with
of natural instincts, you
throw them in the soci-
measure can supply
hearts. They go to the
first for the animated an-
panionship they find the
find does so much to re-
ping restlessness in their
See to it, then, that
pets with public places
brighten. Open your
light bright fires by night
rooms. Hang pictures of
books and newspapers
must see that the
Banish demons of dul-
that have so long re-
hold, and bring in mirth
invent occupations fit
stimulate their ambi-
Recruits. While you
to them, all the while
than mere pleasure. Wi-
pass happy boyhood
manhood with refined
ambitions depends on
Horn.

Breathing Ex

Whatever will increase
capacity will improve
the following exercises
in the fresh air, and wi-
loosely worn so as to
breathe deeply, is one of
to increase the interior
room.

Hold head up, shoul-
chest out; inflate the
through the nose until it
hold until you have com-
out opening your lips;
till your lungs are as
fresh air as it is possi-
Keep your arms exercis-
the lungs fall while o-
Try it again, and see if
breath fall a minute,
three or four deep, lon-
tions.

One of the best times
exercise is when you sit
from your work or stu-
breath while walking
twenty, etc. The advan-
the open air and sunshi-
is fresher than in gen-
doors.

Take this medicine
either before or after
after, it will be found to
gestion. If this exercis-
you dizzy at first, take it
until your blood can be
tion of its practice.

The daily practice
breathing exercise has
increase the size of the
in one month.—R. J. R