

The Mother's Prayer.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;

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's
house, Caleb an' me, a spendin' of
the hollydays.

However, in passin' I will just
refer to an interestin' insid'nt what
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 win-
dow an' see where that splendid
white marble church used to be.
You remember we went there once
to hear Bishop Fos's."

"I looked an' saw a grate yawnin'
suller-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' a earthquake!" sez I.
"By an' a earthquake!" sez I.

"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 s'nt nothin' more
to do down here; for of course they
wouldn't hev moved so long as there
wuz any unconverted in the neigh-
borhood. I only wish we could hev
such a thorough work to Sackett's
Falls."

I meant to hev ask'd 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 orrytoreo of the
'Messiah' every Christmase. They
look forr'd to it from year to year.
"T'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 be-
gins away back in the days of Isaiah
when he profess'd 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
wuz any words excep the title
you'd aloust know what it wuz all
about."

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

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

Wal, we went down there about
half past seven, and there wuz a
real 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 shouldn't git 'em. I
wanted to thank him for his kind-
ness, 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 high-
er than you'd want to look, an' hun-
dreds an' thousands of people a-com-
in' in. There wuz a platform big-
er'n the Town Hall to Sackett's
Falls, an' lots of girls and winmin
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 squ-ak of the fid-
dles 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. Prity 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), step-
ped 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 th-
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 watch'd
hour after hour by my Caroline
when she wuz do'n so low with the
fever, an' both the doctors hed gin
her up, but I couldn't. There wuz
a moment of entire silense, 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 s'nt neither time nor abilit-
ty. 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 in-
stremments. 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 yer very breth. There
wuz a wonderful place where it sez,
"Ye shall be like a refiner's fire."

Did you ever think it wuz impos-
sible for musick to be like fire? I don't
know how they did it, but the fin-
g'rs, 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 troubles
all sang "Unto us" s'nt an' sweet'
as if they wuz whisperin' suthin,
too good to be true, an' the t-ners
an' cousters 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
he instremments boomin' an' thril-
lin' 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 wuz 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 flut-
terin' of wings, an' the angels were
fillin' all the air with lite 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 winmin on the front of the
platform divided up one piece be-
tween them. One hed a treble voice
and the other a counter. The count-
er sang, "He shall feed his flock
like a shepherd, and you could see
Him leadin' the sheep through green
pastures a 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 Everlasting Arms, and couldnt
be tired agin forever ever.

When it come to the sorrows of
the dear Saviour, there wuz tears
a-runnin' down people's faces. "He
wuz de-posed 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
breakin'. Sary sez it wuzzent a
note, but a cord, or rather a dis-
cord. 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

ev'ill that part the 'Halleluyer-
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 halle-
luyer after another. It wuz airth
an' hev an 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 tim-
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' rite
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 ab-
solute 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 in-
stinctively 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 re-
garded you?"

"Why," answered she, consider-
ing, "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 every-
body."

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 ab-
surd!' and made fun of me; so I
soon learned to keep things to my-
self."

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 do-
ing and tell him not to," is the atti-
tude which the mother assumes to-
ward 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
better 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," "don't," resounds upon all
sides of him all day long; he is ir-
ritated 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 g'ances
of doubt and suspicion whenever
you come near. It is the inevitable
result of this wretched training.

Do not make your child an ob-
ject of suspicion. Trust in him, be-
lieve 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 par-
ticular dragon may be which he has
to fight; set the opposite virtue be-
fore him, and make him feel that
you expect him to reach it, and
then exult with him over every
victory won.

Never 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 un-
true, but he believes you mean what
you say, and he is cut to the heart
by it, and long after you have for-
gotten your hasty speech he thinks
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. Confide in him,
give him trusts to fulfil and respon-
sibilities to carry, and being sur-
rounded 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 fel-
lows. No fruit without the drink-
ing of the sunshine. No true tast-
ing 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,
hansom, 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 compli-
mented with the freedom of the
greatest city on the globe; he re-
ceived 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 counte-
nance; 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 kind-
ness of the Lord, even children will
be attracted.

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More cases of sick headache, bilious-
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time, with less medicine, and for less
money, by using Carter's Little Liver
Pills, than by any other means.

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

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence writes:
"I have great pleasure in testifying to
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enced from the use of Northrop & Ly-
man's Vegetable Discovery for Dys-
pepsia. For several years nearly all
kinds of foods fermented on my stom-
ach so that after eating I had very dis-
tressing sensations; but from the time
I commenced the use of the Vegetable
Discovery I obtained relief.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels
cranky, and is constantly experi-
menting, dieting himself, adopting
strange notions, and changing the
cooking, the dishes, the hours, and
manner of his eating—August
Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at
times a gnawing, voracious, insati-
able appetite, wholly unaccountable,
unnatural and unhealthy.—August
Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no
desire to go to the table and a
grumbling, fault-finding, over-nice-
ty 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 appet-
ite 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 ir-
regular bowels and peculiar stools.—
August Flower the Remedy.

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