

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure That He will give them back—bright, pure and beautiful. We know He will, but keep Our own and His until we fall asleep. We know He does not mean To break the strands reaching between Him and us—

The Here and There—He does not mean—through Heaven's fair—To change the spirits entering there, that they forget The eyes upraised and wet, The lips too still for prayer, The mute despair. He will not take The spirits which He gave, and make The glorified so low That they are lost to me and you. I do believe They will rejoice Us—you and me—and be so glad To meet us that when most I would grow sad I just begin to think about that gladness. And the day When they shall tell us all about the way That they have learned to go—Heaven's pathways show.

My lot, my own, and I Shall have so much to see together by and by. I do believe that just the same sweet face, But glorified, is waiting in the place Where we shall meet, if only I Am counted worthy that by and by. I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise To tear strained, saddened eyes, And that His Heaven will be Most glad, most glad, through with joy for you and me, As we have suffered most. God never made Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade And placed them side by side—So wrought in one, though separate, mystified—And meant to break The quivering threads between. When I am quite sure, I will be very glad To get for a little while we were so sad.

Little Margery's Crusade.

A STORY OF THE BAY OF THE LION-HEART.

BY FRED HENRY COLBY.

"Is that Jerusalem, mother?" asked a pretty, rosy cheeked little girl, her black eyes dancing with delight and expectation, at the sight of the towers and spires of a city rising up from the sea. "Is it the holy city where the Lord Jesus was killed by those wicked Jews?"

"Hush, my Margery," answered a stately woman, bending down to kiss the eager, upturned face. "That is not Jerusalem, but St. Jean d'Acres. Solyma the holy city where the Lord Jesus was killed by those wicked Jews is in the East, far away over those blue hills."

"Shall we never get there?" asked the child, plaintively. "I did not know Jerusalem was such a long way off, and I wish so much to see the Holy Sepulchre."

"Yes, we shall go there in good time, Margery, and you shall kneel at the sepulchre of Christ, that is, if King Richard succeeds in wresting the city from the infidels."

"And King Richard will?" cried Margery, "he is so brave and brave, none can resist him. Oh, will it not be grand to drive out the pagans, and go to pray at the place where our Lord was laid?"

"It will, indeed. Every Christian heart will rejoice when the holy city is once more free from the heathen yoke, and our Lord's tomb without danger of insult or injury from infidel hands. The dear Christ will certainly aid his cause."

"Mother," said Margery, looking up, "when I think of that, that I shall wear a crown of thorns when He was on earth, if King Richard conquers Jerusalem, will he wear a crown of thorns, too?"

Norman chief, and had command of one of the one hundred great vessels that constituted the fleet of the English King. And although it was to be an enterprise of war and conquest, the gentle lady was on board—King Richard's own wife, Queen Berengaria, and his sister, Queen Joanna of Sicily, being among the number.

It was in the month of May when the English and Norman fleet anchored before the walls of Acre, which was then in a state of league, and for twenty thousand Mussulmen were in the city, and the great Saladin was expected every day to give his aid to the garrison. The arrival of the mighty Plantagenet changed the aspect of affairs, however, and a month afterwards Acre surrendered to the combined Christian forces, June 12, 1191.

It had been somewhat tedious to those on board the ships during the siege, and many wistful glances cast toward the green Syrian shore; thus as soon as Acre was delivered to the Christians, every person was eager to go to land.

It was a bright, beautiful day, albeit the hot sun of the East shone on its intense beams upon the city when the crusaders went ashore. The sparkling waters of the harbor were covered with countless boats, and the quays were crowded with countless throngs of people. The banners of England and France floated together from the battlements of Acre and the churches of the city, long profaned by the prayers of the infidel, now listened to the praises of Christian worshippers.

Among the crowd of eager and restless wanderers, now mingling with the armed knights and soldiers, now stopping to chat with the dark, handsome oriental women and children, might have been Margery and her brother Waleran. Every one wore his holiday garb, and Margery was dressed in a green robe with tight sleeves, and a loose girde of silver. On her feet she had short boots, embroidered, and her pretty face was half concealed by the wimple, or veil of silk that she wore bound to her forehead by a golden fillet. The young lad sported hose of black velvet, green boots, a tunic of violet color, a crimson dalmatica, and a black cap with a feather in it.

"What ho! my merry pilgrims, whither away?" cried a pleasant voice above them, as the two children passed under the balcony of a dark, towering palace over whose roof floated the three lions of Normandy and England.

They looked up at the friendly, young face of a boy about the same age as they, whom they recognized as having seen once before on the warship in the harbor, where he had come with one of King Richard's knights with a message to their father.

"Hello, yourself, Master Rene," answered Waleran to the young Provencal page of Richard of Aquitaine.

"Come within," shouted Rene; and the next moment he was rushing down the stairs among the guards and officers stationed at the door of the royal abode.

"The lady of Lusignan," he said to the steward of the house, who had his eyes fixed in front of the doorway, and at the waterword the guardian drew back, allowing the children to enter.

"Come up to my chamber," said the page, "from the window you can behold the sea and everything that passeth in the street below. King Richard will be here anon, and with him King of Lusignan."

"And you say this will happen to-morrow, Rene? I should not have thought it of King Richard." "Thought what? Why, he and good Queen Berengaria and all the court will be there to witness it!"

"But those men shall not be butchered," cried Margery. "Suppose that they are our enemies, does not Christ say His good to your enemies? It will do honor Christian knighthood to suffer such an inhuman massacre."

"They are only infidels," said Rene. "Yes, but they are also human beings," asserted Margery, "made in the image of God. He will be angry, and we shall not prosper if this great wrong is done."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if you did marry a Saracen after all, Margery," said her brother scornfully. "Perhaps you will enter the service of Saladin himself. I can imagine it, you take their part so valiantly."

"Waleran!" she cried indignantly, a dash of red appearing on each cheek. Then she desisted, for her mother's words, about her ungentle manners, made her to be a brave crusader, she must rule her temper and curb her quick tongue.

"Don't try to tease me, brother," she continued in a milder tone. "We are all crusaders, and I think we that were the most solemn remembrance of the schilling of our dear Lord first of all. If no one else interposes in their behalf I shall speak to King Richard myself. I know he will not permit it."

"You go to Richard, Plantagenet on such a subject," he said, "and you will find him in the mood to be angry. Why, he will order his squires to carry you home to your mother!"

"King Richard is a knight and a gentleman," answered Margery. "You may laugh at me, Waleran, but I shall do as I say. It is what a knight should do; and I am not his disciple!"

"All through the excitement of that day she could not keep out of her mind the thought of all those captive Turks butchered in cold blood. Her determination only grew stronger all the time to visit the king and implore him to forbid the execution. She managed to see the execution, she saw her mother's confidant, not even her mother; but that evening, just as the stars were coming out in the Syrian sky and the waters of Acre cast deep shadows in the towers of the Mediterranean, unattended, she sought the quarters of King Richard.

Richard was feasting his favorite knights when Margery was ushered in to the banquet hall, where the disordered tables strewn with fragments of the feast, showed the signs of a banquet of that order and warlike age. A minstrel, King Richard's favorite troubadour, Blondel de Nesle, was singing a song to the accompaniment of his lute, and all the voices were hushed as he sang. The king was lying on a great cushioned sofa, and his mother was seated following every motion of his skilled musician's fingers. The words were full of music, and the somewhat mournful melody filled the heavily raftered room.

"Chide not, my king, that thy champion Staleness thy banner still floats as of yore, Into the battle front as 'twas carried, Never it hangs idly, no breeze to wave it, Full the shield, white as her fame, who once waved it. Rest, till again the fierce foeman shall brave me, Waving in sunlight once more."

Richard of England is mortal, and must not be judged with the same judgment as the Saviour. I know that this violence must seem terrible to you. Alas! that the sad necessities of war force us to this extremity. It is not only a punishment, but as a warning that this execution is permitted. The Moslems have hitherto, in our case, of our case, and the lives of Christian prisoners will be safe. It is a sad but a necessary vengeance."

"But what said, if your enemy smite you one cheek turn to him the other also," pleaded Margery. "Your faith in humanity is great, little one, and would that my crusaders had your heart and your bravery; but the power is not mine to do as you wish. The chief has decided the matter. I wish that it could be otherwise, and for your sake, my little maiden, I will not view the execution. Richard of England promises you that little, and gives you his hand in perfect amity."

"One moment, brother, you must not return home unattended." He spoke a few words to a gaily dressed young page near him, who disappeared immediately on his errand.

It scarcely seemed a minute, when the heavy draperies were flung aside once more, and a woman entered, serene, gracious, imperial, appraised as became the queen of Richard of England and Aquitaine.

"My Berengaria," said Richard, "here is a brave little pilgrim, who needs of our care and protection. See that no evil comes to her." And he dismissed them with a wave of the hand.

Neither the girl crusader nor the great crusading leader ever saw Jerusalem. All the valor of the non-heart could not win the City of the Great King from the firm grasp of Saladin; and Courde-lion hid his face behind his great shield and would not look upon the city that he could not save. But who can say that the crusade of Margery de Mettingham was less fatal to England than the peerless king. Who knows what influence her pleading words had upon the heart of this gallant and magnificent sovereign? We know that his last act was a generous and a noble one; and as his parting gift to the young girl whose arrow wrought his doom, perhaps it was the memory of little Margery's words that melted the stern warrior's heart to mercy and forgiveness.

Some suggestive facts respecting the ordinary length of human life are given in an article in Cassell's Family Magazine.

It was once remarked by an astute observer of the laws that govern human life that "before an individual was born it was 20,000 to 1 against his dying at a given age of a given malady; and this is still, and must ever remain, true. Scientific investigation has led to the discovery of a series of facts connected with the laws that govern human life, and with the minuteness of their details, but astounding us with their wonderful accuracy. By such means we know that, for instance, a clergyman who has attained thirty years of age has an expectation of thirty-five more; that an agricultural laborer of the same age has an expectation of forty more; that a sovereign can claim no more than twenty-two or twenty-three years beyond that given age. This last fact would seem to demonstrate the truth that while royalty confers upon its possessors all the advantages and enjoyments of the world in the highest degree, it certainly does not confer on them that which is to be esteemed as far more precious than them all—the blessing of long life. The chronological table, showing the number of the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror downward, their ages at death, in addition to the probable cause or manner of death, would appear to support this assertion.

It is strange, though by no means unaccountable, that the physicians who practice are shorter-lived than almost any other of the professional classes. The solution of this has been offered by one of themselves, as follows: "Physicians have the best opportunity of observing those prudential rules and precautions for preserving health which they lay down for others, and there are fewer employments in which the powers both of the body and mind are exposed to so much consumption as this. Head aches, nervousness, indigestion, and incontinence, but by using MINARD'S LINIMENT I was not content to the house a single day. After five days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians—It has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself.—Garfield.

Some faint the charms of the lily-white maid, Of ethereal form and languishing eye, Who faints in the sunshine and droops in the shade, And is always "just ready to die." But give me the girl of the sunshiny face, The blood in whose veins courses health and freedom, and vigor of life. With the vigor of youth in her movements of grace, Oh, that is the maiden for me! She is the girl to "tie to" for life. The sickly, complaining woman may be an object of love and pity, but she ceases to be a thing of beauty when she is made weak and disordered by subject to hysteria and a martyr to bearing down pain. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure cure for these distressing complaints, and will transform the feeble, drooping sufferer into a healthy, happy, blooming woman. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.



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Express from St. John to Montreal (Monday excepted) 4.30. Accommodation from St. John to Montreal (Monday excepted) 4.30. Day Express from Halifax to St. John (Monday excepted) 4.30. Fast Express from Halifax to St. John (Monday excepted) 4.30.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Arrive at Digby at 10.15 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.

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Past the portals of to-day, Somewhat wits us down to joys, perhaps for you. Some fond dreams to realize, Waits for us, a glad surprise. We may guess, but surmise.

Just beyond the misty screen Of the yall Time drops be. Something waits us, joy, Throbs of heartache, Echoes of a parting kiss, Life or death. We do

Wait, thou shrouded eyes, It is well we can not see. It is well we do not know Life and love are ours to God, in mercy, hides to us. We must tread in joy.

THE HOME Be Careful How You Talk! How strange it is that we more of the importance of in our own minds, and do not think they are so standing.

The discussion of the fact which they hear in their own gives them a prejudiced good people. We have our own and commission, and should be about injuring our friends their faults before you have not yet learned to have, and how to make all one who has watched child can not have failed to so they imitate their elders.

"Walk in, I am glad to leave called," "Take a seat a hurry to go. Really I her departure, the little ed, "I'm glad she didn't She talks so much that out."

The home topics should interesting, and improve character and education be careful to leave out sensational stories of all kinds, more prominence, give horrors in reading them of life. In England, not society was started that tell only the good thing in the world and to ment, instead of a large papers and of many p tion.

Teach the children and just by having, the an elevating character over them, our talk teaching them to their neighbor, and giving the of honor in their daily it was from his faith at the residence, the Scholastic, and a historical research of Pompeii and Hercule topics of talk clergyman's home in the father enjoying rec Von's German history, the young boy's mind the Greek and Trojan disappointment, how in uncongenial labor, began his famous s road, which were su ly digging still more suits at Mycenae. His discovery is the genu himself, and the sub of his great poems.

The Duty of Lubbock, in his says "The world is brighter if you teach the Duty of Happiness, Happiness of Duty; as cheerful as we can be happy ourselves contribution to the A cheerful friend which sheds its bri for good the cheer family is! What's our dark places, and w us, trying to get over the happiness, gives and courage by the and light. Everyon position we are, sh-stant endeavor to Happiness is to f ing on the bright making the best of cannot do of ours ourselves is not th must seek Divine creating a bit by is by learning to we achieve great apt to depend up for our happiness, in our own heart, duties are, or wh- right spirit. They doing them chee manner we are ce Duty of Happiness. It is of great in people learn to the duties that n-pleasant about t in the sunshine stead of the gloo and red in the duties in life the ourselves. We m- lar ones are not those of some of are ours, and be to do them in a duty of Happiness them we must and let us reme- of earth we are and to God."

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