THE CLASS MOTTO—LOVE.

BY HOWE BENNING.

The sun had been shining for some time on dewy country fields, but in the busy city it was having hard work to penetrate into the narrow streets, and had only reached the roof of a low, wooden house, midway one of the narrowest. Down at the shop door, opening with only one step from the ground, not even a glimpse of it could be seen. The shop door was painted green and had a bell. A small boy, in advance of the sun, was ringing it. When it opened, by a pull from inside, he entered.

"Ma'am wants ten cents worth tea," was his order at the counter, "and five cents of crackers."

A pale, worn-looking woman waited on him wearily, finding the tea in a tin can that was nearly empty.

"Don't keep cakes now, do you?" the boy asked, scanning the small shop with curious eye.

"No I haven't been able to make any lately."

"Those ones was good you used to make," he said patronizingly. "Ain't very much stocked up now, anyway, be you?"

"No," was the dejected answer, and then as the door closed behind the boy there was a long sigh. It had hardly ceased trembling on the air, when a door at the back opened, and a young girl entered with book in hand.

"Now, mother, breakfast is ready and father is waiting. You go, and I will tend shop. I can study between times, if I am not *too* driven," with a laugh.

"No danger," the gentle mother said with as much bitterness as ever crept into her tone. "Willie Fergus was just in and said there wasn't much in here, and he was right too."

"Never mind, mother; just wait till I get my first-class position as a teacher, and then see how you will fill up the vacant spaces."

"If I can only live until then," the mother said softly to herself, pressing her hand on her side as she went out into the back room that served all their living purposes, and where, at a table set for the meager breakfast, waited a man shrunken and crippled from rheumatism, and three young children.

Three years before, when Mrs. Boyd's brother, who had been successful in California, visited the small brown house in the narrow street, he had found mother-in-law crippled, but still able to assist in many ways in the flourishing little shop that his sister's activity and energy had built up. Mr. Ferris had bought the small house and presented it to his sister, and had been so pleased with his eldest niece, Tessa, then a girl of fifteen, and with her fondness for study, that he had arranged for her a course of three years at a young ladies' institute of the highest character in the same city.

Then he went back home. He died soon after, and his family being strangers, all communications ceased.

Tessa had fully appreciated her privileges and made the best possible use of them. In classes and in conduct she took the highest rank, with an eye single to one thing—her future as a successful teacher. That was why the shop had run down to such a bad state, the father grown more helpless and discouraged, and the mother walked so feebly and coughed often, and Tessa realized it so little.

"Bye and bye," she thought often, "I will make it all right." She said it to herself now as she looked over the almost empty shelves, at the window with a few dusty jars of cheap candies and baker's cookies. Then she opened her Political Economy and was lost in preparation for her class.

She had thought, vaguely, that there did not use to be cobwebs in the window. That was true, too, but for the last few weeks, every moment that the mother could spare she had been busy upon the graduating dress. That dress, of some flimy stuff, only fifteen cents a yard, and good for nothing for further wear, had cost more than tears in that plain home. Butter and meat even as luxuries had been forgone, and one bottle of the liniment that so relieved the father's aching limbs had to do service for two, that the dress with its scanty trimmings might be provided.

There was no further provision made. Tessa remembered that, when later in the day, she listened to a discussion among her classmates, of gloves, fans, flowers, and so forth. It made her a little bitter too. None of these things were for her. But what should she do? "It's nothing but nonsense, anyway," she thought. "Just hear that Evelyn Grassie go on: "Gloves with fifteen buttons; fan that came from India; and I presume she couldn't tell whether India was in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere. Might even be in America for all she knows. I'd rather have a head than a fan, anyway. Oh, dear! how cross I am getting. I wish the whole thing was over and I was teaching."

"Who's going to win the Pastor Prize, I wonder?" said one of the girls.

"Oh, Tessa Boyd, of course! Isn't she forever with her eyes on a book?"

Tessa blushed violently and closed her book quickly; then, looking up, caught the girls' laughing eyes. Tessa was rather a favorite with her classmates in spite of the "everlasting brown dress," as one said. A pretty face, gentle ways and a kind heart have their value everywhere.

But whom ever else Tessa saw now, it was Clem Darrow's smile that satisfied her. For Clem, the dainty, graceful girl, was her ideal of a pure and lovely woman. To be a friend of hers must be bliss. It made her heart beat quickly when, as they were obeying the call to chapel for prayers, Clem laid her hand on her arm and walked beside her.

"What a weighty question," she remarked, "is this of dress. Is yours ready?"

"Yes, my dress is ready, but I had not thought of gloves, and fan, and flowers," and in spite of herself the trouble would creep into her face and tone.

Clem saw it. "Well, those are not necessary things, she said, and at the same time wondered how one pair of bare hands would look among seventeen gloved pairs. Perhaps Tessa was thinking of that too. She hardly noticed the stranger who occupied the platform. She only half heard him read the "Charity Chapter." The words that he added roused her:

"For it is given to any of us, wherever placed, through love, to help or influence other lives through all eternity." Then he folded his hands,—

"Dear Lord, I pray thee, open the eyes of these girls, wide open. Let them see the duty that lies close beside their hand. Let them find out who is their neighbor. For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Did you ever hear such a prayer in all your life?" whispered Evelyn Grassie as they passed out, but to two hearts at least, the word had meant much.

"Tessa is needing; she is my neighbor; I must help her," was Clem's thought many times that day.

It was still in mind, when the day's duties all done, the class came for its final reports to the lecture room. The morrow was Commencement, when they would go out their several ways to meet life's questions.

Perhaps they each felt something of this, for when the business was over they lingered in grave quiet while their loved Miss Ellis gave them her parting charge:

"I can say no more to you than was read this morning from that wonderful chapter of Love. If you go out consecrated to the service of Love you will make a success of life. With this you can always serve, finding a mission field in your own home, or your neighbor's, and God will bless you. Take these words:

"'Then seek to please Him, whatso'er
He bids us,
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.'"

The girls went quietly out and to the dressing-room. Tessa was the first one to go down stairs, though two or three were lingering in the upper hall. She could not see that as soon as she was out of the building these hastened back to the dressing-room. She could not know that each member of the class had received a private invitation that day from Clem, ending with "Don't let Tessa know."

"Tessa," was her mother's greeting at home, "I was thinking today that you will need gloves. I know they wear them. Here is a dollar and a half; go and get some."

"Oh, you blessed mother," and in rapturous embrace Mrs. Boyd forgot that she had parted that day with the cups and saucers that were her grandmother's.

There was much exclaiming by all the family the next morning as Tessa presented herself and was turned round and round for examination. In that small, plain room the simple, creamy dress and eight-button gloves were very fine.

"They're just as good as they can be," thought Tessa as she hastened on, "and I've got enough for anybody. Guess I can survive without a fan."

She was a little late and the girls were all assembled in the dressing-room when she opened the door, and what a pretty group of shimmering white and lace and flowers it seemed to her beauty-loving eyes.

"We thought you were never coming, Tessa," exclaimed several.

She looked again. She saw Clem in the centre; then Clem was coming toward her; and how still all the girls were now.

"We wanted to give our classmate a little token of our love," Clem was saying, and then Tessa was holding an open box and looking at a lovely fan lying there.

Then Evelyn Grassie was beside Clem. "And these flowers are for you too, Tessa," and for the first time in her life Tessa was holding a hot-house bouquet.

They all laughed at her face which, of course, was the best thing to do, but the crown of all came when Clem, the lovely Clem, stooped and folded the shy little figure into her own muslins and laces, and kissed her.

A letter came that evening to the small house. It was from Mr. Boyd's sister.

"How I wished sister Anna could come up here for a time," she wrote. "You say she is beat out; and this mountain air would bring her up, I know. Bring Willie with her, and we will make a new boy of him." Willie, the youngest, was a sickly boy of five. "You say Tessa is going to teach. Would she like the district school here—three dollars a week and board around?" At which they all smiled.

"How I would like to go," and Mrs. Boyd sighed. Tessa heard it. "Some day," she thought.

The next morning after her usual duties, Tessa hastened to her room. There were many stitches to take in the weeks to come in her own wardrobe. She was busy all day until the children came home from school. She heard their voices below; then Nellie came running up stairs.

"Tessa, come down quick. Something's the matter with mother."

Tessa found her in the shop, leaning on the counter unconscious and helpless. A doctor was sent for, a neighbor called in, and the poor woman carried to her own room off the kitchen. It was a very warm day and the room seemed stifling. They fanned her and held camphor to her nostrils, but it required the doctor's stronger remedies to fully rouse her, and then she was too weak to speak.

That night of watching was a new experience for Tessa. It was all new that followed. The mother rallied slowly. "All worn out," the doctor said. Had it not been for the kindness of neighbors whom Tessa had never "taken to" it would have been impossible for the two girls to have cared for the sick mother, the discouraged father, the house and the shop.

It was a week after Commencement day. Tessa thought of it, but how far away it seemed. Her mother was sitting up for the first time, looking so pale and worn. Nellie brought in a note that Tessa opened quickly. It was from Principal Hayne asking her to call at his house that afternoon.

When, late in the day, she went again through the familiar avenue, and up the long walk to the institute buildings, and rang the bell at the handsome stone residence of the principal, Tessa felt like one "coming to her own" again. Here was where she belonged. The principal explained.

"Miss Malloy would like you as resident teacher at her French and English School for Young Ladies." This had been Tessa's highest hope. To, some day, be the loved teacher of graceful winning girls. But she was not quite certain. Of course she expected mother to be well soon. She told the principal so.

"May I have until to-morrow? I will talk with the doctor." Of course she could not lose such a chance. It would be arranged somehow.

After his long call the next morning, Tessa detained the doctor in the shop and stated the case. He listened gravely. He hated to hurt this handy, cheerful girl.

"Miss Boyd, your mother will never be well again," he said at last. "One of her lungs is affected and there is trouble with the heart. With freedom from care she may live comfortably for years. If you had some country friends just now to whom to send her and the little boy it would be the best thing for both. You could save them I think. Good day."

Every word of the doctor's had seemed like a clod falling into the grave of her cherished hopes.

"My duty lies here," she wrote the principal.

That night after all were sleeping, Tessa groped her way into the shop, laid her head upon the counter, and with tears and sobs fought her battle and found peace. At first it was only her own bitter disappointment, but by and bye the voice was heard, Could she not be Christ's child here as well as anywhere? And if she gave love was she not following in His steps? Could she not give it here? Fully, and forgetting self, as Christ gave?

"'Twill matter little by what path He led us," and the lifted face grew calm, even bright.

Two weeks from that morning there was commotion in the small house. Mrs. Boyd and Willie were going to breathe the mountain air. Half of Tessa's prize had made this possible, and a friendly brakeman would care for them.

"Goodbye, daughter. I hate to leave you with so much care," but there was not a trace of sadness in the sweet-faced girl's answer:

"You needn't mother. I am going to have good times," at which Nellie laughed and choked, for there was a secret between these two.

The cleaning pail full of hot suds, that in less than hour was taken into the shop, was a part of it. So was the pot of light paint that followed. A cook book full of rules for candy and fancy cakes was an important part; and the reason why, one morning of the next week, the passers-by turned to look at the square window in which among flowering plants stood shining jars of home-made candy and cakes of all shapes and frostings, then rang the polished bell handle, and bought until Nellie feared there would not be enough.

You would like to know how the work went on; how Mr. Boyd, in his wheel-chair, developed a taste for candy-making that was worth bottles of liniment to him; how the shelves were gradually filled again; how at the close of one hot day Clem came in and invited Tessa to her lawn party, so that the busy worker found that she was not forgotten. And she was too busy and too prayerful to be sad.

Three years rolled their round, and again Clem and Tessa were together and alone in the little shop.

"You lead the Endeavor meeting tomorrow night, do you not, Tessa?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Hattie Vandercook sails for China in August? and she says what you said at one of the meetings first led her to think of becoming a missionary."

"If I cannot do great things I may say them, then," a little wistfully. "I did not plan on our graduating day to spend my life as a shop-keeper."

"You have done bravely. Look at your mother and your father so happy; at the children all in school; at your thriving shop, and all you do among your neighbors and in church. I do not know of anyone who accomplishes more. But it was hard to give up your own plans."

"Yes, only Love helped me. I am glad they did not send us out into the world saying—Be strong, be great. I could not have done that, but I could *love* with His help."—*Advance.*

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A gentleman, sitting in one of the boxes with Lord North, not knowing his lordship, entered into conversation with him, turned to him and addressed him with, "Pray, sir, can you inform me who is that ugly woman who just came in?"

"Oh," replied his lordship, with great good humor, "that is my wife."

"Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons; I do not mean her, I mean that shocking monster who is along with her."

"That," replied his lordship, "is my daughter."

Brother Peter,

House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass., writes: "My only desire in adding this testimonial to the great number you have already received in favor of K. D. C., is to induce sufferers from Indigestion to try this remarkable remedy which, I believe will be lasting. Makers of such a valuable medicine are doing much good to humanity.

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K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the Liver

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A Woman's Mistake.

They were seated on the vine-wreathed verandah—Edith Wells and Raymond Lester—when the old church bell rang out its mellow invitation.

"Shall we go, Edith?" asked the young man, trying to appear wholly indifferent.

"Go where?" She looked up with well-feigned surprise.

"Why, to the temperance meeting; don't you hear the bell?"

"Oh, the idea! You must be jesting. I've heard enough of temperance meetings. But perhaps you wish to go?" coldly.

"Not without you. I have been somewhat interested in them. The ladies are taking hold of the work as if they meant to reform us all; there's need enough."

"I think they go much too far. What is the use? Men will drink, and the women will have all their work in vain."

"Not always. They've closed the saloons in several places."

"Oh, yes, for a time! By the way, you should have been here yesterday. Mrs. Brown was here, and we had a debate. She is in favor of no license, mamma, and I for license. Didn't we have a lively time! You should have seen her look of horror when I said I did not care for moderate drinking, and as for cigars, I just doted on the perfume! Of course, I object to drunkenness, but I have no friends too weak to stop drinking when they ought to."

"They say that is impossible when the appetite is once formed."

There was an undertone of earnestness in the young man's voice that a more thoughtful person would have noticed, but Edith answered lightly.

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. If a man really wants to break the habit he can, or he's no man. Do you think you could become so unmanly as to be a slave to drink?"

She looked at him half in ridicule, half in proud confidence, but he answered soberly:

"I do not know, Edith."

"You are too modest; but I'm willing to risk it without any total abstinence pledge."

"Are you? I was about to propose that we both sign one."

"Ha! ha! Raymond, that's a good joke. Sign a pledge, indeed!"

"Seriously, Edith, I have been thinking of signing a pledge. I could do it easily now, but in time I may learn to like liquor, and it would be harder. You laugh, but many a strong man has gone down; why not I? We might be on the safe side. A pledge would keep me for I never broke a promise in my life. What do you say; shall we sign?"

"No; I shall do no such thing. Fancy our being at a party and having to refuse the least sip of wine because we'd signed a temperance pledge! Do you fear I'll ever be a drunkard?"

"No, no, Edith. I've thought only of myself. I—"

"I'll risk you, Raymond. Don't go and make a fool of yourself. Pardon me, Ray, but it seems so weak and foolish to sign a pledge, that I lose all patience. We could not make the promise now. Papa has already sent for wines for our wedding. Don't think about it, Ray. I can trust you; I haven't a fear."

* * * * *

Five years had passed away.

A stormy night had settled down upon the city. In many a princely home the heavy curtains were closely drawn, coal heaped upon the grates, while laughter and song sought to smother the shrieks of the keen wintry wind.

In a rickety house which illy sufficed to keep out the storm, a thinly-clad woman sought to warm her benumbed fingers in the flickering blaze. Presently the door swung open, letting in a gust of chilling wind, and a poor, ragged sot straggered to a chair. Muttering something about the "miserable fire," he drew from his pocket a bottle of whiskey and drank deeply." This seemed to madden the woman who was watching him with contempt written on every feature.

"Raymond Lester! would you spend the last dime for whiskey when your wife and child are starving?"

"Hold your tongue! If you're hungry, go and earn something. If I earn a quarter shovering snow, and spend it for whiskey, whose business is it?"

"Oh!" moaned the woman; "was it for this that I left a happy home? Did I think you, *you*, would ever bring me to such depths of sorrow and disgrace?"

"Stop, Edith Lester!" cried the man, with a frightful look in his bleared eyes. "Stop and hear what I have to say, I am a wreck; ruined, soul and body. I have brought you to ruin and disgrace; but, woman, it's your own work! Once I saw my danger; feared my appetite; I wanted to become a temperance man; but your hands tipped the scales on the side of drunkenness and—hell. Again you've urged me to drink; you've poured the wine for me with your own hand. You kept it on our table. You have said, 'My husband is strong enough to be a moderate drinker;' but I am here, a ruined man! No power on earth can save me now. Someone will care for you, but my doom is sealed. Don't madden me with reproaches; I'm desperate. God knows I meant to have been a good husband. I tried. Oh, Edith, if you had but helped me, I might have been—"

The creeking door was flung wide by a reckless hand, and the roar of the storm deadened Edith's cry of anguish as she sank down alone by the side of her sleeping child. Her work! Ah! what a revelation. All these years she had reproached him, scornfully and bitterly, for his lack of manhood, for sinking lower and lower. Had she indeed tipped the scales? Had her half-serious words carried such a weight of woe? A careless girl's thoughtless words brought a future misery. Years of suffering seemed crowded into one short hour, and then came rest in long unconsciousness. When morning dawned, helpful hands were there to save.

But Raymond Lester, on that bitter night, stung by grief and remorse, wandered far out from the city, and, weary, at last sank down to perish.

Edith, a lonely woman, once more in her father's house, can never escape the scenes that haunt her; the winter storm, the wild wind tossing the tangled hair, the snow and sleet beating upon the face she loved, and a once manly form cold and stiff in death. When wintry storms beat about her dwelling, she watches through the long night hours, when every gust of wind flings back the cry: "It is all your own work, your own work!" *Zion's Herald.*

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1894 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1894

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 25th June, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	16.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35
Commencing 2nd July, Express for Halifax	21.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35
Commencing 2nd July, Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
20th June, 1894.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, 25th June, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 5.10 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a.m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10, p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.15 p. m.

Flag Stations—Trains stop only when signalled.

Steamer City of Monticello leaves Digby for St. John as follows:—June, Jul and August daily (except Sunday), and after 9th September every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway leave Annapolis: Steamer Express every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 12.45 p. m.; Daily Express at 12.45 p. m. Passengers and freight daily at 5.30 a. m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening.

International steamers leave St. John, to 1st July—every Monday Wednesday and Friday. July 3rd to September 30th, daily, except Sunday.

Canadian Pacific Railway trains leave Saint John at 6.25 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 7.15 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and 10.40 p. m., daily (Saturday excepted) for Montreal and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Trains of Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton for Lunenburg daily at 2.10 p. m.

Davison's Mail Coaches leaves Yarmouth daily (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of No. 4 train from Annapolis, for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

J. BRIGNELL,
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