

ouring to follow him, as he followed Christ. The youngest son, Edward E. Braithwaite, a young man of great promise, is a student at our college for the ministry of our church in Canada.

Although a man of apparently strong frame and constitution, Brother Braithwaite's illness was of short duration. As he neared the dark valley he was calm and composed, trusting in Christ. On being asked if Christ was precious to him, he replied: "Yes, yes, He is precious." Shortly before death he exclaimed triumphantly: "O death! where is thy sting?" and in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, passed on to be forever with the Lord. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—*Com.*

#### THE "THANK YOU" PRAYER.

Once upon a time I listened,  
Listened while the quick tears glistened  
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler  
said—

While a father's arms caressing,  
Round the precious form were pressing,  
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty curl-ringed  
head—

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,  
"Papa, dear, do you remember  
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober, solemn  
air?

How he bent his head down lowly,  
And his words came soft and slowly,  
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty thank-you  
prayer?

"And I wonder all about it,  
For of course I couldn't doubt it  
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to one another,  
To say 'Thank you' for each present,  
In a way so very pleasant,  
And forget that God might like it; so I asked my darling  
mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,  
And her eyes were very nearly  
Full of crying, and I left her, but I want to know real  
bad—"

Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—  
"Is it treating God politely  
When he gives us things, to never mind nor tell Him we  
are glad?"

"And since then I have been thinking—  
Papa, dear, why are you winking!"  
For a slow sob shook the strong man as each keen uncon-  
scious word

Pierced him, all the past unveiling,  
And the cold neglect and failing,  
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the heedless  
heart was stirred.

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,  
And His sacred arm caressed them;"  
Murmuring thus, he touched the child-brow with a pas-  
sionate, swift kiss  
Of the little one beside him,  
Of the angel sent to chide him;  
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, never more, his living lips  
shall miss!  
—*Woman at Work.*

#### BETTER UNSAID.

When the wild waves of passion rise high in the soul,  
And the sunlight of mildness has fled,  
O, hush the mad sentence that fain would be heard—  
It is better, far better, unsaid.

A sinner has wandered away from the truth,  
By his poor erring soul has been led;  
But drive him not onward by stinging rebukes—  
They are better, far better, unsaid.

And the hearts that surround us, that make life so dear,  
By words can they often be bled:  
But a lifetime of sorrow may come at their birth—  
They are better, far better, unsaid.

Never lend to false flattery an utterance of thine—  
Let truth be the standard instead—  
At best they are useless, these unmeaning words  
And better, far better, unsaid.

Ah! well 'twere with mankind if words of conceit,  
Of slander and passion so dread,  
More seldom were uttered, and better it were,  
Far better, if ALL were unsaid.

#### MARRIED.

GERRIE—MARTIN.—On the 11th of July, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. R. Black, B.A., of West Garafraxa, Rev. A. W. Gerrie, of Pine Grove, to Emma, second daughter of P. S. Martin, Esq., Garafraxa.

#### Children's Corner.

##### A Sense of Honour.

HERE is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of young people, by ministers of the Gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of the youth, by all who have public interest or private authority, is—a sense of honour! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life where one person is employed by another to do a certain work imposes an obligation to fulfil the duties of the place with an honourable and disinterested regard for the interests of his employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand boy, the cashier, the legislator, the Governor. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious boy of our day. But, unless this commonplace view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces, but we will say that calamities