WHATEVER COMES.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

How dread at times the future seems!
What griefs and struggles may it bring!
Like children frightened from their dreams
To the dear present how we cling!

The present has its pain, we own;
No hour, indeed, from pain is free.
But O, the possible unknown
Before the end of earth shall be!

The visitations of disease,
The sore dependence and unrest,
The loneliness more sore than these,
Unpillowed by one kindred breast!

Jesus, my Refuge, day by day
Increase in me Thy gifts of grace,
O suffer naught to tear away
Those gifts before I see Thy face!

Whatever comes, if I but keep
My faith, O blessed Lord, in Thee,
Some consolations I must reap
However great my woes may be.

Whatever comes, if hope arise,
Eternal hope, my guiding star,
And I can lift to that my eyes,
I shall not feel that Thou art far.

Whatever comes, if love but burn,
The love of Thee, within my heart,
To Thee for solace I shall turn
And find my all in what Thou art.

But, O, if doubt should ever come,
Or if despair should make me blind;
Or banished love should leave me dumb,
Dead, dead in heart and wrecked in mind;

Save me, O save me in that hour,
My last and greatest sin forgive.
Save me from self that hath the power
To kill when Thou would'st have me live.

No agonies of life or death,
That wring the soul with bitter cost,
Could match the agony of faith
And hope and love forever lost!

Chris Harding's Thanksgiving Interruption.

BY GRACE DEAN M'LEOD.

To have to play for the Thanksgiving service that morning, was certainly an interruption to Chris Harding's plans, and she made no effort to view it in any other light.

With only Aunt Janet and Uncle Albert, and lame cousin Willie to dinner, there would be so little fuss. Good old black Jane could easily prepare all of the feast with some help from mother, and there would have been no need of Chris in kitchen or dining room. Free from everyone, she might have had a few hours at last for Schubert and that Symphony that tingled her finger-tips with its hidden meaning, but eluded her finger tips' mastery, just for want of a few hours] to devote to it alone and unhindered. For a week she had planned on this morning, and instead to have to go to the musty little church, to play the squeaky organ! and listen to the squeaky voices singing the nasal old tunes in which she herself never joined, because her own voice had been cultivated far above all such music!

Very impatiently coiling the soft gold hair, which, despite its unkind twist, could not look aught but a picture, as it fell around the sweet face it aureoled, Chris donned hat and gloves, and started out the big front doors, and down the long walk to the street.

In one way or another, it seemed as if everything and everybody, for the last month, had conspired to cheat her of her hours for music, and the rebellious feeling, gathering for weeks, was big and black this morning as she walked to the little church.

This winter at home was going to be so very much worse even than she had dreaded. For five years now, Chris had been away at school, among gay, happy girls, the last year as teacher of them, instead of pupil. The short weeks of the summer vacation had been spent at home, but gay visitors came with her, and remained till she returned. Phil, the good, jolly brother, had been with them too, and the quietness of the home life, which was its wonted tone when she was absent, had never touched her. The sweet mother, sad ever since the father's sudden death, glad of the merry voices and faces on the silent stairs and in the lonely rooms, made merry herself as she could, and never once spoke of the loneliness that would wrap herself and the house when they were gone. "The dear child does love company so!" she said to herself, "and is so clever at her music! Why should I deny her and keep her with me!" So Chris never saw, because she was never told, and because her own eyes were holden with all the gaieties of her young fresh life.

But some one's eyes were open, if hers were not, and this summer, the very first week of vacation, the good, wise Phil had said, "Suppose you stay home altogether this year, Chris. Mother needs you, and I'll be home myself after Christmas, and you know I rather like to have you around."

"Stay home this year!" cried Chris. "Why, Phil Harding, I suppose you know I've been planning for two years back to go to Berlin this autumn, and I've only been waiting for a good chance to ask you specially about it. It is for my music, you know, and I've been counting costs, and with my own two hundred, it will not be so very much more than you pay for me every year at school. Miss Sternes is going, and our lodging-house is engaged—why, Phil, I can't think of not going—a whole year for just my music, a whole year in Berlin, I've dreamed of it till I am wild!"

"You'll not get much 'music mad' in Berlin, sis," said Phil, trying to get time to think how he was best to answer this strong, impulsive spirit. "War, beer, or the Kaiser, is all they talk about in Berlin; subscribe to one or the other, or be nobody."

But Chris was not to be put off. She knew Phil pretty well, and she saw a look in the honest blue eyes that was far apart from the jesting. "Phil, do you mean it," she said, that I really must not go? Is it about the money? Can't you spare it, dear? I thought the ships did so well this year."

"It is more than the money mother and I can't spare," said Phil, "it is yourself."

Chris's eyes turned away from the sternly loving gaze of the brother who had been to her both father and brother for so many years, and granted before this her every wish.

"It is mostly for the mother, Chris," he said. "You see she is not very well lately; you do not see perhaps, because you are not here, and I have been blind myself or I would never have allowed you away last year. Don't you think, dear, you could stay home and still keep up your music, and brighten us all up around the old house, a sort of better half to us both, you know, and just forget about Berlin? You could have regular hours for practice, and we'll like the noise around us. Is the home such a dreary place, dear? Haven't I put anything bright or beautiful in it that it should seem to you such a prison? Perhaps I haven't understood—"

But Chris put up her hands over his lips. "Hush," she cried, "don't say any more, let me have to-night to think about it. It is such a new thought, Phil, so very new, and I have never once dreamed someway that I could not go, only don't talk about 'regular hours' and 'keeping it up,' and that sort of thing, at home. You don't know, of course, but it is an impossible thing—just don't say any more, and if I say nothing about Berlin to-morrow, you will know I have decided to give it up. But don't talk about it to me, Phil, I won't want it mentioned. O Phil, how can I!"

There never was any more talk about it. The conversation next morning was far from Berlin, and though Chris's face was a little whiter than usual and the sweet lips a little strained, Phil's own nature comprehended her answer, and respected her wish as to the silence. He hoped it might not be so bad as she dreaded. And all through the summer it was not. Visitors filled the big house, and parties and picnics filled the days, and except that it lent an undertone to all the gaiety, Chris herself hardly felt it keenly.

It was when the school time came round that the first sharpness came. When the others returned to the old happy life, when the letters from Miss Sternes needed to be answered, then came the struggle; then it began to grow bitter. And when the quietness of autumn settled down upon the little village it seemed intolerable to think of the others in Berlin, and she in that dull place, playing in the musty little church, going to sewing society, receiving and returning calls she cared nothing about, and finding so many demands upon her time that there were no hours at all for Schubert. Even Phil had been away for months, and would likely be for as many more. To have been let alone and quiet would not have been so bad; but to be kept busy over things she had no desire to do was what chafed her spirit and kept open the wound of disappointment.

And now it was late November, and she might have been two months in Berlin! All this filled her heart and thoughts as she walked down the narrow street and entered the church.

The people were already gathered, and she made her way quickly to the organ. It is not even a minister who can say anything worth hearing, probably," she said to herself as a strange preacher quietly read the opening hymn. "Why need we have an ex change so often!"

Chris was a Christian, a faithful one in her way, and in her desire. It was because she was a Christian that she had abided by Phil's suggestion. This had been her impelling force in the decision, but it someway had not been a sustaining force; and in word and in tongue, not in deed and in truth, had she gone through her Christian duties these past few months.

All through the reading of the lesson her own thoughts were an undertone, and only conscious that the new man's voice was musical, she heard with deaf ears the Psalm of Thanksgiving and the prayer that followed. Then came the second hymn, and the silver offering, and the preacher rose to preach.

Chris settled back against the hard seat, her eyes out of the window, her thoughts in Berlin, her heart out of tune to all the spirit of the scene.

"I have chosen no text, no one verse to speak upon," said the preacher, as he leaned quietly on the desk before him and looked down upon the listening people. "You can find my sermon in Luke, anywhere from the first to the twelfth verse of the fifth chapter. And if I were to name my sermon, the sermon these verses taught me, I would call it 'Interruptions.'"

Chris looked suddenly up at the word —"Her very own thoughts!"

"Interruptions!" said the preacher. "Do you have them any of you here? Does any one live without them? Listen to the story of that long ago; think of those men, fishermen, fishing all night, their families at home, perhaps famishing and waiting their return, fishing all night and no fish! Day came, and still they toiled, preparing their nets that they might again go out into the deep. And while they worked the multitude came upon them. Do you think they did not know why such a multitude had gathered? Yes, indeed, they knew; they had heard of the Christ, of the Nazarene who wrought the cures of sin and sickness. But they had no time to follow Him, and they kept on with their work.

"As they washed their nets, the Master, the leader of the multitude, came down to them, and entered into their boat and asked them to push a little way out from the land that He might speak to the people.

"To borrow their boat now! Just now, when they needed it so, to loan it? Don't you suppose they hesitated to lend to a stranger, to this man they knew so little of, for how long even, He did not say? When they were famished and weary, to leave their nets and give up their boat to Him, wouldn't you call it an interruption? Do you have them? I do.

"Last autumn, when I was weak with long work, and Saturday came upon me before I could prepare a sermon for my hungry people, I had gone into my study and closed the door, fretting that I had so little time to prepare it, weary with my weakness, impatient of my previous delays; and an interruption came, a visitor, an old man of the faith, gray, bowed, feeble. He had given all his long life, all his wonderful talents, to the people he had espoused, the simple people of the forest; and his visit to me was to ask me to drive him over a rough and long road to see some of his flock. If I went, I could not return until late at night. There was my boat to loan. I hesitated, but, thank God, not long, and I drove him on his way.

"You have such interruptions, all of you. Your unbidden callers, angels unawares, perhaps. Your unexpected visitors when you are busy; who bore you, doubtless, but who need you, else they would never have been sent; or you need them, perhaps. I believe they are all sent. Don't you suppose Christ knew, when He borrowed the boat, that the men needed the interruption? They had heard of His coming, of His healing at 'even when the sun was low,' of the blind, the deaf, the lame, the devils cast out, of His love, and yet they had not sought Him or left their nets to follow Him; and so He tried them, and while they lent their boat He spake unto them. Who can say what they heard in that waiting time? When He had done speaking, they 'left all and followed Him.' Think of it, all the words that were never put down. Can't you hear them? I can.

"That good gray head of the man I drove over the lonely, rough road is resting now; but while I live, will I ever forget the lessons that I learned as I drove him? He so valiant, so strong of spirit, his long, weary life behind him, and I but just begun, and impatient, and weak, and fretting. Oh! I heard in that waiting, in that still and lonely drive, in that interruption, what I would never have learned in my study or at my books. Don't you suppose Christ knew I needed it? Does He not always know? Can He be God and not know?

"There are so many boats you can lend. Yourselves, your talents, your hands, your feet, your voices, lend them all; lend them freely and wait. Think what you will learn as you wait. Listen for the voice of Christ in the waiting; listen and heed."

When he began the next head of his sermon Chris had dropped her eyes. She was thinking, back to her morning mood, back through the month of her impatience, back through all the summer, through all the past five years. Her ears were no longer holden. What had she said that very morning? "that if Uncle Albert and Aunt Janet wanted to hear the 'Old Oaken Bucket' and the 'Battle of Waterloo' played, they must understand, once for all, that she was above such music. If Phil could not learn to appreciate good music, he must go without any. If the choir would not learn anthems, then she was done playing tunes for them. If she was never going to Germany, or anywhere, why, what was the use of keeping up her music; she might as well moulder with the rest of the village folks."

Not crossly, you understand, had she said them, but proudly and martyr like. How these and countless other sayings rushed back to her now! She could not hear the rest of the sermon for the accusing voices; and the preacher was preaching his closing sentence when she at last looked up.

"So I have preached unto you these interruptions for a Thanksgiving sermon. I am a stranger to you. I go my way, and may never speak to you again on this earth. Perhaps it is a good Thanksgiving sermon, after all. You may learn to be thankful for interruptions, as I have been, if so, then I have not preached in vain. Do not think of the great draught of fishes you will get for pay, I implore you that; but listen! lend, wait, and listen, and when you have heard, leave all and follow Him."

As Chris walked down the aisle, pausing once to look back at the stranger minister, and wishing she dared go to him and tell him into what fallow ground "the seed" had fallen, she came upon Phil.

He smiled at her sudden start. "Yes, I know you did not see me in church. I sat down here by the door. Just came into town, some confounded hitch in the works has delayed the finishing of the ship a fortnight, and so I ran up home. Can't stop to walk up with you now, but I'll be there in time to bone the turkey—good-bye;" and he was off around a corner, and Chris was once more left alone with her thoughts.

Uncle Albert and Aunt Jane were home before her, and lame Willie stood in the door as she came up the walk.

"Well," said Aunt Janet, "he's a married man whoever he is, or he never could have told us so true as he did about folks coming in upon you just when you hadn't much dinner cooked—it's a new thought about them being angels, though."

"It was a good sermon right through," said Uncle Albert. "I'm glad that I heard it, he's a coon to wedge a truth right home. But who could have told him that Janet here was all in a pet yesterday because old Aunt Hetty drove up and stopped her from going to sewing circle is more than I can tell. And about me fretting all the week because this lame knee hindered me getting my winter fruit off, fretting so loud that there was never a ghost of a chance to hear anything that might have been said to me in the "interruption." Why, since I began to listen this morning, I've heard a few things I wouldn't miss for a dozen barrels of apples, and yet I thought I was a 'following' before.

Chris did not tell them her thoughts. Each had heard according to his need.

No one seemed to know how the day passed so quickly.

"I have had a good fill of music," said Aunt Janet, as she tied her bonnet strings. "I always heard Chris had a gift for it, but someway I never believed she did much at it. Why, I'll carry that old Oaken Bucket tryle-de-de-dum around with me all day to-morrow, and churn by it, and sweep by it."

"I think I'll come up some day soon and let you help me pick out those national songs on my zither," said lame Will, shyly, as he stood leaning on his crutches, while Chris reached up for his overcoat. "It must be jolly to play like you do, and you've such a good loud voice." Chris smiled at the well-meant compliment.

"Good-bye, Chris," said Uncle Albert. "We'll be up often as we can since you're going to be home this winter. It makes the house lively to have you about. Good-bye, and God bless the preacher who preached that Thanksgiving sermon."

When the mother had gone to bed, Chris came down stairs again. Phil was writing letters at the big desk in the back parlor. She did not disturb him, and it was not long before he finished, and came over beside her.

"Toasting your toes, sis?" he asked, as he drew up another easy chair and tipped his slippered feet toward the glowing grate.

"Yes," answered Chris, "and thinking."

Phil waited, and by and by Chris spoke again.

"Turning over a new leaf isn't anything very knew, I suppose," she said, "or of much use."

"No, it's not," said Phil, "unless you put something on it every time; that's my rule."

"Yes, I know," said Chris, a bright flush on her white face. "But I am going to talk to you a little, a very little, dear—your being at church and hearing the sermon is a help to me—"

"It was to me," said Phil.

"Oh, was it?" she cried, "then it is all the easier for me to tell you. You know I can't put it out very plainly, but you always understand my jagged bits. My music is a gift, I suppose, and my boat, because, if I wanted to go to Berlin for any one thing, it was that I might be so competent in it that I would no longer be a drain on your purse. Oh, I know you are good about it, but I wanted so to feel that I could earn my own way, but you see I've had to lend my boat this year—staying home and playing in church, and not getting time to practice—and I haven't been willing. Worse than that, I keep always thinking about when I'll get it back, so I have lent it grudgingly. And, Phil, I've never once stopped to listen to what I might hear; you know those men what they must have heard to make them want to follow Him. I thought I was 'following,' but my ears and heart have been so stopped up with thoughts that I couldn't hear. O, Phil! I dare not think ahead, I dare not plan all I mean, and want, the lesson I heard to teach me; I'm only just going to keep still, very still, Phil, and listen. I'm only beginning to understand what I've missed in my deafness, and blindness, and selfishness."

Phil understood, but said nothing just then. After a little while he spoke: "Since we're 'fessing up I may as well tell you—it was an eye-opener to me, too, that sermon. The delay I fretted so about brought me up here to hear it, you see, and hearing it set me thinking that likely one good reason it came for just now was, that I could take another off on that little jaunt to New York. She misses father, you know, to take her about, and I haven't been as thoughtful as I might. So, as you are home, she can get off all right. I guess you and I have been following, without hearing or seeing, lately; but it will be a thanksgiving day to us, surely, if we've learned the preacher's lesson—God bless him."

"What shall I preach?" said the preacher, as he closed his study door upon the world, and read over again the letter asking him to fill the pulpit in that musty little church. "How shall I preach to a strange people whose needs I do not know, and satisfy them as they listen—what shall I preach?"

"Sing? what shall I sing?" cried Cuddmon of old, while he guarded the stable at night. "How can I sing; I, who have never learned the songs like the others; whose lips and tongue are dumb to the thoughts of my heart—what would I sing?"

"Sing!" still commanded the vision, "sing of the creation, of the glory of God. Sing!"

The monk sang. "It is a song from heaven!" the people cried as they heard. And his sweet alliteration of sacred history yet lives. 'Twas God in his voice—His Word cannot return unto Him void.

The preacher preached; and who shall say where his words ended. The boats loaned, the boats held back from loaning, the deaf, the blind, the selfish, are they only in Chris Harding's heart, or are they the world? Then preach, preacher, your field is the world.—*World-Examiner.*

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'91. Summer Arrangement. '91.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
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Fast express for Halifax, ... 14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago, ... 16.35
Night Express for Halifax, ... 22.30
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Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express Trains between St. John and Halifax.
Trains will Arrive at Saint John.
Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted), ... 6.10
Fast express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, ... 8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene, ... 15.50
Day express from Halifax, ... 18.10
Fast express from Halifax, ... 23.30
The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 6.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.
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All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
17th June, 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 27th JULY, 1891, Trains will run as follows:
LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8.20 a. m., arrive at Annapolis 12 noon. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 7.05 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Weymouth 4.45 p. m.
LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 1.20 p. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5.00 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.10 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.
LEAVE Weymouth—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.
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At Yarmouth, with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
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