LITERATURE.

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him,
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart, and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of many psalms,
And bliss unbaffled by any strife:
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world, where the sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrows that bowed me down He bears,
And lives, and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the strife is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

CONTENTMENT.

Once on a time an old red hen
Went strutting 'round with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks,
"'Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
"'Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
"My babies now will stay ashore,
And, consequently cannot drown."

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore—
But lo! her babes were ducklings ten,
Instead of chickens, as before!
"'Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood;
"A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh, alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again
The eggs eventuated bad.
And childless was the old hen!
Yet patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: "'Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women, too,
Could learn a lesson fro n the hen
With foliage of vermillion hue;
She ne'er presumed to take offense
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented - that was all!

THE MAN
Who Spoiled the Music

There is no doubt about it. he did, and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rollicking song in the tap-room. And now it kept coming to him, in at least a score of different ways—he himself was the man who spoiled all the music!

He was not in the brightest possible condition for an argument, and certainly not in a humor to be convinced of a truth that he did not want to believe; and yet convinced he was, and every sight about him, and the silence, if not the sounds. forced it home upon him. so that there could not possibly be any mistake.

It was Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. He was leaning againt the wall by the dirty fireplace, unwashed and in his shirt sleeves. The room looked as wretched as the man himself, and as blackened and broken, and window-panes either plastered over with paper or stuffed out with raffs. Seated on the other side of the fire-place was a white faced and slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of mortality at her breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that told of a burd n there a great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole reason of her wretchedness - drink. Not a bad sort of man but for this one thing; able to earn good wages and to have a comfortable home; yet no idle miscreant ever dwelt amid greater squalor or kept all about him in greater misery; the home with its dainty bits of furniture, and all about it so bright and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they dreaded their father's presence — it was only the curse of drunkeness.

So it was that on this Sunday afternoon Jack stood as cross as cross could be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he could find, as if one were to be blamed for it sooner than himself. Then it was that the door opened suddenly with a bang, and in brust two little maidens singing merrily; eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were full of music. They had come from the Mission Sunday School, and the last hymn was in their ears and came cherrily ringing from their lips:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book he has given."

They had just got to the line of the chorus, "I am so glad," and it came in at the opened door with such a bounding gladness as they lifted the latch and felt that they were in the freedom of the home—"I am so glad," then suddenly they came far enough to see their father. Instantly the voices were silenced, the sunshine died out of their eyes; with a frightened look filling their faces they shrank outside the door again and shut it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was unbroken by a sound. The wife sat mournfully looking at the blackened ashes of the fireplace, with the little one asleep in her arms. That abrupt and sudden silence smote Jack's heart; those changed faces and the little frightened maidens hushed like that—he felt that he had done it all. He seemed to hear again the happy burst, "I am so glad," and then that dreadful stopping. He was going to ask with an oath why they didn't go on singing, but they weren't there, and so it was no use to do that; besides, he knew well enough, too well, why they had stopped; so it came about that he lifted himself fiercely into his jacket, and went slouching towards the door. He strode out of the court and away on, anywhere, until he got outside the streets and into the more quiet and pleasant roads; then he slackened his pace. The fierceness has turned to grief, and at last there came words muttered to himself, 'That's what I am always doing; I spoil all the music.'

It was dreadful to think of it, as he turned it over, how much it meant! He thought of his wife, and of the sweet voice she had long ago, and how back in the old times, they had sung together. And now to think of her sitting there, so white-faced and silent! She never even sang the baby off to sleep—only kept on sighing. 'Anyhow, not when I am there,' said Jack; 'I spoil all the music.'

It was dreadful to think about it, of the places he had been in as a carpenter and the chances he had had, and how one after another he had lost them all through the drink; and now the the first to get notice to quit, the last to be offered a job, was he who had prided himself on his work 'Oh dear, I've been spoiling all the music for years,' sighed Jack.

'I spoil all the music,' said Jack again 'everywhere.' And at every pause and interval there came again the sight of those glad voices silenced at the sight of him. 'I their own father,' sighed Jack again. 'Poor little dears, to go spoiling music too!,

Jack's trouble seemed to grow bigger every minute, until at last things began to get desperate. Awful temptations flew about him. He would soon end it all; the wife and little ones couldn't be much worse off than they were, and he at any rate, would not not be spoiling other people's music when he was dead. But before the grim thought had well got hold of him he seemed to see again the sunny faces and to hear the merry voices singing their song. 'I am so glad. And with the thought of them this time there came a softer feeling and gentler tone. 'Poor little things,' he sighed again, 'It wouldn t mend their music either if I was gone. Nor hers either,' he said to himself a little while afterwards, as he thought of the whitefaced wife and the little bit of mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so burdened and helpless, stopped there and then, and put his face into his hands and said, 'God help me!' He had gone on never thinking where he was going, until now he found himself outside the long stretch of houses and was under the green trees and in the midst of the fields. The lark sang over head, the thrush and the blackbird rang out their richest notes; in the branches above him a crowd of sparrows met and chirped the very loudest, merriest music they had ever learned. And there, in the sunset, Jack leaned on a gate and let his soul flow out to God in helplessness, sorrow and longing.

It was quite dark before he passed in at the squalid court where he lived and turned with a sigh into his wretched home. Poor Jack, his heart was very sore through that night, and asleep or awake, again and again the words came sadly to his lips, 'I spoil all the music.'

The next day he was up and off at daylight. Vexed and desperate as he was, he went at his work with a grim fierceness, without a word for anybody. His mates were used to his moods, and did not care to interfere with him at times like these. 'Jack is out again about some'at,' said they with a jerk of the thumb in his direction. They might stop for dinner, but Jack snatched at a bit of bread and worked on, they might pack up at strike of the clock, but so long as the light lasted Jack would stick at it. 'This is not spoiling anybody's music anyhow,' said he fiercely to one man who ventured to hint that he had done enough for that day. He came home and sat at his supper with wife and children creeping noiselessly and frightened about the house. Poor Jack! a tear came gathering in the corner of his eye and fell down his check. 'I do wish they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've spoiled all the music for ever,' he muttered to himself. He longed to get them about him, wife and little ones, and to take the sleeping babe from its poor little rags, and tell them all what was in his heart; but somehow he couldn't manage it, and so he just crept off to bed.

Jack's fit was on the next day, much to the surprise of his mates—the brow knit, the lips tight, and the work flying on at a tremendous pace. 'Why Jack, lad,' cried one, 'art thou putting a wee o' work into a da' that thou mayest go on a spree the rest of it?'

'No,' said Jack so gruffly that nobody had a word for him again; and so it lasted Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All that was strange enough, and sent workmates wondering; but strangest of all was it when Saturday afternoon came Jack took up his wages without a word and just walked right away from them. 'Jack's mad,' said they. Never knew his fit last so long as this.'

When he came home he evidently was not expected, indeed was scarcely wanted. There was not very much to be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing, had not much heart to do that little. But, much or little, she was now in the process, and so the 'bits of sticks,' as they were called, were put on one side while the good wife kneeled and scrubbed away at the floor with the handle of a brush on which a few straggling hairs remained as if to keep up the name. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and went on with her scrubbing. Whatever this coming home meant, nothing ever brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. 'Spoiled her music too,' he sighed. He hung up his bag of tools on their peg and took off the apron that was rolled about his waist, and then he caught sight of that very venerable and hairless scrubbing brush. 'It will help to bring back the music,' said Jack to himself, purposing to buy his wife there and then a new one, but the purpose was somewhat delayed. Just then, from some corner of the room, came the cry of the baby. The wife was rising up to get at it when Jack dived in after the little bundle of rags and fetched it out. 'I'll hold her a bit,' said Jack rather shyly.

Jack's wife would like to have said 'Thank you,' but she felt shy too. 'Now Jack, try and mend the music,' said he to himself, and that time he really did smile, for the baby was unused to strangers, and no one was a greater stranger to it than its own father, so it just cried out lustily. The good wife scrubbed on. There were times when she had to let it cry a bit, and this should be one of them. Jack took it tenderly into his arms and chirped to it. and chirped louder, but still it cried. It was wonderful that such a wizened frame could make such a noise. Then Jack put the baby on the other arm and whistled, whistled fast and shrill. No, it just cried out as loud as ever. Then Jack took it up in his hands and held the little one aloft, and danced it to and fro and began to sing. soft and low at first as a man who was feeling his way. But the baby cried. And the good wife rose from her scrubbing to take it herself. Jack would try once more; it really was not pleasant to be beaten like this, so he set himself resolutely, and then rang out an old song of long ago with all the force of his voice. The effect was magical. The baby stopped as if it were charmed; it opened its mouth in imitation of the father's, it laid hold firmly of the whiskers with little tangled fingers as if it would keep him at it, and then it laughed and crowed with delight. The poor wife looked on and smiled; it was a strange smile, as if she had got out of the way of it, but it stayed longer than you might have thought.

'Eh, Jack, its good to hear thy music again,' she said very quietly.

Poor Jack, it almost put him out. He did stop for a moment, but instantly the little face puckered and wrinkled into all sorts of lines, the eye closed, the nose was squeezed together, and the lips began to quiver with the coming cry. Then Jack had to strike off again. only to find the effect as magical as before. and to hear the baby laughing and crowing once more. And in the midst of it all there came in the two little maidens to find the father leaning against the wall, making music like this.

'Why w couldn't think whoever it was, father. said they, wondering. and without the merriment fading from their eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, every one of them wondering except the baby that kept stretching out its arms to the father and found a new delight in pulling at his wihskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts about him to say what he found it so hard to say, but words wouldn't come. and the most eloquent would find it hard to talk when a tiny hand was being thrust in their mouth and another tugging at the beard. So Jack hand to content himself with putting his hand into his p cket,and, taknig out one sovereign and one half-sovereign, he gave them t his wife.

'What's this, Jack?' she asked going to the window, for it was getting darkish, and she feared the first glance had deceived her.

'Wages,' said Jack, getting it out as well as he could.

The poor wife looked at the money, and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked as if she would like to apply her lips at least to Jack's. But she put the money in her pocket and felt that if this thing went on she would have to sing too.

'I'll stay and take care of the little one if you want to go out, wife,' said Jack. True, it was spoken with some interruption, and more than one word was bobbed into the mouth by that little hand. But it went down into the good wife's heart and stirred music she had not heard for many a long day.

'Bless thee, lad! it is good of thee,' said the wife, and then she blushed like a maiden, that she should have said so much

'Tis all thine. wife, so don't be afraid,' said Jack as the wife went out at the door.

She turned back with a great stare. She had taken one half-sovereign and put the other in the mysterious depths of her dress.

'All this?' said she. 'Why. Jack. what must I do with it?'

'Buy thyself a new scrubbing brush, and get the baby a new frock for Sunday,' and this time Jack did smile.

The wife came nearer; she couldn't help it; she stood for a moment plucking up courage, then she put her hand on his shoulder and stooped down and kissed the baby, and took a long time over it too.

'I should like to give thee one too,' she said as shy as possible; and she did it splendidly, and then hurried away.

'I think the music is coming back again,' said Jack to himself.

* * * *

Later that night, after his wife came back, Jack went marketing, and a couple of chairs were set by the fire. 'Good kind of musical boxes,' said Jack to himself as he took them in at the door and set each in its place. And there, about the fire, they sat side by side, silent for awhile, the baby asleep and the little maidens at his side.

'Come, little ones, you must sing to mother and me,' said he at last. 'I am so glad,' you know.

And they looked at each other with a wonder that soon passed into sunshine nd joy; and before they knew it Jack and his wife joined with them. But poor Jack broke down before he had gone on long; then the others broke down too, and all was still for a while, until Jack wiped away his tears and looked up cheerily.

'Eh, but I musn't spoil the music like this. Sing on, little ones;' and they did sing, and Jack sang, and his wife and children and then as ked God to help them and bless them, to forgive the past, and to strengthen him for the future.

On the Sunday there they sat together at the little Mission-room, and from that day to this no voice is clearer or louder than Jack's. And now whenever he talks about clumsy work or faults in anything, Jack always calls it 'spiling the music.'

Jack's prayer every morning is, 'Lord keep us in tune all day long'—a prayer that has been blessedly answered now for many months.

Name, Location, Night of Meeting, and Name of Deputy of the Subordinate Divisions of New Brunswick.

Division.	No.	Location	Meeting.	Deputy.
Howard	1	St. Stephen	Friday	Sedgefield Webber.
Wilberforce	3	Milltown, St. Stephen	Monday	Harrison McAllister
Gurney	5	Market Building, St. John	Thursday	Robert Wills.
Portland	7	Orange Hall, Portland	Monday	A. Y. Paterson.
Albion	14	Market Building, St. John	Wednesday	David Thompson.
Queens	21	Gagetown	Saturday	Henry J. DeVeber.
Northumberland	37	Chatham	Friday	George Stothart.
Albert	39	Hillsboro, Albert Co	Wednesday	John J. Steeves.
Sackville	40	Sackville, West. Co	Tuesday	J. C. Harper.
Richibucto	42	Richibucto, Kent Co	Friday	Allen Haines.
Kingston	44	Kingston, Kent Co	Tuesday	B. S. Bailey.
Newcastle	45	Newcastle	Thursday	Daniel McGruar.
Westermorland	50	Point de Bute, West. Co	Thursday	J. Amos Trueman.
Goldon Rule	51	Hopewell Hill, Albert Co.	Tuesday	L. R. Moore.
Safeguard	58	Pennfield, Charlotte Co	Saturday	W. N. Bucknam.
Johnston	62	Cambridge, Queen's Co	Saturday	George S. Wilson.
Dalhousie	64	Dalhousie	Monday	George Haddow.
Baie Verte	65	Baie Verte	Wednesday	Robert Gooewin.
Granite Rock	77	Carleton, St. John	Tuesday	Henry Finch.
Nelson	99	Derby, North. Co	Monday	John Betts.
Caledonia	126	Douglastown, North. Co	Wednesday	James Henderson.
Collina	129	Collina Corner, Kings Co		Jacob J. Keirstead.
Oxford	134	Upper Gagetown, Q. Co	Tuesday	James E. Coy.
St. Martins	164	St. Martins, St. John Co	Tuesday	Jas. B. Hodsmyth.
Moncton	183	Moncton	Monday	Edward McCarthy.
Crystal Stream	191	Salisbury, West. Co	Saturday	Wm McNaughton.
Lime Rock	207	South Bay, St. John Co	Monday	Wm. Roxborough.
Everett	238	Milford, St John Co	Wednesday	John Waring.
Intercoloniol	243	Moncton	Thursday	Albert McWilliams.
Victoria	245	Victoria Mills. West Co		James Main.
Baillie	248	Baillie, St. James, Char. Co		John W. Mann.
Harcourt	249	Weldford, Kent Co		Henry Wather.
Valley	250	Portland	Tuesday	Josiah Fowler.
Havelock	251	Butternut Ridge, King's Co		Ezra Keith.
Petitcodiac	252	Petitcodiac, West. Co		David Jonah.
Sunnyside	253	Lewis Mountain, West. Co		John H. Dobson.
Mose Rose	254	Deer Island, Char. Co		A. T. Lloyd.
Britannia	255	Millstream, Kings Co		John F. Rodgers.
Spreading Oak	256	Little Ridge, Char. Co		Alex. F. Matheson.
Lansdowne	257	Fredericton	Thursday	Herman H. Pitts.
Union	258	Kouchibouguac, Kent Co		D. W. Grierson.
Charlo	259	River Charlo, Rest Co		David Calderwood.
Mountain Rose	260	Steeves' Mountain, West. Co		Richard Lutes, Sr.
Lawrenceville	261	Lawrence Station, Char. Co		F. S. Richardson.
Spring	262	Hampton, King's Co		George Barnes.
Mayflower	263	Pomroy Ridge, Char. Co		Wesley Moulton.
Iona	264	Scotch Ridge, Char. Co		A. S. McKenzie.
Oak	265	Oak Hill, Char. Co		Cyrus Moulton.
Wills	266	Tower Hill, Char. Co.		Stephen S. Smith.
Rockland	267	Graves' Settlement, West Co		George Johnston.
Star Branch	268	McAdam Junction, York Co		E. W. Brownell.
Stewart	269	2d Falls, St. George Char. Co		Ammon Sherwood.
Red Granite	270	St. George, Char. Co		Thomas McGowan.
Cardwell	271	Penobsquis, King's Co		James W. Floyd.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE.

The *Christian Advocate* reports the following from a sentence recently pronounced by Judge Reading of Chicago, upon some liquor dealers who had violated the law by selling it to minors:—

"By the law you may sell it to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; what children starve or mourn over the degradation of parent—your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you for it, No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them, and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your own lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusement; you may use all arts to allure visitors; you may skilfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages; you may induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply the appetite to the full, because it is lawful, and you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass: you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate—for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips; but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful, For, while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, 'Leave my son to me until the law give you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his sister, for his mother, for his friends and for the community, to see him take the road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least.'

"This is something which you, who now stand prisoner at the bar, have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license. For this offence the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay $75 and costs, and that you stand committed until the fines and costs of this prosecution are paid."

A letter from Barnum has been published recently in an English newspaper in which he says that twenty years ago, when he began the management of his travelling show with 500 persons, it was made a condition that they should be discharged and should forfeit $5 if they were not total abstainers from strong drink during the season of seven months. Nearly every one complied, and at the end of that time he offered to invest their savings and guarantee them the principal with interest at 6 per cent if they would still continue to abstain. Over 400 of them accepted the offer, and most of them today have several thousand dollars safely invested.

Think of a tax of $16 *per capita* to support a body of able bodied men in sheer idleness! Yet that would not be nearly equivalent to what is being done yearly by the whole population of the United States; for this army of saloon-keepers is far worse than idle. It is actively at work killing men by tens of thousands annually, impairing the strength of workmen, inspiring men to nine-tenths of the crimes committed, weakening the safe guards of property, defeating the aims of legislation and education. And we pay them $800,000,000 every year for doing this!