

Choice Miscellany.

SHROUDED AND IN THE SEA.

BY HAZEL GORDON.

We stood on the deck, a reverent group, In the light of the setting sun, With heads all bowed and voices hushed, And listening every one,

To the deep, low tones of the skipper's voice, Who the burial service read, And the solemn words ached each rough heart as we gave to the sea its dead.

The unbidden tears all dimmed my eyes As I gazed on the quiet face; A ray from the sun in the reddening west seemed to light it with life and grace,

And my heart was filled with pitying love For somebody far away, Who was dreaming, perhaps, of her absent boy on the eve of that sad day.

The warm, soft breeze of the southern seas stirred the locks on his forehead fair, And I thought of some mother whose fondling hands had caressed that golden hair;

I cut one curl from over his brow, and kissed those lips so white, For somebody's sake, whose light of love would be changed to sudden night.

His only shroud was a rough, white sail, and a flag above his breast; His gaze in the calm, many fathoms deep, where "He gives His beloved rest,"

With tender hands they lowered his funeral bier, and the gentle splash of the ebbing and flowing tide.

That night the skipper, with tear-dimmed eyes, brought me a parcel small, saying: "These are some things from the poor lad's kit, and a woman knows best of all."

How to tell a story that's hard to tell, and to comfort a brother's heart, Will you write to his mother and tell her all—well, you know how to start.

"And tell her that every man of us loved her boy, the life of our boat; Hearty and busy and full of life, whether we were ashore or afloat."

We felt would have brought him safe back again, only the Captain above knew better than we, and guided him home to a haven of rest and love!"

So I opened the packet with trembling hands, it seemed such a sacred thing; Letters and photos and little gifts and half of a broken tin of Biscuits.

Keepsakes gathered in foreign lands for the loving ones at home. And a letter half finished, to catch the mail by a passenger bound for Rome.

He told of a elephant hunt in Ceylon, of a stern in Biscuit's Bay, Of their trip through the Suez Canal and how they all held the Christmas Day.

There was love to Harry and Dick and Ray, besides to Meggy and Sue. Whose feet he hoped hadn't lagged grown for he'd brought them Chinese shoes.

And now he would soon be back, he said, to his Scottish home again, After two long years of a wandering life on the restless, stormy main;

Then he stopped, for he had said his watch had come, but he'd finish it up to-morrow. How could I read it? What could I say to him such a tale of sorrow?

One portrait was that of a woman, sweet face, and health in a boyish hand. Was written "Mother." I saw her again in the midst of a smiling band.

Of boys and girls of every size, but she had a proud head on each side. Her sailor lad with bright, frank face, her eldest and eldest son.

Photos of schoolboy friends there were, and one of a fair young face, Smiling and tender-eyed, beneath he had written the one word "Grace."

A dainty housewife, all bordered grey, held buttons and pins and thread, And worked on the ribbon which held the spools, "To my darling brother Ned."

I broke it to his mother as well as I could with many a falling tear, The news she set, and the curl I sent with all of his treasures dear.

Ah! that was the sorriest, saddest task that ever I have known. Christ! 'Thou who has wept with weeping ones, comfort and keep Thy own."

Thou who in moments of sorrow and pain thought of the mothers' weal, List to the cry of a heart's sore pain, listen and comfort and heal.

Give thy peace, which is perfect peace, lead with Thy own right hand, Till we join our beloved, to part no more, in Thy beautiful, happy land.

of the cat bird and the thrush, shielding them by its thick verdure, are now radiant with the Golden-rod, the Aster and the Gentian.

The richest beauty of October, however, is to be seen in the Birches, Maples, Chestnuts and Oaks; Cedars fastooned with the woodbine, all blended together, and yet made more brilliant by the purple atmosphere, the spirit of beauty grows more and more wonderful and magnificent, till the splendors of the earth rival those of the sunset.

It seems as if the consciousness of the long sleep of winter, now near at hand, has roused the material world to show its gratitude to its Lord and Master for His constant care and kindness for the gentle rains and winds of spring—for the hot and stimulating suns of summer—for the bounteous harvests of autumn—in one resounding hallelujah, in whose song the voice of the smallest flower is not lost though blended with the mighty tones of forest and mountain.

FALLING IN LOVE. There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; when it originates; how brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen, a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home, travelled a little, pursued their studies, attended parties, and been a good deal in the society of other young people, yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden all is changed. Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in; the whole world seems changed; life itself is changed; their whole being is changed to be like what it was, again, never more.

Love is often as sudden as this; but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been in each other's society, and been intimate all this time; but never thinking of a stronger than friendly relationship, when some incident—even a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love.

Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight. It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Love lives to labour; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist.

What man could see the woman he loves lack anything and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It tolls night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet alone it discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong, too fervently used, to portray the service of love. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in but and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a moot question. Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again, and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

PASSING GLANCES. The nation's lament—Let us sweep. In the stock market bull luck is hard to bear.

A man of gall is almost invariably a good liver. When the trunk line railroads are playing policy they are playing pool.

He is a mis guided youth who does everything his sweet heart asks him to do. Contempt of court—When the younger brother makes faces at his sister's lover.

"A spotted adder" is a name grimly given by the Boston Record to defaulting cashiers. No one ever hears any complaint of a night when an old house tries on a coat of paint.

Why is a successful poultry man like a carriage builder? Because he makes a coop-py. Sleep-walking is supposed to be in some way connected with the transmigration of souls.

There are only 300 shades of blue. We sometimes feel as though there were twice as many. Why is a girl like an Indian? Because she doesn't feel dressed without a feather in her hat.

If you want to know how small a man is, give him an office or let him become suddenly wealthy. Query for yachtman: If a vessel can sail before the wind, why should she have to wait for the wind?

The difference between a lawyer trying a case and a cat is that one is lying for a fee and the other is feline. "In science nothing can be permanently accepted but that which is true." This would seem to shut out the lawyers.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

A Paterson man has a horse which sings. It never utters a note as an excuse. Neither does it say neigh when out is set before it.

"Personal—Dear Ned, come back; all is forgiven. Pa kicked the wrong man, and didn't know it was you. Come immediately.—May."

The advertiser, no matter how small his favors, is like the brave general. He considers his place to be at the head of the column.

Why is a balloon voyager greatly to be envied? Because he rises rapidly in the world, and has most excellent prospects.

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up he still remains cool.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

"Waiter, you can bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah. We doesn't 'kill em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

The most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery makes the New York bar mad, but facts are facts.

A scientist says that a very strong solution of salt boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

Overest from the Omnibus: "So, Freddy, now must the dear uncle congratulate His birthday is the same as thine."

"So, so, the uncle has today also birthday?—Then are we twin brothers?" "Well, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied, I am tired of dancing fellows for breach of promise."

If there is anything more dangerous than the unloaded gun which always goes off when it is pointed at anybody, it is the pleasure boat that can't tip over. It is this kind of a boat which tips over every time.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said, "I feel that again, sah; read it wance mo' so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married befo'."

THE GIRLS. Give your daughter a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, iron, and darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses.

Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen is the heart of a home. Teach them that they only lay up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more money than they receive.

Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one until paid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays a greater luster than fly cosmetic beauties.

Teach them to purchase, and see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-help and industry. Teach them that a honest mechanic in his work is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely-dressed idlers.

Teach them gardening and pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but to consider these as secondary objects only. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearance nor on wealth, but on the man's character.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1885—Summer Arrangement—1885. Commencing Monday, 1st June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Exp. Daily, A. M., P. M.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. Daily, A. M., P. M.

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Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. Daily, A. M., P. M.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Express will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Mon., Wed. and Frid. p. m. for Digby.

The steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis every Thursday m. for Boston and St. John every Saturday night after arrival of Express.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday m. on arrival of W. C. Ry train from Digby. Returning leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.30 a. m. and 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday mornings.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. Lines, General Manager, Kentville, May 26, 1885.

W. B. & N. CO.

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this year. N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled Gaspereau, Sept 18th.

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Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885. E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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RHEUMATISM,

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LOSS OF APPETITE,

KIDNEY DISEASE,

AND—

GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS

Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR. NORTON: Dear Sir.—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1883 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, am entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs John Grant

Peter Frost, Esq. of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

As Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three weeks with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Damon, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Linctum and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle.

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