

THROUGH TROUBLE AND THROUGH SORROW.

(From the German of Dr. Gotfried W. Saerer) Through trouble and through sorrow, Through want and grief and pain, Through hope for brighter morrow, And sunshine after rain, O Lord, Thy hand has brought me To round the closing year, The praise Thy love has taught me, My heart would render here, Who e'er my life has shielded, In Thee has been my health; What joy my life has yielded; Still Thou hast been its wealth; Thy grace has still upheld me, Has richly me comforted, When way was made for me, And brought me to the fold. Thy love Thy hand revealed me, And love, O Lord, is Thy name; What ever's been concealed me, Has shown that love the same. My will! Thy surrender, I need none of my own, Since Thou art my defender, And I walk not alone. My way to Thee adjusting, Thy way and mine are one, And in Thy guidance trusting, All evil I shall shun; Do Thou, O Lord, direct me, Though rough the future be, Still counsel and direct me, I'll walk obediently. Must I live on forsaken, My Lord, Thy will be done; Life's blessings from me taken, And clouded in life's sun, Must I in sickness languish, Submissive will I lie; Must I go hence in anguish, I shall not fear to die. To-day the year is closing; Safe has Thy hand brought me through; New grace from Thee disposing, My heart toward Thee anew; Old sins by Thee forgiven, Give Thou me better days; I journey on to heaven, Cheered by Thy promises. J. E. Rankin, D. D., in Congregationalist.

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Old.

By Mrs. HUNT MORGAN.

Author of "Isaiah," "Catharine and Bayonet" &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRISONER'S STORY.

"I had a happy home, years ago, in my own Castle," began the senorita de Hernandez; "and until nearly the age of eighteen my heart was satisfied with the love which surrounded me at home. Then, however, the first shadow came, when I became conscious of another tenderness than that which I felt for either father or mother. My friend and I had known each other from childhood. I cannot speak quite plainly, querida Elvira, on the circumstances in which we were mutually attracted enough to say that they were such as to render our union impossible without a dispensation from the Head of the Church to which we both belonged.

This, however, was not likely to be withheld; for (I dare not name him, even to you, caro) was rich and powerful. We had never exchanged vows of affection; but his eyes told me, in language unmistakable, that I was the one woman in the world to him. I felt happy, with a sort of feverish, fearful happiness, when the knowledge came to me that that noble heart lay at my feet. While matters rested thus, as I was walking out one day, accompanied by my dearest, I observed by the roadside a small printed paper. Elvira! it was a Protestant tract, I took it up, and we both read it, and both became convinced that Rome's teachings were erroneous. Dona Benita, my dearest, was so impressed by what was said in the tract, respecting the importance of proving everything by the word of God, that she secretly sought out a person who was suspected of having Protestant tendencies, and through him procured a Bible. We both read it, with the avidity of souls hungering after truth; and the word brought light and heavenly love into our hearts. I now became deeply anxious that Fer- I mean that my friend—should share my newly found treasure of spiritual joy; but before I could obtain an opportunity of speaking to him, unbeknown to others, my father discovered it, accidentally, the Bible which Dona Benita had hidden one day, after our usual study together. I can not relate in detail the terrible scene which ensued. My father declared that his name should never be degraded by the stain of heresy; and that I must either at once abjure my new faith or prepare to take the veil in the Convent of Santa Rosa. God strengthened me to be faithful to Him in that bitter hour, and I firmly refused to deny the truth of what the Holy Spirit had taught in His Word. All my entreaties were in vain to avert the fearful alternative set before me. The parents, hitherto so affectionate, became unnatural in their cruel anger, and my doom was fixed. What he, who loved me, knew of my fate, or rather, of the reason of it, I never learnt. I met his gaze, full of passionate despairing love, as I turned for one more look at the outside world, before withdrawing a veiled nun, from the convent chapel. I have since had proof that he, at least, felt no bitterness against me, whatever he might have been told.

Elvira drew a long breath, and exclaimed, interested beyond her expectation, at that time of intense anxiety—"And then?" "And then," I replied, "I was petted and flattered. Every temptation was used to induce me to give up my Saviour. I was even told that, in the event of my compliance, the irrevocable black veil need not be assumed, but that my home might receive me again. Then the tempter went further. My

heart's dearest secret was known; how, I cannot guess; and I was informed that, by returning to the arms of Mother Church, I should secure the fulfillment of that vanished dream of a home within his arms. Oh! that was based on all I had seen and heard, such a gulf between! Satan tempted me sometimes with the thought that, as the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, so I might be the means of bringing him to Jesus, if I would, even for a while, until he should succeed in procuring a copy of more convenient size. She had kept her treasure hidden in the abadesa's apartment for greater safety; but the hands of the spoiler had lighted on it. As she recognized it she said in the same steady tone,— "That is mine!"

"How came it in your possession?" was the next question. "I have already told you, Padre Malaquias," she answered, firmly, "that I will not say anything about what does not immediately concern myself. You must therefore, spare yourself the trouble of asking such questions." The priest ground his teeth with rage, and his dark face gathered a deeper shade of olive as he heard her resolute answer. His passion burst forth like a torrent. "Padre Renaldo brought it to you—the accused heretic! Do not think that the justly excited wrath of the Church, at the time of that crime, was removed from it. He who has come as a wolf in this peaceful fold, scattering the poison of heresy among the consecrated brides of Christ! But the arm of justice will reach him yet; and you shall both know what is the reward of defying the Holy Mother!" Only one idea had Elvira received from the priest's loud declamations. Renaldo was safe yet! They had evidently not met him. And so long as he was at liberty there was hope for her and for her two friends. A glad thanksgiving rose up from her heart to God, and she added a silent cry for help in this their hour of need. But Malaquias read somewhat of the brightness which stole over her face at the mention of Renaldo's name.

"And you dared," he cried, his eyes flashing with passion, "you dared to encourage a vowed priest in his impious love for you, a veiled nun! You hoped, doubtless, to escape from this holy house, and show to the world a duplicate of the forewarned German monk and his infamously Catholic wife. You thought, I have much more to say, querida, much more to tell of the awful things I have witnessed in these convents, and also much to relate of God's precious comfort vouchsafed to me in the midst of trial; but the time has passed away. In ten minutes you must seek the appointed place of meeting with Padre Renaldo."

"In ten minutes, freedom!" exclaimed Elvira. "Oh, will the minutes ever pass? They seem longer and longer! Will the time ever come when we shall say of this hour, 'We were in the dungeon'?"

"Yes; fear not, querida hija," replied the senorita de Hernandez. "The time will surely come—I feel it—when our captivity will be behind us as a thing of the past. You shall be free again."

But while she yet lingered on the last word the cell-door was thrown wide open, and a blaze of torchlight flooded the dungeon.

In the doorway stood Padre Malaquias, the Bishop, Hermans Juana, and another nun, who had been waiting for her. The senorita de Hernandez, who was the only other nun acquainted with the secrets of the vault.

"I demand of you who owns this book?" "Apparently you do, padre," was the calm reply, "since you, at present, have the fact of possession on your side." "Is yours?" he asked the priest. "No," replied Elvira. "Then whose is this?" he asked triumphantly, producing a Spanish Bible. Elvira saw instantly that it was one which Renaldo had brought her shortly before from her father's library; for her name until he should succeed in procuring a copy of more convenient size. She had kept her treasure hidden in the abadesa's apartment for greater safety; but the hands of the spoiler had lighted on it. As she recognized it she said in the same steady tone,— "That is mine!"

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The Runaway Boy. Richard Malcolm Johnston, a popular Southern writer, recently read some of his stories at Indianapolis, after being introduced to an audience by James Whitcomb Riley as follows: "There was once a boy, an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much, and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rainbow colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill treatment, and that he could get along better without them than they could without him. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long hot day wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive opinionated sort of a pain.

"It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road toward home. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out in the back yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The fireflies flitting among the grasses, the reflection of the stars in the rain barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

"He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence. If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street, but had no desire to join them—no never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him nor looked up. He couldn't remember any more, except that, as all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked: "I see you've got to stand old out."

"That boy," Riley said, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple home and fire-sides of the humblest of his fellows." Selected.

Whistling for Seals. Mr. F. F. Payne, of Toronto, records an interesting fact which came under his notice during a prolonged stay at Hudson's Strait. "Here," he says, "the Esquimaux might often be seen lying at full length at the edge of an ice-foe, and although no seal could be seen, they persistently whistled in a note similar to that often used in calling tame pigeons, or, if words can express my meaning, like a plaintive phew, few, few, the first note being prolonged at least three seconds. If there were any seals within hearing distance, they were invariably attracted to the spot, and it was amusing to see them lifting their heads as high as possible out of the water, and slowly shaking their heads, as though highly delighted with the music. Here they would remain for some time, until, perhaps, more satisfactory means than the rest, would come within striking distance of the Esquimaux, who, starting to his feet with gun or harpoon, would change the seal's tune of joy to one of sorrow. The whistling had to be continuous, and if it were not, it was performed by another Esquimaux, a short distance back from the one making motions at the edge of the ice; for I add that the experiment was often tried by myself with the same result.—American Naturalist.

Among the many remedies for Worms, McLean's Vegetable Syrup takes the lead. It is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely vegetable.

He writhed under the sting of her haughty glance and speech—he, the low born, who had crept into the priesthood to gain to attain the position which, in proud spirit, he had won in secular life. His passion would have transported him beyond all bounds but for the restraining presence of the bishop. The latter had smiled—a cold, cruel smile—at Elvira's impudent taunt, which left him unscathed, though it cut his color like a sword. He himself was one of the most elevated of the priesthood, by his secular rank; and while he was highly incensed at a mere girl's venturing to defy a priest, yet he could not resist being amused at the discourtesy of Malaquias. He now, with a movement of admonition to the gasping priest, took the affair into his own hands. A far more dangerous enemy was he than his less cultured associate. Passion would have betrayed him into unwise exhibitions of his weakness. He could "hide his time;" and "smile, and smile, and be a villain still."

Elvira felt intuitively, as he began to speak, that peril was thickening around her, and her whole heart was "lifted up to the hills from whence cometh our help."

(To be continued.)

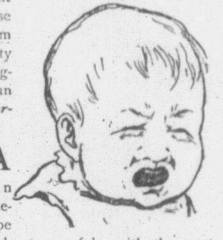
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspepsia, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure. The following are followed. Mr. C. E. Williams, Druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

If you are dependent, low spirited, irritable, and peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating, get a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. R. H. Dawson, St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of Vegetable Discovery entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases, I now feel like a new man."

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender SKINS are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING AND BURNING ECZEMAS and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, none but mothers realize.

To know that a single application of the CUTICURA Remedies will, in the great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood.



CUTICURA

Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies, are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unflinching success.

TREATMENT.—CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, externally, instantly allay the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal raw and irritated surfaces, clear the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restore the hair, while CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

Facial Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and prevented and cured by that most effective of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated CUTICURA SOAP. Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and purity the most expensive of toilet or nursery soaps. Price, 25c. per box. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 50c. per bottle. Prepared by FOTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

Bermuda Bottled. "You must go to Bermuda. If you don't, you'll be responsible for the consequences." But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money to go to Bermuda. That is impossible, try SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, featuring a fisherman carrying a large cod fish on his back. Text includes: "SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL. Sometimes called Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold. I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's in its original wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine." SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Advertisement for Woodruff's German Baking Powder. Text includes: "WOODRUFF'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER. THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO. HEAD OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILL. Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of \$50,000.

Advertisement for The Canada Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. Text includes: "THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. MONTREAL. Redpath PARIS LUMPS. (RED SEAL) We are now putting up, for family use, the finest quality of PURE LOAF SUGAR in neat paper boxes. For sale by all Grocers.

Advertisement for Gates' Acadian Liniment. Text includes: "GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT. A VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Possessing a well-concentrated combination of soothing and Healing Virtues for external and internal Diseases, INFLAMMATIONS, or PAINS, in any part of the body. CHILBLAINS, COLDS & COUGHS, TOOTHACHE, QUINSY, BRUISES, STINGS OF INSECTS, and WOUNDS of every description on man or beast, and all ailments for which Liniments are used.

Advertisement for Nerve Ointment. Text includes: "NERVE OINTMENT. Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle. Manufactured by C. GATES, SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.

NOT REWARD, BUT

No crown, no palms Have been the vanquished field. O Saviour! who has hoped, Lo at Thy mercy-seat be

Turn not Thy face a Deal not in wrath Thy child! Yes, I have sinned, yet with Thee! Thou great merciful, pardon To fallen wanderers on

No thought of triumph That dream is over. Kiss a little peace, and send Some leaves of healing from Life— A glimpse of hope and the grave.

And for what yet? Of my sad pilgrimage God, Meek, humble faith, to still; Meekly to watch Thy will; Humbly to bow beneath Thy rod!

Dark stream of life To the eternal ocean flow! To only o'er the waves mid Of heavenly peace, and above, To where a pardoned last.

Translated from THE HOME

THE HOME

Housekeeping School. Nearly all women now the age are students, on the lines. And as change habits, it is understood that the work to do anything in the way of control of her own time, towns, your neighbor no to sponge your valuable to sponge your valuable have such kindly regulation days now, to make moments possible.

The basis of all good is the home. Perhaps could be written in a but I doubt it. The home at out with herself and, But having her home, straightway; how shall vantage ground, and no which swallows her? I would like to see a put into public schools and teach them how to first.

There are times to it is a crime to dawdle a letter than others one do with his might— More disastrous, how- ing how to do the best thing comes to us grad- If we put the mean are all our suffer for relative values are con- The first duty of a man passed away, or become demand this year. By mother of a family find her family. And I do women of genius deep home, or take anything in a well thought out ed plan of housekeep- creature of idleness and little freedom, of housekeeping, as of undertakes.

In nearly all modern holds of one maid-pool no dawdling, where thought out, and the sly don't first, a woman's mental life must set her soul on wait until next week- ing, or the house-clear stress will be off her works count. An in- fore you go to bed meet. "The three or to do" at a "conv- nothing. The grip does now, and holds on and under and all in consideration, is gone.

Women ought selves with more the conscientious ones loaded up with re- would stagger men, us into the world to reach here for the high for His glory. The he is reached by the woman's life ought Whenever the child broken, she sinks be- below her best, and even with invalid ch- women of all the hou- mo of all the hou- and workers. Their making day; march and pursuits, ham- and brooms and s- even with invalid ch- these courageous so- tal muscle. And men who whine fo- complain of monotony do you suppose the- this building like- reach down to the stings?—Mary Har- Chastanyan.

Hints for the Potato Puff.—T potato (Puff—T (seive); season with salt in two tables, egg to a cream, beat one a cup a baking dish and Milk Porridge.— oatmeal, two cups of milk. Soak the in the water; strain the water half a milk with a little serve. Eat warm, dressed sugar.

Buckwheat Mu- cupful of soda- cupful or one pin- a tablespoonful of salt, and stir in on

Manufactory of C. GATES, SON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.

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TO CURE DYSPESIA AND INDIGESTION,

OR MONEY REFUNDED.