

## The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way,  
Father, guide them;  
O! we know not what of harm  
May befall them;  
Neath the shadow of Thy wing,  
Father, hide them;  
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,  
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,  
Do Thou hear them;  
From the stains of sin and shame  
Do Thou clear them;  
Mid the quicksands and the rocks,  
Do Thou steer them;  
In temptation, trial, grief,  
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,  
Lord, receive them;  
In the world we know must be  
Much to grieve them,—  
Many striving oft and strong  
To deceive them;  
Trustful in Thy hands of love  
We must leave them,  
—William Cullen Bryant.

## Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah."

NEW YORK CITY,  
December 31, 1891.

My dear Amelia: You'll see by the top-piece of this letter that I'm down to York to your cousin 'Lias house, Caleb an' me, a spendin' of the hollydays. 'Lias an' Sary hev jest laid themselves out to make us comfortable an' show us the sites, an' sech a lovely vizzit as we've hed I can't tell you. We've seen the Brooklyn Bridge an' the World buildin', but I can't stop to describe 'em, nor the house full of crazy critters that we see down to Wall Street. I wuz skart half to deth, for there wart none of 'em tied up, an' I wuz thankful to git out alive. What little time I've got to rite before dark I'm goin' to spend in tellin' of the glimpse of glory we got last nite.

However, in passin' I will jest refer to an interestin' incident that happened lately. One day when Sary an' me wuz ridin' onto a 4th Avenue car, Sary sez, sez she.

"Mar, jest look out of that window an' see where that splendid white marble church used to be. You remember we went there once to hear Bishop Fors."

I looked an' saw a grate yawnin' sullen-hole, an' lots of rubbish lyin' around, an' I sez, sez I.

"Mercy sakes alive, Sary Lewis! Did it fall down? Wuz any body killed?"

"No, mar," sez she; "it was tore down."

"By an aithquake!" sez I.

"No," she sez. "Tore down by folks on purpose."

"The dreadful!" sez I. "Where wuz the perlice?"

"Mar, you don't understand," sez she. "Twuz the members sold out. They're a-goin' to build an' other church up-town."

"You don't say!" sez I quite comforted. "I'm glad to know that all the folks in this part of York is saved, so that there aint nothin' more to do down here; for of course they wouldn't hev moved so long as there wuz any unconverted in the neighborhood. I only wish we could hev such a thorough work to Sackett's Falls."

I meant to hev asked whatever become of the marble an' the pews, but jest then the car stopped an' we got off. But about last nite. You see, 'Lias an' Sary allus make it a pint to hear the oryrtoreo of the "Messiah" every Christmas. They look forrard to it from year to year. "I wouldn't be Christmas without it," sez they, an' as we wuz on hand this time they insisted on our a-goin' with 'em. Sary told me, to sorter prepare my mind, that it begins away back in the days of Isaiah when he professid about the comin' of the blessed Saviour, an' then skips over to His birth an' life an' death an' risin' agin an' His return to heaven, an' she sez,

"Remember, mar, the musick describes it all, so that if there wart any words except the title you'd almost know what it wuz all about."

An' then she played bits on the pianny to show us, so I got quite an idee.

"You'll see the new Musick Hall," sez 'Lias.

Wal, we went down there about half past seven, and there wuz a reel perlite young man (probably a friend of 'Lias's—'Lias allus did make lots of friends) a-standin' waitin' for us at the top of the stairs. An' would you believe it, that clever young feller had saved four of the best seats in the house for us, and turned 'em up, so no-body else should'n't git 'em. I wanted to thank him for his kindness, for I thought that 'Lias took it pritty cool. It wuz adzezzin' sort of place, all white an' gold an' hundreds of lites burnin', an' there wuz galries one above another higher than you'd want to look, an' hundreds an' thousands of people a-comin' in. There wuz a platform bigger'n the Town Hall to Sackett's Falls, an' lots of girls and wimmis in white dresses jest like brides sot

up there, and ever so many men too.—They made up the choir. I kep a-hearin' the squak of the fiddle out of site, an' I asked Sary if she wuz quite sure we'd come to a religious performance, an' she bit her lips an' nodded. Priddy soon there wuz a crowd of men come in, an' sot down in front of all the rest; an' a slender young man (I thought it wuz the same one what saved the seats for us, but Sary said no), stepped up on a little platform with his back toward the congregation, an' raised up a stick an' the whole house grew as still as deth. Then the musick begun.

You could hear it wuz years an' years before Jesus came, it wuz so sad, so full of pain an' tears an' darkness, with a longin' in it, that wuz almost a hope. To my mind, it wuz like long nites when I watched hour after hour by my Caroline when she wuz doan so low with the fever, an' both the doctors hed gin her up, but I couldn't. There wuz a moment of entire silence, an' then a few delikit notes like a faint streak of dawn in the east, and then one little bird woke up an' another an', another until all-aboard there wuz a rustlin' an' a chirpin, an' a soft singin' in a thousand nests. But it wuzn't quite mornin' yet, an' while it wuz still all gray an' misty in the valley, an' jest a glimmer of rose-color on the tops of the hills, a voice wuz heard, strong but quiet bekrz it wuz so sure of every thing bein' all rite.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord."

I wish I mite tell you all about it, but I aint neither time nor ability. I can only pick out a few of the parts that I liked best, and try to gin you a faint idee of what they are like. There wuz several of them professies, and I can never read 'em agin without hearin' of them instrements. Sometim-s the musick seemed to dance for joy like David before the ark of the Lord, and agin it wuz slow an' solum, specially where that line comes in, "The mouth of the Lord has spoken it," when it went boom boom-bo in a way to take your very breath. There wuz a wonderful place where it sez, "He shall be like a refiner's fire." Did you ever think it was impossible for musick to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fin', thin, tremblin' notes, not very loud but quick as lightin', made me feel as if I should be a-blazin' the next minit.

I can't pass by the part, "Unto us" a child is born." The trebles all sang, "Unto us" a s'ft an' sweet as if they wuz whisperin' suthin, too good to be true, an' the t'nners an' couters an' bases all took turns in tellin', of it over an' over in the same hushed way. But when they came to "His name shall be called—Wonderful!" there wuz a burst of glory on that one word, with all the instrements boomin' an' thrilin' an' most beside themselves with the joy of it, that I grabbed a-bolt of Caleb for fear he'd shout "Praise the Lord!" jest as he does in revival times.

Wal, we came down to the very nite Christ was born. Part of that wuz musick without singin'. There wuz a few shepherds sittin' out under the stars a-playin' the softest, prettiest little tune you ever heard.

You could jest see them in your mind's eye in the dusk, and the sheep and lambs all lyin' fast asleep. And would you believe it, all them thousands of listnin' people wuz as quiet as one little sleepin' child. Then there wuz a rustlin' an' a flutterin' of wings, an' the angels were fillin' all the air with lile an' musick. What is the use of my poor old pen a-tryin' to write of it! But I can't stop until I've told you a little more. The two wimmis on the front of the platform divided up one piece between them. One hed a treble voice and the other a counter. The counter sang, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and you could see Him leadin' the sheep through green pastures an' carryin' the lambs; and then the treble sang the same tune a little higher an' changed the words to "Come unto Him and He will give you rest, and it jest seemed as if you sank away down, down on the Everlastin' Arms, and couldnt be tired agin forevern ever.

When it come to the sorrows of the dear Saviour, there wuz tears a-runnin' down people's faces. "He wuz de-pised and rejected." O, Amelia, I never felt before how awful it wuz, nor how alone He wuz! There is one low-down note that is just as if his heart wuz broken. Sary sez it wuzzent a note, but a cord, or rather a discord. Any way, it hed the story of Jesus into it, the patient, lovin' way in which he went about doin' good, the homelessness and hunger and poverty He went through with, the kiss and the scourge and the cross, and what wuz more than all, the black load of sins, my sins, that wade on Him and crushed Him. I never heard sech a sermon on the sufferin' of Jesus Christ as that musick preached, I can hear it now.

But I must hasten on. By and by Jesus he come out of the grave, and all heaven is rejoicin'. They

call that part the 'Halleluyah Chorus,' and every body stands up. It made me think of the Judgment Day to see the faces, row upon row of 'em. There wuz one one halleluyah after another. It wuz airth an' heven answerin' back an' forth, saints an' angels gathered together, an' we with them. We were goin' up a broad, g'ld staircase, for they sang over an' over, 'King of kings and Lord of lords,' and every time on a higher note, higher an' higher still, till my poor soul could hardly bear to stay into the body, an' I held onto the back of the seat in front of me to keep from risin' r'ie up into the air.

There wuz more after that, but my cup wuz runnin' over. An' I didn't take in the rest. It seemed to me I'd been into heven a thou sand years, and the trumpet of the angel didn't consarn me. I've made poor work a-tryin' to tell you how it all sounded, but you must hear it for yourself. I fully expect it will be sung into the next world, and I shall hev a part into it there and sing es high and as sweet as any of them.

As ever your lovin' aunt,  
DEBORAH BROWNLOW LEWIS

## Trusting Children.

The most trusting thing in life is a baby, and to a mother it is the sweetest thing in the world to see her little one smile and hold out its arms as she draws near. How absolute the trust of a little child is; it is certain of warmth, and food, and light and love so long as mother is near. But alas, in many homes that happy time does not last much beyond infancy. How soon the child learns to hold its own reserves. How soon it cuts its little life apart from its parents and lives within itself. How soon it has thoughts, feelings and desires which it instinctively knows nothing of. How early it has "ways of its own." But says some one, "This is a necessity. The child becomes an individual and must of necessity lead a separate existence." True, but that is no reason why a creature to whom love and trust are natural should become secretive, suspicious, and sometimes even combative.

I said to a thoughtful woman, not long since, "When you were a child what were your relations to grown people? How did you regard them, and how do you suppose they regarded you?"

"Why," answered she, considering, "grown people and I had very little in common. My interests were distinctively different from theirs. I never mentioned anything I cared for to them. I did not think they would understand. They were my elders and betters. I minded them and that was all."

I asked another, "And what did you think?"

"Oh," said she sadly, "I always supposed I was a trouble to everybody."

Said another, "I knew that my father and mother loved me dearly, but if they caught a glimpse of any of my plays or fancies, they always laughed and said 'How absurd!' and made fun of me; so I soon learned to keep things to myself."

Said a man, "I never supposed that grown people could be friends with children, and I felt that many people, my teachers, for instance, made many rules and commands simply to torment me, and I made up my mind that I would be even with them when I grew up."

I think this sad and unnatural state of things is entirely the fault of grown people.

"Go and see what Johnny is doing and tell him not to," is the attitude which the mother assumes toward the four-year-old. It is to be expected from her point of view that Johnny will be in mischief, and it must be owned that Johnny often betters expectations in that line; still he feels that he is an object of suspicion, and that does not help him to be good. He finds himself in the world of wonders, and he himself is furnished with nimble fingers, lively feet, and a brain of the most active and investigating character possible; he turns from one thing to another, and 'don't,' 'don't,' resounds upon all sides of him all day long; he is irritated to the pitch of exasperation constantly, and no wonder that he hardens his little heart, and steels his little will, and does things on the sly, and casts upon you glances of doubt and suspicion whenever you come near. It is the inevitable result of this wretched training.

Do not make your child an object of suspicion. Trust in him, believe in his warm heart and his good intentions. Give him the benefit of the doubt always. Many an action which you hastily call naughty is merely a mistake; accept his apology when he says that he 'did not mean to do it.' Make him sure that you know he will not do it again now he sees that it troubles mamma.

Do not discourage him by talking too much of his faults. Do not act as if you expected him always to yield to ill-temper, selfishness, un-

truthfulness, or whatever his particular dragon may be which he has to fight; set the opposite virtue before him, and make him feel that you expect him to reach it, and can exult with him over every victory won.

Nor say to a child that you are ashamed of him, or that you wish some other child were yours in his stead, and do not tell him that you do not love him when he is naughty. You know that all such talk is untrue, but he believes you mean what you say, and he is cut to the heart by it, and long after you have forgotten your hasty speech he effects of it and it rankles, and the effect upon his character is the reverse of what you would wish.

Believe, then, with all your heart and soul in all the gracious and noble capabilities of your child's nature, and be sure to let him know that you do so. Corfide in him, give him trusts to fulfil and responsibilities to carry, and being surrounded by such an atmosphere of confidence and love his nature will develop symmetrically and he will be all that you hope for him and all that God meant him to be when he gave him to you.—Christian at Work.

There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive from God, and to give out to their fellows. No fruit without the drinking of the sunshine. No true tasting of the sunshine that is not gathering itself toward the ripening of fruit.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

A good name is a great treasure. It will be yours if you keep straight forward in the path of duty and usefulness. But remember that a good name is easily forfeited and hard to win back when once lost.

## The Nobleman's Greatest Compliment.

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of a street in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste, and she did not find the one she sought, until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered, timidly.

"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street, and when he afterward told the story, he said, "That little child's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

Men carry something of their character written in their faces. Day by day the acts of life chisel their impress on the human countenance; and the record there kept reveals the character of the man, and the history of his life and deeds. If worldliness, and selfishness, and sin, are written there, the keen eyes of childhood will not fail to find the record; while if there beams in that countenance the grace and peace of Christ, and the gentleness and kindness of the Lord, even children will be attracted.

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It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

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How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy.

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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
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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
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