

A good aim is not enough. One may aim an arrow with perfect accuracy, but the bow must also be drawn and the cord let fly, if the arrow is to reach the mark. A vision in the brain is not enough for the sculptor, he must hew the vision into form in the marble. The architect's plan is only a picture, and there must be toil and cost until the building stands complete in its noble beauty. A good aim is not all of a Christian life. It is nothing more than an empty dream unless it be wrought out. When Raphael was asked how he painted his marvelous pictures, he replied, "I dream dreams and I see visions, and then I paint my dreams and my visions." Every earnest Christian who looks much at Christ dreams dreams and sees visions,—dreams and visions of wondrous beauty, glimpses of the loveliness of Christ; and, like the artist, he should seek with patient, yet intense, purpose to reproduce the loveliness in his own soul. Many people have sublimest aspirations and intentions who never take a step toward the realization of them. Mere knowing what it is to be a Christian makes no one a Christian; many perish with the glorious ideal shining full and clear before their eyes. Mere seeing the beauty of Christ as it is held before us for our copying will never fashion us into that beauty. Our knowledge must be wrought into life. We must carve out in the life of us the beauty we see.

The beginning of a new year should register a new start in every one who is trying to live nobly. The years should be steps on a golden stair leading ever upward and heavenward. We all need to start anew very often. The best purposes need frequent re-forming. The intensest energy needs oft rekindling. What better new beginning can there be than a fresh look at life's true aim, and a fresh consecration to the working out of that aim?—*S. S. Times.*

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

There is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-toiling father; so when he visited Uttoxeter, he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in pouring rain, on the very spot where the bookstall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm, to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it (in marble) on the Doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart, when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never could forget how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he (a little lad) had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and said to him, "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father, on his return, was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy, "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

Through all his life, Dr. Todd often had a heart-ache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents, who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-by. She wept so bitterly because he was going away, that he said to his negro servant, "Bring back my trunk; I am not going to make my mother suffer so by my leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."—*Youth's Companion.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

DOMESTIC.

Potato bugs are doing considerable damage at Hampton.

Robert Carr, who it is said is wanted in Chicago for misdemeanor, committed suicide on the express train which left Point Levis on Monday morning by shooting himself.

A Newcastle despatch of the 27th to the *Globe* says: News was received here this morning of the death of Henry Cunard, Esq., of Chatham, a gentleman well known and held in the highest esteem throughout the Province.

While in bathing with a younger brother at the rear of his father's house at Loch Lomond, Monday afternoon, Arthur W. Jordan, eldest son of John Jordan, was accidentally drowned. The deceased was about 21 years of age and was greatly respected by his acquaintances. Coroner Earle held an inquest on the body, and after hearing the evidence, the jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

An I. C. R. locomotive with three flat cars attached broke through the trestle work of the railway extension at the Strait Shore last week. Conductor Harding, J. Drummond, driver Horace Whitney and fireman Frank Heater were injured, Drummond quite seriously. Fred Wright and Thomas Pierce, who were in the cab, were also shaken up. The locomotive was badly broken, and the trestle is damaged a length of 100 feet.

Despatches mention that Halifax gave a splendid welcome to their battalion, returned from the Northwest. Beyond question the military events of the past three months have imparted to the people of the Dominion a deeper interest in and appreciation of our citizen soldiery. It is confidently hoped and expected that this feeling may lead to more adequate provisions being made hereafter for the drill and maintenance of our defenders.

The *Halifax Herald* says: We are enjoying magnificent growing weather. Grass, which it was feared would be injured by the June drought, is now increasing rapidly. Potatoes and all kinds of garden vegetables never looked better. Hay, while light in some counties, in others is the best for five years. All field crops promise an abundant yield. Wheat was sparingly sown, but promises well. Oats look magnificent.

It is semi-officially stated that the new bridge over the St. John river at St. John will be open for

traffic on the 15th of the present month. It is proposed so we learn, to run through trains between Halifax and Boston, making the whole distance without change of car, and in several hours less time than is now required. Rapid and cheap travel between Halifax and the large American cities, renders the erection of a new summer hotel in Halifax all the more absolutely necessary. Shall we proceed at once to avail ourselves of our opportunities, or do as we have done in so many other instances—wait until some other place has got well the start of us, and then enter into an unequal competition?—*Halifax Mail.*

Lieut. Governor Dowdney received a despatch August 1st stating that eight whites had been butchered by marauding Indians, 38 miles south of Maple Creek, in the Cypress Hills. It is believed that the Indians came on the victims by stealth, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself, pounced upon them. Some of those attacked escaped by swimming and wading across the narrow lake and barricading themselves in Sands' lumber mill. Thirty-eight police left here by train about 5 o'clock this a. m., for the scene of the butchery, and a like number from Medicine Hat. Great excitement is said to exist amongst the settlers around Maple Creek. If the Indians begin a guerilla warfare it will be worse than the rebellion.

The trial of Riel was much shorter than was expected, and the confident predictions that there would be a disagreement of the jury have failed of realization. When the jury returned with its verdict of guilty after about one hour's absence, Riel was on his knees praying. When the verdict was announced he smiled and bowed to the jury.

Col. Richardson asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, and Riel replied in the affirmative. He then detailed the alleged grievances of the half-breeds in Manitoba, and spoke at length of the rebellion of 1869. * * * He said it would be an easy thing for him to make an incendiary speech, but he would refrain. God had given him a mission to perform, and if suffering was part of that mission he bowed respectfully to the divine will and was ready to accept the task, even unto death. He objected to the jury and the decision of the court, and asked that he be not tried for alleged offences of this season, but that his whole career be put on trial, and the jury asked to give a decision as to whether his life and acts had benefitted the country or not. He also asked for a commission of doctors to examine him, for though the jury pronounced him sane some thought otherwise. Judge Richardson then said: "Louis Riel, you are charged with treason, you let loose the floodgates of rapine and bloodshed and brought ruin and death to many families who, if let alone, were in comfort and a fair way to affluence. For what you did you have been given a fair and impartial trial; and your remarks are no excuse for your acts. You committed acts that the law demands account for at your hands. The jury coupled to their verdict a recommendation to mercy, but I can hold out no prospects for you, and I would recommend you to make your peace with God. For me only one duty, and a painful one to perform, remains. It is to pass the sentence upon you. If your life is spared no one will feel more gratified than myself, but I can hold out no hope. The sentence of this court upon you, Louis Riel, is that you be taken to the guard-room of the mounted police at Regina and kept there until September eighteenth and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Riel was then taken from the court-room and driven under a strong escort to the guard-room.

Fitzpatrick left to-night for Winnipeg to enter an appeal in the Court of Queen's Bench.

N. B. AND N. S. MISSIONS.

FORWARDED BY E. C. FORD.

Collection at Westport, N. S.	\$5 64
E. C. Ford, N. S.	8 00
Collection at Tiverton, N. S.	4 50
D. McLean, Cornwallis, N. S.	10 00
Collection at Newport, N. S.	6 50
James Stevens, " N. S.	10 00
Mrs. J. A. Harley " N. S.	50
John Vaughan, " N. S.	10 00
William Bailey " N. S.	10 00
Charles B. Bailey, " N. S.	5 00
Martin Stevens, " N. S.	5 00
John Anthony, " N. S.	2 00
Mrs. Wm. Bailey, " N. S.	1 00
David Stevens, " N. S.	10 00