

Let Us Give Thanks.

Yes, there are gloomy days of dark repining,
That sadly flit along on leaden wing,
And yet, somewhere, the sun is always shining,
And every winter surely ends in spring.

Yes, there is pain and suffering, heart rending,
And pitiful old age, grown faint and gray;
But young lives come to crown the old lives' ending,
Think of the children in the world to-day!

Yes, there is war. God's waits a little longer
Ere He will all this jarring strife subdue;
But human love today was never stronger
And human hearts were never half so true.

Yes, in each life there will be bitter sorrow,
But 'tis not long—this space of mortal breath,
There waits for each of us a grand to-morrow,
There waits for each the kindly night of death.

A world where sunbeams dance, and birds are singing,
Where violets never fail to come in May
Where little children's voices sweet are ringing,
Where love shines steadfast on the darkest way!

A world where dear Life meets us, full of gladness,
And guides our steps o'er easy paths and steep;
And where her smile has faded into sadness,
Dear Death soothes every weary heart to sleep.

Beyond our sight the angels are rejoicing,
They stand around the throne in shining ranks;
Oh, let us join the song that saints are voicing,
Hail our Father—let us, too, give thanks!

—BESSIE CHANDLER.

CARLETTA.

Two gentlemen in New York were conversing together. One of them—John H.—did not believe in the religion of the Lord Jesus. As they walked along one rainy night, returning from their business, for they were merchants, their conversation turned on religious subjects.

"If I could have your faith, friend B., I should be glad, but I was born a skeptic; I cannot help doubting. I have been hardened in unbelief for thirty years.

"But God can change a skeptic's heart. I shall still pray for you." Just then they stepped into an elegant dining-room to get some supper. Soon after, a strain of sweet music came through the open door.

"Upon my word," said H., "there is great purity in those tones." Just then they saw outside the door a child, and at the same moment the waiter of the saloon said, in angry tone:

"Out of here, you little baggage!" "Let her come in," said H., "I want to see her."

She was thinly dressed. On her feet were a pair of shoes from which her little toes peeped out. Her cheeks were of olive darkness; but a slight flush rested there, and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of broad temples deepened by masses of the blackest hair, looked two little eyes whose pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

"The little thing is sick, I believe," said H., "What do you sing child?" he added.

"I sing you Italian, or a little English."

H. had been looking at her shoes. "Why," he exclaimed, "her feet are wet to her ankles, and her shoes are full of holes."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hair and folding her little slim fingers. Her voice was wonderful, and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and pathos of tones drew a crowd around her.

The little song commenced thus: "There is a happy land far, far away, Where saints in glory stand Bright, bright as day."

Never could her voice or manner be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo around her head; and when she had finished, her great speaking eyes turned toward H.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?" "In the Sabbath-school, sir."

"Well, you don't suppose there is a happy land?" "I know there is, sir, and I am going to sing there," she said so gently, so decidedly, that the men looked at each other.

"Going to sing there?" "Yes, sir; my mother said so; she used to sing to me until she was sick, then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well, and what then?"

"And then—she died, sir," tears running up and over on the dark cheek, now flushed scarlet. And then she added, as H. said "but you may live, my child." No, I had rather go up there and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side. There won't be any pain up there, sir—it is a beautiful world."

"How do you know?" faltered on the lip of the skeptic. "My mother told me so. She read it out of God's Book."

Ah! John H., too, once had a praying mother. His breast labored for a moment; the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard even in their depths, and still those large, soft, lustrous eyes, like magnets, compelled his glance toward them.

"Child, you must have a pair of shoes."

Several hands were thrust into pockets, purses pulled out and the astonished child held in her palm more money than she had ever seen before.

Along the sloppy street went the child, under the protection of H., with good, new shoes on her feet. Slowly they wended their way to her miserable home. As they entered the door she cried:

"Oh! father, father, see what I have brought you."

He looked up to H. and said: "I'm sick, you see; all gone, sir; had to send the poor child out, o' we'd starve. I wish I was well enough to play you a tune."

"It's no matter," said H., with difficulty; "I'll come and see you some other time," and he groped his way down stairs.

The gentlemen kindly provided for little Carletta, and frequently visited her. One day, a month after, they met again, by agreement, and walked slowly down town. Treading innumerable passages, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father. No, not lived there—for, as they paused a moment, out came two or three men, bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin (the top nailed down so that no mourner might open provided there had been any such) slept the organ-grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir, said a woman who recognized his benefactor. 'Yesterday the little girl was took sick, and it seems as if he dropped right away. He died at six last night.'

The two men went silently up stairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a table provided by H. The child lay there—not white but pale as marble. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent!

"Well, my little one, so you are no better?" "Oh, no, sir. I wish I could sing for you, she said, and her little hands flew together.

"Do you wish to sing?" "Oh, so much; but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Where was the child looking that there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked B. "Oh yes."

"Do you know who he was?" "Good Jesus! He died on the cross that I might be saved."

"B., this breaks me down," said H., and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, don't cry, I am so glad," said the little girl exultantly, and she looked up, as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for, my dear?" asked B.

"To get away from her," she said, deliberately. I used to be so cold in the long winter, for we did not have fire sometimes; but mother used to hold me close, and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way. But some were kind to me. Mother told me never mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me, and told me that if I trusted in Jesus who had died on the cross for me, He would save me, and one of these days He would give me a better home. And oh, I shall sing there and be so happy! Oh, I feel so sleepy."

"H., are faith and hope nothing?" asked B., pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as death breathed icily over it.

"Don't speak to me, B. To be as that little child I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your skeptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest till it is at the feet of Christ. O my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is soon to be singing in heaven, that you will be a follower of her Saviour. Let reason bow here before simple, trusting faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows. The hospital doctor came in; stood off a little way; shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on. Presently the hands moved the arms

were raised, the eyes opened. Yet glared though they were, they turned still upward.

"See, see!" she cried. "Oh, there is mother, and there are the angels! They are all singing—all singing!" Her voice faltered; her arms fell, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on her face. Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her and, faintly smiled. It was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

"There is no doubting the soul triumphed there," whispered B. "It is wonderful," replied H., looking on both with awe and tenderness. "Is she gone?"

He sprang from the chair, as if he would detain her; but the chest and forehead were already marble, and the eyes had lost the fire of life. She must have died as she lay looking at them.

"She was always a sweet little thing," said the nurse, softly. H., stood as if spell-bound. There was a touch on his arm. He started and turned.

Said his friend B., with an impressive look, Shall we pray?

For a minute or two there was no answer, then came tears: the whole frame of the man shook as he said—it was almost a cry—

"Yes; pray, pray."

And from the side of the dead child went up pleadings to the throne of God. That prayer was answered, the miracle wrought, the lion is a lamb, the doubter a believer, the skeptic a Christian.

This little Carletta had drawn the stout hearted skeptic to the Saviour. She had preached a more effective sermon to him than he had every before heard. He had interpreted the child's faith, and had seen it bear her safely through the last hour. He was led to renounce his infidelity, and to trust in Carletta's Saviour—*Evangelist.*

The Blind Girl's Mistake.

A child of poor parents who lived in France seemed one of the brightest and healthiest of babes. As she grew it was found that her eyes turned in a little, and this grew worse very fast, till she could see only the side of her face opposite to each eye, and that only where the nose did not shut out the view.

When she was twelve years old a wise oculist in the neighborhood looked with pity on the little girl and saw that she could be operated upon with very little pain so as to prevent her from becoming wholly blind. He said that if she were able to use her eyes in the right way they would become stronger, till she could see as well as any one else.

Her parents would not consent, but said that if she wished it done they would not object. It was fully explained to her. All she would say was, "Will it hurt me any?" The oculist said: "Some, but not so very much, and then you can see like other people." But because it would hurt some she would not consent. When she was twenty years old there was no help, for she had become totally blind.

This was a terrible mistake. There is one of a similar kind followed by worse effects that many persons are making. I made it for a number of years—so long that I sometimes tremble to think what might have happened.

We are all born into this world with hearts that are more inclined to evil than to good, so that if left to ourselves every one of us goes astray. The heavenly Physician offers to purge our hearts from evil, so that it will be our delight to do God's will. He will take away our bent to sinning. But we must repent of all our past sins; and repentance is sorrow, and this is painful. It is all explained to us, but many put it off because they dislike to confess and forsake their sins and to acknowledge Christ before men. They are warned that they are growing spiritually blind, and that if they do not turn to Christ for light after a while their spiritual eyes will be past feeling and then there will be no hope. In every city there are thousands, in every town hundreds, in the little villages some who are unable now to see their evil moral state.

Ye gay, happy hopeful young people who have not given your hearts to God, ask yourselves if you are not repeating on a still more dangerous subject the blind girl's mistake.—*Dr. Buckley.*

The Training of Boys.

It is my belief that, as a rule, boys are abused, and it is small wonder that so many of them grow up to be so thoughtless and useless. I want to make all due allowance for the nervous, overworked mothers (for I have been one myself), who can not long endure the noisy clatter of little boots, or the restless opening of "those boys!" But O, how often a little planning and loving forethought could save our "nerves" and also our boys.

Give the boys a room of their own, where they may be allowed to work,

play, read or whatever the boyish fancy may dictate. If he be fond of reading, let him have plenty of good, suitable books and papers, and an easy chair in which to sit in while he reads them.

A boy loves comfort as well as a girl does, and money spent in making him comfortable at home goes a long way towards keeping him off the street. Some boys can not be satisfied to spend a whole evening in reading; these must be provided for in some other way. Let them have games—there are many innocent ones—and let them invite their friends into the house, and feel that they have a share in home. I used to let my boys popcorn, make taffy candy, whittle and run a scroll saw in the evening, in spite of the litter it made, and I never regretted it.

If the boy wants to make money—that is, speculate in a small way—and can do it without interfering with his school duties, let him do so. It will teach him to be industrious and will cultivate business habits. I knew a mother, who went into partnership with her boys, she furnishing the capital and the boys doing the work. In this way she taught them to keep accounts, and if the money made did not amount to much, the lessons learned were invaluable.

Boys like to be trusted, it makes them manly. If a boy deserves praise give it to him freely. I know there are boys and boys, but I have never yet found one who was not susceptible to kindness, and who could not be managed if the right course was pursued.

Why Are You Not A Christian?

Is it because you are afraid of ridicule and what others may say of you?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

Is it because you are not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Is it because you are afraid that you will not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Is it because you are too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Is it because you are afraid that you will not hold out?

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Is it because you are thinking that you will do as well as you can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."

Is it because you are postponing the matter without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—*Greetings.*

—If you want your wife to believe in your religion, don't look like a graveyard when breakfast is late.

—The man who knows it all is brother to the woman who says, "I told you so."

Open now and then the tomb called a parlor.—*Country Gentleman.*

Many a wearied heart you could help by a little breath of praise.—*National Baptist.*

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If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

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.

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"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-

An Episcopal schree's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic

severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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1874.....	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876.....	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,914,093.43
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	5,849,589.1
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,873.77
1886.....	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
1887.....	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888.....	525,273.58	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1889.....	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
1890.....	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

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