

Family Department.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

Through weal and woe, in sorrow and in joy, Trust in the Lord! One only thing in life without alloy, Trust in our God!

Affliction's waves the soul's true teachers are; Trust in the Lord! Love comes by losing; confidence by cure; Trust in our God!

F. P.

SELFISHNESS.

I heard something the other day about a little friend of mine that gave me great pleasure; it was the remark, made by one who had good opportunity to watch her that "Mary was growing less selfish."

I suppose we do not think always that selfishness is bad as it really is. It is about as bad as can be. It is putting self first and fore most, without regard to the rights or comfort or pleasure of others.

But this selfishness goes deeper than those things that are (as we may say) on the outside. It is bad enough to think so much of self that you do not care for the pleasures or the rights of others, but the worst of selfishness is its aspect toward God.

This is the worst kind of selfishness; and one dreadful thing about it is that sometimes those that are kind and generous toward their friends, are still supremely selfish toward God; they will not give themselves to God.

Now, my dear children, will you not, each one of you, ask yourself the question, "Am I selfish toward God?" If you must say "Yes," then ask God, for Christ's sake to change this selfish heart of yours, and make it love him. Let Christ, by the Holy Spirit, come into your heart and cast out this miserable self, and be your Lord forever.—Child's Paper.

A DELIGHTFUL LEGEND.

THERE is a charming tradition connected with the site on which Solomon's temple was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in...

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective stocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night, they met each other

half way between their shocks with their arms full.

SACRA PRIVATA EXTRACTS.

"Speak not evil one of another."—James iv, 2.

"Foolish talking or jesting are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks."—Eph v., 4.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli.

"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. How can ye, being evil, speak good things?" Matt. vii, 34.

O Holy Spirit of Grace, enable me to overcome the shame of a degenerate age, which will hear nothing with delight, but what concerns this world. O touch my heart with the true love of God, the excellencies of His love, the pleasantness of His service, and the wonders of His providences.

This I beg for Jesus Christ's sake. "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John xv., 7.

These, O Jesus, are the things that I ask, Intercede for me, that I may be truly sensible of the diseases I labor under, and thankfully embrace the means which Thy goodness hath ordained for my recovery.

Grant that the end of all my actions and designs may be the glory of God. Enable me to resist all the sinful appetites of my corrupt nature.

Grant that I may hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Vouchsafe me the spirit of adoption, of supplication and prayer—of praise and thanksgiving.

Obtain for me, O Jesus, the grace of mortification and self denial; the graces of a true humility, and the fear of God.

Grant, O God, that I may never knowingly live one moment under Thy displeasure, or in any known sin.

THE HABIT OF SELF-CONTROL.

—If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life, that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood.

The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires.

He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, with painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness.

The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour, is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-tried, true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.—Phila. Public Ledger.

FAITH AND NO FAITH.

I HAVE a very kind horse, and in the stable there is a cat; she came there herself. One day I found her with some pretty kittens in a barrel, the boys took all but two, and the next morning the cat had her two kittens in the horse's manger. She could trust the kind horse and not the boys—she had faith in one and not in the other.

There was a young colt in the stable, and one day when I had the horse out in the carriage, the colt got to the manger where pussy had made her bed—what he did I don't know—but pussy had no faith in him; and the cat carried the kitten out of the manger; after long looking I

found them as far off as they could get up in the corner of the hay loft overhead.

Faith left the kitten with a trusted friend, but when there came one not to be trusted the cat was wiser than many boys and girls, aye! than many men and women, and took her little one out of the way of harm. D. C. M.

MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING.

IN February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on Long Rear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The life boats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the awaying masts, was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life-line, went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hand worked, and in a short time he became conscious. The Sunday Magazine may describe the final scene:

With wild amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked:

"Where am I?" "Thou art here, my lad." "Where's the cap'n?" "Drowned, my lad." "The mate, then?" "He's drowned, too." "I he crew?" "They are lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved!"

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice: "My mother's been praying for me! My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.—Youth's Companion.

AN HOUR AT THE NOVA SCOTIA EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition in Halifax does not seem to have hindered the success of the Kentville one in the least. It is difficult to imagine how room could have been found for more exhibits—in most of the departments—than were to hand.

The display of cattle and poultry was certainly highly creditable. The Jerseys, especially, were very much admired and indeed, their beauty of proportion and shape was worthy of notice. Their exquisitely shaped heads, and slender limbs, reminded one of the ideal cows of painters like Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, which one never expected to see off canvas.

Among the poultry were some silver pencilled Hamburg chickens, top notted Poles, white games, and bantams which would have gladdened the eyes of the most fastidious professor of Gallinology.

It seemed to our critical eye that the committee, might have had the Exhibition building painted, gay flags, made the dingy building look very gay and cheerful. The interior however presented a most striking and animated appearance. The not very capacious aisles were thronged to suffocation, and in the galleries it was scarcely possible to pass along.

In our passage through the latter, we were brought up by a seemingly impassable barrier. On looking down we were astonished, and amused to find a very stout, female party seated calmly on the floor. She had a contented smile on her face, and was pensively eating an apple. Finding the crush unpleasant, and knowing the influence of 'size' she had anchored herself, until the way became less impeded.

The apples and grapes were really magnificent, and prove conclusively that Nova Scotia is "The land of fruit." The vege-

table were also remarkably fine; we observed some enormous mangel wurtzels, which were grown in the region of Wolfville.

Flowers were in abundance, from the conservatories of Shand of Windsor, Smith of Cornwallis, and other persons. There were some very fine gladioli, and some exquisite pansies, the latter came from D. Rimouth.

The Fine Arts department was rather a failure. We have rarely seen worse wax flowers than those exhibited, and many of the pictures, were exceedingly poor. There were some bright exceptions however. The exquisite landscapes in oils, by Miss Browne, of Paradise, were very much admired, as well as Miss Pratt's water colors. The panel paintings by Mrs. Grant, of Halifax—which took the prize—were also very good, though none of them were really as artistic as the little head in water colours, near at hand. Some pictures in needlework, reflected great credit on the workers. Artistic needlework is worthy of encouragement.

One wonders that so little really fine fancy work is to be seen at Exhibitions. With the exception of two stripes in Berlin wools and several antimacassars, the whole display was very ordinary. And yet one sees every day, magnificent specimens of "cunning work." Why are they not brought forward at the right time? Where are the point lace makers of Nova Scotia, for example? A case of millinery, shown by Miss Hamilton of Wolfville, brightened the south Gallery very much, and displayed the good taste of the exhibitor. Mitts, and warm ones too, just the thing for a person, in one of his twenty mile winter drives. Socks, blankets, wools, cloths, scarfs, make one shiver apprehensively, at the thought of the cold winter coming on so fast.

We must not forget to speak of the beautiful furniture in the south end of the building. This was not only perfect as regards workmanship, but very artistic in form and finish. The bedroom set, in ash, was very fine. Just the thing to make our beautiful native woods up into. Mr. Gates' organs must not be left unnoticed. They were evidently appreciated, as the crowd of listeners, each surrounding some rustic votary of Euterpe, showed. The instruments are really well got up, and seem to give general satisfaction to purchasers.

The ladies of St. James' Church, Kentville had refreshments and dining tents, during Exhibition week, and with the energetic and cheerful Rector, Mr. Ruggles, to keep things moving, made a considerable sum. There was also a Fancy Sale by the ladies of St. John's Church, Wolfville.

Swings, balloon men, photographers, ginger beer stalls, &c., &c., attracted the multitude, of course. The greatest attraction, however, was the band of the 101st regiment, which played all through the afternoon at intervals. Hotels and boarding houses, were crammed, and private houses thronged with acquaintances and friends, and the quiet little village presented for a few days a most lively, and cheerful appearance.

Tardy churchgoers are rebuked in the Congregationalist by an antique song, from which we quote:

"Poakinge along, we are poakinge along! Farre behind ye time we will joyn ye waitinge Throng: Ye Anthem will be done, and ye service well begunne, When, see moderately slow, we come poakinge along!"

Oronus [Adagio ritardando]—Poakinge along! & Squeaking along, we are squeaking along! Squeaking up ye aisle, in ye midst of prayer or songe. We are squeaking to our seats, by ye pulpitte or ye door. And ye Preacher here hee may waite, till our squeaking is o'er!

Some consider me every sanguine, because I always attempt whatever has even a slight prospect of success, and am never disheartened by failure. But the fact is I never do fail, for my orders are not to conquer, but to fight, and whenever I do happen to conquer also, that is so much over and above.

An American lady, Mrs. Read, of Wilmington, Del., offers to contribute \$15,000 for the erection of an Episcopal church in Nice, Switzerland, as a memorial of her husband, deceased in that city, as soon as the land necessary for the purpose shall have been bought and paid by others, and a clean title obtained.

THE LORD searcheth the heart. O Lord, purify us.

EVERY natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely that there is an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.—F. W. Robertson.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever.—Amen." Jude 24, 25.

Baptisms.

At Westfield, N. B., on October 1st, by the Rev. A. V. Higgins, A. B., Albert Row, son of Benjamin H. and Jane Stevens; Edith May and Laura Augusta, child of Charles F. and Lavinia Hayton; and Harry Walton, son of George O. and Annie Buchanan.

Marriages.

DICKSON—PICKETT.—On Monday last, at Rapids des Femmes, by the Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, Andover, Albert A. Dickson, of Tilley, V. C., to Bessie Hildreth, only daughter of the late D. W. Pickett, of Rapids des Femmes.

HUESTIS—WEBSTER.—At St. Andrew's Church, Petitediac, on Wednesday, 29th ult., by the Rev. C. Willis, Rector, assisted by the Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, M. A., Geo. A. Huestis, of Windsor, N. S., to Mary Lide, daughter of J. B. Webster, Esq., of St. John, formerly of Petitediac.

BEARDSLEY—CASSIDY.—At St. Mary's Church, Aylesford, Sept. 30th, by the Rev. R. Avery, Rector, Mr. Amos Beardsley, to Miss Fanny, daughter of Mr. James Cassidy.

Deaths.

MILLER.—At North Range, parish of Weymouth, of diphtheria, on the 2d inst. Horace Melvin, beloved child of David R. and Deborah M. Miller, aged 3 years and 6 months.

DYKEMAN.—At Cambridge, N. B., on the 29th September, B. M. Dykeman, Esq., an old and esteemed inhabitant, and for very many years a Churchwarden of the Parish.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Wm. T. Hunt, Summerside, P. E. I.; Thos. Andrew, do.; S. A. Murray, do.; J. H. Howe, do.; E. Mawley, do.; Jas. Gourlie, do.; W. A. Robins, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, U.S. A.; David Rogers, Summerside, P. E. I.; Wm. G. Taylor, do.; Jas. S. Taylor, do.; G. E. Compton, St. Eleanor's, do.; Hubert G. Compton, do.; A. J. Craswell, do.; Jas. W. Riley, do.; Miss Jones, do.; Benj. D. Tanton, do.; Mrs. Jas. Lyle, Campbell, do.; Harry Compton, St. Eleanor's, do.; Wm. Andrews, do.; Hugh Sherriff, A. E. Holland, do.; Miss J. D. Reid, do.; T. C. Cannon, do.; Geo. McLeod, Summerside, do.; Geo. Thomas, do.; Capt. A. C. Kennedy, do.; Mrs. W. T. Newman, do.; Rev. Prof. Roe, Lennoxville, Que.; Jas. T. Allan, Fredericton, N. B.; Mrs. Pinder, do.; Mrs. Jno. Cameron, do.; Edward Williams, do.; Hugh Hamilton, do.; Mrs. McLoughlan, do.; Mrs. Jas. Brown, do.; Rev. J. W. Burke, Belleville, Ont.; David Whitford, Chester, N. S.; Miss M. E. Frank, Harrietsville, Ont.; J. N. Thomas, Londonderry Mines, N. S.; Cecil Fraston, do.; Alex. Dewar, do.; G. B. Fowler, Wolfville, N. B.; Mrs. B. Barnhill, Joggins, N. S.; R. Adams, Athol, do.; Mrs. W. Carter, Maccan, do.; Miss Marshall, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Chas. Hamilton, Quebec; Humphrey Gilbert, P. M., St. John, N. B.; D. Sellers, Lepreau, do.; Major Crowley, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; F. ed. D. Stanley, Dover, N. H.; U. S. A.; Mrs. C. Hichey, Chester, N. S.; W. A. Quinton, Fairville, N. B.; Richd. Lodge, do.; Mrs. L. Markee, St. Stephen, N. B.; Mrs. Henry Maxwell, do.; Peter Lingley, Wolfville, do.; Francis Dougherty, Port Hill, P. E. I.; Hon. John Yeo, do.; John Mansfield, Senr., do.; Wm. Junken, do.; J. W. Richards, Biddeford, Lot 12, do.; T. H. Pope, do.; Robt. Ellis, do.; Geo. Palmer, Senr., Freeport, Lot 11, do.; Jno. Yeo, do.; Peter Oliver, Conway Station, do.; W. B. Oyer, Alberton, do.; Joseph L. Dyer, do.; Dr. Beers, do.; Jas. G. Higgins, do.; Henry Oliver, do.; Ed. Parkinson, Jas. E. Birch, do.; Benj. Champion, do.; Wm. Durant, do.; Eben Bearston, Montrose, do.; Saml. Tower, Tignish, do.; Wm. Platto, do.; J. C. Travis, Kildare Capes, do.; Jas. Paterson, do.; Mrs. Bell, do.; Jno. J. Raynor, Hardy, Lot 6, do.; Jas. Webb, Beatty, do.; Chas. Drake, Halifax, N. S.; W. G. LeRy, Bryson, Que.; E. H. Brown, Hantsport, N. S.; J. E. Stevens, do.; Rev. G. E. W. Morris, Halifax, do.; Mrs. Boggs, do.; Geo. Wolf, Western Head, Liverpool, do.; S. H. Shreve, Halifax, do.; Mrs. Jameson, Centreville, Bedouque, P. E. I.; C. A. Daniel, Halifax, N. S.; D. M. Strong, do.; Rev. J. Davidson, Uxbridge, Ont.; Jno. Dhuve, Western Head, Liverpool, N. S.; Jas. DeYeber, Gagetown, N. B.; Jno. Cooper, do.; Wm. McKeague, do.; Rev. H. How, Newport, N. S.; Geo. Shelton, Jr., Summerside, P. E. I.; Walter Pays n, Weymouth N. S.; Elizer Jones, do.; Rev. J. L. Bell, Dartmouth, do.; Isaac Whiting, Shediac, N. B.; Mrs. Dr. Sutherland, Tracadie, N. S.; A. J. Hiltz, Chester, do.; Walter Lowe, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HOW TO GET BACK. Expose yourself day and night; eat too much with exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL. Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.