

THE EVENING HYMN.

When the hot summer daylight is dyin,
And the mist through the valley has
rolled,
And the soft velvet clouds to the westward
Are purple, with trimmin's of gold,
Then, down in the meadow-grass, dusky,
The crickets chirp out from each nook,
And the frogs with their voices so husky
Jine in from the marsh and the brook.
The chorus grows louder and deeper,
An owl sends a hoot from the hill,
The leaves on the elm-trees are rustlin,
A whippoorwill calls by the mill;
Where swamp honeyauckles are bloomin,
The breeze scatters sweets on the night,
Like incense the evenin' perfumins,
With fireflies for candles alight.

And the noise of the frogs and the crickets
And the birds and the breeze air to me
Lots better than high-toned suppers,
Although they don't git to 'high C.'
And the church, with its grand painted
skylight,
Seems cramped and forbiddin' and grim,
Side of my old front porch in the twi-
light,
When God's choir sings its "Evenin'
Hymn."
—Joe Lincoln.

FIRE FROM FRICTION.

It is well known that some savage
tribes are accustomed to obtain fire by
the friction of dry wood, but white men
trying the experiment usually fail.
The method used by a native Indian
tribe, the Yanadis, of Madras Presiden-
cy, is described in a recent bulletin of
the Madras Government Museum. In
a short stick a square cavity is made.
The stick is then laid on the ground
and held firmly in place by one operat-
or, while another rapidly twirls be-
tween his hands a longer stick, one end
of which rests in the cavity. From
the fire thus produced dry leaves or a
rag can be ignited.

Omaha Teacher—"Can any of the class
explain to me why the way of the trans-
gressor is hard?"
Omaha Spark—"I guess it's 'cause it's
travelled so much."—Omaha World.
She—"But a chaperone is an awful
bore."
He—"Yes, she is apt to ma' the occa-
sion."—Harvard Lampoon.

**AFTER SHAVING
FOND'S EXTRACT**

COOLS, COMFORTS AND
HEALS THE SKIN, EN-
DURING THE MOST TEN-
DER FACE TO ENJOY A
CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT
UNPLEASANT RESULTS.

Avoid dangerous, irritat-
ing Witch Hazel prepara-
tions represented to be "the same
as" Fond's Extract, which
easily soor and generally
contain "wood alcohol," a
deadly poison.



COWAN'S
PERFECTION
Cocoa.

It makes children healthy
and strong.

WANTED.

In Connection with our Schools at
Wolfville.
2. A man and his wife to work in Acadia
Seminary, the man to do the work of a
man servant and the woman to do laundry
work.
3. Two girls to work in dining-room of
Acadia Seminary.
For full particulars as to terms, duties,
etc., write to the undersigned.
A. COHOON, Sec'y Ex. Com.
Wolfville, N. S., July 1.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—
Inmost refreshment, unexpressed.
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before,
Though these be much, there yet is more.
The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.
—Lucy Larcom.

GETTING THE MOUNTAIN VIEW.

A good deal depends on the position we
occupy as securing an extensive and desir-
able view near us and beyond. At the
foot of a lofty mountain we can usually see
even less than on the plain we have just
left. But to clamber up one of the peaks of
Sinai, or of the Alps, or of the Rocky
Mountains, gives another and a far differ-
ent view. Mountain and plain, sky and
earth, have a different look as our eyes
take in the sweep of what is above us and
below us, and around us and beyond us
near and far. Yet the change is not in the
scenery which we are viewing, it is in the
standpoint which we occupy as we look.
As it is in the natural world, so it is in the
moral and spiritual world. The higher we
rise, the more we can see, and the better
we can judge that at which we look. We
cannot comprehend persons and things
just on our level, but as we rise to a loftier
height all is seen clearer and in better
proportion. Let us therefore gain a higher
position, in order to know what is on our
level, and what is above it and below.
—S. S. Times.

THE GLORY OF OUR BEING.

To believe in the Father in heaven gives
worth and dignity to life. Man is not,
then, an atom of matter flung about heed-
lessly by every current of cosmic force and
ground up between the mill wheels of
merciless laws. He is a spirit, a child of
the eternal, partaker of the divine nature,
and his destiny is under loving care. No
hair falls from his head unseen. All things
must work together for his good. He is
no longer an orphaned soul, lonely in a
lifeless universe, yearning for a father-love
that does not exist, he is a child of a king,
even now attended by royal ministers and
homeward bound to see his Father face to
face.—Sunday-school Times.

ALONE WITH GOD.

In the days of hurry and bustle we find
ourselves face to face with a terrible danger
and it is this: No time to be alone with
God. The world, in these last days, is
running fast. We live in what is called
the "age of progress," and, you know, we
must keep pace with the times. So the
world says. But this spirit of the world
has not confined itself to the world. It is,
alas! to be found among the saints of God,
and what is the result? The result is, no
time to be alone with God, and this is
immediately followed by no inclination to
be alone with God.

Let us turn to the pages of God's Book.
On scanning its precious pages we find that
the men of God—God's mighty men—were
those who had been in "the school of God,"
as it has been well said, and his school was
simply this: "In the desert alone with
Himself." It was here they got their
teaching. Far removed from the din of
the haunts of men—distant alike from
human eye and ear—there they met alone
with God, there they were equipped for
the battle. And when the time came that
they stood forth in public service for God
their faces were not ashamed—nay, they
had faces as lions, they were bold and
fearless, yes, and victorious for God, for
the battle had been won already in the
desert with him.—London Christian.

DR. HODGE'S PRAYER.

"As far back as I can remember," said
a wise and good man, "I had the habit of
thanking God for everything I received,
and of asking him for everything I wanted.
If I lost my book, or any of my playthings,
I prayed that I might find it, I prayed
walking along the streets, in school or out
of school, whether playing or studying. I

did this because it seemed natural to do so.
I thought of God as everywhere present,
full of kindness and love, who would not
be offended if children talked to him."

That man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the
distinguished scholar and preacher. How
happy all children would be if they were
to talk with God as to their father, which
he did as a child, and had also the habit of
thanking God! Too often when our
prayers are answered we forget to give
God thanks.

The child who talks with God will not
be likely to use bad words at any time.
His speech and his heart will be sanctified
by communing with one who is perfectly
pure and loving, so that only words which
are good and pleasant will flow from his
lips.—Sel.

To be glad of life because it gives you
the chance to love and to work and to
play and to look up at the stars, to be
satisfied with your possessions, but not
content with yourself until you have made
the best of them, to despise nothing in the
world except falseness and meanness, and
to fear nothing except cowardice, to be
governed by your admiration rather than
by your disgusts, to covet nothing that is
your neighbor's except his kindness of
heart and gentleness of manners, to think
seldom of your enemies, often of your
friends, and every day of Christ, and to
spend as much time as you can with body
and spirit in God's out-of-doors—these are
the little guide posts on the footpath to
peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

The hands that tend the sick tend Christ,
the willing feet that go on errands of love
work for Christ, the words of comfort to
the sorrowful, and of sympathy to the
mourner, are spoken in the name of Christ
—Christ comforts the world through his
friends. How much have you done for
him? What sort of a friend have you
been to him? God is working through his
people, Christ is succoring through his
friends—it is the vacancies in the ranks of
his friends wherein the mischief lies;
come and fill one gap.—Arthur F. Wington-
Ingram.

If God gives me work to do, I will thank
him that he has bestowed upon me a
strong arm; if he give me danger to
brave, I will bless him that he has not
made me without courage; but I will not
go down on my knees and beseech him to
fit me for my task, if he tells me it is only
to stand and wait.—Jean Ingelow.

It is the demands, not the promises that
make men of us; the responsibilities, not
the enjoyments, that raise us to the stature
of men and women.—P. T. Forsyth.

Death can never interrupt a faithful
Christian life. When we feel the touch
upon our shoulder and hear the word
whispered in our ear, we may be at our
work or on a journey, walking the
street or asleep in our beds, praying at
church or fishing in the country.
What difference does it make? We are
trying to please our God in what is our
business just then. Sacred places and
times have no superior advantage for
the dying. Sacredness is in the motive
of the heart that would do everything
as unto the Lord, dying along with the
rest. As heaven is still the glad doing
God's will, where is there any interrup-
tion?—M. D. Babcock, D. D.

A POLITICAL OPPORTUNITY.

The Sun, published by W. D. Rutan,
of Manito, Man., in discussing the pro-
hibition question and referring to the
recent convention at Winnipeg, advises
the prohibitionists to make an appeal to
the leaders of the Liberal party to make
the putting into operation of the Manitoba
Liquor Act a plank in their platform.
This, it is stated, was the position of the
Liberal party at the last election. The
Sun says: "The present Act is just so
much work done and lies ready at their
hand already tested, and if they were sin-
cere in making the promise, there ought
to be no hesitancy in putting the Act into
operation. It might not work out as ex-
pected, but it can easily be amended and
the weak points made strong. If the Lib-
eral party refuses to pledge itself to that
policy, it would be well then to have an-
other meeting of prohibitionists to consid-
er the advisability of adopting a more
aggressive policy that will make somebody
willing to legislate in the interests of a
vast majority of the people of Manitoba."
—Sel.

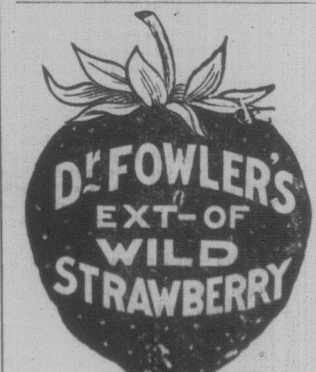


Do not go without
Abbey's Salt!

If you have a bottle of Abbey's
in your travelling bag, you are safe
from the discomfort and danger of
constipation, biliousness, sour stom-
ach and kindred ailments that mar
the pleasure of a holiday trip.
Take a teaspoonful of

Abbey's
Effervescent
Salt

in a glass of water before breakfast
and it will keep you well for the
rest of the day.
Tell your druggist you want
'Abbey's.'



FOR
**DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,
COLIC, CRAMPS,
PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
AND ALL
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**

ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS.
IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM.
RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effectual.

EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. TAKE NO OTHER.

PRICE, - 35c.

Chatham Commercial: A serious bi-
cycle accident occurred Sunday, August
4th. While on his way to church John
Cabel, of Napan, aged 20 years, stopped to
try a friend's bicycle, and as he was speed-
ing along the chapel road, accompanied
by another bicyclist, his wheel struck a
small cross bridge and Cabel was thrown
fully twenty feet ahead, landing upon a
boulder with great force. The young man
received such severe internal injuries that
he passed away Thursday morning. The
funeral on Friday was very largely attend-
ed. Archdeacon Forsyth conducted the
burial service at St. Paul's.