

Family Department.

(For the Church Guardian)
AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

BY G. A. HAMMOND.

The leaves are falling in showers
On the breath of melodious hours;
They fall like beautiful flowers
From the gorgeous forest tree.

Heft and low they are lying,
While the soft air is sighing,
And an unseen hand is dyeing
Their sumptuous drapery.

While the sunlight calm and golden,
With life and power enfolden,
Its crystal keep hath holden
O'er the waves of a lucid sea.

Frail forms! they are gathered to sleeping,
Where dust its darkness is keeping,
While mountain hills are weeping
Old tones of minstrelsy.

Thus beautiful when they perish
Are the joys we fondly cherish,
Tidings leaves of this hour—they perish,
Gorgeous, exceedingly.

All that is earthly, is dying,
And dust makes no replying
To bosoms vaguely sighing
For sure felicity.

But a volume old in glory,
Speaks through the shadows hoary,
Telling a marvellous story
Of life from Calvary.

The highest heaven is bending,
Lo! Life's great Lord, descending,
To purchase life unending
On the atonished tree.

"AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

[For the Church Guardian]

(Continued)

The thought of Mrs. Gilbert haunted me through the night; when I slept it was to dream of the gentle face that had always attracted me, and waking, I began to be filled with self reproach. What excuse had I to offer for my unchristian discourtesy, for my lack of common womanly kindness to the stranger who had come among us, who had lived her lonely life in the midst of our social pleasures, a witness to the hollowness of our Christian fellowship, who, week after week, had knelt in the same Sanctuary, where we all profess ourselves children of the one great Father? I could not even urge that it was thoughtlessness, though that in itself was culpable enough, which had caused me month after month, to delay in showing a little human sympathy to our "neighbour." No, in my heart of hearts I knew that had she been endorsed by any of our influential friends, she would have met with a very different treatment at our hands. Neither parish-work among our poor, nor the social calls upon us would have interfered with our friendly attentions to Mrs. Gilbert, while, had she been the occupant of one of our country houses of standing, we should long since have discovered in her numberless virtues and attractions. I said all this very plainly to myself that night, and so humbled and pained did I feel by these reflections, that even the thought of Stanley's coming, now, perhaps, close at hand, failed to make me happy. In fact, the thought of Stanley seemed to connect itself with that of my neglect of Mrs. Gilbert. What if Stanley had met with such treatment as she had received at the hands of the model Church-people of Marston? What if he had had no friend to watch lovingly beside him and battle with the fever for his life? Here, in the very heart of our eminently Christian community, as it would have called itself, for all that we had done to the contrary, a gentle, refined woman might live for years, then sicken and die, perhaps, without receiving from her fellows one token of ordinary kindness, and why? because we were all tied and bound with the miserable social petti-nesses which go by the name of proper exclusiveness, but which, in fact, are neither more nor less than servile mammon-worship. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." We can only truly serve God by sacrificing to Him the littleness and selfishness of our nature—that which costs us nothing is nothing in His sight.

Early on the following day I walked down to Rose Villa. I had never passed through the garden-gate before, and I looked with a sort of regretful interest at the prettily laid out beds with

their beautiful flowers and the trimly kept lawn. There were several bird cages hanging in the porch, but they were darkened was to prevent the little inmates from disturbing their mistress. Timidly and very gently I knocked. There was a quiet step in the passage and the door was opened by a lady in the dress of the Sisters of the B. Mission, a tall, slender woman with a calm, steady look in her blue eyes that seemed to read my thoughts. "How is Mrs. Gilbert?" I asked; "I was so sorry last night to hear of her illness and would have most gladly come down to stay, had I not known that she would have much more efficient nursing than mine could be." "Thank you," she replied. "Mrs. Gilbert is very ill, and with the prospect of being very much worse before we can hope for any improvement, but she will have every care which I can bestow on her, and Doctor Bentley, who seems specially interested in her, will spare no effort in her behalf. I will not ask you in, she continued, "but you can judge for yourself of the arrangements we have made for her comfort." She pointed as she spoke to the open window beside me. "Mrs. Gilbert is unconscious, you need not fear to disturb her, even were she to see you," she added, seeing me shrink back, "the drawing-room, being cool and airy, I thought best adapted for a sick-room." I moved aside the curtain and looked into the darkened room. All the furniture had been removed, except a couch and the patient's bed had been so placed that I could distinctly see her. She was lying with a deep flush on her face, and her pretty white hands moving restlessly to and fro. She was speaking in a quick, eager tone as I looked in,—"So lonely, Louis," she said, "so lonely—ah! you don't know how I have longed for you—after they took my pretty darling from me, I wanted so much to die—it was only the thought of you that helped me to live—ah Louis so lonely!—you can never know—not a kindly word or look—I felt as if I had done something dreadful that made people shun me—and all the time my heart nearly breaking for my boy,—" She went on, but I heard no more; I said a few incoherent words to the "sister" about her excellent arrangements and that I hoped, if anything was needed, she would send to us and then I went away.

Never, never can I forget what I experienced at that moment. I know not how I reached home; I felt bewildered, stunned, and all the time there was a sharp pain at my heart, a sense of shame unspeakable.

Was it possible? I kept repeating to myself—this woman, of all others in the world? this woman to whom, of all others, we should have shown the tenderest sympathy, the nearest and dearest in the world to one who had laid us under a debt of gratitude, too great ever to be paid, had been treated by us with serene unconcern, nay, with studied neglect, and, but for the chance of my servant's sister living with her, might have died at our very gates, without having received the smallest token of ordinary human fellowship.

And he was coming with Stanley, who, poor fellow, had sung our praises as the best and kindest woman in the world; he was coming prepared to feel affection for us, for his friend's sake. O! how to endure the humiliation! Then the distress and anxiety which awaited him, how hard it seemed! Could it be really possible? but there was no escape from the conviction which had suddenly and irresistibly forced itself upon me, that Mrs. Gilbert was no other than Louis Fenton's sister.

It was a long time before I could gather courage to tell my mother and sister of my discovery. I walked to and fro in the copse behind our house, trying to become calm. It was a still, grey autumn morning, the leaves already covered the little footpath through the copse, and a cool wind breathed on my flushed cheeks. Never before had I been brought so face to face with myself; never had I realized, as I did then, how we may shut out the real duties of life by its pleasures and occupations, and how fatally easy it is to deceive ourselves as regards our aims and motives.

The past could not be undone, but, by God's help, my future life should be fashioned by the law of charity, which is kind and thinketh no evil; that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

My mother and sister were, of course, greatly and not agreeably surprised by what I told them, but they were not moved to the extent that I had been.

"It cannot be helped," said Bessie, "and we must only try to make the best of it now. After all it is fortunate that you should have discovered it before Mr. Fenton's arrival."

To be Concluded

PRAYER AND ITS EFFECTS.

DR. HAMILTON narrates the following as symbolic of the effect of prayer:—"Among the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather around it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool, and you may see the little diver moving about, dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector—a transparent vesture. The world see it not, but, a real defense, it keeps out the world. By means of it, the believer can gather so much of heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the depths of this contaminating world, that, for a season, no evil will touch him; and he knows when to ascend for a new supply. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon."

Children's Department.

A VACILLATING BEAR.

My negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban blood hound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the boys' scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear; for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed to them as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The bear advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear, he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where his brother lay; with the other hand, he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right about face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled its tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would

sally from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment, he learned his mistake. He was now for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity; he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the bear seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment a blood hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and, grasping his wearied wrist, had assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit!

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honour to the grave!—*St. Nicholas.*

AVOID SNARLS.

LITTLE MARY wanted to have something tied up one day, but the string got "all in a snarl" for her. She pulled at the tangled places, but the more she tugged the tighter they became. At last she gave it to me to "fix." Gently picking at the knots, I soon loosened them, and the string came out of its tangle nicely.

Little folks get into snarls sometimes. Somebody does not do something just as they wish, or things go a little wrong about work or play. Now, at such times it will not do to pull and tug and jerk and scold or call hard names. Impatience only makes the matter worse. Be gentle, speak softly, keep your temper, and all such snarls will be apt to straighten out nicely.—*S. S. Advocate.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending September 18th and 25th respectively, contain the following articles: Mind in the Lower Animals, *Edinburgh*; The Deccan, *Ferntightly*; A Talk about Sonnets, *Blackwood*; A Forgotten Empire in Asia Minor, and A Bath's Ideal, *Fraser*; A Special Assize under Louis XIV, and In Memoriam; Tom Taylor, *Macmillan*; Why our Poor are Ugly, Spectacles, and Aldines and Elzevirs, *Saturday Review*; Colors in Art, L. F. de Pourtales, and Celluloid, *Nature*; Aesthetic Teas, *World*; with continuations of "Adam and Eve," "Bush Life in Queensland," and instalments of "The Portrait of a Painter by Himself," and "The Pavilion on the Links," and the usual amount of Poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Marriages.

BLACK—ROBB.—At Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton on Thursday, 23rd inst., by the Most Reverend the Metropolitan, assisted by the Reverend Finlay Alexander, Rural Dean, John Black, Esq. of Fredericton, Barrister, to Katherine E., youngest daughter of the late Dr. Robb, of the University of New Brunswick, and grand-daughter of the late Archdeacon Corser.

CAMPBELL—CUNNINGHAM.—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. A. V. Wiggins, A. B., Mr. Thomas Campbell to Mary A., daughter of John Cunningham, Esq., all of Westfield, King's Co., N. B.

CAMPBELL—PARKER.—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 22nd inst., by the Rev. A. V. Wiggins, A. B., Mr. William Campbell to Amanda E., daughter of Craig Parker, Esq., all of Westfield, King's Co.

FRITCHARD—LAWSON.—In Christ Church, Albion Mines, on the 20th September, by the Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector, Alfred Octavius Fritchard, Esq. of New Glasgow and of Monmouthshire, G. B., to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Geo. P. Lawson, Esq., of Halifax, N. S.

CONNAL—BRYDGES.—On the 22nd inst., at St. Martin's Church, Montreal, by the Rector, the Rev. J. Philip DuMont, M. A., assisted by the Rev. Canon Brigstocke, M. A. Rector of Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., Robert Nutter Campbell Connal, second son of William Connal, Esq., of Solgirth, Perthshire, Scotland, to Georgiana Emma Frances, daughter of C. J. Brydges, Esq., of Chandos House, Montreal.

EUCHANNEN—FINLEY.—At the residence of the bride, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. A. V. Wiggins, A. B., Geo. O. Buchannen to C. Annie Finley. All of Westfield King's Co., N. B.

Deaths.

COUNTAWAY.—At Middle River, near Chester, N. S., on Saturday, August 21st Matilda, relict of the late John Countaway aged 67 years.

CLISH.—Sept. 17th at Stellarton. Mr. James Clish aged 66.

GRAY.—Sept. 10th Eliza Alice daughter of Mr. A. B. Gray, Station Master I. C. R. aged 1 year and 8 months.

GREER.—Aug. 30th Alexander, son of Mr. Wm. Greer, Sexton of Christ Church Albion Mines aged 15 months.

FOSTER.—Sept. 10.—Herbert Wallace Foster, Albion Mines—aged 2 years.

JONES.—Died at Big Haddock, C. B., on Sept. 17th. William Jones Esq. Judge of Probate, aged 81 years.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

I Allan Jack, St John, N B; Lt Col Bingham, English Town, C B; Miss Belle Longworth, Charlottetown, P E I; Mrs Henry A Hall, do; Mrs Fredk Mitchell, do; Hon Judge Hensley, do; Jas Hobb, do; Mrs Francis McNutt, do; Hon Dan Davies, do; A B Warburton, do; Chas Palmer, do; Vernon Lengworth, do; Robt Galbraith, do; F W Hales, do; Jas Wade, do; Mrs Chas Binns, do; Robt Crabbe, do; Mrs Wm Chandler, do; Thos Casely, do; Alex Horne, do; Mrs M A Offer, do; Thos McKinlay, do; Mrs Hariland, do; Sami Lorne, do; Henry Lowe, do; Mrs Burbridge, do; Rev Dr Jenkins, do; Capt Freeland, do; Mrs Alexander, do; Mrs R B Peake, do; Mrs A Swabey, do; Mrs W B King, do; W B King, King's College, Windsor, N S; W C Wilson, Charlottetown, P E I; E J Hodgson, do; T J Harris, do; W H Stewart, do; W H LePage, do; Mrs W Swabey, do; Alex MacNab, do; Thos Webb, do; Lt Governor Hariland, do; Thos Ridgeway, do; Mrs T J Jenkins, do; Mrs Geo Foster, do; W Morson, do; Jno Wilson, London, England; Miss Christine Henry, Salisbury, do; Miss Hodgson, Keswick, do; Chas W Weldon, M P, St John, N B; Mrs Lloyd, Hampton, do; Mrs Ketchum, do; J E Whitaker, do; Mrs Thos Frost, do; Mrs Harvie Frost, do; Rev H Jamison, Ship Harbor, N S; Rev R D Bambrick, Charlottetown, P E I; Sami McCormick, Granville Ferry, N S; Joseph Esquimaux, Lake Neepigon, Ont; Rev Andrew Gray, Chelsea, Mass., U S A; Mr Wm Jones, Grand Joggins, Digby Co, N S; Jas H Wade, Digby, do; Mrs Wm Baxter, Fredericton, N B; Robt Smith, Pugwash, N S; Miss Port, Woodstock, N B; Stephen Teed, do; Jas Naugler, Liverpool, N S; Amos Barr, Weymouth, N S; Mrs Alexander, Yarmouth, do; Hon L E Baker, do; H A Grantham, do; Wm Godfrey, do; Stephen Murray, do; Myers Moss, do; H A Parr, do; Norman Tooker, do; Rev Geo D Harris, Parraboro, do; Sami Gilbert, do; Mrs Jno Gilbert, do; Henry Jeffers, do; Albert Millet, Chester, do; Chas Lovett, do; Jno A Leslie, Liverpool, do; Dr Henry Chandler, Moncton, N B; David Chapman, Dorchester, do; Miss Bessie Taylor, Upper Peel, do; Daniel Lonely, do; Mrs W Gilmour, Esdrasville, do; Miss Mattie Hartley, East Florenceville, do; Mrs Tradis, Hampton, do; Miss Hoadly, Horsham, Sussex, England; Mrs Sly, Warmister, England; Jno McMillan, Rethesay, N B; G F Robinson, Charlottetown, P E I; Mrs P Evans, Burlington, do; Jno Profit, do; Jno Milmar, do; Richard Poynter, do; Wm Profit, Long River, do; Wm McKay, Burlington, do; Jas Sheen, Park Corner, do; Mrs Kenneth McLeod, do; J W Cousins, do; Mrs Wm Campbell, Melville Mills, do; Hon Senator Montgomery, Charlottetown, Park Corner, do; Jas Pidgeon, French River, do; Anthony Stewart, do; Lemuel P Sims, do; Wm Cole, Senr, do; Mrs Carruthers, Kensington, do; Andrew Brownness, do; Mrs Hunter Duvar, Lot 6, do; Henry A Leslie, Kensington, do; Thos H Sma, do; Jas Howard, do; Wm Mead, Kensington, do; Mrs Hiam Thompson, Margate, do; Jno Mills, Claremont, do; Mrs Henry Maese, New Annan, do; Jno J Pillman, French River, do; James Bowes, Dartmouth, N S; J P Cooke, Crapaud, P E I; Mrs Jno Hall, do; D W Palmer, do; Isaac Smith, do; Richard Boyle, do; Miss P Howatt, do; Jno Moore, do; Mark Inman, Hampton, do; W H Inman, De Sable, do; Thos Haslam, Springfield, do; J D Smart, do; Rupert Haslam, do; Edward Crosswell, do; Jno Weeks, do; E J Crabb, do; Wm Haslam, do; Mrs H Hatch, St Andrew's, N B; Joseph W Perkins, Springfield, do; Mr Geo Johnston, Norton Station, do; Dr Lawson, do; Dr Milson, Dartmouth, N S; J E Stevens, Hantsport, do; Chas Coles, Charlottetown, P E I; Jas Seamus, do; Mrs Wm Coles, Senr, do; Miss Susan Peamon, do; Otto Curtis, Milton, do; Jas Coles, do; Owen Curtis, do; H Hooper, do.