THE WAY YOU'RE GOING.

Along life's open thoroughfare,
If you would not stumble,
Learn to look the way you go,
Without roll or rumble.
Look straight on and take no steps
Without fully knowing
Where each footprint next to place.
Look the way you're going.

Would you sow and reap for good?
Would you walk uprightly?
See where others make missteps
And in their way go lightly.
Would you win fair name and fame,
Better each day growing?
Straight and narrow paths secure
For the way you're going.

Would you lead a joyous life
In this world of sorrow?
Live unselfishly to day,
And do likewise to-morrow;
Forbidden paths pass by and then,
While life's morn is glowing,
And as days and years increase
Look the way you're going.

Would you spotless record have
When your days are numbered?
Keep your footpath ever clean
And always unencumbered;
Throw rubbish to the winds and waves
While o'er life's main you're rowing,
And when the oars you take in hand
Look the way you're going.

Would you look backward satisfied
With things as you have found them?
Don't tread on other people's toes,
When you can well go round them.
Don't take a train that is to pass
Another, without knowing
That you're on a switch or double track
And which way each is going.

In crowded street or forest wild,
On foot or gaily mounted,
'Tis ever well to look ahead
With all obstructions counted,
And better not to blindly go
Forward without knowing
That the track is clear ahead
Along the way you're going.

—*Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.*

What Happened.

MARY B. CLAFLIN.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think? wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this blue day was born,
Into eternity at night-fall's return.
Z —CARLYLE.

Numerous children were the only riches the family possessed. They lived in a little mouse-colored house on a sandy flat, near the sea, in one of the Cape towns of Massachusetts. The house had once been painted red—the old time color of most New England houses—but the suns of many summers and the storms of many winters had left scarcely a trace of the original color.

A few struggling morning glories and the traditional faded "Bouncing Bets" huddled close to the little flat stone which formed the door-step. The path which led from the tottering gate to the low front door was overgrown with grass, and bordered with stunted marigolds and occasional yellow lilies; the side toward the sea was lighter than the western side, which was grooved with semi-circles where the wind had blown the lilac bushes for successive winters to and fro against the shingles; the moss-grown roof slanted down almost to the ground at the back of the house; the shutters hung languidly against the small windows; the cat winked and purred on the narrow door-sill; the hens clucked, and croaked, and scratched with no fear of intrusion; and the cock strutted about with as much sense of importance as if he were treading over ancestral lawns.

The thin, pale mother was bent with the cares and toils of many years. Each morning had brought the same routine of work, every detail of which she had faithfully performed; never halting, never complaining, never too tired to comfort the fellow who had stubbed his toes against the stones that came in the path, over which, every morning and night, he must drive the reluctant cows to and from the exhausted pasture-land, where the tangled wild-rose and the sweet fern and the blueberry bushes struggled for existence.

The crabbed old father was always haggling with Providence. It was either too wet and the crops would all mold and mildew, or it was too dry and there would be a drought; the girls wore out their shoes too fast, and the spelling-book he used when he went to school was good enough for the boys.

It was an empty, hopeless sort of life—there was nothing to look forward to; there was no incentive to work; for each year the impoverished land yielded less and less, and the old house became more and more dilapidated. The two elder girls had gone to a neighboring town to better their condition, and the elder boys began to be restive and dissatisfied with the dull round to which there seemed no change and no end.

They were sitting on the wood-pile by the kitchen door, near the old well-sweep, just as the sun was sinking behind the barren hill which sheltered the weather-stained barn, where a little patch of new shingles was the only sign of improvement, and the presence of which made the roof like the Scripture garment—worse rather than better for the introduction of the new piece. The blue flies' buzzing, the crickets' chirping, and the twilight twittering of the birds alone broke the silence of the sunset hour.

"John," said Isaac, "I am tired of this stupid old place. I never can be anything if I stay here; I am going to seek my fortune."

"I'd like to know where you are going, and I'd like to know how you can go without money and without friends," said John.

"Well, anyhow, I am going to try it. Bill Simpkins went off to the city and found a place, and now he comes home every summer, looking like a gentleman in his fine clothes. It will be kinder tough leaving mother; but, as for pa, I don't care whether he likes it or lumps it. He is always grumbling anyhow; it don't make no difference what a feller does, you can't please him."

The old man sat in the doorway half asleep, with the blue smoke curling up from his old clay pipe, while the patient, long suffering mother gathered up the tea dishes; for, while all the world could rest, she had yet a thousand steps to take before she could pillow her tired head. There was the milk to skim, cheese-curd to set, the milk-pail to scald, and the kindling to gather for the morning fire.

"Yes, it'll be mighty hard to leave mother," muttered Isaac. "Pa, I want to go down to the city to see if I can't make something of myself."

"Make suthing of yourself—what do you want to make? You have had vittles and close enough, ha'n't ye? That is all I've ever had. It is the pride of the 'arth that puts such notions into young folks' heads."

"Well, pride or no pride, I want to earn some money, and be somebody, and I never can if I stay on this old worn-out farm."

At this stage of the conversation the patient mother, who had long since given up all hope of better things for herself, stopped to listen, and, mother like, to add her word of encouragement. She was coming from the garden, whither she had been to see if the little crop of catnip and tansy, which grew by the garden wall, was doing its best; for these were the family medicines, and every autumn they were conscientiously gathered and tied in small bunches, and hung over the kitchen chimney, for "pa" didn't approve of spending money on doctors, and "mother" always steeped the herbs and ministered the bitter draughts with her own hand. A gnarled quince bush stood in one corner of the garden, and for forty years mother had made a little quince sauce, that she might have something nice to offer if a neighbor should drop in to take tea with her.

"It isn't strange, pa, that Isaac wants to see something of the world. It's natural for young folks to want a change, and we mustn't be too hard on Isaac."

Pa grunted as usual, and said no more; he was too indolent to pursue any subject.

John and Isaac retired to their small unfurnished room under the eaves, with no other light than the moonbeam that strayed through the little square window in the roof; but Isaac did not sleep; or, if for a moment he lost himself in sleep, it was to wake startled with the vision of being alone in a strange place, without money and without friends, and far from home. But the restless longing had taken possession of him, and morning found him only the more determined to break old ties and seek pastures new.

A week passed, and the little bundle of clothing was ready, and all that the dear, kind hands of his mother could do was done, and Isaac set forth, as many another had done before him, to seek his fortune in untried fields.

He started for Boston; and, through manifold perils, homesick and hungry, but resolute, he entered the great city. No time was to be lost. Bread he must have, and a shelter. Having been accustomed to the sea, he turned his steps naturally, towards the wharves, and, after looking about in vain for some familiar face, he invested his only dollar in lobsters. These, with a dilapidated wheel barrow, constituted his stock in trade. The end of the first long, weary day found him five cents in advance of his invested capital; at the close of the week he was able to pay ten cents on the rent of his wheelbarrow. The brave little fellow worked on, with many discouragements and heart-aches, but the end of the month found him quite established in business, for he had procured a license to stand on Charlestown bridge with his wheelbarrow of lobsters. This he thought a very favorable position for his business, and there for days he stood, selling to the passers by as he had opportunity; his lessons of patient endurance at the old farm standing him in good stead now, as for hours, often, there was nothing to break the monotony of his dull life. Occasionally a kind-hearted woman spoke to him; but few thought it worth while to stop for a cheery word with the little, freckled, homely lobster boy.

It happened one day that a gentleman, whom he had often noticed, stopped and bade him good morning, asked him his name, and inquired about his business. He was one of those men who never let a day slip useless away. Isaac was pleased and surprised that a gentleman should take interest enough in him to inquire his name, and he said to himself, "There is something about this man different from other men I have seen." Again, a week later, the same gentleman stopped and inquired if he went to church, and if he would like to go; where he lived, and who were his friends. Isaac soon learned that his new friend was a minister, and that he preached in a church in Charlestown. "But why," he repeatedly asked himself, "why is he so unlike other men?" He went often to hear him preach; and it happened now that his new friend never crossed the bridge that he did not stop for a friendly word with "the little lobster boy," who looked forward to his coming with pleasant anticipation, for he was the only person who had shown any interest in him. At length, after many days and much thinking, Isaac decided that the difference between this man and others, whom he had seen was due to the fact that he had learning, and he said to himself, "If *book* learning makes all this difference in men, I wish I could have it; but it's too late for me; I can't get it, for I have no money and no time; but I wonder if I could help some other boy to go to school? I will try it." From this moment Isaac felt a new interest in his work. His business increased, and the second year he abandoned the friendly old wheelbarrow, and established an oyster stall, which was a great step in advance. His patient industry was crowned with success in this new line of business, so that he was enabled, during the third year, to visit his home, and take with him a new gown for his mother. This was the first luxury he had allowed himself. The fourth year found him in a stall in the great market, and from this time his success was assured.

His interest in his new friend led him to inquire what he could do to become such a man as he would like to be. He wondered, Sunday after Sunday as he came from church, what was the secret of this man's influence over him. The lessons his mother had taught him came back to him, and he remembered a little hymn he had often heard her repeat on a Sunday afternoon,—

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And trust in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou it find Him in the evil days
An all sufficient strength and guide."

In his struggle for bread he had forgotten her Christian instruction; but the preacher's sermons brought it all back to him. He wondered if the good man would tell him what to do; for that there was something for him to do, he felt certain. Isaac's new friend believed that he could in no better way serve the Lord and Master than by teaching this untutored boy what true Christian manhood meant, and he showed as much patience and interest in answering his questions as he would have done in discussing creeds and dogmas with his equals. He led him step by step to know God aright, and out of this knowledge to love Him and try to imitate Him. He tried to teach Isaac that the highest aim of every man should be to do faithfully and cheerfully the work which God assigns him, wherever and whatever it may be. Isaac learned his lessons well, and put them into daily practice. He became known as an honest and thrifty business man. People sought him because he could be trusted. Life now began to open before him, and he saw in it great possibilities for good. He said, "My own life has been empty and poor enough, it is too far spent to do much for myself; but this I will do: I will strive to make other lives rich and full." With this aim Isaac went on. His first duty was to make the old home comfortable, and smooth the way and make easy the path for his dear old mother to tread in her declining years, so that her last days might be spent in leisure and comfort. She never failed to remind Isaac

"Who trusts in God's unfailing love,
Trusts in a rock that naught can move."

The grouty old father thought better of "the pride of the 'arth," when Isaac, on home visits, kept the flour barrel filled, and never let the tobacco pouch run low. True, he never gave up his pet idea that the world was going to destruction and that everything was going wrong; but he was proud of the boy, as far as he knew how to appreciate him, though he was careful never to commend him. In fact, his tongue was so attuned to grumbling that he could speak in no other tones, the poor old man! Isaac now began to carry out the purpose of his life, and to put into practice the resolution made during those hard days on Charlestown bridge, by helping, with his first spare dollars, to eke out the living of poor students, who, as his means increased, to assist young men through college, for he longed to enrich other lives with what had been denied to his own. While he was liberal in every direction, his first desire was to be instrumental in making such men as the minister who had befriended him; men who to learning and refinement would add that kindliness, that glowing Christian sympathy which would give hope and courage to all with whom they came in contact, and entitle them to be called by that noble name, Christian gentlemen. Through years of strict attention to business his wealth grew, and his generous aid to educational institutions and to young ministers made them rejoice that God had raised up such a friend. At length, after giving thousands of dollars in ways like these, he was able to establish a university for the sole purpose of affording to young men and women the broadest and most thorough instruction in every department of learning. This University, yet in its infancy, stands to day as his monument in the heart of Boston, and connected with it are some of the most distinguished scholars and educators in this country. From it have been graduated many young men and women who have gone out into all parts of our own country, and into other lands, to disseminate the influence which began sixty years ago in a few kindly words, spoken by an educated Christian gentleman to a little lobster boy, on Charlestown bridge.

The day those words were spoken did not

"slip useless away;
Out of eternity that blue day was born,
Into eternity at night it returned."

—*Zion's Herald.*

The Pledged Violin.

"I will lend thee seven florins upon the instrument. It is not worth so much; nowhere else wouldst thou meet with such an offer."

The speaker—a pawnbroker by trade, a German by nationality, a Jew by birth—peered a little curiously at the customer as he spoke. In his hand he held a beautiful little violin worth far more than the trifling sum lent upon it. But the young man opposite him looked so hungry, so shabby, so hopeless that he aroused only a feeling of extra cupidity in the dealer's heart.

"Seven florins. It is far above the value of such an instrument as this; it is good only for firewood. But there! seven florins, and if not redeemed in a fortnight to become my property."

George Neumark had tears in his eyes as he gazed at his beloved violin. For ten years that little stringed instrument had been his companion and comforter. Brought with him from his birthplace, Langenalza, he had clung to it through every privation; clothes, even food had been gone without, but his violin had never been parted with. Now it had to go at last and for so small a sum! No wonder the young man's lips quivered; well he knew that once out of his hands, once pledged for seven florins to the German Jew, he would never be able to redeem it. Never to play on it again, never to speak to his heart through the sensitive musical strings! The thought was almost more than he could bear.

"Herr Schmidt," he said at last, "I must take your offer, but allow me to play a last tune on my dear violin. At the worst—and alas! it is the very worst with me now—it has spoken to me and sung back all my courage and hope."

With much reluctance the Jew handed the violin over the counter. It was a valuable prize and if once again in the young student's hands he might refuse to part with it.

"Thou hast the florins; here they are," he said, pushing the coins toward the white, trembling fingers that were aching to take up the violin. "No backing from thy bargain. Thine the florins, mine the fiddle."

"Of all the sad hearts that have left your door there has been none so sad as mine," replied the young man, his voice thick with emotion. "Only one more message through my friend."

Seizing the violin, the musician placed it lovingly beneath his chin and stretched out the bow firmly. Next moment a tune so exquisitely soft and musical throbbed out into the dusty room that even the old Jew listened in spite of himself. A few chords, a few strains, and then a rich voice took up the melody:

"Life so weary!
Saviour take me."

The words were well known then; they are better known now. Sung as they were in that most obscure shop in one of the most obscure streets in Hamburg by the author and composer, they were beautiful past all expression.

Suddenly the key changed; a few bars to the minor and then the melody poured itself out anew as Neumark's face lighted up with a smile and he sang:

"Yet who knows?
The cross is precious."

With that smile his renunciation was complete. Laying down the instrument, he said, in Latin, "God's will be done!" and rushed from the place.

"Can you tell me where I can obtain a copy of that song? I would willingly give a florin for it."

The speaker, a well to do, portly individual, laid his hand on George Neumark's sleeve as the young man ran out into the gathering darkness, leaving his beloved violin in the Jews's keeping.

George was yet quivering from the violence of his emotion and it was rather a choking voice that replied;

"My good friend, I will cheerfully fulfil your wish without the florin; for had he not seven pieces in his doublet pocket and would he sell the child of his brain? Taking the stranger into his poor lodgings he gave a copy of the hymn and little by little related the story of his grief at pledging his instrument. Very skilfully his visitor put question after question until he understood something of the musician's history. Tears stood in honest John Gutig's eyes as he listened to the tale of poverty and privation so nobly born.

John Gutig was a valet in the service of Baron von Rosenkranz, the Swedish ambassador to the city of Hamburg. Next day the baron was in possession of George Neumark's history. He was told of the hapless musician's poverty, his musical skill, his beautiful hymns, his beloved violin, and when at length he heard him himself he was as much enchanted as John Gutig had been.

"I am not in need of a court musician," he said, smiling at the pallid, eager, young student, "but I do want a private secretary. Will you accept the post?"

No need to say what was George Neumark's answer. The situation offered meant comparative wealth and freedom from care. It meant more—even the possession of his beloved instrument. His first step was toward the den of Herr Schmidt. The Jew was quite taken aback at the quick redemption of so valuable a pledge. With a sigh he gave it up, for with it went his hopes of a good bargain.

Toward his old lodgings George Neumark next took his way. His landlady had always taken a deep interest in his tribulations; she must be a sharer also in his joy. In a few minutes the room was crowded with friends and neighbors anxious to hear him play again upon his instrument. Bow in hand, he stood considering for an instant how he could best preach a sermon of trust in a living, loving God. Then soft and low, glad and triumphant, each by turn, swelled out the words of his own sweet hymn:

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that none can move."

When asked if he had made the hymn himself, George Neumark modestly replied:

"Well, yes; I am the instrument, but God swept the keys. These words, 'Who rests in God's unchanging love,' lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again and so they shaped themselves into this song—how I cannot tell. I began to sing and pray for joy and my soul blessed the Lord; then word followed word like water from a mountain."

May we be able each one to repeat Neumark's beautiful thought in our lives, "I am the instrument, but God sweeps the keys."—*Well Spring.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

—"For any sake, children, come and help me hunt for baby. I don't know what has become of him. He is not in the room where I left him." "Oh, he's all right, mamma; we are having a beautiful time playing the finding of Moses with him. Just come and see how lonely he looks in his basket floating on the river."

For Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhœa, Summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25c.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

—Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I had some city boarders durin' th' summer, but I didn't interdooce 'em around much, 'cause I saw they wasn't fust class folks what goes out of the city every summer. Neighbor—Oh! They showed they'd never been in the country before, did they? Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, indeed. Why, the very first meal they asked for cream.

—"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect, Painless, Powerful Properties of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. It will impress a fact which will be pleasant to know. These Pellets cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar-coated pills, easy to take, and, as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groans and gripes from the old drastic remedies! Pierce's Purgative Pellets are as painless as they are perfect in their effects.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

—Exactly Like the Building.—"Dinguss," said Shadbolt, as the two met in front of a hotel, "they say that this building is settling. Can you see any indications of it?" "No." "That reminds me, Dinguss, by the way, that you haven't settled for that last ten dollars you"—"I'm just like this building, Shadbolt," said Dinguss, sadly, "I can't see any indications of my settling."

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EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, and unfailing efficacy.

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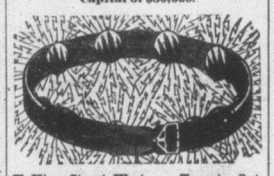

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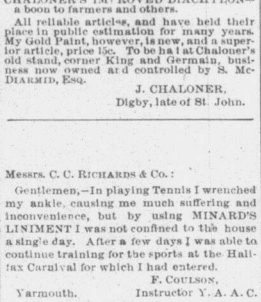

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AFTER MONDAY, March 9th, 1891, and until further notice, one of the Steamers of this Company will leave

ST. JOHN —FOR— BOSTON,

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Every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.25, Eastern Standard Time, Returning, leaves Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8.30.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'90. Winter Arrangement. '91.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th NOVEMBER 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John,

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton,	7.10
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	10.40
Fast express for Halifax,	13.30
Express for Sussex,	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	16.55

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55, and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John,

Express from Sussex,	8.30
Fast express from Quebec & Montreal (Monday excepted),	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.50
Day express from Halifax,	19.20
Fast express from Halifax,	22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
26th November, 1890.

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.
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