

Christmas Sonnet.

This night, men heard divinest offertory
In thy behalf, thou Babe of Bethlehem,
When 'good-will' angels, hovering over
them.
Sang the first cantos of Love's wondrous
story:
And to thy manger Eastern sages hoary
Brought gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And, from its setting in God's diad-m
Heaven spared the tribute of a star's bright
glory.

Is any lax in gifts, when thrones bow
down,
And kings do homage and bring largesses,
And all the lowly land Thine to the skies?
So, let me kneel, not trembling at Thy
frown,
For thou with smiles mine offering dost
bless:
A contrite heart my Lord cannot de-
spise.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

A Christmas Blessing.

"I saw a notice in the paper to-day
Samuel, of some kind of society
that wanted anybody in the country
willing to take a child for a week or
two, to send them word: and I've
been a thinkin'. We've got plenty
of room, and eggs, and milk; why
couldn't we make some poor, half-
starved thing happy?"

"Just as you please, Jane; only
like's not they'd send a rough-and-
tumble boy that would turn every-
thing upsidedown. Do just as you've
a mind to."

Mrs. Wetherby glanced nervously
through the open door, half ex-
pecting to see the chairs piled in
the middle of the floor, and a ragged
boy astride them; but the kitchen
was as spotlessly neat as ever, and
her gaze wandered back to the sink-
ing sun, the last rays of which light-
ed up her care-worn face, making it
beautiful. A moisture in the gray
eyes betokened other thoughts than
those of scrubbing, ironing and
cooking. At last she spoke again:
"Well, Samuel, I believe I'll
risk it. Even if they should send
a boy, I guess we could manage
somehow. We've lived a good
many years for ourselves. There's
no child that I know of happier or
better because of us. No, nor grown
person either, for that matter.
Maybe it's all right to try to get
along and lay up something; but it
seems to me that it ain't all we are
put here for. If little Alice had
lived," there was a quiver in her
voice, "it would have been different.
Most likely it'll be a regular heathen,
but I guess a little missionary work
would do us good."

And a note sent to the "society"
brought a quick response in the
person of a blue-eyed, golden-haired
girl, who gave her name as Cherry
Blackwell.

A lively little girl she was, too,
notwithstanding her pale face and
slender form. She was allowed to
roam over the farm at will, and soon
made friends with all its dumb in-
habitants. The childless couple
grew to love her pretty, artless
ways, and before the child had been
with them a week began to wonder
how they had lived so long alone.
Cherry sometimes spoke of her
mother, always with affection. Her
father she avoided mentioning.
Mrs. Wetherby suspected it was
one of those cases in which a patient,
sickly woman was overworking to
support an intemperate husband;
and sympathy for the mother show-
ed itself in kindness to the child.

"No indeed, she mustn't go home
yet. I want Cherry to look as
plump and rosy as the best of 'em
before she goes back," she said in
reply to her husband's query.

One day Cherry returned from a
rumble with a serious look on her
young face.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," she cried,
"there's a little lame boy in the
cottage down the lane, who loves
flowers, and birds, and fruits, and
custards, and everything I do; but
he's sick, and his mother is poor,
and please," here an arm stole coax-
ingly around Mrs. Wetherby's neck;
"please may I carry him the eggs
my bantam lays?"

Mrs. Wetherby really felt ashamed
of herself! Little Jimmie John-
son had lived near them for ten
years, but she had never supplied a
want of his from her abundance! And
here was the "heathen" pro-
posing missionary work.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "and
I have some peaches and jelly for
him, and you may gather as many
flowers from the garden to carry as
you like."

Cherry danced away, perfectly
delighted. But an hour later, Mrs.
Wetherby glanced from the window
saw, to her dismay, that the child
was leading blind Jerry up the walk.
"Oh, Auntie!" she exclaimed,
"here's a real nice man that can
tell lots of stories. He lives down
at the village, but I found him near
here, and made him come in and
get that suit that uncle isn't going
to wear again. I knew you'd feel
real bad if he went away so ragged."

And the farmer's wife could not
tell the child that blind Jerry had
gone from there many times, just
as ragged. Instead, she brought

out the clothes, and sacrificed the
new mat she had planned.

The next day Cherry rode with
the farmer to the mill; but returned
with a new burden on her mind.
"I called into a little house,
where an old woman lives that's
awful fond of reading, only she's
too old; and I spelt out a few verses
in her Bible; but I told her you'd
come this afternoon, and you could
do it good."

Mrs. Wetherby was as much sur-
prised that she could leave her parlor
undusted all day for the sake of
reading to old Nannie Gray, as
Nannie was to see her. But the
old lady's gratitude awoke within
her a resolve to live less for herself
in the future.

Years before this the Wetherby's
had been regular attendance at
church, but for some time past Mr.
Wetherby had thought that a ser-
mon read at home would profit him
quite as much as one heard in the
meeting-house, and he had repeat-
edly said that "nature's temple was
the best place for worship." Singu-
larly enough, the sermon he usually
read was headed "Produce Market,"
and he spent the most of Sunday
afternoons in that part of nature's
temple nearest his grain fields. And
Mrs. Wetherby was not averse to
an afternoon nap or an interesting
story.

The first Sabbath Cherry passed
at the farm was stormy, and nothing
was said about going out, but the
second Sabbath dawned bright and
beautiful. Breakfast was eaten,
the dishes washed and put away,
and every speck of dust wiped from
the furniture, and Mrs. Wetherby
was sitting down, but nothing was
said about church. Cherry com-
menced to talk about the mission
chapel she attended at home, and
told how her mother always washed
and mended her clothes on Satur-
day. Then she questioned about their
church and Sunday-school. Finally
she spoke in the coaxing
way which Mrs. Wetherby never
could resist:

"Don't you think if Uncle
Samuel really knew how much we
wanted to go to meeting, he would
harness up and take us?"

From the kitchen came a voice
saying, half apologetically:

"Guess we'll give old Kate an
airing to-day, and see what the
minister's got to say. I'll be round
for you in half an hour."

And the minister's heart was
gladdened by seeing the Wetherby
family in the long vacant pew.
Meeting was followed by Sabbath-
school, and before they could leave
the church, the wise superintendent
was urging Mrs. Wetherby to take
a class. Cherry, too, was tugging
at her hand, so what could she do
but consent? After teaching once,
what could be more natural than
that the next Sabbath should find
her again at church and Sunday-
school?

But summer was drawing to a
close, and the little visitant, now
grown "plump and rosy," was long-
ing for her mother. So one day the
farmer and his wife, who would fain
have kept her for their own, bade
her a tearful good-by.

Her influence remained, however.
They had learned something of the
blessedness of doing good, and felt
that never again could they return
to their former selfish lives. As
autumn advanced, more than one
poor widow was made happy by a
cord of wood or barrel of flour left
at the door, and Mrs. Wetherby's
class soon became the most promi-
nent one in the Sabbath-school.

"It's because she's so interested
in it herself," the superintendent
said.

Just before Christmas business
called Mr. Wetherby to the city.

"Now you can get those presents
for my tree," said his wife. "I'm
going to invite some children to
dinner, you know, and have a tree.
Do try and hunt up Cherry, and
give her a Christmas present.
Darling little girl, how much we
owe to her! You'll certainly be
back in time?"

Mr. Wetherby assured her that
he should be home on the 24th.
But when the coach arrived that
day he was not in it. Neither did
he come in the evening, and the
next day she was obliged to prepare
the grand turkey dinner, and wel-
come her expected guests alone. The
carriage brought lame Johnny and
old Nannie; blind Jerry was there,
and so were the dozen pupils of her
class and three or four children that
she knew would have no merry
Christmas at home.

In vain she tried to stifle the
anxious feeling at her breast, so as
to appear cheerful. Twenty times
she found herself watching for the
coach which must bring her husband.
At last it came, just when she was
in the kitchen, and the first intima-
tion she had of his arrival were his
hearty words of welcome to the
visitors.

Then he came to her, and whis-
pered that things were all in the
front parlor, and she'd better ar-
range them before dinner. He had
brought her a present that she'd
find there, and that was what had
kept him so long. Now she could

be cheerful without an effort, and
laughing softly to herself, she op-
ened the parlor door.

There was a cry of delight, and
Cherry Blackwell was folded in her
loving arms.

"Is she really mine to keep?"
"Really yours—ours to keep,"
answered her husband, who had fol-
lowed.

I need not tell you how the child-
less woman cried over and kissed
the little girl, who had come to fill
the vacant place in her heart, nor
of the joyous time they all had
that Christmas afternoon. When
the visitors had departed and the
golden head was resting on its pil-
low, Mr. Wetherby told his wife he
had searched in vain for the child,
and at last accidentally met her in
the street, alone and friendless. He
had learned from her that her mother
was dead and her father in prison.
On visiting the father he found him
more than willing to part with her,
and as soon as practicable the papers
had been procured that legally
transferred her to them.

"Poor dear, how she must have
suffered!" said Mrs. Wetherby.
Then in a moment added: "How
much suffering there is in the world!
It used to make me doubt God's
goodness, but I have learned that
he provided a panacea for every ill
when he gave his wondrous Chris-
mas Gift. How much more kind
and generous would they be, who
have means to help the needy, if
they appreciated this gift! And
he came as a little child. How
much of meaning is comprehended
in the single text, 'A little child
shall lead them!'"

The Thursday Dinner.

Mrs. Benton had a large family
of girls. There was plenty of help
in the house, and Dr. Benton's re-
munerative practice precluded the
necessity of housework on the part
of his daughters. But Mrs. Benton
had a practical mind, and deter-
mined that her daughters should know
how to do everything about a house
with their own hands. So on
Thursdays the "help" were giving
a swing to do, taken entirely out of
the kitchen, and the two older
daughters sent into it to get dinner.
They were responsible for every-
thing—bread, meat, vegetables,
dessert, serving, and clearing away.
They could consult cook-books and
ask advice freely, but the work they
must do with their own hands, the
responsibility bear on their own
shoulders. When the younger girls
grew old enough they also took their
turn, and so every daughter in the
family became practically familiar
with the cooking and kitchen de-
tails.

On Saturdays the girls were out
of school, and on that day they
were required to wash breakfast
dishes while the cook was busy
with her preparations for Sunday.
This practice they kept up, after
their school-days were over—"to
keep their hand in," their mother
said.

Mothers who are unwilling, and
often with reason, to send their
daughters into the kitchen to work
with the help, can safely follow
Mrs. Benton's example, and secure
the results she secured. Thus the
housekeeping habit is formed, and
when the daughter thus trained
becomes mistress of her own home,
housekeeping details are easy to
her, and she is able to estimate
rightly the services required from
those she employs, or to do with
despatch and neatness the work to
be done with her own hands.

No Word from Home.

A pathetic story is told of a Rus-
sian State prisoner, who for four-
teen years had been kept at hard
labor in a mine in Siberia, without
hearing a word from his family and
home. His political offence had
been great, and unusual rigor was
exercised in his confinement. He
was ignorant whether the cause for
which he suffered had been stamped
out, or was making its way in
Russia; he was ignorant, too,
whether his wife and children and
his old mother were dead or alive.

At last his brother, after great
risk and suffering, succeeded in
making his way into the mine.
The prisoner recognized him, but
such was his terror of discovery that
he feared to speak to him except as
a stranger.

The two men were alone together
for half an hour, but, with longing
eyes fixed on each other, talk-d only
of their work, or of trifling things
about them, fearing lest the guard
should overhear even a whisper.
The brother was discovered, and
dragged away for punishment. He
finally made his escape, but the
prisoner died in the mines, still un-
cheered by a word from home.

One reads the story almost with
indignation at their cowardice.
Why did they not speak? What
comfort his brother might have
given the prisoner in that half-hour
what loving messages from home;
what high, helpful thoughts for the
lonely years to follow!

Yet we are not all in somewhat

the same position as these men? Ex-
is es from a higher country, hourly
needing help from it, remembrances
and proofs of its love, its comfort—
of the fact, after all it is our home.
We meet each other day by day,
or hearts full of these things, of
sympathy, of comfort, of noble long-
ings; but we rarely speak a word of
them to each other. We talk in-
stead of the weather, the news, the
trifles which pass and die with to-
day.

It is not wise, if indeed it is not
wicked, to keep our hearts and minds
too closely shut against each other.
An open window has often thrown
a beam out into an otherwise un-
lighted night, and guided some hope-
less traveller back to safety and
peace.—*Yonth's Companion.*

It Was His Custom.

A clerk and his country father
entered a restaurant Saturday evening
and took a seat at a table where
sat a telegraph operator and a re-
porter. The old man bowed his
head and was about to say grace,
when a waiter flew up singing, "I
have beefsteak, codfish balls, and
bull-heads." Father and son gave
their orders, and the former again
bowed his head. The young man
turned the color of a blood-red beet,
and touching his arm, exclaimed in
a low, nervous tone, "Father, it
isn't customary to do that in restau-
rants!" "It's customary with me
to return thanks to God wherever
I am," said the old man. For the
third time he bowed his head, and
the telegraph operator paused in the
act of carving his beefsteak and bowed
his head, and the journalist put back
his fish-ball and bowed his head,
and there wasn't a man who heard
the short and simple prayer that
didn't feel a profounder respect for
the old farmer than if he had been
the President of the United States.
—*Selected.*

WHEN AND WHAT TO READ.—If
you are impatient, sit down quietly
and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-
headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed,
take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart,
listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read
Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a
while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the be-
loved disciple to put his arms around
you.

If your faith is below par, read
Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch
James.

If you are losing sight of the
future, climb up to Revelation and
get a glimpse of the promised land.
—*Selected.*

A Boy had done wrong, and was
sent to ask forgiveness. His mother
followed to the door of his room.
She heard him ask to be better,
never to be angry again, and then,
with child-like simplicity, "Lord,
make ma's temper better, too!"

Minard's Liniment cures
Garget in Cows.

FOR DELICACY and richness of flavor,
use "Royal Extracts."

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

SIRS,—I have taken three bottles of
Burdock Blood Bitters and find it a
splendid medicine for constipation and
poor appetite. I will continue taking
it as it is a great blessing and I feel a
great change in my health since taking
it.

MRS. J. V. GREEN,
5 Sydenham St.,
Toronto, Ont.

GOOD ADVICE.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled
with headache for over 40 years,
and had it so bad about once a week
that I was sometimes not expected to
live. I was advised to use B. B. B.,
and have used 3 bottles. I now have
an attack only once in four or five
months, and feel that if I continue
using it I will be entirely cured.
Therefore I recommend it highly.

MRS. E. A. STOREY,
Shetland, Ont.

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of
Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having
suffered for over four years from Dys-
pepsia and weak stomach, and having
tried numerous remedies with but little
effect, I was at last advised to give
Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Dis-
covery a trial. I did so with a happy
result, receiving great benefit from
one bottle. I then tried a second and
a third bottle, and now I find my ap-
petite so much restored, and stomach
strengthened, that I can partake of a
hearty meal without any of the un-
pleasantness I formerly experienced."

Those unhappy persons who suffer
from nervousness and dyspepsia should
use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which
are made expressly for sleepless, nerv-
ous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25
cents.

"August Flower"
Lawn Tennis!

How does he feel?—He feels
blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-
in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he
makes everybody feel the same way
—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a
headache, generally dull and con-
stant, but sometimes excruciating—
August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so
violent hiccoughing or jumping of
the stomach after a meal, raising
bitter-tasting matter or what he has
eaten or drunk—August Flower
the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the
gradual decay of vital power;
he feels miserable, melancholy,
hopeless, and longs for death and
peace—August Flower the Rem-
edy.

How does he feel?—He feels so
full after eating a meal that he can
hardly walk—August Flower the
Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

NEW FALL and WINTER
DRESS GOODS, &c.

Tennant, Davies & Co

We are now showing a fine assortment of new DRESS MATERIALS
in the latest styles and colorings. A splendid variety of

BLACK DRESS GOODS,

IN PLAIN, STRIPES and FANCIES—quite new.

LADIES' JACKETS and ULSTERS,

JACKET CLOTHS AND ULSTERINGS.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.,

202 Queen Street, Fredericton.

SEPTEMBER 22nd.

DAILY OPENINGS

—OF—

FALL GOODS,

—AT—

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.

Sun Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL.

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following
Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1874	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1889	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1890	525,273.58	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1891	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
1892	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

R. MACAULAY,
PRESIDENT MANAGING DIRECTOR

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.

The Great Church LIGHT.
PRINCE'S Patent. Reducers give the most powerful, the softest,
cheapest and the most light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows,
Public, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and el-
gant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount
to churches and the trade. L. F. PRINCE, 651 Pearl Street, N. Y.