

HAVE FAITH IN THE BOY.

Have faith in the boy, not believing That he is the worst of his kind, In league with the army of Satan, And only too well inclined. But daily to guide and control him, Your wisdom and patience employ, And daily, despite disappointment And sorrow, have faith in the boy. Have faith to believe that some moment In life's strangely checked career, Convicted, subdued and repentant, The prodigal son will appear; The gold in his nature rejecting, The dark and debasing alloy, Illuming your spirit with gladness, Because you had faith in the boy. Though now he is wayward and stubborn And keeps himself sadly aloof From those who are anxious and fearful, And ready with words of reproof; Have faith that the prayers of a mother His wandering feet will arrest, And turn him away from his follies To weep out his tears on her breast. The brook that goes dashing and dancing We may not divert from his course, Until the wild, turbulent spirit Has somewhat expended its force; The brook is the life of the river, And if we the future might scan, We'll find that a boisterous boyhood Gave vigor and life to the man. Ah! many a boy has been driven Away from home by the thought That no one believed in his goodness; Or dreamed of the battles he fought; So if you would help him to conquer The foes that are prone to annoy, Encourage him often with kindness, And show you have faith in the boy. Have faith in his good resolutions, Believe that at last he'll prevail, Though now he's forgetful and heedless, Though day after day he may fall, Your doubts and suspicious misgivings, His hope and his courage destroy, So, if you'll secure a brave manhood, It will well have faith in the boy. —Selected.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. ANELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE. THIS IS THE WORLD AWAY. Julius Sandal had precisely those superficial excellences which the world is ready to accept at their apparent value; and he had been in so many schools, and imbued with a variety of opinions, that he had a mental suit for all occasions. "He knows about everything," said Sandal to the clergyman, at the close of an evening spent together—an evening in which Julius had been particularly interesting. "Don't you think so, sir?" The rector looked up at the starry sky, and around the mountain-girded valley, and answered slowly: "He has a great many ideas, Squire, but they are second-hand, and do not fit his intellect." "Charlotte had much the same opinion of the paragon, only she expressed it in a different way. "He believes in everything, and he might as well believe in nothing. Confucius and Christ are about the same to him, and he thinks judgment how much he admires you." There was a tone in Sophia's carefully modulated voice which made Charlotte turn, and look at her sister. She was sitting at her embroidery-frame, and apparently counting the stitches in the richest she was copying; but Charlotte noticed that she was counting at random. In a moment the veil fell from her eyes; she understood that Sophia was in love with Julius, and fearful of her own influence over him. She had been about to leave the room; she returned to the window, and stood at it a few moments considering the assertion. "I should be very sorry if that were the case, Sophia." "Why?" "Because I do not admire Julius in any way. I never could admire him. I don't want to be in debt to him for ever. I don't want of sentimental affection." "You should let me understand that, Charlotte, if it be so." "He must be very dull if he does not understand it." "When father and you went fishing yesterday he went with you." "Why did you not come also? We begged you to do so." "Because I hate to be hot and untidy, and to get my hands soiled and my face flushed. That was your contention when you returned home; but, all the same, he said you looked like a water nymph or a wood-nymph." "I think very little of him for such talk. There is nothing 'nymph' about me. I should hate myself if there were. I am going to write, and ask Harry to get a turgid for a few weeks. I want to talk sensibly to some one. I am tired of being on the heights or in the depths all the time; and as for poetry, I wish I might never hear words that rhyme again. I've got to feel that way about it, that, if I open a book, and see the lines begin with capitals, my first impulse is to tear it to pieces. There, now, you have my opinions, Sophia." "Sophia laughed softly. "Where are you going? I see you have your bonnet on." "I am going to Upphill. Grandfather Latrig had a fall yesterday, and that's about all that is his age. Father is quite put out about it." "Is he going with you?" "He was, but two of the shepherds from Holler Scree have just come for him. There is something wrong with the flock."

"Julius?" "He does not know I'm going; and if he did, I should tell him plainly he was not wanted at either Upphill or on the way to it. Duce thinks little of him, and grandfather Latrig makes his face like a stone wall when Julius talks his finest." "They don't understand Julius. How can they? Steve is their model, and Steve is not the least like Julius." "I should think not." "What do you mean?" "Never mind. Good by." She shut the door with more emphasis than she was aware of, and went to her mother for some cordials and dainties to take with her. As she passed through the hall the Squire called her, and she followed his voice into the small parlor, which was emphatically "master's room." "I have had very bad news about the Holler Scree flock, Charlotte, and I must away there and see what can be done. Tell Barf Latrig it is the sheep, and he will understand; he was always one to put the dumb creatures first. The kindest thing that is in your own heart say it to the dear old man for me; will you, Charlotte?" "You can trust to me, father." "Yes, I know I can; for that, and more too. And there is more. I feel about Stephen. Happen I was less than kind to him the other day. But I gave you good reasons, Charlotte; and I have such confidence in you. But I told you these things in love making between me and Steve." "Steve was doing his best at it. Depend upon it, he meant love-making; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every woman is a new book, and a book by herself; and it isn't likely I can understand them all." "Stephen is sure to speak to me about your being so queer with him. Had I not better tell the truth?" "I have a high opinion of that way. Truth may be blamed, but it can't be ashamed. However, if he was not making love to you at the shearing, won't you find it a bit difficult to speak your mind? Eh? What?" "He will understand." "Ay, I thought so." "Father, we have never had any secrets, you and me. If I am not to encourage Stephen Latrig, do you want me to marry Julius Sandal?" "Well, I never! Such a question! What for?" "Because, at the very first, I want to tell you that could not do. I am quite ready to give up my will to your will, and my pleasure to your pleasure. That is my duty; but to marry Cousin Julius is a different thing?" "Don't get too far forward, Charlotte. Julius has not said a word to me about marrying you." "But he is doing his best at it. Depend upon it, he means marrying; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every man is a new book, and a book by himself; and it is not likely I can understand them all." "Now you are picking up my own words, and throwing them back at me. That isn't right. I don't know whatever to say for myself. Eh? What?" "Say 'dear Charlotte,' and 'good-by,' Charlotte, and take an easy mind with you to Holler Scree, father. As far as I am concerned, I will never grieve you, and never deceive you; no, not in the least little thing." So she left him. Her face was bright with smiles, and her words had even a ring of mirth in them; but below all this was a stabber weight that she could not throw off, a darkness of spirit that no sunshine could brighten. Since Julius had come into their home, home had never been the same. There was a stranger at the table and in all its sweet places, and she was sure that he had been always with her. Something was said or done that put them further apart every day. She could not understand how any Sandal could be so absolutely out of her love and sympathy. Who has not experienced these things? Of home, of home, of home, voices, characters fundamentally different, yet bound to them by natural ties which the soul refuses to recognize. The sombreness of her thoughts affected her surroundings very much as rain affects the atmosphere. The hills looked melancholy; she was aware of every stone on the road. Also this morning she had begun to grow old, and she felt that she had a past—a past that could never return. Hitherto her life had been to-day and to-morrow, and to-morrow always in the sunshine. Hitherto the thought of Stephen had been blent with something that was to happen. Now, she knew she must always be remembering the days that for them would come no more. She found herself reviewing even her former visits to Upphill. In them also change had begun. And it is over the young, sorrow triumphantly, they are so easily wounded, so inapt to rest, so harassed by scruples, so astounded at troubles they cannot comprehend, that their very sensitiveness prepares them for suffering. Very bitter tears are shed before we are twenty years old. At forty we have learned to accept the inevitable, and to feel many things possible which once declared would break our hearts in two. There was an air of great depression also at Upphill. Duce was full of apprehension. She said to Charlotte, "Will you men as old as father fall, stumbling at their own grave; and can't think what I'll do without father?" "You have Steve." "Ay, but you see, Alice, that cross is older than the Church of England. It was given to the first Latrig of Upphill by the first abbot of Furness. Before the days of Wycliffe and Latimer, every one of them, babe and hoary-headed, died with it in their hands. There are things that go deeper down than creeds, Alice; and the cross with the Saviour on it is one of them. I would like to feel it myself, even when I was past seeing it. I would like to take the step between here and there with it in my hands." In the cool of the afternoon, Julius and the girls went to Upphill. He had a solemn seriousness about death; and both personally and theoretically the transition filled him with vague, momen-

tant ideas, relating to all sides of his conscious being. In every life where he had mourned, and in every spiritual ceremonial that attended it were subjects of interest to him. So he was much touched when he entered the deep, cool porch, and saw the little table at the threshold, covered with a white linen cloth, and holding a plate of evergreen and a handful of salt. And when Sophia and Charlotte each sootered a little salt upon the ground, and broke off a small spray of boxwood, he knew instinctively that they were silently expressing their faith in the preservation of the body, and in the life everlasting; and he initiated them in the simple rite. Duce met them with a grave and tender pleasure. "Come, and see the empty soulcase," she said, softly; "there is nothing to fear you." And she led them into the chamber where they lay. The great bed was white as a drift of snow. On the dark oak walls there were branches of laurel and snowberry. The floor was fragrant under the feet, with bits of rosemary, and bruised ears of lavender, and leaves of thyme. The casements were wide open to admit the fresh mountain breeze; and at one of them Steve rested in the carved chair that had been his grandfather's and was now his own. The young men did not know each other; but this was neither the time nor the place for social civilities, and they only slightly bowed as they entered. Indeed, it seemed wrong to trouble the peaceful silence with mere words of courtesy; but Charlotte gave her hand to Stephen, and with it that candid, loving gaze which has, from the eyes of the beloved, the miraculous power of turning the water of life into wine. And Charlotte perceived this, and she went home happy in the happiness she had given. Four days later, Barf Latrig was buried. In the glory of the August afternoon, the ladies of Seat-Sandal stood with Julius in the shadow of the park gates, and watched the long procession winding slowly down the fell. At first it was accompanied by fugal, varying gusts of solemn melody; but as it drew nearer, the affecting tones of the funeral hymn became more distinct, more sustained. There were at least three hundred voices thrilling the still, warm air with its pathetic music; and, as they approached the church gates, it blended itself with the heavy tread of those who followed the dead, like a wonderful, triumphant march. After the funeral was over the Squire went back to Upphill to eat the artemesal, and to hear the will of his old friend read. It was nearly dark when he returned, and he was very glad to find a wife alone. "I have had a hard few hours, Alice," he said, wearily, "and am more bothered about Barf's will than I can tell you." "I suppose Steve got all." "Pretty nearly. Barf's married daughters had their portions long ago; but he left each of them three hundred pounds as a good-will token, and three thousand pounds and her right in Upphill as long as she lived. All else was for Steve, except—and this bothers me—a box of papers left in Duce's charge. There are to be given to me at her decease; and I have had, during her lifetime, or my lifetime, the chance of main ten between those that come after us. I don't like it, and I can't think what it means. Eh? What?" "He left you nothing?" "He left me his staff. He knew better than to leave me a moment. But I shouldn't bother about that box of papers. What can they refer to? Eh? What?" "I can make a guess, William. When your brother Tom left home and went to India, he took money enough with him, but I'm afraid he got it queerly. At any rate, your father had some big sums to raise in Yarnmouth, during his absence; and though there was some underhand talk, maybe you never heard it—for no one round Sandal-side would pass on a word likely to trouble the old Squire or offend Mistress Charlotte. Now, perhaps it was at that time Barf Latrig died, and he was a stranger to me. I think you may be right, Alice. I remember that father was a bit mean with me the last year I was at Oxford. He would have reasons he did not tell me of. One should never judge a father. He is often forced to cut the loaf unevenly for the good of every one." But this new idea troubled Sandal. He was a man of superstitious habits, with regard to money matters. If there were really any obligation of that kind between the two houses, he hardly felt grateful to Latrig for being silent about it. And still more the transfer of these papers vexed him. Duce might know what he might never know; Steve might have it in his power to trouble Harry when he was at rest with his fore-elders. The subject haunted and worried him; and as worries are never completely worries till they have been individually vexed him, he became the person who embodied in his mind uncertainty and wounded amour propre. For if Mrs. Sandal's suspicion were true, or even if it were not true, she was not likely to be the only one in Sandal-side who would construe Latrig's singular disposition of his papers in the same way. Certainly Squire William did not feel as if the dead man had "done well to Sandal."

Stephen was equally annoyed. His grandfather had belonged to a dead century, and retained until the last his almost feudal idea of the bond between his family and the Sandals. But the present Squire had stepped outside the shadows of the past, and Stephen was fully abreast of his own times. He understood very well that, whatever these papers related to, they would be a constraint upon Sandal-side; and he had been them lying between Charlotte and himself, a barrier unknown, and insurmountable because unknown. From Duce he could obtain neither information nor assistance. "Mother," he asked, "do you know what those papers are about?" "Ratherly." "When can you tell me?" "There must be a deal of sorrow before I can tell you." "Do you want to tell me?" "If I should dare to wait it one minute, I should ask God's pardon the next. When I unlock that box, Steve, there is like to be trouble in Sandal. I think your grandfather would rather the key rusted away."

"Does the Squire know anything about them?" "Not he." "If he asks will you tell him?" "Not yet. I hope never." "I wish they were in the fire." "Perhaps some day you may put them there. You will have the right when I am gone." Then Steve silently kissed her, and went into the garden; and Duce watched him through the window, and whispered to herself, "It is a bit hard, but it might be harder; and right always gets the overhand at the end." (To be continued.)

What the Wind Blew at Benny. A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY CHARLES N. MINNETT. Benny Barnes stood by the window tying knots in a piece of wrapping twine until his sister Bessie went out on an errand. Then he walked quickly up to where his mother was sewing. "Don't you suppose I could be a boot-black?" he asked. "Why, what made you think of that?" said his mother. "Because I heard some young folks talking about helping others as they came out of the young people's meeting in the vestry up on the corner last night. Some of them seemed discouraged like. But Angie Rice said, so nice and pleasant, 'We can all do some good before Thanksgiving.' The wind seemed to blow the words right at me. I must earn Bessie some new things by Thanksgiving. She's so good not to say anything about a better dress and shoes." "Well, my boy," said the mother, "I'm sorry I can't get them for her. And though it is good for you to think so much about this matter, I cannot decide the question at once. Take this sewing home now, and I'll give you an answer to-morrow." Bright and early the next day she found time to whisper to Benny. "I have concluded to let you try your plan if you will get Tom Conlin to keep by you for a day or two." And away the boy bounded to find the bright, honest Irish lad who had once lived beside him in a tenement house. "I did not take Benny long to do his work neatly and quickly. His cherry face and polite manners won him many customers. But one afternoon he came home hurriedly. "Mother," he said, "I hardly know what is the best way to do. A boy snatched away my best brush to-day. If I take from our money to buy a new one, I cannot get Bessie's things for Thanksgiving. And I can't do anything with Harry Jones who took the brush." "Why do you think so, Benny?" "Because he has been saying that I felt too big to associate with common folks. That was because I wouldn't swear or say the mean things that he does." "Well, I think that Tom can help us again," said Mrs. Barnes, cheerfully. "He seems to know all the boys in this part of the town." "He does, indeed," answered Benny slowly. "But he don't like Harry Jones. He blamed me some for not answering back when he called me names. I'll ask him, in though." "When Tom came he said abruptly: 'I know what that fellow in Harry Jones has been after doing. I mean to 'bottle with that same lad.' Mrs. Barnes quietly said: 'I want you to go to Harry as kindly as you can. Tell him just how hard Benny has been working, and that it is almost Thanksgiving. Let him know that we do not feel toward him in this hard way that he thinks we do. I am sure that then he will be willing to do right and give up the brush.'" Tom did not look as though he had perfect faith in such a plan. But he said: "I'll try, mem, the best that I ever I can." Early the next morning there was a timid rap at Mrs. Barnes' door. "Good morning," the woman said to the ragged boy who stood there. "You must be Harry Jones. Come in, you're you?" "No, ma'am, I can't stop for that. Here's Benny's brush. I'm very sorry that I took it." "Thank you, Harry." "I'd just like to take a peep at little Bessie that Benny's been working for." "I used to have a little sister," whispered Harry as he looked in at the window to which Mrs. Barnes led him. "She looked some like her. But she is dead now. And so is mother. Father went away, I'm a bad boy. And nobody seems to care." "But I care, and so does your heavenly Father," said Mrs. Barnes. "Mother told me about him. He helped her die happy. She said I must be thankful to him. If you think help me to get to answer back rough. And Tom—he don't use his fists on me. Boys can't change that way without extra help." "That's good," answered Benny, coming up just then. "And it all began with those words which the wind blew at me so hard from Angie Rice talking so good." "I move that we all 'jin that society that sets the wind and every thing that helps folks," laughed Tom as he came around the corner. The motion was carried. Bessie hid her dress and shoes for Thanksgiving; and that day was a glad one for herself, Tom, Harry and Benny. The mother's heart was full of thankfulness.—Morning Star.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '91. Winter Arrangement. '92. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1891, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Treaties will leave Station Johns, Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.05 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.20 Express for St. John, 12.15 Express for St. John, 12.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.25 A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.35 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 12.30 o'clock Sunday evening. Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from St. John, 8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12.15 (except Monday) Express from Point du Chene, 10.20 Day Express from Halifax, 12.30 Express from St. John, 12.30 Fast Express from Montreal, 16.25 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotives. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 5th Oct. 1891.

WESTERN COUNTRIES RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 27th JULY, 1891, Trains will run as follows: LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at noon. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 7.45 p. m. Passenger, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 4.45 p. m. LEAVE ANNOPLIS—Express daily at 12.20 p. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5.00 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday at 8.10 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m. LEAVE Yarmouth—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m. Connections—At Annapolis with Trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby daily with Steamer City of Monticello from and to St. John, N. B. At Yarmouth, with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 128 Hollis street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and on board steamer City of Monticello. J. B. COYLE, Gen. Supt. Yarmouth, N. B.

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