

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me, I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

Just One Page

BY SARA H. McKEE.
Fredericton, N. B.

Alone!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath
known.

Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word
—Alone?

As the last pupil has departed from the school room, the form of a pale and weary looking girl might be seen at her desk, with one hand pressing her forehead, while the heaving of an occasional sigh would show that she was enduring some deep mental anguish that sooner or later, would sap the vitality of her existence.

Yes, this child-like form, moulded as one of the purest models of nature's type, and gifted with talents of a superior order having a mind of intellectual rarity, also adorned with all those pleasing graces which enhance the charms of the fairer sex, was called upon to sacrifice all these upon one who was plunged into degradation and shame. Before going further, let us take a retrospective glance over the past—Three years ago, the pale and sad teacher of to-day was a lovely girl of sixteen summers, her features of classic mould were illuminated by orbs of deepest blue, and wreathed in smiles such as are an index to a mind pure and joyous.

She was looked upon as the guiding star in the social constellation of her many youthful friends. Her father was a talented lawyer, who had risen in his profession, until he had acquired considerable wealth and reputation. He had married early in life, the object of his first love—a being gifted and fair; but ere four summers had set their seal on this happy union, he with a despairing sorrow saw the tide of her life slowly ebb away until it receded beyond the wave of Time into the broad ocean of Eternity. Only those, who have passed this ordeal can realize that parent's feelings, as he pressed his only child to his bosom murmuring in accents of poignant anguish, "henceforth my idol, thou alone art left me to be my guiding star to bring me at last to the sainted being who has gone before. I will now devote my life to thy future happiness."

Alas! such resolutions are often made; but human nature is weak and Providence often shows us our frailty and helplessness unless we look to Him for support and guidance. We will now pass over the period which intervenes, and you will behold in Maud Hamilton the wreck of that idolized child. A few words will suffice to explain all—surrounded by wealth, affluence and luxury, and courted by a gay circle of friends who according to the world's version are "good hearted fellows whose only faults are that they injure themselves," this man of talent and popularity at last became a hopeless drunkard. The once happy home was converted into a scene of carousal and midnight revels, a fact which bore heavily upon the heart of the unhappy girl who tried by acts of the deepest solicitude, to save her father from the demon's grasp.

With sensitive nature she shrank beneath the gaze of her former friends, who had left her to struggle alone, and as the property and all personal effects passed rapidly out of their hands, she awoke to the bitter realization that nothing was left them and that her father was almost bereft of reason, daily sinking deeper into

ruin. At intervals he would wreak forth upon her such outbursts of frenzy that, with bursting heart, she would seek shelter in her own little room, and pouring forth fervent supplication at the fount of mercy to Him who never forsakes the fatherless, prays that He will not forsake her in her hour of trial; and then arising would feel subdued and refreshed, going forth to meet fresh trials, with the thought that there will be at last rest for her beyond the grave.

It was with feeling of gratitude that she received a situation as teacher of the district school, a task for which she was ably befitted as one possessed of superior culture, and also those endearing qualities which are so characteristic of successful teachers, and enthroned them in the hearts of their pupils.

As the days glided away, Maud Hamilton might be seen engaged in the routine of school work. In this arduous vocation, many were the cares devolving upon her. If we intrude in the school-room, as when we first introduced her, we will find her trying to struggle bravely in the battle of life, cheering herself with the hope that Heaven may lead her forth from the gloom and despair, that has thrown a pall over her existence.

It was with trembling limbs and aching head that she arose from her desk and taking her hat and shawl, murmuring in scarcely audible tones: "Yes I shall meet father; Heaven grant that he may be in a rational condition. Oh, that men who all themselves such will traffic in that deadly poison which brings ruin, crime, death and perdition in its train! Is there no power on earth to avert its destructive influence,—the time may come when the fell destroyer may be vanquished, but I shall be at rest."

PART SECOND.

A richly furnished parlour, the fire is burning brightly in the grate, the ruddy glow which is reflected by the crimson hangings gives a cheerful aspect, while in one corner is a young man reclining on a sofa, seeming to be absorbed in the contents of a letter which he holds in his hands.

He reads it slowly after which throwing himself back on the pillow, he indulges in outbursts of grief which shook his manly frame. As he at length recovered his self-possession, a fairy-like childish form stood at his side, and in an instant was folded in his arms—"Darling Mamie!" Fred! Oh I am so glad to be home once more, and find papa, mamma and you looking so well.

She at length rose to leave, when assuming a very grave expression said, Fred I have some sad news to tell you, I met Maud while away, she is truly a devoted girl, wearing out a miserable and unhappy existence to meet the demands of an ingrate parent. Unhappy existence! Ah, no, Maud's cannot be called an unhappy existence for she lives at it were in the communion of kindred spirits, who, borne on invisible wings, sympathize and sustain her, imparting to her a foretaste of heavenly life.

Fred, I shall not weary you, but I do love to speak of Maud. A sadness steals over me when I think of her uncomplaining sorrow.

How often I vainly wish for the time when she would enter here as in the days of her affluence. She is so proud and sensitive, but why does she so shrink from us, who would prove one devotion to her now? Dearest of brothers, I am probing a deep wound which will only open to lacerate; but seeing her passing daily to her school-house, looking so pale and resigned, her face is ever before me; I was resolved to unburden my mind to you, that we might avail of some means to induce Maud to become our confidant and companion, as in our school days.

Dear Mamie you are indeed a noble girl to anticipate my thoughts, but we must leave the matter in the hands of providence. He who over-rules all can only work what seems best and right, I have pleaded long and earnestly for a right to protect and relieve Maud; but she is determined never to renounce sole allegiance to her parent, until he either becomes his former self or is laid to rest. It seems quite a coincidence that as you enter I was engaged reading a letter from cousin Margaret, in which she tells me the same story of Maud, and intimates the same plan as you.

After some moments of silence the brother rose, and, pressing a fond kiss on his sister's fair forehead, sought the quiet of his own room, where his thoughts were deeply stirred by memories of the past.

He resolved once more on pressing his suit with Maud, to whom he had been betrothed in the sunny days of her existence. As she is seated at her accustomed desk in the school room, she is brought face to face with the man whom she loves with a deep and fervent love. The old familiar look, the many endearing associations called up, and the deep low pleading tones of that loved voice are struggling within the troubled bosom of the devoted girl. But as she unwarily invokes Heaven to her aid she clamorously replies.

Fred, I have a tie that binds me forever—May God bless you, my first and last love. Henceforth we must love apart but my earnest prayer shall daily ascend for you, and may you ever be a blessing to your friends and family. Maud must we part, oh take back those bitter words whose poignant touch sinks deeply through this wounded heart.

Fred, I am resolved.
Falling on her knees she pours forth a prayer; after which she calmly rose and

taking his hand in her's murmurs "farewell!" Time glided noiselessly away. The daily routine and monotonous round of school duties were performed by Maud with untiring zeal in the welfare of the school, which was manifest from the rapid progress of the pupils, also from the influence she exerted upon the development of their varied dispositions and tempers. She looked upon them as beings whose future was to be moulded by their present education. She labored ardently that they might reap the benefit. She was their guide and counsellor, whose laws were enacted by force of truth and love.

Life is a troubled sea ever restless ever changing, ruthless in its fury to heavy laden mortals tossed on its stormy bosom—borne down by its resistless tide, and become at last a prey to the merciless eddies of sorrow, sickness and death.

The trials and vicissitudes which Maud was forced to endure at last stamped their ravages on her physical forces. The canker deeply set will soon sap the fountain of life.

At the close of the summer term she was obliged to resign her charge. It was a sad scene to witness the parting between teacher and pupils. As she arose to address them for the last time, the mingling sobs of deep swelling grief burst forth with unrestrained feeling, which found a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the spectators. They feel that she never will recover to be again their loved teacher: Childhood's ken, sometimes, how prophetic.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

PART THREE.

The curtains are closely drawn; all is still; footsteps noiselessly glide to and fro; all nature appears hushed save the heavy breathing of a form lying upon a bed of snowy whiteness. As the face is turned to us it reveals the marble like features of Maud Hamilton, now prostrated upon her death-bed. She is gently nearing the portals of that other world, where her coming is awaited by a mother who left her awhile on earth that she might be purified by sorrow and suffering. A sweet smile illumines her countenance and throws over her a halo of light and peace. She eagerly looks for some familiar face.

A step approaches her beside, and her father is now bending over her with a look of despairing agony depicted in his gaze. He sees, alas! too late, that his child is dying; and as the pangs of remorse are surging over him, when he beholds the ravages made on the life of the angelic being so soon to pass away, he exclaims in agonizing tones, Maud can you forgive me; I who have robbed you of all comfort and happiness, I who deprived you of friends and earthly hopes, crushed your womanly affections, and blighted also the life of one whose only happiness was in your love:

Oh, my child! Ingrate that I was not to see this until too late. Wretch that I was to destroy thy happiness and accept thy life as a sacrifice to a degraded, shameless, despicable being. Oh! is there any hope for such as I? Is God still ready to hear me? Oh Father of all mercies hear my prayer. Restore my child to help and strength, and, looking unto Thee for guidance I will henceforth devote to Thee my future existence. I have become a sober man but oh! the price—the life blood of my child!

Burying his face in the pillows he gave vent to paroxysms of grief that would make the strongest weep.

Father, I am happy. Recall your wish I die resting on the bosom of my Saviour He is your hope. He will be your support. Her voice became weak.

As she pleads with Heaven for her penitent and sorrowing father, a well known manly form presents himself, and casts a long imploring look upon her whose existence was interwoven with his own. The scene is too sacred for other eyes, we draw the veil.

The last faint rays of the setting sun are illumining the western horizon in crimson and gold. The shades of evening are gently covering the face of nature that it may be in repose for the sombre garments of night.

A solemn quiet reigns over the village churchyard which rises to our view, and seems to say to us by the gentle zephyrs, waiting their cadence from the rustling leaves, that we too must learn the lesson of mortality and find rest within its pale.

Two gentlemen came slowly up the gravel walk, until they approached a grassy mound, over which waves a weeping willow.

They are gazing on a simple marble slab, bearing the following inscription:

OUR MAUD,
Asleep in Jesus.

They are busied in thoughts too deep for utterance standing beside the grave of one whose memory is deeply engraven upon each heart. Who those were, the reader can easily imagine.

The bowed form of the bereaved father is swayed to and fro with conflicting storms of grief which, as they surge over him, prostrate the physical forces of nature and leave him helpless as in infancy.

The young man standing by his side

wears a look of patient resignation, arising from a knowledge of some deep sorrow, whose purifying influence had absorbed his entire being, and toned his character with aspirations of a heavenly mould. He gently draws the arm of the sorrowing father within his own, and together they bend their steps homeward.

Alas! This is just one page in life's history. We could read many more, perhaps, more harrowing in their description, but hope some may learn a lesson from the one pictured here.



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