SNOW-FLAKES.

Through the chilly winter morning,
Through the gloomy veil of mist,
Came the snow-flakes thickly falling,
Hiding everything they kissed—
Every window-sill and door-step,
And the stones beneath the feet,
Till a pall of perfect whiteness
Covered all the silent street.

Soon the feet of busy people,
Passing to their daily toil,
Trod the whiteness out and marred it
With the grimy stain of soil;
Till the trampled mass presented
But a sad and painful sight—
Painful in its wretched contrast
With the snow of yesternight.

In the chilly winter morning
Came a little soul one day,
Swift as any mountain daisy
Growing in its bed of clay.
Fair the face that shone above it,
Lithe the limbs that made its prison;
It was fairer than the snow-flakes
Ere the morning sun had risen.

Soon the hasting feet of Passion
Trod the soul and beat it down;
And a sinful hand defiled it
In the markets of the town;
Till the face had lost its beauty
And the limbs grown worn and thin,
With the wretchedness that follows
In the deadly track of sin.

Sullied snow is never whitened,
Never can be fair again;
But there is a purifying
For the sinful souls of men;
And the print of evil footsteps
In the downward path we tread,
May be blotted out forever,
By the mercy of our God.

—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

OUT FROM DARKNESS.

It was in a tall tenement house, that a woman lay upon a miserable bed in the corner of a room, dark, cold and damp. A young babe was lying beside her and the guardon of motherhood so recently acquired accounted for the pallid face.

A table and two or three chairs were grouped about the bed. No comforts, no tiniest scrap of color or brightness lightened the dismalness of the place. Curtains would have been a superfluity for every ray of light was precious. The window-panes were dingy, cracked and adorned with many cobwebs, for this poor creature upon the bed had long been too feeble, too heart-sick to keep up her routine of domestic duties.

It was nearing noon now, and the poor room was as nearly cheerful as it ever became, the noon-day sun peering in at one corner of the dingy window, throwing a ray of light across the corner of the table, but bringing out the litter of crumbs upon it, the soiled plates and cups, cracked and discolored with long use.

A man had eaten breakfast there long hours before, and after doing what he could for his sick wife and the babe, had gone to his day's work. Tom McGlenn was not a bad man at heart; when he could let the drink alone he was even thoughtful and kind, but with liquor in, reason, kindness and all better qualities went out, and he was cross and brutal.

Still she clung to him and suffered this bitter poverty with him. Every day his going out was a menace, and his coming in a dread. Every day that he came home sober but brought her nearer to that "next time," when he should be in a drunken debauch. To-day she listened apprehensive at every footfall upon the rickety stairs, unsteady or firm her trained ear could detect so quickly.

Handsome Tom McGlenn had been "only a little wild," when he first met her, a happy, rosy girl in a country home; he thought it no harm to take "a social glass occasionally," and so Mary had married him, against the wishes and advice of her friends.

They had come to the city where Kate had a good position. Losing it through his growing love of drink, they had drifted—drifted—and always *down*, until they landed in this miserable tenement where Mary lay with her young babe waiting for, yet dreading Tom's return.

She had one spot of cheerfulness in her dreary life. The room opposite hers in the next tenement was occupied by a poor, but happy and respectable family. They were neat and painstaking, and the little room was clean as hands could make it. A bit of cheese-cloth draped the upper sash of the window, and a growing plant stood there, ready to catch every ray of light, imparting far more than it received, as poor Mary McGlenn watched each leaf and flower with interest and delight.

Perhaps some idea of the cheer which a glimpse of their sunnier home life could carry into that gloomy room had entered into the little widow's heart, for she seldom shaded her window at night, and Mary could see her as she drew out her table for the evening meal; then later as she undressed her children, drawing them about her knee for their evening prayer—carrying her back to the time when she, too, said prayers at a gentle mother's knee in happy innocence of the bitter experiences in store for her. They had lost sight of her at home, in her frequent changes, and of late Mary had had no heart to remind them of her miserable existence.

"If you would only help me to sit up a bit, Tom. I get so tired lying here." Tom had come home in an unusually pleasant temper.

"All right, my girl; and how is the kid?"

"He's slept all the morning." She turned her thin face toward the child with a shade of that loving tenderness which happier mothers show their babes.

She could not rejoice in bringing a life into the world when she had nothing but misery and want to offer it.

"Thank you, Tom." Wrapping her in a faded shawl, he had seated her in the one battered rocker in the room, drawn close to the window, where she could see the plant, now covered with bloom.

His thoughtfulness touched her, and, drawing his head down, to his surprise, she kissed him. There was a passionate longing in her heart for something warmer and better than the cheerless life she led.

"Eh, Mary, what is it?" he said, with an awkward attempt at tenderness, stroking the hair off her forehead with his rough hand until she looked more wan and wild than before. It had been so long since there had been anything like sentiment between them that he shrank from it. A cry from the bed created a welcome diversion.

"There's the little chap," he said, turning quickly.

"Tom, do you suppose the woman over there would come in to see me?" she asked with hesitation, as he brought her the child.

"What's your notion o' that, Mary? Mrs. Mulrooney 'll be in soon.

"But she's so coarse, Tom. That one over there is more like what I was used to. I'm sure she would do me good."

"Do you want me to go up an' ask 'er?"

"If you only would, Tom."

Half an hour later he stood at the neighbor's door and told his errand. Dolly Barrows was a small, brown-eyed woman, one of that kind who enters into another's life with cheery impulsiveness and makes their need her opportunity.

"Why, yes, of course I'll come. I can bring my sewing and sit awhile as well as not." She made buttonholes on a class of work demanding the best skill, and, with the aid of her widow's pension, managed to make a living by it. With kindly forethought she arranged a plate of food from her own scanty store, and with it, covered over with the remains of a fine linen napkin in one hand, and her sewing in the other, she soon made her appearance in Mary's room.

"Seems like I knew you," said the sick woman gratefully, as the little widow sat opposite and talked, cheerfully, hopefully bringing out the bright side of every thought, and listening with patient interest to the story of sadness which poor Mary, in her longing for sympathy, poured out.

"I've watched you so much through the window. If you only knew how much good it's done me—just the lookin' on."

"Well, I'm right glad if 't has," Dolly replied heartily. "I'll always leave the curtains up now."

"I s'pose you've had your troubles too?" Mary's eyes rested on the faded, black dress.

"Yes, I've had troubles; but I've had a partner in 'em, or I don't know how I could a bore 'em."

"*A partner?*" Mary's voice had an inquiring inflection.

"Yes, the Lord Jesus Christ. If He hadn't taken hold of the heavy end I don't know how I could have borne what I have."

"I used to hear tell o' Him when I was a girl," Mary replied wearily; "but I've mostly lost all track o' Him late years. Why, ma'am, I hain't been inside a church or heerd a sermon in fifteen years."

"Poor soul!" cried Dolly. "How can you bear it?"

"Churches an' r'ligion hain't for such as me. I'm too low down for that."

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Dolly eagerly. "You're just the one as needs 'em most. Don't you now know the blessed Christ didn't go to the rich to make friends, but to the poor, the outcast and the sick? It's them that needs Him the most that He meets half way."

The little widow brought more of brightness into the miserable home than it had known for many a day. She tidied the room, making the most of the poor material she found to do with, and when she left, Mary was snugly tucked up in the newly-made bed with the baby on her arm, and more of hope and courage in her poor heart than she had known for many a day.

Tom kept sober for a remarkably long time—so long in fact that even Mary dared to hope for better things, and to look for his home-coming with unusual cheerfulness; and more of comfort too crept into the dark room as Tom's earnings came in with regularity.

Dolly Barrows' first visit was not her last, and a tin can, in which was a growing slip off the plant Mary had admired so much, was upon her dingy window still. The baby laughed now, bless him. He had not learned what a sad, unmirthful world he had come into, and added his little mite of good-fellowship and cheer, and upon the whole Mary's lot was brighter.

Dolly Barrows' words on that first visit had taken a haunting hold of her heart. "You're the very one who needs it most," and a growing sense of a pressing need of something beyond the merely physical, kept hold of her with a clinging pertinacity.

* * * * * *

It was a dark and rainy night, and the great audience-room where Mr. Moody was holding his wonderful meetings lifted slowly, men coming in damp and with muddy feet, women enshrouded in waterproofs, drawn there by a charm which they could not resist.

Upon one of the front seats during the ingathering of the thousands, sat a woman with a puny babe in her arms. She had no waterproof garment to protect her from the wet, no tight shoes to keep her poor feet dry in the slippery streets, only an old dingy shawl drawn closely across her breast, on which slept the babe; a faded, battered thing upon her head which had once been called a bonnet.

When Mr. Moody rose to begin the service, her eyes were fixed upon his face with a hungry, beseeching look which was a revelation in itself. *Come ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* It was a wonderful message, fitting into her sore need as if it had been spoken for herself alone; and she drank it in eagerly, joyfully, the tears streaming down her faded cheeks like rain. How weary she was—*how* heavy laden, for Tom had been upon another spree of late, and the dark home was darker still for its recent light.

My yoke is easy, and My burden is light. The baby upon her breast began to nestle and to cry, and the poor mother tried to hush it. She had given it all the food she could, and it was still unsatisfied and half-starved, poor little creature. Heads began to turn, and unsympathetic eyes looked fretfully at the little disturber of the meeting, and with a heavy heart Mary arose. How could she leave this rich feast of hope and peace spread out before her, yet she must not stay to annoy others, and with disappointed grief in her large, sad eyes, she looked up in Mr. Moody's kind face as she turned to go.

He read it all—her pitiful longing, her great need, and called out cheerily, "Sit down, good mother. Let the baby cry if it wants to. I can talk louder than it can cry. And now, good friends, do not look at the mother but just pray that the Lord will bless her. Probably she has no one to take care of the baby for her, and she may not have been in church before for years."

Mary sat down again with a grateful look upon her pinched face, and the child soon dropped off to sleep, while she drank in the remainder of the sermon, her tired soul reveling in the luxury of this water of life.

It was done, and Mr. Moody was asking any who had a desire for salvation to arise. Salvation; ah, yes, how she wanted it—how she needed the rock, Christ Jesus, to flee to in her weary life; and the first one in all that great assembly, she arose with her baby in her arms, and presented herself for prayer.

Many others arose also, and Mr. Moody then asked those who wished to become Christians to go into the enquiry room. The baby had awakened as Mr. Sankey began singing, and she hesitated in distress. A tall young man stepped up to her saying respectfully: "Let me take the baby while you go in."

She did not look into his kind face in the intensity of her great desire, but placing the child in her arms, she hastened away in glad relief. He was a stalwart young fellow, a new recruit in the Lord's army, burning to do something for the Master. Could he have chosen a more unselfish service than walking up and down those aisles, before the assembled thousands, with a crying baby in his arms?

It was his first experience in nursing; Christ washed the disciples' feet once only during His ministry, but the service was glorified by its motive, and when the pale mother came out, her face transfigured with the joy of a redeemed soul, he was more than repaid.

He looked at her with a warm smile of sympathy, he had scarcely glanced at her face before, and how he started in surprise, "Mary McGlenn, is it you?"

Perhaps he might not have recognized her with that old, grey look of trouble upon her face, but this new experience of love and peace had brought back a semblance of her lost youth and beauty.

She looked up into his face with wildly joyful eyes. "It is Nelson, my own dear brother," she said aloud, nearly dropping the child in her eagerness to embrace him.

"Oh, Nell, I am so happy," she whispered as they stood in the vestibule, "I have found my Lord, I have found you, and now I am sure *He* will help us to rescue poor Tom." And bearing the baby, which, rocked in the brother's arms was sweetly asleep, they passed out rejoicing into the rainy night.

—*Union Signal.*

Paying Back.

"Please, mother, call Jessie in; we want to go down to the mill and home by the race, and we don't want to be bothered with Jessie."

Netta Wallace stood at her mother's open window holding the little two-year-old by the hand. Virginia waited at a little distance.

"But I want to go, too," sobbed the little one; "I have walked to the mill ever so often, and I want to go, too."

"Why don't you take her, Netta?" asked her mother, stopping the whirr of her busy machine-wheel to settle this little trouble.

"Oh, she is such a bother!" cried Netta, fretfully; "she has to be lifted over the fences and led by the hand, and she is in the way."

"Come here, Virginia," called the mother, turning away from the machine and leaning out of the window. "Sit down there on the grass, all of you, I want to tell you a little bit of a story, but it is a short one and will not keep you back long.

"Thirteen years ago there came into a certain house that I know of a wee, little, pink baby. She was a great joy to everybody in the house, but she was also a good deal of trouble. She was washed, and dressed, and fed, and put to sleep, and nursed, and rocked, and carried around, and nobody ever once complained of the trouble. In two years more another little baby came, and then, of course, the mother had her hands full. Then there were two little maids to be washed, and dressed, and fed, put to sleep, and nursed, and carried around, and played with, and sewed for. Still nobody thought of complaining or once called them a trouble.

"When mother and father went to walk babies went too; their little hands were held, their little feet lifted over rough places, and everything was done to make them happy.

"As the years went by these two little maids grew tall, and strong, and independent, while other little ones took their places in the family to be cared for and helped. Now, if you had been those maids, my daughters, how would you have behaved to the little ones? Would you have said, 'Go away, children, and don't bother,' or would you have tried to pay back some of the care, and love, and trouble?'

"Oh, mother," said Virginia, "were those little maids named Netta and Virginia?"

"It is strange, but I think they were," said mother, smiling.

"Come, Jess," interrupted Netta, taking this way to answer her mother's question; "it's time we were off on our walk."

And dear little Jessie, who had not been able to make head or tail out of the story, sprang from the grass with a happy bound, clouds all gone, rain drops, too, and her sunshining brightly.—*Sunday school Advocate.*

—"Beauty" may be "only skin deep;" but the secret of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply complexions may, in most cases, be rendered soft, smooth, and fair by the persevering and systematic use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— Capt. Easton, of Clarendon, Charlotte Co., said it was a pleasure to him to recommend Hawker's Tolu as a remedy for coughs and colds. He had proved its power in his own case.

— If you have a hacking cough that distresses you and annoys others—particularly in church—send 12 cents in stamps to G. A. Moore, chemist, St. John, N. B., for a box of Hacknomore lozenges. They give immediate relief.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Going into Port.

A writer has recently said that "young men think it hard launching out, but it is harder far to go into port gracefully."

After one has led a busy life and been a necessity to help off the world's work, it is rather humiliating to take a seat in the corner and give up to others the details which we have been actively familiar with for years.

The old father and mother on the farm find the work they used to do, so easily and well has become a tax and care beyond their strength. But they do hate to give up. The young folks wonder why they don't gracefully give up their places as managers and let them take the care. They can't understand why father will keep "puttering" and mother getting so tired baking all the forenoon, when she used to be spry and prompt and have all such work out of the way by dinner-time. They think father and mother would be glad to give up, and cannot understand why they are not, and won't understand it until they are as old as their parents. Age steals upon us unawares; we arrive at the conclusion that we are old men and women rather by powers of reflection than a felt fact. Ann Gilbert, on her 80th birthday, wrote:

"Yes, eighty years! They did not crawl,
Nor, as we fancy, fly;—
They kept their pace with Time's footfall,
And slid in silence by."

It is not until we find it a felt fact that "the grasshopper is a burden" that we are willing to take the retired corner. Then the dear old people take the household goods that have the dearest associations connected with them and go gracefully into port—into the two south rooms of the old farm house—and let John and Mary carry on the farm.

Father sits down by the window with his daily newspaper, tells the dearly-loved, silver-haired woman sitting near him how wicked the world is getting to be, and how full of evil it is, and wonders what will become of the whole country. Then he looks out and sees John and his hired man in the pasture, and he says: "John doesn't fodder the sheep the way I used to; my way was better," and he gets up to take his hat and go out, but the little woman says: "Father, you know when we gave up we gave up entirely, and we said we would not meddle. Mary's doughnut fat is burning, but I shan't say a word; and there was enough butter left on top of her buttermilk this morning to make a little pat of butter for dinner, but I didn't speak of it. It would not have conduced to those things that make for peace."

The dear old people have gone gracefully into port. Every morning the family come into grandpa's and grandma's room for family worship. The grandchildren come in often with their broken toys to be mended, or to hear a story about when grandpa and grandma were young like themselves. It is the best place in the house—that sitting-room of the dearly-loved grandparents.

"We are almost through," the dear old wife says to the man by whose side she has walked for half a century. "We are on the borders of the better country, and we will let the younger ones, who are following on after us, learn that there is more rejoicing here than in parts more remote from the kingdom, that 'the air we breathe is very sweet and pleasant, and that as we draw near the city we have a better view thereof.'"

Those rooms become consecrated ground for the two souls who have learned through discipline and sorrow how to trust the Lord, kneel alone together in the early morning and at nightfall to pray for the dear ones under the roof, and for those, also, who have gone out from the home to do life's important and wearing work.

But there are others who are suffering from the infirmities of age who do not go gracefully into port. They cannot bear to give up, and in their efforts to continue to help on the work they only hinder the younger and strong ones in their duties. These dear old souls will persist in telling how much better things were done when they were able to do them. They do not encourage the workers of the present time by words of commendation and kindly counsel. They are irritated by the children's noise and amazed at the trivial things that young people are interested in. They almost persuade themselves that when they are gone the world will all go to pieces. They feel that the young people are not thoughtful enough of their comfort, and that they are not appreciated. They are unhappy themselves and they make others unhappy.

We are all growing old, and, if we live long enough, we shall find that because of the infirmities of age we cannot do the work that we are now doing. We are forming characteristics that in the days of our infirmities will make us an example which is uplifting and ennobling to those who care for us, and to whom our closing days would be a blessing; or we are allowing ourselves to grow penurious, bitter, selfish and uncharitable, and will prove a source of trial to our loved ones. As we grow older let us lean harder on the Lord; let us study His holy Word more, and be guided by it.—*Susan Teal Perry, in The Watchman.*

"And did you hear the sermon, Mose,
At meeting here to-day?"
"Yes, sah, I heard de sermint sah,"
"What did the preacher say?"
"He says, ses he, his tex was dis,
'A k'lection 'il be took up';
So 'nejitly I retch my hat
An' out de do' I scup."

— What I can do with my single arm may be mean enough; but that is not the question. The thing to consider is, what can I do with God to help me? And the difference of the one and the other is the difference between a man trying to push a train of cars up grade by his single puny strength, and the same man on a locomotive with the steam up, moving the whole mass by a turn of the wrist.—*Robert Colyer, D. D.*

— K. D. C. cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. Try it! Free sample, guarantees and testimonials sent to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd. New Glasgow, N. S., or 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

"Resting."

"The word is very appropriate," some one said, who stood among the little group about the woman's casket.

I glanced at the wreath of flowers upon the casket, and then at the pillow of moss and white carnations that was placed upon the stand close by. I caught the word "Resting" woven into the background of moss, and then I knew to what word the speaker referred.

"I suppose the word 'resting' is always appropriate for one who has laid down life's burden," another lady said in reply.

"Yes, in a certain sense it is; but it is doubly so in the case of Mrs. N——. You did not know her very well, Mrs. A., or you would not have said that," the first lady added, quickly.

"No, not very well; but I have met her a few times, and she was always very busy," was the acknowledgment.

"Busy, yes—and always, too. I have known her for several years, and I never saw her at any time when she was not busy. In fact, she was obliged to be. Just look over her life-work and see what there was to be done, and then see how faithful she has been to every demand upon her time. This is the first time I ever saw a flower in her hand;" and the speaker smiled a little bitterly. She also looked around in a half-guilty manner, as if she had said something amiss.

But all of us, with the single exception, knew that the woman had spoken the truth, and we did not cast a reproving look at her. There may be cases, even in the presence of the quiet dead, when plain words are necessary, although it is generally the time when charity, tenderness and forgetfulness of wrong doing prevail.

"Yes, Mrs. N—— has had a good deal of work to do in order to bring up her large family of children, and the burden did not seem any less after she had prepared them for the active duties of life," I ventured to say.

"Did they not try to help her in her work and make her burden a little easier?" asked the lady who was not acquainted with Mrs. N—— as we were.

"Oh, yes, they have always been kind to her in a general way, but they had become so accustomed to see her drudge for others that they did not seem to look at the matter in its true light. Since she began to go down into the valley of silence, however, they have been more thoughtful," and again the speaker stopped abruptly.

The lady who made the inquiry evidently understood the story, true of so many weary mothers, and she smiled as she looked at the pale, wrinkled face, wreathed with smilax and lilies of the valley, and said:

"Well, she is resting now, and very peaceful she looks in her casket-bed."

I looked again at the sweet, calm face, and for once I detected a glow of contentment and peace, that had come over it just as the burden slipped from her tired hands. Her face in life had always worn a pleasant look, and in spite of the traces of care resting upon it was sweet and lovable; but it was at last touched with a fairer light of peace and rest than earth can ever write upon the human features. To be sure, death had not smoothed out the lines of care from the woman's face, or brought back the gleam of gold to the hair that had prematurely been touched with the threads of silver, but it did leave the kiss of everlasting rest upon the saintly dead. Surely the word "Resting" was appropriate.

More flowers were brought to grace the funeral scene, as the children came from their near and distant homes to see the dear mother laid away in the old cemetery. And as they sent out their sweet perfume and cast a glow of beauty about the scene, it did really seem as though the dead woman's life had been a flowery one also. But if a thrill of admiration had ever lifted up her soul at the sight of God's beautiful flowers, she had not the time to linger in their sunlight for one brief moment, for duty was ever before her, leading her away from all the beautiful things of the world.

Tears and flowers were plentiful until the tired form was hidden from view forever, and flowers were planted upon her quiet resting-place. A white monument was erected above "Mother," and upon it were the words—

"AT REST."

This is only one of the many women who thus live and die.—*Zion's Herald.*

Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood **poisoned with canker.** His eyes became so inflamed that his suffering were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the fainest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it **saved his sight,** even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ANNIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St. Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, 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
Express for Halifax	12.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Pt. du Chene, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	16.55

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 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	8.20
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	23.30

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st October, 1892.

Western Counties Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Thursday, 5th January, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.35 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 12.45 p. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.57 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 5 25 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John, every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston, for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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April 8.

*** The matter which this page contains is c fully selected from various sources; and we gua tee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, contents of this single page, from week to week ing the year, will be worth several times the scription price of the paper.

IN GLADNESS.

Out of our pain and struggle,
Up from our grief and dole,
We are swift to cry to the Healer
For the touch that makes us whole.]
Swift with our passionate pleading
For the help of the King Divine,
One look of whose face can lighten
All trouble of yours and mine.

Alas! we are not so ready,
In the day of our joy and crown,
With the palms and the fragrant incense
Laid at His altar down;
And how it must grieve the Master
That His own are so slow to praise,
In the flush of their peace and gladness,
The goodness which brims the days.

Lord, for Thy waves of blessing,
Lord, for Thy breezes of balm,
For our hopes, our work and our wages,
And the bliss of our household's calm,
For the gold of our garnered harvests,]
For our ships that are sailing the sea,
For the human loves that sublime us,
Oh! whom can we thank but Thee?

Forgive that we weep like children,
And the shadow that comes for a nigh
And are heedless again like children,
When gladness returns with the light
Forgive that the earth-cares fret us,
And the burdens bind us down,
And still let us walk in the sunshine,
And not in the gloom of Thy frown.

Oh! lift us, Lord, to the summits,
Whereon we may dwell with Thee!
Oh! teach us how we may worship
The Saviour who sets us free;
That so, in our joy and triumph,
As aye in our grief and dole,
We may go in our love to the Healer,
The touch of whose hand makes whe

—MARGARET E. SAN

THE HOME.

Our Daughters.

The curse of our modern soc that our young women are taug the first, second, third, fourth sixth, seventh, fiftieth, thousandt in their life is to *get somebody* *care of them.* Instead of that, th lesson should be how, under Go may *take care of themselves.* The fact is that the majority of the to take care of themselves, and th after having, through the false of their parents, wasted the y which they ought to have learn successfully to maintain themsel is inhuman and cruel for any fa mother to pass their daught womanhood having given th facility for earning their live Madame de Stael said: "It is n writings that I am proud of, but that I have facilities in five occu in any of which I could make hood." We should teach our da that work of any kind, when ne is a credit and honor to them. shame for a young woman belo a large family to be inefficien the mother and father toil th away for her support. It is a s a daughter to be idle while her toils at the wash-tub. It is h to sweep the house, make be hats, as it is to play the piano watch-chain or embroider a s *Selected.*

Dante Rossetti's Love St

When Gabriel Dante Rosset boy he was deeply in love with girl: and having a poet's gift a poet's love in numerous son verses to her. She died young her wish the manuscripts poems were placed in a casket under her head, so that even i sleep they should be as the had been, kept beneath he Years passed by and Rossetti grew until every line of his co became precious, and some of t prized his writings most asked copies of the songs that had bee He had kept no copies, or been lost. At all events he nish none, and when they ask re-write the verses he declared was utterly unable to do so. A friends importuned him for p to have the original manus humed. He consented after s tation, and, all the necessary p ries having been complied grave which had been sealed years was opened in the pres wondering few. Then a stra was found. The casket cont poems had proven to be of material, and its cover had away. The long tresses of th grown after death, and had t intertwined among the lea poet's paper, coiling around t words of love in a loving em after death had sealed the dimmed the eyes that had sponse to that love.

The Homely Girl.

There are a great many pe world, more, indeed, than even ever imagine, who are fond of homely girls. And most excellent reason for t of us who go about the wor eyes open have found it an to discover that pretty gir great deal on their looks for in which they are held, inde them presume a great deal fact, and with good reason.

Somebody has some time in their hearing that May hadn't the most agreeable the world, but really was so one couldn't very well find her. And this has been qu

It isn't easy for even good-ed people always to restrain and ill-temper, even when that the opinions of those demand it, but once they pression that all sorts of th forgiven them because they the causes are at work inevitably make a pretty intolerable.

"The homeliest woman said an elderly lady, not "was the most charming and in time I found her the When she was a child, she years made very unhappy sonal appearance, as her were never weary of telli unprepossessing looks; bu