

Sunday Reading.

THE CHARITY BALL.

Kitty had been to the charity ball, and the charity ball was very fashionable; there was no doubt about that. Kitty had eaten a late supper, returned home, gone to bed and to sleep; there was no doubt as to that either. She recollected distinctly throwing one shoe under the bed and the other into a corner, saying "Good night!" to her own image in the looking-glass, twisting the figure of a butterfly till her fingers ached, before she discovered that it was not the gas-stopper, and then laughing sleepily at all her mistakes. She even remembered the first dream of her sleep, which was something about charity diamonds, chicken-salad lancers and ice-cream waltzes.

No; there was no doubt that she had gone through all this; yet there she was, staring in at the window of the great ball-room, and the ball was just commencing. Could she have gone to sleep on the window-sill in some mysterious manner? No; she was outside, and standing in the air, with somebody holding on to her hand! "Oh, dear," thought Kitty, mournfully, "I must have drunk some wine somehow. How strange it is! I wonder how I came here! But what a cold hand holds mine! It's not papa's, for it makes me shiver. He must be horrid. I won't look at him. So!"

There did not seem to be much need of the resolve, however, for the person who held her hand did not move nor seem to care whether she saw him or not, but quietly looked in with her. So, at last, like most girls, Kitty's curiosity got the better of her, and she cautiously glanced out of the corners of her eyes.

Beside her she saw an old man. His beard and hair were long and white, and dropped about his neck and shoulders, like falling snow. Upon his head was lightly placed a crown, as of frostwork, so delicate was its texture. Robes, long and dark, and cold to look at, fell in broad folds from his shoulders, and were held to his waist by a girdle of twinkling stars. He was gazing in at the brilliant assemblage with a sad, melancholy expression upon his face.

Kitty looked at his robes.

"How very old-fashioned!" she thought, "and aged, very aged."

"Yes," murmured the old man; "old, very old."

Kitty started. He read her thoughts, evidently. She was sorry now she had thought it, he looked so sad.

"Who are you?" asked Kitty, timidly; "and why have you brought me here?"

"I am the Cold Night," said the old man, slowly turning his eyes toward her. His eyes were sharp and piercing, yet full of kindness. "And I have brought you here that you might see how great your charity is, for I heard this was a charity ball."

"Yes," said Kitty nervously.

"I am a friend of the poor," continued the Cold Night; "and I love to see charity. He looked back into the ball-room as he spoke. "You see all your friends here?"

"Yes," said Kitty, brightening up, and gazing inside with something of a proud look. "There's Florry Hall right before the window now. She has those beautiful, solitary diamonds in her ears. Oh, dear, how bright they look! I wish I had them."

"But you had the handsomest dress," said the Cold Night, sadly.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Kitty, quickly. "It was of the richest silk and cost several hundred dollars. Papa was so kind."

"And was it bought for charity?" asked the Cold Night.

"Why, no," answered Kitty, in surprise. "For me, of course."

"But the ball is for charity?"

Kitty began to be bewildered by so much catechising, and she was much relieved when he led her away.

They descended the grand entrance, where he pointed out two little beggars, a boy and a girl, who fiddled and sang, and asked a penny of the rich people descending from the carriages.

"You passed them by to-night."

"Yes," said Kitty, "but they are horrid beggars."

The Cold Night was silent, and Kitty was afraid she might have said something wrong, so she added: "And common street fiddlers."

But the Cold Night said nothing.

They both watched the little duo—Tossey and Tibby, the Cold Night said—and drew nearer to hear what they would say. People, rich with money and great in charity, carefully passed them by, for they were ragged beggars, and fiddled and sang. It was cold, very cold; and Tossey played very, very slowly, while the breath of Tibby's quivering plaint disappeared despairingly in the frosty air. The wheels of carriages seemed to creak in sympathy, as they crushed down the snow. Yes, it was cold indeed, yet they fiddled and sang untiringly, while the rich people alighted and passed up the grand entrance, after glancing contemptuously at the poor little duo, who fiddled and sang as the brilliant dresses disappeared in the distant doorway; but finally stopped as the last carriage drove away.

"I suppose we look too awful," said Tossey, wetting his lips and feeling vacantly in the small pocket, which, God knows, had not seen so much as a dime for many and many a day.

"Yes," said Tibby, "but I do feel so hungry, and I sang so loud, and I tried so hard, and—"

Tibby slightly sobbed and silently used a small piece of her shawl to wipe away a large tear.

"Don't cry," said Tossey tremulously; "let's move on, and perhaps we'll find a little something." Oh, it was only had a few pennies!

Tossey took Tibby's hand and they started to move away.

"Oh, Mr. Cold Night," exclaimed Kitty sorrowfully, "let me give them something, —poor little things!"

"But they are beggars," answered the Cold Night.

Kitty looked ashamed. She could feel herself blush, even though she was cold

and shivering. The Cold Night handed her a silver piece.

"Yes," said he, "drop it, even if it's wasted. See what they will do."

Kitty took it quickly and dropped it between them. Right at Tibby's feet fell the money which she would have passed unnoticed if Tossey had not exclaimed:

"Oh, Tibby, there's a dime!" and picked it up.

Tibby clasped her hands in delight, danced up and down and then looked into her hand to be sure that it was really there. It was, surely.

"Won't we have a hot potato, though?" said Tossey.

"And a big roll, and some butter and some meat, and just a very little piece of pie?"

Tibby named each one of them on the ends of her fingers, but stopped when she got to her thumb, for the money was all gone by that time, and the thumb was quite large.

"But how did it come there?" asked Tossey.

"Could it have grown?" suggested Tibby.

"No," said Tossey.

"Or fell from the sky?"

"Guess not," said Tossey, dubiously.

"Or been flung?"

"Oh, no; of course not!" Tossey answered, emphatically.

They looked hungrily at the piece of money, and began to count together what lots of things they could buy, and their faces grew bright indeed as they thought of it.

From the shade of the opposite side of the entrance, a thin bundle of rags slowly crept, and stealthily shuffled up to them. Out of the dirt and rags peered a thin face and glistening eyes, and the hands of the small bundle wearily rubbed themselves together, to try and stir up the blood that was not there.

"This is a charity ball," said the thin bundle. "These folks dance for the poor?"

The glistening eyes looked eagerly at Tossey and Tibby, and frequently glanced at the money in their hands. "We are poor, and they dance for us, me and mother, who is sick and; they dance to give us the bread which we seldom have."

Tossey looked in surprise at the thin bundle rubbing its hands.

"And does they dress in nice clothes for us, and ride in carriages, and give lots of money, and all for us?"

The thin bundle rubbed faster and faster. "Yes, if there's any more than as pays for the dancing and the dressin'; and the dancin' costs ten dollars apiece, and the dressin'—oh, I dunno! It's all for us—it there's any left."

"But they didn't give us any when I sang," said Tibby.

"Lors, no!" said the thin bundle; "they thinks beggars don't need nothin'. They has folks as hunts up poor folks when they has time, and sews flannels when they hasn't. Yes, they says they does all this for us, but— The bundle shook its head as it were doubtful, and continued:

"I stood over yonder thinkin' somebody would give me somethin'; but they all looked mad at me, and I went back inter the shadder and watched 'em. It was a big sight, but I'm just as hungry. The hands stopped rubbing, and the eyes looked wet, as the bundle added: "My mother is very very sick. Oh, we's poor—so poor!"

Tossey looked at his little sister as the rags began to shuffle away.

"Tibby," says he; "does we feel so awful hungry?"

Tibby hesitated. She looked at the silver, and then at the slowly retreating figure, and then she looked up into Tossey's gentle, loving face.

"No, Tossey; I dunno as I does."

Tossey turned around, and, running after the departing figure, handed her the piece of money.

"There," says he, "take it; you need it more than we does."

The bundle looked in surprise as she took the piece, and tears fell down the thin, pale face. But she only said: "I'm very, very grateful," and walked off.

The two little musicians watched the figure as it disappeared in the darkness, while the happy shuffle grew fainter and fainter.

Ab, here was charity, God-like charity, in the hearts of the beings whom the rich despised and thrust from their doors!

As the Cold Night turned towards Kitty he found her silently wiping her eyes.

"Do you see what true charity is?" asked he, in a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"Yes, yes," murmured Kitty; "I see, I see."

While they were talking, they had slowly risen up, up to the brilliant windows again.

"Now look at the mockery," said the Cold Night, somewhat harshly.

It was the most brilliant hour of the ball. Lights from myriads of jets, imbedded in massive chandeliers, sparkle with dazzling intensity, making the brightest day of gloomy night. People decked with jewels and silks and laces were gathered in merry groups, or joining in pleasurable dance to the strains of sweet and lively music. It was a beautiful sight indeed; but somehow the people looked heartless to Kitty, and the jewels glittered spitefully, while the rich silks seemed to hiss and hiss as they rustled along, as if all were rebelling against their false use.

"But one more act," said the Cold Night, gently leading her down, down to the opposite side of the street.

From a dark corner, with their arms twined about each other's necks, the two little beggars watched the windows of the brilliantly lighted hall—away up in the sky it seemed—watched the gay figures that frequently appeared in rich, dainty dresses and smiled to think it was all for the poor and needy.

"They dances for us and for others," murmured Tibby; "for those as is in want. Maybe the beautiful ladies will find us here to-morrow, and give us some bread."

"Yes," said Tossey; "and the poor little girl as has the sick mother. P'raps they'll find them and help them, too."

The Cold Night waved his hand above them, and they both shivered, and said how cold it was. Tossey tried to play a note on his violin, but the strings creaked so dismally that he laid it aside. Then they sang together the sweet little song of charity which Tibby had sung to the rich people; and as they sang, the Cold Night spread his mantle slowly around them until they were fast asleep.

"Oh, sir!" cried Kitty, "spare them, and let them live."

"No," said the cold night, "they are too poor to live. They must die."

Kitty fell on her knees before him.

"Oh, sir!" she pleaded beseechingly, "I am rich, and will take care of them, and relieve them from suffering."

But the Cold Night raised its hand and pointed upward, saying:

"Too late, too late!"

As he spoke, he took the beggars in his arms and slowly rose up toward the stars, leaving Kitty sobbing on the ground. As she knelt there [she heard, high in the sky, the song that the beggars sang, the song of sweet charity, swelling to a mighty chorus, as one would think to celebrate a mighty deed—mighty in the sight of heaven. She tried to raise her head, but could not; she seemed bound to the earth by a great weight as of gold, while above the song grew fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased, and then she fell into a deep swoon.

It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke, and the sun was shining brightly into her window. In the hall the maid was humming a subdued song as she went blithely about her work; while without, the white smoke of morning fires—signs of stirring life—curled upward from the chimney-tops into the cool air as if glad to meet the light of day.

"It was only a dream; yet, oh, how vivid!" thought Kitty, as she rubbed her eyes again and again, surprised to see the walls of her own pretty room actually around her.

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet, how full of truth!" cheerily rang the milkman's bell as Kitty donned her morning dress; while, as she passed down the broad staircase, the great hall clock seemed to say:

"Only a dream, only a dream; yet there's a lesson; yet there's a lesson;" and Kitty pondered.

A year from that time Kitty passed by the same old clock; but this time it said, as it ticked, ticked away:

"Only a dream; yet it has made her an angel—an angel of mercy to suffering need. Her name, so dear to us, is a name of love among the poor. Ah, happy, happy was the day when, to her eyes, a dream revealed true charity."

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

Knowledge of One's Weaknesses Necessary to their Reformation.

Neither God nor common sense will allow us to throw our responsibility back upon parents or others. Every man has his weak point, except he be weak all over; that weak point he must especially guard. No chain is stronger than its weakest link; when pressure is put upon it every other link may stand, but the chain fails of its purpose because of one weak spot. A bow in the hand of a boy a day or two ago seemed to be entirely strong except at one point, a point at which the carpenter in cutting a wedge had made a slight nick in the bow itself. The boy adjusted the arrow, drew the bow with force to send the arrow to a distant mark; and, at the point where the edge of the chisel had touched it, the bow snapped. The bow was only as strong as its weakest point. So it is with the resolution, conduct, and character of every man or woman. That point must be most carefully guarded and constantly strengthened. Knowledge of one's weakness is necessary to the formation of a worthy character and to victory over inherent evil tendencies. A holy life will consist in part in discovering our weak points that we may so fortify them as to become invincible.

There are also habitual sins, which may be called easily-besetting sins. These may be the outcome of the constitutional trend of which we have spoken. The tendency may be gratified until it becomes a habit, and the habit may be indulged until it becomes character, and the character may be so developed as to determine destiny.

Wm. ROBBS'S, 204 Union St.

Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanea, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

T. PARTELOW MOTT,

165 Union St. - St. John.

Woolen Goods and Wool.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral



A HANDSOME PRESENT.

One of those 1 lb boxes of G. B. Chocolates makes a very appropriate Christmas present.

CHOCOLATES

YOU EAT CHOCOLATES

at Xmas time,
New Year's time,
Holiday time,
at all times.

THE BEST

cost no more than the ordinary poor kind—anyone and everyone can tell the best at sight by that G. B. mark. Insist on having G. B. Chocolates, they are the finest to be had. You will say so—everyone says so

See that



Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate.

HERE'S A PRETTY GOOD LETTER.

Hartland, N. B.,

Oct. 31, 1893.

Gentlemen:

Groder's Syrup still lead. I sold two half dozen lots on Friday last and one half dozen lot yesterday—yesterday I sold ten bottles, six at one sale, and two at one, and two sales of one each. I have heard good reports from former sales, and I have faith in it myself as a cure for Dyspepsia, if taken recte.

Yours Respectfully,
WM. E. THISTLE,
Druggist.

To the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HORSE BLANKETS.

All kinds in stock or made to order.

HARNESS

Repaired or taken in exchange for new at

Wm. ROBBS'S, 204 Union St.

Canadian Express Co.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanea, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

T. PARTELOW MOTT,

165 Union St. - St. John.

Woolen Goods and Wool.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

City Market
Clothing
Hall,
Charlotte
Street.

T. YOUNGCLAUS.

THE ONLY CUSTOM-MADE \$3.00 PANT IN CANADA IS

COVER YOUR LEGS!

THE PILGRIM.

Full line of samples, with directions to measure mailed upon receipt of 6 cents. If you want a pair of these Pants, and cannot wait for samples, send us your WAIST, HIP and INSIDE LEG measures, together with \$3. and 30 cts. to pay expressage, and we will take all risk of pleasing you. Fit and workmanship guaranteed first-class or money refunded.

PILGRIM PANT CO.

38 Mill St., St. John, N. B., or P.O. Box 250.

TOMORROW IS SUNDAY.

And if your home is chilly come to our store on Monday and see our heating stoves—New Silver Moon, Vendome, Peri, Horicon, Tropic, Faultless, are only a few of the heating stoves we have.

Come and see us.

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street.