#### NATERIAN THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR

### family Circle.

6

## 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

n the quiet nursery chambers. Snowy pillows still unpressed, see the forms of little children. Kneeling, white-robed for their rest. All in quiet nursery chambers. While the dusky shadows creep, Hear the voices of the children-"Now I lay me down to sleep."

On the meadow and the mountain Calmly shine the winter stars. But across the glistening lowlands, Slant the moonlight's silvery bars. In the silence and the darkness-Darkness growing still more deep. Listen to the little children. Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"-so pray the children. And the mother's head droops low (One from out her fold is sleeping Deep beneath the winter's snow)-"Take our souls," and past the casement Flits a gleam of crystal light. Like the trailing of His garments Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant Listening at the gates of life, Hearing far away the murmur Of the tumult and the strife: We, who fight beneath those banners, Meeting ranks of foemen there, Find a deeper, broader meaning In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard, Which to-day you watch from far, When your deeds shall shape the conflict, In this universal war, Pray to Him, the God of battles. Whose strong eye can never sleep. In the warring of temptation: Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the conflict ends, and slowly Clears the smoke from out the skies. When far down the purple distance. All the noise of battle dies. When the last night's solemn shadows Settle down on you and me. May the love that never faileth Take our souls eternally.

#### The Little Rocking-Chair.

It was a beautiful home, one whose memory would warm and brighten the coming years, let their experience be what they may.

It was a Christian home, where a father's voice hallowed by prayer the mornnig hour, and made the evening hour sacred also in its ascription of praise to the Giver of so many mercies.

And yet in that pleasant home were vacant

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak

Friends Dead and Living.

approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send to their coffins, send them to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of perfume of sympathy and offection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them when I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days .- Selected.

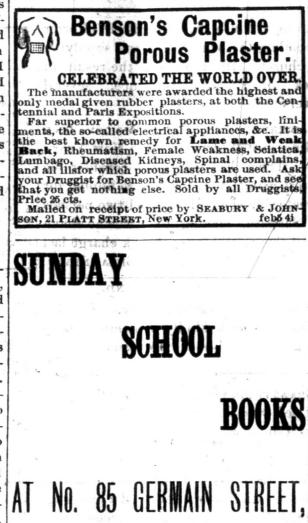
#### Crocodile Tears.

Mr. Philbrick, among many other living curiosities possesses an alligator about half grown, and an infant which is old enough to crawl and go about the yard unattended. A strange attachment existed between the alligator and infant, the former being so docile that the friends frequently spent hours during the day in playing together. The alligator would amble clum. sily to his tank, take a sportive dive, and returning, he would embrace the little one, so to speak, and give unmistakeable evidence of delight in receiving tender caresses in return. So secure seemed the friendship between them that Mr. Philbrick never thought of harm, and left the playmates to themselves to pass the time as suited their inclination. The friendly relation did not last long however, for Mr. Philbrick was startled, about 10 o'clock on Wednesday last, by agonizing screams coming from the back yard, and rushing out, he found to his horror, that the alligator had bitten the little fellow's arm almost entirely off, the fraction of limb dangling by a slender bit of cuticle. The poor suffering little thing moaned and wept bitterly, and the alligator, seeing the distress he had created, crawled up to his victim and shed copious tears of sympathy, his expressionless countenance giving him the appearance of a subdued and seutimental ass. Mr. Philbrick severed the lacerated member, dressed the stump carefully, and the animal is now able to waddle about on three legs. We have often heard of "crocodile tears," but until Mr. Phil-brick's statement our belief in their existence severed the lacerated member, dressed the could have been easily shaken.

A Great Preacher's Poverty.

Jonathan Edwards, by general consent holds places, and the echo of small feet in the dis- the first place among the original thinkers of tance, treading with thousands of little ones America. Mr. Parton, who has no sympathy with his religious views, says of him: "Upon every person reared since his day in which resound continually with sweet young New England, he has made a discernable impression, and he influences to this hour millions who never heard his name." But this great preacher fought a hard battle with penury in his last years, and was often sorely perplexed to find food for his large fami-ly. Dismissed from the church in Northamp-ton Mass over which he had been meter for signo. ton. Mass., over which he had been pastor for a quarter of a century, he removed to Stockbridge to labor among the Indians. He was obliged to support his family on a mere pittance. In this seclusion he wrote his treaties on the "Freedom of the Will," which is regarded as a masterpiece in theological liiterature. So great was his poverty at this time, that the treaties was written largely on letters and the blank pages of pamphlets, as letter paper was beyond his means of purchase.

future supply, the collection after his sermon having been unusally large. 'Dear me,' said the minister, with becoming pride, 'what might your ordinary collection amount to?' 'Last Sunday it was two-pence-half-penny.' 'What is it to-day, then ?' asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum. 'Eight-pence-halfpenny,' was the reply. 'Woe is me,' moaned the minister within himself, 'for I gave the saxpence myself.' "





the shining streets of the New Jerusalem, a precious reminder of the house not made with hands voices whose cadences will never know a tone of sadness.

And there it stood in the sun-filled room, the tiny rocking-chair, waiting for its wee owner. How suggestive it was of cherished little ones who, rejocing in a like possession, rock away the untrammled years with the fresh morning dew of youth glistening undimmed upon their heads.

With swift and unerring precision the world, like a huge pendulum, will sway its course, telling off the cycles into the hand of the faithful wardens of the years, and we wonder if in the evening time the halo of a life well spent will encircle the heads which erst-while glistened in the morning light.

The dear little feet must go out from Christian homes away from their precious associations, and the little rocking-chair will no longer retain the happy forms which took such abiding comfort in their embrace. The off-returning tears of childhood have been chased away by its soothing power, while to its motion glad time has been kept by sweet young voices.

How many the broad world over have, in memoriam, homes hallowed by a mother's prayers and unselfish love; and how vividly tender memory rise in the contemplation of these little chairs. Peace be to such homes, and the good Shepherd guide the little feet as they go out from their sheltering care unto himself!

Hearts must grow weary and hands tired, but when the flickering shadows of life's closing day can outline the tiny rockers, and the sweet home influence bridge the past and present, the aged pilgrim almost within the golden gates of heaven will echo with those who have not yet reached the meridian of life, God bless the wee occupants of the little rocking-chair.

Princess Louise and Her Dog.

Her Royal Highness is setting one good example to the ladies of the Dominion which it will be well for their health if they imitate. She is an early riser and has been indulging in several long walks before breakfast, of four or five miles.

She is generally attended by one or more of her suite, and walks with the ease and grace which can only come from habitual exercise in the open air. She dresses with great simpli-city, but appears rather afraid of the cold as she muffles up a great deal. In these walks she is accompanied by a splendid Collie dog, a present from her mother, who

bears around his neek a very common looking leather strap with a brass plate, on which is engraved "I belong to H. R. H., the Princess Louise, Kensington Palace." The dog is a magnificent specimen of his breed, and the Princess is said to be exceedingly fond of him partly on account of his donor, and partly be-cause at the fire of Inverary Castle it was the barking of Rover which awakened her, and saved her perhaps from a horrible death.

His daughters who were all young women of superior mental powers, made lace and painted fans for the Boston market, that they might add something to the family resources.

# Smiles.

Junior Clerk: "Would you kindly permit me to absent myself to-morrow to attend to my father's funeral?" Head of firm (deep in figures): "You may go, Hawkins, but pray, do not let this happen again.22

"In my airly days," remarked the old man as he shovelled coal into the school house bin, "they didn't use coal to keep us young 'uns warm. I can tell you." "What did they use?" asked a boy near by. A sad far-away look seemed to pass over the old man's face as he quietly responded, "Birch-my boy-birch."

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, pa, I never can remember the text; I have such a bad memory." " By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" joined in Mary's mother. "O yes; what a fright ! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, an imitation of Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-rings, and such a fan !" "Well, my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

In a talk with Mr. Thackeray on the subject of spiritualism at a breakfast table of the Pavilion at Folkestone, he said: "You can get even ghosts by asking for them,"-(laughter)-and then went on to tell that, shortly before, he had spent an evening with a celebrated Ameri-can spiritualist, and had requested a communication from the spirit of his aunt. She very soon came, and gave Mr. Thackeray, through the alphabet, some excellent advice as to the management of his soul, and on the employment of his pen. "But," said he, "I had in-vented my aunt. Thad no aunt in Paradise, or anywhere else." an Filer, Th ber

Addressing his students at his Friday lecture Mr. Spurgeon said! "When I was in Arran, quite recently, I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and, at the close of the service, was strongly urged to promise for a maria

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