

My Alabaster Box

It was not at meat in the Pharisee's house
That I sought the Lord to-day,
Nor yet in my closet hushed and fair
When I lowly knelt to pray,
But I carried my box of ointment sweet
In the face of the throngs that I chanced
to meet.

"It is jeweled and precious," I proudly
cried,
"And it cost me gems and gold,
And see, I shall pour it freely out
That my neighbors may behold,
And then I will meekly go my way.
'She has broken her box,' will the gazers
say."

So up and down through the busy street
Seeking my Lord I went,
My head held high and my soul on fire
With the glow of its good intent,
And presently hard where two roads met
Stood One whom my spirit cannot forget.

Down in the dust at His beautiful feet,
With my trailing draperies white,
I cast myself with the odors sweet,
Were there angels to watch the sight?
"Lo! I for Thy pleasing have brought my
best;

Take it, sweet Saviour, and give me rest!
He stayed me then with a kindly word:
"Not so, my child!" said He.

"Hast thou never a thought of the hidden
name

In the hands that were pierced for thee?
Wouldst thou wound the heart that broke
to save
Thy life from the power that holds thee
slave?

"Bring hither thy pride and thy discontent
And thy cherished and vain self-will;
Empty thy soul of its low desires
That My love that soul may fill.
Is not thy jeweled box I crave;
I am seeking the soul that I died to save.

"And never a gift of precious worth
Canst thou bestow upon Me,
While thou shuttest thy poorest brother
out

From thy quickened sympathy,
And never in crowds and sordid show
Can I My best upon thee bestow."

The vision faded; the throng whirled by;
I stood in the path alone.
Then I went to seek for the lost, the weak,
Since my blessed Lord was gone.

Wherever they need me the box I break
To-day, to day, for my Lord's dear sake.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Social Game.

"Don't go, girls, don't," said a
silver-haired friend of my mother's
who visited us occasionally, when
we were talking about attending a
card party. "Don't go, girls, don't,"
she repeated.

"Why, Aunt Mattie," we asked,
"why not go? Do you think card
playing, just for amusement, wrong?"

"I think so."

"Why everybody plays now.
Just a few evenings ago we were at
Prof. Ball's; cards were brought, and
we all played. The Professor's son
and daughter both engaged in the
amusement, and all the best families
do the same."

"Even if all these you speak of
permit and help in card playing,
does that alone make it right?"

"No; but if such families think
it right, I would not like to set my-
self up as a pattern of goodness, and
refuse their invitations, and thus tell
them that I thought their actions
wrong. I answered impatiently.

Aunt Mattie's face flushed a little,
and I noticed her thin, white hand
tremble as she brushed back a silver
lock from her forehead. She looked
at me a moment with a blending
of pain and tenderness, then said:

"Mina, if you will listen, I will
tell you something of my past life."

I told her I would be glad to listen,
for she was a pleasant talker, and I
loved her society. She continued:

"A long time ago I was the
mother of a darling little boy. My
husband died when my child was
but three years of age. After that,
all my care, all my ambition, was
for that boy. I tried to teach him
to be manly, to be honest, to do
right under every circumstance. I
had means sufficient to give him
every advantage he needed for edu-
cation and position. At the age of
twenty-one he had graduated in a
university of standing, was a large
fine looking man. I looked upon
him with a feeling of motherly pride
and deep affection. I expected to
see him rise up and fill some honor-
able and useful position.

"Then, as now, it was the habit
of some to play cards for amusement.
I tried to persuade Joe not to play,
for I always had a strong aversion
to that kind of a pastime. For a
time he heeded my wishes. But
one evening a young lady whose so-
ciety he loved, and who had a strong
influence over him, persuaded him
to play his first game with her.

What a pity that woman's hand
should ever lead astray! He, like
many others, thought there was no
wrong in it, and that it could never
in any way do him any harm. But
cards had a strong fascination for
him. In those parlor games, where
prizes were offered, he was usually
successful; that fact stimulated him
to play in other places and for
money. In less than a year from
the time he played his first parlor
game he was a confirmed gambler.

One night, playing, he lost and
lost heavily. He lost not only his
own money, but some he held in

trust. When the last dollar was
gone, being wild from his loss, and
heated with wine, he arose from the
table, and drew a knife, and buried
it in the body of his antagonist.
He was sent to prison for life. For
ten long, dark years, I was the
mother of a murderer; then a change
came. He was taken sick, he tossed
on a bed of pain for many weeks.
One night he stepped out from his
prison bed, and went into the great
unknown future. For long years
the grass has been growing upon
his grave, but no time can make me
forget my great sorrow, nor the
cause of it.

"Now, girls, don't go to card
parties. Don't engage in that sort
of amusement. Don't be the means
of giving to some young boy a know-
ledge which may lead to ruin. A
woman should lead to purity and
good. She never will do it by card
playing." — *Western Advocate.*

Praying Children.

I remember a man who enlisted
in our war, and left a wife and two
children, and the wife was not in
good health. One cold day in Nov-
ember, in the first year of the war,
the news came that he was shot in
battle, and the mother was in great
sorrow. Soon after, the landlord
came round for his rent, and she
told him her trouble, and said she
would not be able to pay the rent so
regularly as before, as she had only
her needle by which she could obtain
a livelihood; sewing machines were
just coming in then, but as she
could not buy one, she had a very
poor chance. The man was a heart-
less wretch, and he said that if she
did not pay the rent regularly he
would turn her out. After he went
away the mother began to weep.

Her little child not quite five, came
up to her and said: —
"Mamma, is not God very rich?"

"Yes, my child."

"Can't God take care of us?"

"Yes."

"Then what makes you cry?"

Mayn't I go and ask him?"

The mother said she might, if she
liked. The little child knelt at her
cradle-bed, where the mother taught
her to pray; and the mother told me
the child never looked so sweet.

She stood weeping over her misfor-
tunes, and the little child knelt down
and said, "O Lord, you have given
and have taken away my dear father,
and the landlord says he will
turn us out of doors, and my mamma
has no money; won't you please
lend us a little house to live in?"

And then she came out to her
mother, and said, "Mamma, don't
weep. Jesus will take care of us.
I know he will, for I have asked
him."

It is upwards of twenty years,
and that mother has never paid any
rent from that day to this. A
beautiful cottage was provided for
her and her two children, and she
has lived there without paying any
rent. When the fire swept over
Chicago and burnt up her house, a
second little home was put up for
her, and there she is.

Another incident connected with
the same family. They heard I was
going to the army a few weeks after
they were provided for, and the
mother came to me with her two
little children, and they brought
down all the money they had, some
pennies which they had been put-
ting away in a little bank, or at
least the elder one and it was like
the widow's mite. I thought at first
I could not take the money; but
then I thought it is God who has
prompted them to give it.

They wanted me to take it down into
the army and buy a Bible, and give it
to a soldier; and to tell the soldier
who got it that the children who
gave it were going to pray for him,
as they used to pray for their father.

They wanted some soldier to pray for
—God bless such children! I
bought two Bibles, and one night I
was preaching, and had a lot of men
hearing me, and I told them this
story, and holding one of the Bibles,
I said, "If there is a man here who
has the courage, the moral courage,
who is not a Christian, to rise and
take this Bible and have these two
fatherless children to follow him
through the war, let him step for-
ward."

Tommy surprise sixteen men sprang
to their feet, moved forward, and
knelt around me, and it seemed as
if heaven and earth came together.

The prayers of those little children
had followed the Bibles. I am so
thankful that we have a God who
hears and answers prayer. — *D. L. Moody.*

John Chinaman as a Father.

He is by no means an impartial
parent, if we judge from the descrip-
tion of him given by *St. Nicholas*.

As a father, John Chinaman's boys,
but feels keenly the disgrace brought
by the advent of a daughter. He
does not consider her worthy of a
name, but calls her Number 1, 2 or
3, as the case may be. He ignores
her entirely in telling the number
of his children, counting only the
boys. He considers her as without
mind or soul, and denies her the ad-

vantages of education which her
brother receives. As she grows up
she is a slave in her own and her
husband's house; and not till she is
old does she receive love and rever-
ence.

If a child is taken sick, both John
and his wife think the soul has
wandered away, and steps are taken
to recall it. The mother calls at the
open door, "Soul, come home." The
father goes out to seek it, usually
searching about the nearest
bridge. At his cry of "Coming
coming!" the mother looks carefully
about her floor and secures the first
thing of life she sees. This may be
a flea, or beetle, or other insect, but
is supposed to have within it the
missing spirit. It is wrapped up
and joyfully placed under the pillow
of the sick one, who is now expect-
ed to recover forthwith. If death
comes instead, the child is buried
summarily and with scant ceremony.
John considers his own coffin one of
the most valued and most necessary
pieces of furniture for his own room,
and his highest ambition is to have
an elaborate funeral. He and the
older members of his household have
this ambition gratified in propor-
tion to their wealth and the number
of their descendants.

Wheelbarrow Folk.

There are a good many children,
and some grown people who go like
a wheelbarrow—that is, they go
just as far as they push them, and
when you stop they stop. You tell
them to do a thing and they do it,
and that is all they will do. If you
want a thing done again, you must
tell them to do it again. If you
want it done forty times, you must
tell them forty times to do it.

There are other people who, when
you set them going, can keep on
themselves. They have some "go"
in them. If you tell them to-day
that you want a thing done, to-mor-
row you will find the same thing
done without telling them. If you
complain that a thing has been ne-
glected this week, next week they
will see that it is not neglected.

There is a great deal of difference
in the value of these two kinds of
people, because the wheelbarrow
kind of folks need somebody to run
them, just as much as a machine
needs somebody to attend it. They
only go while you watch them and
push them; so if you have one such
person at work you must employ
another one to watch him and keep
him going; but if you have one of
the other kind at work he will
watch himself, do his work, and
make you no trouble about it.

It is very important for all boys
and girls to decide which class they
will belong to, whether they will
be wheelbarrow folk, that go as far
as they are pushed and then stop;
or whether they can be depended
upon to keep in motion after they
are once started. Boys and girls
who must be told what to do and
watched while they do it are not
worth their salt; but if a person
can do a thing with once telling,
and continue doing it without
further care, such a person is worth
more than gold.

The Sabbaths of a Year.

Just think of this: You have had
fifty-two Sabbaths! What have they
done for you? Fifty-two Sabbaths
calling you to God; telling you of
the eternal life; bringing you near
to Jesus; giving you the privileges
of social worship, of prayer for each
other, of others' prayers for you;
leading you away from the world to
sit for a time in heavenly places
with Christ Jesus; giving you the
opportunity of teaching and of being
taught. Fifty-two Sabbaths! Each
one preaching to you the blessed
Gospel of the crucified Son of God;
each one leading you to the well
of salvation that you might draw
water from it; each one feed-
ing you with the bread of life. Fifty-
two Sabbaths! What have they
done for your comfort in sor-
row, for your help in struggle, for
your restraint from evil, for your
growth in spiritual character, for
the confirming of your faith, for the
brightening of your hope, for the
culture of patience and diligence
and fidelity in the discharge of all
duties? Ah! who can tell the good
that has come to him personally
from fifty-two Sabbaths? Think this
over calmly, intelligently, and see
if you do not have occasion to say,
"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all
that is within me, bless his holy
name!"

And then these fifty-two Sab-
baths all around the globe! What
have they done for the whole human
race? For the lifting up of the
fallen, for the leavening of humanity
with the life of the Gospel? How
they have served to illustrate and
emphasize the text, "In Him we
live and move and have our being!"
— *Dr. J. Few Smith.*

The Reading of the Word.

A few striking incidents have re-
cently come to our knowledge from
over the sea of how simple reading
of the New Testament without a
word of comment has been blessed

to the conversion of individuals of
God's ancient people, the Jews. A
young Israelite in the Crimea, a
highly cultivated man, and thor-
oughly instructed in his own faith,
became acquainted with several
Christian families and conceived the
idea of writing a novel in which
the families of the Jews and Chris-
tians should be contrasted. The
better to understand the latter, he
bought a New Testament, and had
not long studied it before he be-
came convinced that Jesus was the
promised Messiah of his people.

In Berlin a Hebrew artist, desir-
ing to find new subjects for pictures,
began to search for them in the New
Testament. As he read the moral
beauty of the Saviour made a deep
impression upon him. The more he
read, the deeper was the impression,
until he came to the profound con-
viction that Jesus was the Son of
God.

Such, when once they begin to
study it, is the influence of the New
Testament upon those who have
never known it. And yet how
many of us Christians, who fancy
we know it well, fail to find any
decided evidence in our lives that
we are gaining anything from it.
We read it, but we do not grow by
it. In the reason that we are look-
ing in it rather for doctrines—for
truth, perhaps we may call it—than
for Jesus Christ, who is the truth?
To know him, this is life eternal.—
American Messenger.

Good Night.

There is a tender sweetness about
some of our common phrases of
affectionate greeting, simple and un-
obtrusive as they are, which falls
like dew upon the heart. Good
night! The little one lisps it as,
gowned in white, with shining face
and hands and prayers said, she
toddles off to bed. Sisters and
brothers exchange the wish, parents
and children, friends and friends.

Familiar use has robbed it of its
significance to some of us; we repeat
it automatically without much
thought. But consider. We are as
voyagers, putting off from time to
time upon an unexplored sea. Our
barks of life set sail and go onward
into the darkness, and we, asleep
on our pillows, take no such care as
we do when awake and journeying
by daylight. Of the perils of the
night, whatever they may be, we
take no heed. An unsleeping vigil-
ance watches over us, but it is the
vigilance of one stronger and wiser
than we, who is the Eternal Good.

Good and God spring from the same
root, are the same in meaning,
"Goodby" is only "God be with
you." "Good night" is really
"God night," or "God guard the
night."

It would be a churlish household
in which these gentle forms of
speech were ignored or did not ex-
ist. Alike the happy, and the sor-
rowful, day by day, may say
"Good night." — *Harper's Bazar.*

A Form of Family Injustice.

Few women thoroughly and so
stupidly over-reach themselves as
does a mother who makes a favorite
of one of her children. The favorite,
even if originally of a just and sym-
pathetic disposition, is made selfish,
and he is only partly responsible for
his selfishness. He easily obtains
rewards which the other children
cannot by any merit obtain, if the
favorite wishes them for himself.

His brothers and sisters are afraid
to insist on their rights, because
they will have to quarrel with Tom.
Tom has his poor, weak mother
completely under his thumb. She,
with little hesitation, palliates an
offense by him which she would con-
sider unpardonable if done to him.

She condones and forgives, seem-
ingly unconsciously that the result is
that a knowledge is borne in upon
Tom that he has only to commit a
fault to be pardoned. The effect of
all this is a demoralized family.

The other children boil under a hot
feeling of the injustice. They know,
with the intuition of children, that
in their mother's emotion has taken
the place of reason. They see that
the laws of justice are broken, and
that among them it is not the work-
er who wins, but the one who does
not work. — *New York Ledger.*

Minard's Liniment cures
Garget in Cows.

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter,
Mount Albert, says: "Last summer
my system got impregnated with the
lead and turpentine used in painting;
my body was covered with scarlet spots
as large as a 25-cent piece, and I was
in such a state that I could scarcely
walk. I got a bottle of Northrop &
Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at
once commenced taking in large doses,
and before one-half the bottle was
used there was not a spot to be seen,
and I never felt better in my life."

There is no one article in the line of
medicines that gives so large a return
for the money, as a good porous
strengthening plaster, such as Carter's
Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache
Plasters.

Featherbone!

Is simply quills put into corsets. There is nothing in the world so elastic or tough as quills. Featherbone Corsets are therefore tougher and more elastic than any other corset. Wear them, and you will be convinced that this is so.

Snow Shovels.

JUST RECEIVED.
20 DOZ. Short Handle Snow Shovels,
For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

MILL SUPPLIES.

Babbet Metal, Zero Metal, Rubber and
Leather Belting, Machinery Oil, Cylinder
Oil, Lace Leather, Mill Fils, Emery
Wheels, Disston and Canadian Saws.
For sale low by
JAMES S. NEILL.

BELYEA HOTEL

253, 255 and 257 Prince William St.,
Saint John, N. B.
JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.
ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT
LANDING.
Street Cars for and from all Railway
Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this
Hotel every five minutes.
Permanent and Transient Boarders Ac-
commodated. Terms reasonable.

January 4th, 1893.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.

We have decided to commence with the New Year, to use the
knife in cutting down prices of

WINTER GOODS.

As they must be sold to make room for an unusually Large Spring
Importation. Great Bargains in

FUR GOODS.

Ladies' Fur Capes, Muffs, Collars and Caps, Gent's Fur Coats,
Fur Caps, &c., at Great Reductions.

TENNANT, DAVIES, & Co

STOVES. STOVES.

Cook Ranges and Stoves

Both to Burn Coal or Wood.

Self Feeders Hall & Parlor Stoves

FOR COAL OR WOOD.

Dining & Bedroom Stoves

For sale at the usual low prices.
CALL AT.

NEILL'S

STOVE WAREHOUSES

And examine his large and well-assorted
stock of Stoves. Remember the old stand,
just opposite the County Court House,

348 TO 354 QUEEN ST

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.....	773,995.71.....	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.....	1,573,027.16.....	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

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.

FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Safest,
Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows,
Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and ele-
gant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount
to churches and the trade. L. F. FRANK, 664 First Street, N. Y.