POETRY.

PATIENT IN WELL DOING.

She rested her foot on the cradle, The click of the needle was stayed : The long seam was finished and round her laid.

hospital

She lifted her face to the window-A face where deep furrows were shown -But the tracks were well tilled and whole-

For 'twas winter wheat she had sown.

Always working, wearing for others; Life's burdens her woman's heart knew, For gleamings were oftentimes scatt'ring, The kernels so many times few.

For years she had struggled on bravely; 'Twas sacrifice all her life long, For others she had to be gath'er; For the weak ones she had to be strong

Now, weary and worn with the striving, She'd stop for a moment to ask. If life like hers was worth living. Worth trying to finish the task?

The sunbeams came into the window, And they fell aslant on the book : She took it and opened the cover, Then turned o'er the pages to look.

"' To them,' so she read-' who are patient Continuance'-Ah ! whispered she, I've lost heart, grown weary, and surely These words were not written for me.

"'In well doing'-Does that mean, I won der, The work I'm trying to do? I've most times been patient and faithful,

And run up the seams strong and true. "' I'll give glory and honor'-"the tear drops Came into her eyes as she read-'What glory, what honor, can ever Come to this garret?' she said.

" Not here, but beyond in that city The King in His beauty will wait To crown the well doer, who, patient Continues, e'en up to the gate.'

Then her foot pressed hard on the treadle ; Her task must be finished, she knew, And her life was well worth the living, With such glory and honor in view.

SELECT STORY. BERYL BRENTANO ed eyes, fixed in their filmy blue glaze,

-OR-

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XXV.

"That night turned me to stone; every tender feeling seemed to petrify. When I learned that Allen was soon to marry

At sunset on the same day Beryl follow- the Parthenon smiled down on violet and the family physician ordered a mused the warden to the door of the large crowned Athens, where their wives and tard plaster, half a yard ilong, down my Of the Lubon Medical Company is now

"Of all pitiful sights here, this has har- cial rites, to insure their safety. rowed me the most. The doctors did all In crevices of the perpendicular walls but of the three Punic wars, then and they could, and the chaplain worked hard lush creepers tapestried the grey stone, there tabooed, I recall only the brass mon-old, or middle-aged, who find themselves to save her soul; but she was like flint and far down, out of the mould of the ster at Agrigentum. Leo, when we reach White garments, like snow-drifts, were till just before the end, when she raised subterranean dungeon, sprang slim lemon Girgenti, the remaining Mecca of your up, and heard her child crying down in trees, snowed over with fragrant bloom, historic hopes, some time to-morrow, you the work room, where it had been put to clumps of oleander waving banners of will understand why, instead of climbing sleep. We could scarcely hold her; she vivid rose, and golden-green pomegranate to the temples on the cliff, I shall lock the fought like a panther to get out of bed, bushes, where scarlet flakes glowed like door of our cabin, and drown the bellowtill the blood gushed from her nose, and the winged tropical birds.

though she could not speak plainly, she "Well, is the game worth the candle? wointed, and we made out : 'Baby-Dovie.' After voyaging thousands of miles, do you stayed here to-day, instead of coming the face or body, itching or peculiar sen-The doctor would not consent that we feel repaid? or down there, in the heart ashore to dampen all our ardor and enshould expose the child to the risk, but I of the desolation, do you see only the thusiasm by your constant thin drizzle of could not hold out against the poor crea-grinning mask of jeering disappointment, scorn. One should suppose that in this twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and ture's pleading wild eyes, so I just brought which generally follows American realists idyllic region, some ray of poetic warmth the little one. What a strangling cry she into the dusty haunts of old world ideal- must melt your frigid, scoffing soul. Daugave, when I put it in her arms, and how | ism?" the tears poured ! She was almost gone, As she spoke, Alma Cutting stepped critus," answered her brother, fastening a muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be restand we saw that she wanted to tell us back under the cool canopy of a spreading sprig of orange blossom in his button hole. ed by sleep, constipation, dullness of hear-

omething about the child, but we could fig tree, and fanned herself with a tuft of not understand. The doctor put a pencil papyrus leaves. She was a tall, handsome ed obliquely at him from beneath her citability of temper, sunken eyes surroundin her hand, and held a sheet of paper woman, pronouncedly brunette in type, drooping lids. before her, and she tried to scroll her with large black eyes, whose customary wishes, but all we can read is : 'Her father indolent indifference of expression did not air. Spare us the Greek, come down from lead to insanity and death unless cured. won't ever own her. Baptize-her Dovie- entirely veil the fires "banked" under your Yale and Harvard heights to the The spring or vital force having losts its Eva Werneth's baby. Don't ever tell her the velvet iris; and a square, firm mouth, level of my ignorance, and warble for me she was born in gaol. Raise her a good— around whose full crimson lips lurked a in English some of your Sicilian lark's quence. Those who through abuse comgood ---- 'She had a sort of spasm then, certain haughtiness that, despite the curb' melodies. At least I have heard of mitted in ignorance may be permanently and squeezed the child so tight, it screamof good breeding, bordered at times closely ed. In five minutes she was dead. Only upon insolence. Thirty years had tripped nineteen years old, and the little one just over this dark head, where the hair, intwo years, and not yet weaned! I don't nocent of crimp or curl, hung in a straight know what to do, so I brought you. If I jet fringe low on her wide forehead; and only a goat. I dare you, brother mine, to numbness, palpitation, skip beats, how touch the child, it seems frightened al- though no lines marred the smooth, health produce me a Theocritan fragment."

most to death, but maybe you can coax it tinted skin, she was perceptibly "sunaway. Poor little thing! What a mercy burnt by the glare of life," and the dew of youth had vanished before the vam- ion some 'Imp of the Perverse' has coachif it could die !" "Will you let me have the care of it? pire lips of ennui. Take it, and keep it up in my cell?" "Disappointed? Certainly not; and I

"I shall be only too thankful, if you will lift the load from my shoulders." I did not feel abundantly repaid. Alma, "Tell the stewart to bring me a cup of since the days when I pored over Thucy-

warm, sweetened milk, and a cracker. dides, Plutarch, Rollin, and Grote, this time my flocks browse on the mountains, The poor little lamb must be almost famished. Through an open window streamed the sand captives; and the longing of years is flocks and lead them to the fountain, etc.

radiance of a daffodil sky, flecked with to-day completely gratified." curling plumes of drifting fire, and the "Am I unusually stupid, or are you rapt glory fell like a benediction on the iron beyond the real of reason and mid-day cot, where lay the body of the early dead; common sense? Pray, what is the fascia small, slight, blonde girl, wearing prenation? It is neither so vast nor so picmaturely the crown of maternity, whose turesque as the Colosseum. There one expects to hear the roar of the beasts. thorns had torn and stained the smooth brow of mere childhood. The half openspringing on their human prey; the ring goats. Proceed, and do not insult your of steel on steel, when the gladiators have pet author with emendations." eemed a prayer for the pretty infant, bowed like dancing masters to the bloated whose head, a glistening tangle of yellow old bald headed Neros and Nespasians; and his thumbs in the armholes of his Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums curls, was nestled down against the bare and you fancy that you smell the founwhite throat of the rigid mother; while tains of perfume, that toss their spray

the dimpled hands pulled fretfully at the from tier to tier; and see the rain-bow of Thee shall I ne'er forget; dear to my heart blood spattered gown that was buttoned across the breast. the silk awning flapping overhead. Bet-ter that all, you imagine you can watch To what a lot—was I, unhappy, born !" As clusters of wild snowy violets spring- the ravishing toilettes of the Faustinus,

ing up in the midst of mud and mire, in and Fulvias, and Messalinas, who flirt "But see! you calves devour a noxious swamp, look doubly pure and with the handsome, straight nosed beaux, The olive branches. Pelt them off, I pray." sweet because of fetid surroundings, so so immensely classical in their togas; and "'Confound the calves! St-! you getting good seed. This applies to both when their browed husbands unexpected

children thronged the temples in sacrifi- spine. I vividly remember Imilico, and at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted the bovine fury pawing the blackboard; either in person or by letter on all chronic

> ing of the beast in Daudet's new book." "I wish, indeed I do, that you had urine, loss of will power, tenderness of det suits my sister far better than Theothe scalp and spine, weak and flabby Pushing back her sailor hat, Alma looking, loss of voice, desire for solitude, ex-

claimed :

ished the line :

vest, Mr. Cutting resumed :

Again the mocking voice responded

white-skin thief-away. Thanks, no more

ed with leaden ircle, oily looking skin, etc. "Try me. Perhaps infection haunts the are all symptoms of nervous debility that tension, every function wanes in conse Amarvllis and Simaetha." cured. Send your address for book or Mr. Cutting shook his head.

all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent "What-? Ashamed of your bucolic free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms hobby ! No wonder-since after all it's of which are faint spells, purple lips flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull "Take the consequences of your rash pain in the heart which beats strong levity; though I have a dawning suspicrapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the ed you for the occasion." breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. He stroked his moustache, pondered a No cure, no pay. Send for book. Adwere exacting and unreasonable indeed if moment, then struck an attitude, and de- dress M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave

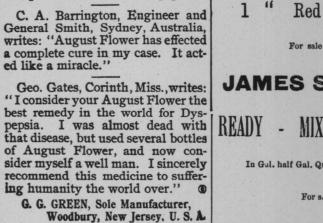
Toronto, Canada. "I go a-serenading to Amaryllis; what

Since animals are two-thirds water, it is spot was beckoned to my imagination with and Tityrus drives them. Tityrus beloved reasonable to suppose that they should all the uplifted hands of the nine thou- of me in the highest degree, feed my have a clean and full supply.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been Mimicking his tone exactly, Alma finused by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed "'And mind, Tityrus that tawny Libyan at night and broken of rest by a sick he-goat, lest he butt thee !' Come, Rivers; child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth free translation is allowable, considering send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. surroundings, but not garbling; and every Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children time, you know, you substituted flocks for Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon mothers, there is no mstake about it.] With his hat on the back of his head, cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the "Sweet Amaryllis ! though by death defiled, oldest and best female physicians and nurses

in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINS LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.





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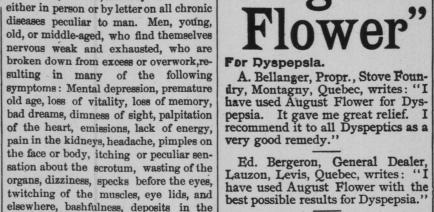
WOULD inform the people of Freder acton and vicinity that he has re

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where he is prepared to fill all orders in

above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL



"August

ed like a miracle."

best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffer-

the woman for whom he had cast me off. and that my boy was to have a new mother to teach him to hate me, it did not grieve me; I had lost all power of suffering; but it woke up a legion of fiends where my heart used to beat, and I bided my time. Happy women in happy homes think me a monster. With their husbands' arms around them, and their babies prattling at their knees, they bear my wrongs so meekly, and shudder at my depravity. When I thought of Allen, who was my first and last and only love, giving my place to some other woman, who was no more worthy than I knew myself to be; and of the baby, who had slept on my heart, and was so dear, because he had his father's eyes and his father's brown curls. growing up to deny and condemn his innocent but disgraced mother, it was more than I could bear. I was not insane ; oh, no! But I was possessed by more than seven devils; and revenge was all this world could give me. My husband's family had ruined me; so I would spoil their match a second time.

"The wedding was to be very private, but I bribed a servant and got into the house, and stood behind the damask curtains. Allen's mother and sister came in leading my boy, and they were so close to me, I could see the long silky lashes resting against my baby's brow, as his great brown eyes looked wonderingly at a horse-shoe of roses dangling from the chandelier. Then my husband-my handsome husband, my darling's father-walked in, with the bride on his arm, and the minister met them, saying : 'Dearly beloved ——' I ceased to be a woman then; I was a fury, a wild beast; and two minutes later my darlings were mine once more, safe from that other woman-dead bare, cold, dimpled feet. at my feet. Then the ball I aimed at my

own breast missed its destination. I fell on my slaughtered idols, seeing in a bloody mist the wide eyes of my baby boy, and the mangled face of the husband, whose kiss was the only heaven I shall ever know. I meant to die with them, but I May morning, Leo Gordon wandered with failed, so they sent me here. That was a gay party in quest of historic sites, years ago; but I was a stone until that which the silting of the stream of time day in the chapel, when you sang my had not obliterated. Viewed from the Max's song, 'By-and-By.'"

There was a brief silence, and Beryl's voice wavered as she said very gently :-

crime was frightfully black, God judges us according to the natures we are born with, horizon on every side ! and the temptations that betray us : and He forgives all, if we are true penitents, and throw ourselves trustingly on His

make you sleep." "Will you stay with me? I shall not trouble anybody much longer. Say a Etna, dozing in the soft, sweet springtime, prayer for my sinful soul, that is going down into the eternal night."

"Let us pray together, that your pardoned soul may find blessed and eternal of gold, and laced here and there with peace."

Coming softly to the door, the doctor looked in through the iron lattice, saw the figure of the nurse kneeling on the sand- have told of the crash of triremes, the ed floor, with her bronzed head close to the pillow where the moaning victim's lay, two centuries ago lit the bloody waves and involuntarily he took off his cap, and that closed over slaughtered hosts. his grey head to listen to the brief but solemn petition that went up from the dungeon to the supreme and unerring draped pergolas, dotted with flocks, dim-Judge.

When he returned to the same spot an browsed; and beyond the pale pink flush hour later, Beryl sat on the side of the cot, of almond groveswith one hand clasping the brown wrist thrown across her lap, the other pressed gently over the sufferer's hot, aching eyes; and wonderfully sweet was the rich voice that chanted low :

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

with petals of innocence folded close in | ly step in behind, it is so easy to conjecthe calyx of babyhood, seemed supremely ture the sudden change of of theme, as and pathetically fair, as she stood leaning they spread their fans to cover the mesagainst the cot, the little rosy feet on tip- sage just written on their ivory tablets, toe, pressing toward her mother; tears on and straightway fall the clawing the charthe pink velvet of the round cheeks, on acters of all the Cornelias, and Calpurnias, the golden lashes beneath the big blue and Octavias, and Julia Domnas, and other eyes that grew purplish behind the mist. respectable wives! All that I quite en-The Macedonia of suffering humanity joyed, because I understood. Eight years' ies always within a stone's throw; and campaigning in New York, and London, and Paris would teach even an idiot that the "cry for help" had found speedy reponse in more than one benevolent heart. nineteenth century 'best society' can lift A grey-haired widow from the "Shelter- you so close to the naughtiness of the ing Arms," to which sister Serena belonggolden roman era, that one only has to ed, and a sister of charity from the hospi- strain a very little on tiptoe to feel that tal in X-, were already ministering one's ease with the jeunesse dovee of dead tenderly in the crowded ward, and both ages. Here, what do you find in a huge had essayed to coax away the little figure stone well sunk into the bowels of the clutching her mother's gown; but the earth? About as enticing as a plunge inflaring white cap of one, and the flapping to a dry cistern, suddenly unroofed! If black drapery of the other, frightened spectres we must hunt, do let them be the trembling child.

festive, like those Faust danced with on Into the group stole Beryl, followed the Brocken !" closely by the yellow cat, which had be-"You should be ashamed, Alma! Miss

come her shadow. Kneeling beside the Gordon is the very soul of courteous tolerbaby, she kissed it softly, took one of the ation, or she would resent the teasing gaod hands, patted her own cheek with it, and of your Philistinism," cried the brother, lifted the cat to the mattress, where it be- Rivers Cutting, who, in his new style gan to purr. The silky shock of yellow yachting suit of blue cloth, appeared vericurls was lifted, the wide eyes stared won- tably the jaunty genius of fashionable deringly first at Beryl's face bending near, modernity, confronting the ghost of anthen at the cat; and, by degrees, the loye- | tiquity.

ly waif suffered an arm to draw her farther "You forget, Rivers, some of the sage and farther, while the rose-red mouth dicta you brought back from the 'summer parted in a smile, that showed six little school of philosophy,' when you followed Nicholaus against her cruelty ; especially teeth, and with one hand fastened into your last Boston flame to concord, where when we recollect that it came from one the cat's fur, she was finally lifted and she went poaching on the sacred preserves who, of all others, had most to forgive. borne away. Beryl's soft cheek nestled of the 'illuminati,' hunting a new sensa- Old, decrepit, unable to walk, the veneragainst hers, and the bronzed head bent tion. 'We must be as courteous to human able, sorrow laden man—whose only childown to the yellow ringlets, one arm hold- beings as we are to a picture, which we dren, two sons, had died fighting to save ing the baby and the cat, while the other are willing to give the advantage of a good Syracuse-was carried on a little into the white hand closed warmly over the child's light.' Now, being Leo's very sincere friend, and knowing that the supreme mo- were drunk with the wine of victory. ment of her facial triumph is when, like

a startled fawn, she opens her eyes wide

CHAPTER XXVI. TWO LETTERS. Fair and flowery as in the idyllic dawn,

when Theocritus sang its pastoral charms was that sunny Sicilian land where, one warrant?"

heights of Achradina, whence all the vestiges of magnificence and luxury have vanished, and only the hideous monument "Your trials were flery; and though the of "man's inhumanity to man" remains, what a vast panorama stretched far as the

To the north, girding the fire-furrowed plain of Catania, where, olive, lemon. oleander, and orange, springing out of mercy. Now take this powder; it will black lava, mingled hues like paints on tices that made the Punic wars famous. an elbony palette, rose vast, lonely, pur-By way of making Imilco a lifelong ac-

ple at base, snowy at summit, brooding aintance, she illustrated the siege of Agrigentum by a huge, hideous image of with red, wrathful eyes veiled by a silvery Ahalaris' 'brazen bull,' drawn with chalk haze. An unlimited expanse of crinkling

blue sea, shot like Persian silk with gleams on the schoolroom blackboard. foam scallops, bounded the east, smiling

ing the air, one hoof pawing savagely, treacherously above the ghastly wreck sepultured in its coral crypts, that might worthy representative of all the horrors it typified, and which she explained with maddening perspicuity. That night, when flames of sinking galleys, which twentypapa tore himself away from the club room at one o'clock, and met mamma on

Westward lay green, wimpling vales, studded with laurel, arched with vinesupper at Delmonico's after an opera party-they were ascending the stairs, pled with reedy marshes, where red oxen when frantic cries drove from her ears the echoes of 'Traviata's' witching strain. Thinking only a conflagration could justify

the din, papa threw up the hall sash and "A smoke of blue olives, a vision of towers." shouted 'fire !' and the police sounded Bucolic paradise of Battus and Bomthe alarm, and all pandemonium broke byce, of Corydon and Daphnis, may it loose. Investigation discovered me, wrigplease the hierophants of Sanskrit lore, of derivative Aryan philology, of iconoclastic euhemerism, to spare us yet awhile the 'perillus' bull! I am roasting in the brass cents per bottle. lovely myths that dance across the aspbull!' Being not very ardent disciples of

"A wonderful beast it certainly was: that taurus with head lowered, tail lashthe doorstep-just coming home from a

the biggest gravestone.

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver gled half way down to the foot of my bed, Oil. If you are Feeble and Emaciated buried under the blankets, and shrieking Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35

at present. Doubtless it sounds very fine in Greek, because then, I could not possibly understand that it is the melody and the rhythmic dance of bleating calves and capering goats. Here come the stragglers

ne those exquisite acacia clusters." "My dear, I have ordered luncheon strength, will be charged 20 per cent pread down there, in that strange garden. It is the queerest place imaginable; and, but B. B. B. undoubtedly does the work ooking up, the effect is quite indescribab." "Have you had the skulls polished for

lrinking cups, and printed the menus on cross bones? What shocking taste to add he reap," is a good declaration as old and nsult to injury by spreading all our wealth as true as Holy Writ.

of canned dainties on the very stones where sit the ghosts of those who perish ed from hunger and thirst! Eminently Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Dantesque, but the sacrilege appals Leo. she would sooner attend an oyster supper, or a clam-bake in the Catacombs. or "

bowing to a young Englishman standing near-" lead a German in the poets' corner always be worth living. of Westminster Abbey. My dear girl,

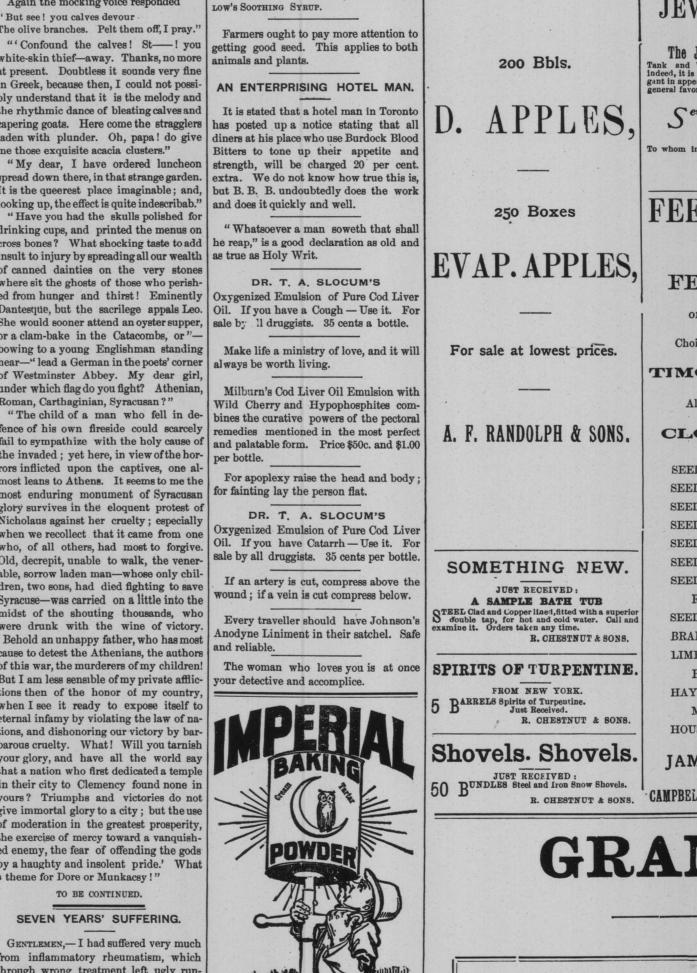
under which flag do you fight? Athenian. Roman, Carthaginian, Syracusan?" "The child of a man who fell in de

fence of his own fireside could scarcely fail to sympathize with the holy cause of the invaded ; yet here, in view of the hor- per bottle. rors inflicted upon the captives, one al-

most leans to Athens. It seems to me the most enduring monument of Syracusan glory survives in the eloquent protest of

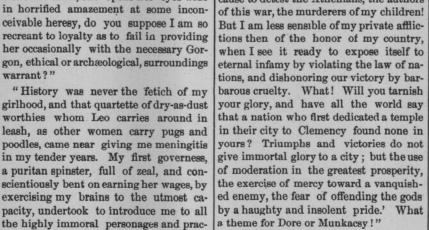
midst of the shouting thousands, who

'Behold an unhappy father, who has most and reliable. cause to detest the Athenians, the authors



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TO BE CONTINUED.

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means of saving my life. MRS. ANNIE BARR, Crewson's Corners, Acton P. O. Ont.

It is not always the best man who gets

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

mar10-1 A Day. Naz12-11 A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE

mar8-1

O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

world, kindling into diamonds the crystal ghosts of nine thousand men, who once fringe of rain drops hanging from the were huddled within its stony embrace. green lances of willows, where a tufted red bird arched his scarlet throat in madrigal-when four men lifted a cot and bore pall of luxuriant ivy and glossy acanthus it with its apparently dying burden to a covered the bottom and sides of the quarry, spot upon which the warm light fell in a one hundred feet below; but out of the golden flood.

Between the destroying angel and his and the gaunt despairing faces seemed gasping prey stepped two, anointed with still uplifted, now in invocation, anon in the chrism of the priesthood of cure; and, imprecation to the overarching sky, where undismayed by the strident, sibilant, fit- blistering suns mocked them by day, and ful breath that distorted the blue lips of glittering moons and silver stars paused in the victim, they parried the sweep of the their westward march through dewy. scythe of death, with the tiny, glittering nights, to tell them tantalizing tales of how steel blade surgery cunningly fashions; musically Ægean wavelets broke against and through its silver canula, tracheotomy the marbles at Piræus; how loud the recalled the vanishing spirit, triumphantly | nightingales sang in the plane and poplar renewed the lease of life. groves at home; how the white glory of

hodel meads of sunny Sicily. Clio, my solicitous parents failed to under-On the verge of the parapet of the Latoma, where the breath of the sirocco, the gnawing tooth of time, and the slow ravel-To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, ling of rain had serrated the ledge, stood Leo, gazing into the dizzying depths of the The noon sun was shining over a wet charnel house that swarmed with the As if pitying nature had striven to appease the manes of the unburied dead, a centuries stared the rayless eyes of corpses,

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