

LITERATURE.

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it ought to Him,
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart, and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of many psalms,
And bliss unafflicted by any strife:
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world, where the sorrows
be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
Or the busy world has too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrows that bowed me down He bears,
And lives, and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the strife is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

CONTENTMENT.

Once on a time an old red hen
Went strutting round with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks,
"Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
"Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
"My babies now will stay ashore,
And, consequently cannot drown."

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore—
But lo! her babes were ducklings ten,
Instead of chickens, as before!
"Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood;
"A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh, alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again
The eggs evaporated,
And childless was the old hen!
Yet patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: "Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women, too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen
With foliage of vermilion hue;
She never presumed to take offense
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented—that was all!

THE MAN Who Spoiled the Music

There is no doubt about it, he did,
and yet it was the last thing he was
likely to believe. He loved music; his
voice was often heard ringing out a rol-
licking song in the tap-room. And now
it kept coming to him, in at least a score
of different ways—he himself was the
man who spoiled all the music!

He was not in the brightest possible
condition for an argument, and certainly
not in a humor to be convinced of a
truth that he did not want to believe;
and yet convinced he was, and every
sight about him, and the silence, if not
the sounds, forced it home upon him, so
that there could not possibly be any
mistake.

It was Sunday afternoon about four
o'clock. He was leaning against the wall
by the dirty fireplace, unwashed and in
his shirt sleeves. The room looked as
wretched as the man himself, and as
blackened and broken, and window-panes
either plastered over with paper or stuf-
fed out with rags. Seated on the other side
of the fire-place was a white faced and
slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of
mortality at her breast, and breathing a
heavy sigh that told of a bird in there a
great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole rea-
son of her wretchedness—drink. Not
a bad sort of man but for this one thing;
able to earn good wages and to have a
comfortable home; yet no idie miscreant
ever dwelt amid greater squalor
or kept all about him in greater
misery; the home with its dainty
bits of furniture, and all about
it so bright and clean, gone for
this; the children often wanting clothes
and bread, yet dreading no want so
much as they dreaded their father's
presence—it was only the curse of
drunkenness.

So it was that on this Sunday after-
noon Jack stood as cross as cross could
be, ready to let out his misery upon
the first victim he could find, as if one
were to be blamed for it sooner than
himself. Then it was that the door
opened suddenly with a bang, and in
burst two little maidens singing merrily;
eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were
full of music. They had come from the

Mission Sunday School, and the last
hymn was in their ears and came cheerily
ringing from their lips:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book he has given."

They had just got to the line of the
chorus, "I am so glad," and it came in
at the opened door with such a bound-
ing gladness as they lifted the latch and
felt that they were in the freedom of the
home—"I am so glad," then suddenly
they came far enough to see their father.
Instantly the voices were silenced, the
sunshine died out of their eyes; with a
frightened look filling their faces they
shrank outside the door again and shut
it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was un-
broken by a sound. The wife sat mourn-
fully looking at the blackened ashes of
the fireplace, with the little one asleep
in her arms. That abrupt and sudden
silence smote Jack's heart; those changed
faces and the little frightened maidens
hushed like that—he felt that he had
done it all. He seemed to hear again the
happy burst, "I am so glad," and then
that dreadful stopping. He was going
to ask with an oath why they didn't go
on singing, but they weren't there, and so
it was no use to do that; besides, he
knew well enough, too well, why they
had stopped; so it came about that he
lifted himself fiercely into his jacket, and
went slouching towards the door. He
strode out of the court and away on,
anywhere, until he got outside the streets
and into the more quiet and pleasant
roads; then he slackened his pace. The
fierceness was turned to grief, and at last
there came words muttered to himself,
'That's what I am always doing; I spoil
all the music.'

It was dreadful to think of it, as he
turned it over, how much it meant! He
thought of his wife, and of the sweet
voice she had long ago, and how back in
the old times, they had sung together.
And now to think of her sitting there,
so white-faced and silent! She never
even sang the baby off to sleep—only
kept on sighing. 'Anyhow, not when I
am there,' said Jack; 'I spoil all the
music.'

It was dreadful to think about it, of
the places he had been in as a carpenter
and the chances he had had, and how
one after another he had lost them all
through the drink; and now the first
to get notice to quit, the last to be offer-
ed a job, was he who had prided him-
self on his work 'Oh dear, I've been
spoilng all the music for years,' sighed
Jack.

'I spoil all the music,' said Jack again
'everywhere.' And at every pause and
interval there came again the sight of
those glad voices silenced at the sight of
him. 'I their own father,' sighed Jack
again. 'Poor little dears, to go spoiling
music too!'

Jack's trouble seemed to grow bigger
every minute, until at last things began
to get desperate. Awful temptations
flew about him. He would soon end it
all; the wife and little ones couldn't be
much worse off than they were, and he
at any rate, would not not be spoiling
other people's music when he was dead.
But before the grim thought had well
got hold of him he seemed to see again
the sunny faces and to hear the merry
voices singing their song. 'I am so glad.'
And with the thought of them this time
there came a softer feeling and gentler
tone. 'Poor little things,' he sighed
again, 'It wouldn't mend their music
either if I was gone. Nor hers either,
he said to himself a little while after-
wards, as he thought of the white-faced
wife and the little bit of mortality at
home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so
burdened and helpless, stopped there
and then, and put his face into his hands
and said, 'God help me!' He had gone on
never thinking where he was going, until
now he found himself outside the long
stretch of houses and was under the
green trees and in the midst of the fields.
The lark sang over head, the thrush and
the blackbird rang out their richest notes;
in the branches above him a crowd of
sparrows met and chirped the very loud-
est, merriest music they had ever learned.
And there, in the sunset, Jack leaned
on a gate and let his soul flow out to
God in helplessness, sorrow and longing.

It was quite dark before he passed
in at the squalid court where he lived
and turned with a sigh into his wretched
home. Poor Jack, his heart was
very sore through that night, and asleep
or awake, again and again the words
came sadly to his lips, 'I spoil all the
music.'

The next day he was up and off at
daylight. Vexed and desperate as he
was, he went at his work with a grim
fierceness, without a word for anybody.
His mates were used to his moods, and
did not care to interfere with him at
times like these. 'Jack is out again
about some-what,' said they with a jerk
of the thumb in his direction. They
might stop for dinner, but Jack snatched
at a bit of bread and worked on, they
might pack up at strike of the clock, but
so long as the light lasted Jack would
stick at it. 'This is not spoiling anybody's
music anyhow,' said he fiercely to one
man who ventured to hint that he had
done enough for that day. He came
home and sat at his supper with wife
and children creeping noiselessly and
frightened about the house. Poor Jack!
A star came gathering in the corner of

his eye and fell down his cheek. 'I do
wish they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've
spoiled all the music for ever,' he mut-
tered to himself. He longed to get them
about him, wife and little ones, and to
take the sleeping babe from its poor little
rags, and tell them all what was in his
heart; but somehow he couldn't manage
it, and so he just crept off to bed.

Jack's fit was on the next day, much
to the surprise of his mates—the brow
knit, the lips tight, and the work flying
on at a tremendous pace. 'Why Jack,
lad,' cried one, 'art thou putting a wee o'
work into a da' that thou mayest go on
a spree the rest of it?'

'No,' said Jack so gruffly that nobody
had a word for him again; and so it last-
ed Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All
that was strange enough, and sent work-
mates wondering; but strangest of all
was it when Saturday afternoon came
Jack took up his wages without a word
and just walked right away from them.
'Jack's mad,' said they. Never knew
his fit last so long as this.'

When he came home he evidently was
not expected, indeed he was scarcely
wanted. There was not very much to
be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing,
had not much heart to do that little.
But, much or little, she was now in the
process, and so the 'bits of sticks,' as
they were called, were put on one side
while the good wife kneeled and scrubbed
away at the floor with the handle of a
brush on which a few straggling hairs
remained as if to keep up the name. The
wife lifted her face in surprise, and
went on with her scrubbing. Whatever
this coming home meant, nothing ever
brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all.
'Spoiled her music too,' he sighed. He
hung up his bag of tools on their peg and
took off the apron that was rolled about
his waist, and then he caught sight of
that very venerable and hairless scrub-
bing brush. 'It will help to bring back
the music,' said Jack to himself, purpos-
ing to buy his wife there and then a new
one, but the purpose was somewhat de-
layed. Just then, from some corner of
the room, came the cry of the baby. The
wife was rising up to get at it when
Jack dived in after the little bundle of
rags and fetched it out. 'I'll hold her a
bit,' said Jack rather shyly.

'Jack's wife would like to have said
'Thank you,' but she felt shy too. 'Now
Jack, try and mend the music,' said he
to himself, and that time he really did
smile, for the baby was unused to
strangers, and no one was a greater
stranger to it than its own father, so it
just cried out lustily. The good wife
scrubbed on. There were times when
she had to let it cry a bit, and this
should be one of them. Jack took it
tenderly into his arms and chirped to it,
and chirped louder, but still it cried. It
was wonderful that such a wizened frame
could make such a noise. Then Jack
put the baby on the other arm and
whistled, whistled fast and shrill. No,
it just cried out as loud as ever. Then
Jack took it up in his hands and held
the little one aloft, and danced it to and
fro and began to sing, soft and low at
first as a man who was feeling his way.
But the baby cried. And the good wife
rose from her scrubbing to take it her-
self. Jack would try once more; it
really was not pleasant to be beaten like
this, so he set himself resolutely, and
then rang out an old song of long ago
with all the force of his voice. The effect
was magical. The baby stopped as if it
were charmed; it opened its mouth in
imitation of the father's, it laid hold
firmly of the whiskers with little tangled
fingers as if it would keep him at it, and
then it laughed and crowed with delight.
The poor wife looked on and smiled; it
was a strange smile, as if she had got out
of the way of it, but it stayed longer
than you might have thought.

'Eh, Jack, its good to hear thy music
again,' she said very quietly.

Poor Jack, it almost put him out.
He did stop for a moment, but instantly
the little face puckered and wrinkled
into all sorts of lines, the eye closed, the
nose was squeezed together, and the lips
began to quiver with the coming cry.
Then Jack had to strike off again, only
to find the effect as magical as before,
and to hear the baby laughing and crow-
ing once more. And in the midst of it
all there came in the two little maidens
to find the father leaning against the
wall, making music like this.

'Why w couldn't think whoever it
was, father, said they, wondering and
without the merriment fading from their
eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, every
one of them wondering except the baby
that kept stretching out its arms to the
father and found a new delight in pulling
at his whiskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts
about him to say what he found it so
hard to say, but words wouldn't come,
and the most eloquent would find it hard
to talk when a tiny hand was being
thrust in their mouth and another tug-
ging at the beard. So Jack had to con-
tent himself with putting his hand into
his pocket, and taking out one sovereign
and one half-sovereign, he gave them to
his wife.

'What's this, Jack?' she asked going
to the window, for it was getting dark,
and she feared the first glance had deceiv-
ed her.

Name, Location, Night of Meeting, and Name of Deputy of the Subordinate Divisions of New Brunswick.

DIVISION.	No.	LOCATION	MEETING.	DEPUTY.
Howard	1	St. Stephen	Friday	Sedgefield Webber.
Wilberforce	3	Milltown, St. Stephen	Monday	Harrison McAllister
Gurney	5	Market Building, St. John	Thursday	Robert Mills.
Portland	7	Orange Hall, Portland	Monday	A. Y. Paterson.
Albion	14	Market Building, St. John	Wednesday	David Thompson.
Queens	21	Gagetown	Saturday	Henry J. DeVeber.
Northumberland	37	Chatham	Friday	George Stothart.
Albert	39	Hillsboro, Albert Co.	Wednesday	John J. Steeves.
Sackville	40	Sackville, West. Co.	Tuesday	J. C. Harper.
Richibucto	42	Richibucto, Kent Co.	Friday	Allen Haines.
Kingston	44	Kingston, Kent Co.	Tuesday	B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle	45	Newcastle	Thursday	Daniel McGruar.
Westmorland	50	Point de Bute, West. Co.	Thursday	J. Amos Trueman.
Golden Rule	51	Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.	Tuesday	L. R. Moore.
Safeguard	58	Pennfield, Charlotte Co.	Saturday	W. N. Bucknam.
Johnston	62	Cambridge, Queen's Co.	Saturday	George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie	64	Dalhousie	Monday	George Haddow.
Baie Verte	65	Baie Verte	Wednesday	Robert Goewin.
Granite Rock	77	Carleton, St. John	Tuesday	Henry Finch.
Nelson	99	Derby, North. Co.	Monday	John Betts.
Caledonia	126	Douglastown, North. Co.	Wednesday	James Henderson.
Collina	129	Collina Corner, Kings Co.	Tuesday	Jacob J. Keirstead.
Oxford	134	Upper Gagetown, Q. Co.	Tuesday	James E. Coy.
St. Martins	164	St. Martins, St. John Co.	Tuesday	Jas. B. Hodsmyth.
Moncton	183	Moncton	Monday	Edward McCarthy.
Crystal Stream	191	Salisbury, West. Co.	Saturday	Wm. McNaughton.
Lime Rock	207	South Bay, St. John Co.	Monday	Wm. Roxborough.
Everett	238	Milford, St. John Co.	Wednesday	John Waring.
Intercolonial	243	Moncton	Thursday	Albert McWilliams.
Victoria	245	Victoria Mills, West. Co.	Tuesday	James Main.
Baillie	248	Baillie, St. James, Char. Co.	Tuesday	John W. Mann.
Harcourt	249	Weldford, Kent Co.	Tuesday	Henry Wather.
Valley	250	Portland	Tuesday	Josiah Fowler.
Havelock	251	Butternut Ridge, King's Co.	Tuesday	Ezra Keith.
Petitcodiac	252	Petitcodiac, West. Co.	Tuesday	David Jonah.
Sunnyside	253	Lewis Mountain, West. Co.	Tuesday	John H. Dobson.
Mose Rose	254	Deer Island, Char. Co.	Tuesday	A. T. Lloyd.
Britannia	255	Millstream, Kings Co.	Tuesday	John F. Rodgers.
Spreading Oak	256	Little Ridge, Char. Co.	Tuesday	Alex. F. Matheson.
Lansdowne	257	Fredericton	Thursday	Herman H. Pitts.
Union	258	Kouchibouguac, Kent Co.	Thursday	D. W. Grierson.
Charlo	259	River Charlo, Rest. Co.	Thursday	David Calderwood.
Mountain Rose	260	Steeves' Mountain, West. Co.	Thursday	Richard Lutes, Sr.
Lawrenceville	261	Lawrence Station, Char. Co.	Thursday	F. S. Richardson.
Spring	262	Hampton, King's Co.	Thursday	George Barnes.
Mayflower	263	Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co.	Thursday	Wesley Moulton.
Iona	264	Scotch Ridge, Char. Co.	Thursday	A. S. McKenzie.
Oak	265	Oak Hill, Char. Co.	Thursday	Cyrus Moulton.
Wills	266	Tower Hill, Char. Co.	Thursday	Stephen S. Smith.
Rockland	267	Graves' Settlement, West. Co.	Thursday	George Johnston.
Star Branch	268	McAdam Junction, York Co.	Thursday	E. W. Brownell.
Stewart	269	2d Falls, St. George Char. Co.	Thursday	Ammon Sherwood.
Red Granite	270	St. George, Char. Co.	Thursday	Thomas McGowan.
Cardwell	271	Penobsquis, King's Co.	Thursday	James W. Floyd.

'Wages,' said Jack, getting it out as
well as he could.

The poor wife looked at the money,
and then she looked at him. She bit
each of the coins, and then looked as if
she would like to apply her lips at least
to Jack's. But she put the money in
her pocket and felt that if this thing
went on she would have to sing too.

'I'll stay and take care of the little
one if you want to go out, wife,' said
Jack. True, it was spoken with some
interruption, and more than one word
was bobbed into the mouth by that little
hand. But it went down into the good
wife's heart and stirred music she had
not heard for many a long day.

'Bless thee, lad! it is good of thee,'
said the wife, and then she blushed like a
maiden, that she should have said so much
to him. 'Tis all thine, wife, so don't be
afraid,' said Jack as the wife went out
at the door.

She turned back with a great stare.
She had taken one half-sovereign and
put the other in the mysterious depths
of her dress.

'All this?' said she. 'Why, Jack,
what must I do with it?'

'Buy thyself a new scrubbing brush,
and get the baby a new frock for Sun-
day,' and this time Jack did smile.

The wife came nearer; she couldn't
help it; she stood for a moment pluck-
ing up courage, then she put her hand on
his shoulder and stooped down and
kissed the baby, and took a long time
over it too.

'I should like to give thee one too,
she said as shy as possible; and she did
it splendidly, and then hurried away.

'I think the music is coming back
again,' said Jack to himself.

Later that night, after his wife came
back, Jack went marketing, and a
couple of chairs were set by the fire.
'Good kind of musical boxes,' said
Jack to himself as he took them in at
the door and set each in its place.
And there, about the fire, they sat
side by side, silent for awhile, the
baby asleep and the little maidens at
his side.

'Come, little ones, you must sing to
mother and me,' said he at last. 'I am
so glad, you know.'

And they looked at each other with a
wonder that soon passed into sunshine
and joy; and before they knew it Jack
and his wife joined with them. But
poor Jack broke down before he had gone
on long; then the others broke down too,
and all was still for a while, until Jack
wiped away his tears and looked up
cheerily.

'Eh, but I musn't spoil the music like
this. Sing on, little ones,' and they did
sing, and Jack sang, and his wife and
children and then as ked God to help them
and to strengthen him for the future.

On the Sunday there they sat together
at the little Mission-room, and from that
day to this no voice is clearer or louder
than Jack's. And now whenever he
talks about clumsy work or faults in any-
thing, Jack always calls it 'spiling the
music.'

Jack's prayer every morning is, 'Lord
keep us in tune all day long—a prayer
that has been blessedly answered now for
many months.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE.

The *Christian Advocate* reports the following
from a sentence recently pronounced by Judge
Reading of Chicago, upon some liquor dealers
who had violated the law by selling it to
minors:—

"By the law you may sell it to men and
women, if they will buy. You have given your
bond and paid your license to sell to them, and
no one has a right to molest you in your legal
business. No matter what the consequences
may be, no matter what poverty and destitution
are produced by your selling according to law,
you have paid your money for this privilege,
and you are licensed to pursue your calling.
No matter what families are distracted and
rendered miserable; no matter what wives are
treated with violence; what children starve or
mourn over the degradation of parent—your
business is legalized, and no one may interfere
with you for it. No matter what mother may
agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at
the shame of a brother, you have a right to dis-
regard them, and pursue your legal calling—
you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful
place of business in the most enticing and cap-
tivating form; you may furnish it with the most
costly and elegant equipments for your own
lawful trade; you may fill it with the allure-
ments of amusement; you may use all arts to
allure visitors; you may skillfully arrange and
expose to view your choicest wines and captiva-
ting beverages; you may induce thirst by all
contrivances to produce a raging appetite for
drink, and then you may supply the appetite to
the full, because it is lawful, and you have paid
for it—you have a license. You may allow boys
and children to frequent your saloon; they may
witness the apparent satisfaction with which
their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may
be schooling and training them for the period
of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate—
for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to
their lips; but you must not let them drink—
that is unlawful. For, while you have all these
privileges for the money you pay, this poor
privilege of selling to children is denied you.
Here parents have the right to say, 'Leave my
son to me until the law give you a right to
destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible
moment when I can assert for him no further
rights of protection. That will be soon enough
for me, for his sister, for his mother, for his friends
and for the community, to see him take the
road to death. Give him to us in his childhood
at least.'

"This is something which you, who now
stand prisoner at the bar, have not paid for;
this is not embraced in your license. For this
offense the court sentences you to ten days' im-
prisonment in the county jail, and that you pay
\$75 and costs, and that you stand committed
until the fines and costs of this prosecution are
paid."

A letter from Barnum has been pub-
lished recently in an English newspaper
in which he says that twenty years ago,
when he began the management of his
travelling show with 500 persons, it was
made a condition that they should be
discharged and should forfeit \$5 if they
were not total abstainers from strong
drink during the season of seven months.
Nearly every one complied, and at the
end of that time he offered to invest their
savings and guarantee them the principal
with interest at 6 per cent if they would
still continue to abstain. Over 400 of
them accepted the offer, and most of
them today have several thousand dollars
safely invested.

Think of a tax of \$16 per capita to sup-
port a body of able bodied men in sheer
idleness! Yet that would not be nearly
equivalent to what is being done yearly
by the whole population of the United
States; for this army of saloon-keepers is
far worse than idle. It is actively at work
killing men by tens of thousands annual-
ly, impairing the strength of workmen,
inspiring men to nine-tenths of the crimes
committed, weakening the safe guards of
property, defeating the aims of legislation
and education. And we pay them \$800-
000,000 every year for doing this!