

Don't.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go; For a boy or girl sin is sin you know, And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white, And his heart is as pure as you: girl's to-night.

Don't send my boy where your girl can't go, and say "There's no danger for boys you know, Because they all have their wild oats to sow. There is no more excuse for my boy to be low Than your girl. Then please do not tell him so."

—Woman's Voice.

Grandpa Goodwin's Way.

"What shall we do with John?" "John is in mischief again! Dear, dear!"

"Don't trust that boy. You will be sorry if you do."

"John, you careless fellow! I don't believe you ever stop to think! What will become of you, if you go on like this? You couldn't do an errand right now, if you tried, could you?"

Questions and exclamations like these were to be heard daily in the Stacy household. It was a large circle, and many voices echoed and re-echoed these remarks about John. Merry, mischievous John! It seemed as if he were always in trouble, and making trouble for other people. It was simply astonishing, the ways and means he found to do this. The trouble he made was not always of a very dreadful, alarming, or disastrous sort, but it was the teasing kind, forever putting people out of sorts. It was a very inconvenient kind. One never could be certain what form it would take, but one thing seemed to be settled in the minds of all. One could depend upon John to do only the wrong thing, or to do the right thing in the wrong way. In other things so "they said," he was simply unreliable. No one knew how any matter would end, if entrusted to John, while the affairs which he took upon himself to manage came out in any conceivable way—a series of surprises, in fact, for nobody ever knew what John would do next, or how he would do it.

You will see from this that he was a bright boy. A dull fellow could never have made the trouble that John made.

"Suppose we send our troublesome boy to spend a few months with Grandpa Goodwin," said Mr. Stacy to his wife one day. "Your nephew Paul is there now, you know, and he is one of the most 'proper' boys I know. He may set a good example to our John. What do you say to the plan? The boy might attend the country school out there to advantage."

"I think a few weeks under father's influence would be the very best thing for John, said the anxious mother. "He always had a way of getting on comfortably with the boys. We will let him have his way with John for awhile, if you are willing."

"So John, much delighted with the prospect, was made ready for a long visit to Grandpa and Grandma Goodwin in the country. He had an idea, from some things unguardedly said, that much was expected from this visit, but he decided in his perverse young heart that he was not to be made into a different boy by anybody, and nothing could cheat him out of "lots of fun" where-ever he was.

At first there were so many innocent ways of having a good time at the farm, that John had his fun without doing any particular mischief in connection, but this state of affairs did not last long.

"The boy is into everything!" complained Hiram, the hired man. "I keep saying to him, 'Stop this, stop that,' and warning him that, he'll come to some bad end, but it does no good at all."

"Then don't waste your time and breath," said grandpa calmly. "When he gets into things, help him out, but don't say a word. Leave him to me." His cousin Paul, who was never tempted to do the daring deeds that John was doing began to complain about the boy to Mr. Goodwin, but he received the same advice: "Leave him to me and don't notice what he does, any more than you can help."

"Seems to me, you only praise him grumbled Paul.

"Is that the case now?" asked Grandpa, looking surprised. "Well, suppose you watch and see what I praise him for. That will take up your time comfortably. You won't find me commending any of his wrong-doings, I promise you."

One day Mr. Goodwin wished to send John upon a special errand that must be done quickly. He had his own reasons for not sending Paul, although Paul would have done it faithfully in the course of time.

At home John would have heard some such remark as: "Of course you'll play by the way. You always do, but be quick now if you know how to be."

But grandpa said: "John I never saw a more nimble fellow than you

are. I never could get over the ground as fast as you can in my young days. I would like to see now how quickly you can do a little errand for me."

He explained the errand, and John set off whistling the merriest tune he knew. In a short time he was back, still whistling.

"There," said grandpa, in a tone of confidence, "I knew you could go and come on the double-quick, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

John hurried away with a queer feeling in his heart, but it was a happy feeling too, for all its queer-ness. How odd it was to be praised!

Soon after this, in one of his wild scampers through the barn, the boy knocked down a bag of seed-wheat. Instead of putting it up, or asking Hiram to do it, he carelessly left it, and the mice got into it.

Grandpa himself discovered the mischief, but said nothing till he felt sure that John had seen the traces of it too. Then he said quietly:

"My boy, I've noticed an excellent thing about you that pleases me. You are straight forward, ready to own up, and you despise an untruth. This is an honour to your training, for you have been carefully taught in Bible rules. Now, John, is there anything that happened lately, that you wish to tell me of yourself?"

John flushed, looked steadfastly at his grandfather, and then confessed his carelessness, adding sincerely, "Hiram told me to be careful. I'm sorry I forgot."

After that John improved noticeably. When he went home he was far from perfect, but there was a change for the better which delighted his friends.

"Do tell us what way you took to help our boy," wrote Mr. Stacy gratefully.

"Here is my way in a nutshell," was the reply. "I used principally the ancient rule that some wise man wrote: 'Reform a crooked stick by praising its straightest part.' John has good traits. I began with what was best in him, praised that, encouraged him to do better, and so tried to lead him on to conquer his faults, because this was well-pleasing to God."—Canadian Churchman.

Changing Our Mourning Customs.

"One of the surest indications that, as a people, we are tearing away from barbaric customs," writes Edward W. Bok, in February *Ladies' Home Journal*, "is found in the changes which, slowly but surely, have come over our mourning customs and funeral emblems. The time is not so far back when the announcement in a funeral notice that 'friends will please omit flowers' was an unheard-of thing. When this first appeared, people wondered at it. . . . Now, one meets the requests in numerous cases, and the effect has been good. 'Gates Ajar' and similar vulgar floral monstrosities are being discarded, and the modest laurel wreath or cross, or sheaf of wheat, have in good taste supplanted them. Flowers for the dead are not to be decried so long as they have a meaning or carry a message of tender sympathy to the living, or attest a love, reverence or respect for the dead. But when offered missionless, in profusion, jammed or crammed into every imaginable made-to-order-looking design or device, the custom (or habit) of thus remembering the dead becomes offensive and is best honored in the breach. Mr. Bok also expresses hearty satisfaction that the day of big funeral corteges is passing, and that the heavy black crape at the door of the home which death has entered has been supplanted by simple, unobtrusive wreaths of green or blossoms. With equal gratification he notes that the light of young children fairly stifling beneath the heavy folds of mourning is becoming more and more rare. In this connection he writes: 'I never thoroughly understood until recently the depth of affection and the sure, sane judgment which prompted that member of my family, who, when he was dying, asked that his wife and children should refrain from wearing anything which savored of mourning at his passing. It was difficult to do; the heart seemed to prompt otherwise. But it was done, and the wisdom of my father's dying wish has come home to his survivors when they have seen the custom followed which has made relatives and friends sombre just to look at each other.'"

At first there were so many innocent ways of having a good time at the farm, that John had his fun without doing any particular mischief in connection, but this state of affairs did not last long.

"The boy is into everything!" complained Hiram, the hired man. "I keep saying to him, 'Stop this, stop that,' and warning him that, he'll come to some bad end, but it does no good at all."

"Then don't waste your time and breath," said grandpa calmly. "When he gets into things, help him out, but don't say a word. Leave him to me." His cousin Paul, who was never tempted to do the daring deeds that John was doing began to complain about the boy to Mr. Goodwin, but he received the same advice: "Leave him to me and don't notice what he does, any more than you can help."

"Seems to me, you only praise him grumbled Paul.

"Is that the case now?" asked Grandpa, looking surprised. "Well, suppose you watch and see what I praise him for. That will take up your time comfortably. You won't find me commending any of his wrong-doings, I promise you."

One day Mr. Goodwin wished to send John upon a special errand that must be done quickly. He had his own reasons for not sending Paul, although Paul would have done it faithfully in the course of time.

At home John would have heard some such remark as: "Of course you'll play by the way. You always do, but be quick now if you know how to be."

But grandpa said: "John I never saw a more nimble fellow than you

Janie became a comfort to her father, and learned to keep house cleverly. When Christmas drew near, John W—went to pay his account at the grocer's, and the shopkeeper was so pleased at getting his money promptly and honestly that he gave John a present of a bottle of wine. The blacksmith did not care much for spirits, but he carried home the bottle, and placed it in the cupboard. Some days later John returned to his home after a hard spell of work, and called to his little girl, who generally met him at the door; but no Janie answered. The fire had gone out, and everything looked dreary and deserted.

Poor John searched the kitchen all in vain, and then turned to go upstairs, wondering where the child could be. Then a cry of horror came from his lips, for there lay Janie senseless and helpless, her breathing heavy, her limbs quite powerless.

The father lifted her in his arms, and carried her to bed; he poured water on her forehead, and tried every means to restore her to life.

By this time his sons had come in, and he was just going to send for a doctor when Janie's eyes opened and her lips moved.

"Thank God!" cried John, "she won't die now. What happened to you, my darling?"

Janie could not speak for some moments, but at last she whispered, "The bottle, father, the bottle poisoned me!"

John drew back with a shudder; his little girl had been intoxicated, not ill!

She had found the wine when preparing supper, and tasted it, as children will taste anything strange. Then, being thirsty, she took a good drink, and soon lost consciousness.

I'll never let another drop of liquor into my house as long as I live! cried John, and I hope he has kept his word. No wonder he was shocked at seeing what real poison alcohol is, by its effects on his child. —The Christian.

A Thief's Repentance.

In an address Rev. B. Fay Mills related the following incident: "There was a young man in Ohio, engaged by an express company. Twenty thousand dollars were missing. He was suspected, tried, but acquitted. Owing to the suspicion, he left the place and moved west; but he found no rest. He came to Chicago; heard Mr. Moody. After two or three nights he remained to speak to Mr. Moody and several gentlemen who were with him. He told them that he must confess to them that he had committed the crime for which he had been tried; and then he asked them what he must do. 'Restore the money,' they replied at once. He told them that it was hidden under a plank in the office. Then he said, 'What now shall I do?' They prayed about it. 'At last he rose and said, 'Gentlemen, pray for me. I know what I shall do.' He went back to the town where he had worked; came to the court. The judge who had tried him was on the bench. 'Judge,' he said, 'you remember me?'—'Yes.'—'I committed that crime.'—'Well, you ought to suffer for it.' 'I know I should,' was the humble reply. 'But I can't try you again, the judge argued. 'Can't you try me for perjury?'—'Yes, we might.' 'He was tried and convicted, and sentenced to three years in the state prison. When he went behind the stone walls of the prison, for the first time for years he was a free man. Before his term expired he was pardoned. He went out in time to stand by the bedside of his dying father, and by his words his father was led to Christ and died in triumph. He also led his brother to Christ."

Don't Fret the Children.

Archdeacon Farrar declares that parents cannot be reminded too often or too earnestly not to fret too over their children, and finds a Scriptural warning to this effect in the words rendered in our authorized version of the Bible: "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," a clause which he says in the original means exactly; "Do not irritate your children." "Do not rub them the wrong way." Perhaps there was never more need for this injunction than at the present day, when periodicals devoted to child-culture and home-training abound, when theories regarding the discipline of children are numberless, and advice to parents is met with on all sides. The young father or mother, anxious to bring up a child in accordance with all the latest scientific methods, is in danger of overdoing the training of the little one. A father, who had learned by experience the wisdom of letting his children alone to a certain extent, declares that he harmed his first child for life by his requirements. She was checked unduly and shut up within herself until she grew up in a rigid and unnatural constraint. The same warning might be applied to children of an

older growth, who are not permitted to develop their own individualities. Dr. Farrar sums the whole matter up in one sentence: "Parents must respect their children as well as children their parents.—The Congregationalist.

Light in The Face.

At one time was a storm at sea and the wicked sailors were badly frightened. A young Christian soldier went among them asking permission to read the Word of God to them, telling them it was as good for a storm as for a calm. He read as calmly as though not in a storm. Soon the clouds lifted and the storm was over.

Years after one of these sailors met him and called him by name. Surprised, the sailor asked him how he knew him. Said the man:

"I have reason to know you, and much to thank you for. Do you remember the night when we were in the terrible storm at sea? I was lying in a hammock when you came down and read the Bible to me."

"I could not hear a word you said because of the noise of the storm, but the light shone on your face, and I saw your bright, happy smile, just the same in that storm as in a calm and I said:

"Here I am, an old sailor, many years at sea, and I'm afraid, and this land-man is the same as if he were ashore." I felt that you had something that I did not have, and wanted that same peace. Now I am a believer in Jesus."

If we would more frequently carry the gospel of Christ in our faces and our actions, as well as in our words more men would be helped by it.—Church Record.

His Mother's Bible.

The marvellous power of the Bible on the mind of a boy is forcibly illustrated in the following incident:

It is said that the steamer 'Scotia' once picked up a dozen shipwrecked sailors in midocean, among whom was a boy of twelve years.

Who are you? said the captain. The answer was I'm a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead, and I am on my way to America.

What have you here? said the captain, as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

It is a rope, said the boy. But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?

That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that.

Could you not have saved something else?

Not and saved that. Did you expect to drown?

Yes, sir; but I meant to take my Bible down with me.

Queer Battle Equipments.

A missionary in China writing to friends in this country not long ago told something which seems very strange to us.

He said that he saw large bodies of Chinese soldiers marching to meet the Japanese, and, instead of the weapons we should expect to see in the hands of soldiers, many were holding umbrellas or carrying fans, while every tenth man bore a banner. And some one else has said that umbrellas and fans were even carried into battle by some of the soldiers.

No wonder that Japan, which has adopted modern methods, was able to defeat China, though ten times larger than herself.

If we are to be conquerors in the fight with evil in our own hearts and in the world about us, we must have the very best possible equipment, "the whole armor of God," the Bible calls it. Furnished with this and relying on His strength, we must strive for victory. Only so can we obtain it.

A good life is the best sermon a man can preach. Beautiful living is the most eloquent of all preaching; every one ought to preach by faithful practicing.—J. R. Miller.

If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: 'I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parlee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money.'

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Cure Biliousness, Sick Head-ache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not gripe or sicken.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

Act gently but promptly and thoroughly. "The safest family medicine." All Druggists keep

BRISTOL'S PILLS

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

A GREAT VARIETY OF

DRY GOODS

SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON AT

JOHN J. WDDALL'S

Agent for the celebrated Standard Fashions.

McMurray & Co.

Booksellers Stationers

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

WE handle only first-class instruments, which we sell at very low prices and on easy terms. We have no agents, but give the large commission paid agents to the buyer.

Call and see our Stock, or write for Prices and Terms.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF ORGANS

Having furnished over twenty churches in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with Organs, for which we make a special discount both to the church and clergyman. Any person in want of any of the above Goods, will find it to their advantage to write us for prices, terms, etc.

MCMURRAY & CO.
P. S.—Reference, by permission of the Editor of this Paper, who has two of the Organs in his Church. McM & Co

New Goods

FANCY SCOTCH SUITINGS.

English and Canadian suitings

Fashionable Trowserings.

Beaver, Melton, Vicunas, and Kersey Overcoatings

—AT—

WM. JENNINGS.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Corner Queen St. and Wilmot Alley.

LOOK HERE.

Stock-taking is over and as usual I find we are all over stocked in some department now this surplus must be disposed of to make room for spring goods. For this purpose I am arranging a cheap sale to begin on Monday, second day of March, and continue for thirty days, for cash only. About \$2000 worth of goods including some lines every department. I am willing to sacrifice profits and give away our time in order to turn over promptly this lot of goods.

All who are in need of Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Bedding, Lamps, Cutlery, Silverware and Fancy Goods, will find this a rare chance to save money.

Do you recollect our grand cheap sale three years ago this March when people drove thirty miles the night before to be here at the opening and secured such bargains as they never heard of before. This will be on the same plan but more goods and far greater bargains. Remember the date, Monday, March second, and the place, 152, 154 Queen St. Fredericton.

James G. McNally.

CARPETS & CURTAINS

CLAIM NOTICE.

Not a word about them has appeared for many a day. We held back the news until everything was shipshape. Now we are ready for careful housewives who want good Carpets and Curtains.

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co

The Great Church LIGHT.
FINCH'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Safest, the Cheapest and the most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circulars and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. J. F. FINCH, 491 Pearl Street, N. Y.