

**"I'M GLAD I DID MY WORK WELL."**

A poor Irishman left his own country to come to America to better his fortune. He landed in New York and started out on his search for work. There was but one thing that he could do well, but one thing he had ever learned as a trade. That was stone-cutting. He went from one stone-yard to another in New York City seeking for employment, only when night came to be disappointed. Day after day, he searched until all the stone-yards he could hear about had been visited, but all in vain, no one seemed to want him. Only a few coins were left to jingle in a lonely sort of fashion in his pocket. He feared starvation unless he could find work. So one day he crossed the great Brooklyn bridge to begin his search for work among the stone-yards in Brooklyn. After trying several, his search was at length rewarded. The superintendent of this one told him if he would do his work exactly as he was told and be true to the pattern marked on the stone he might begin, and if he did the first work satisfactorily he might have more work. So with great care he began his task of cutting out the stone according to the lines marked out. There was no beauty in the design, indeed it scarce seemed like a design, it was neither scroll nor leaf, only a few meaningless lines to the Irishman. Finally the first block was finished. The "boss," as he was called, inspected it, and gave him another block, with the remark, "to do that as well." The second offered no more inspiration than the first, but the man kept pegging away at the stone, keeping in mind that he must be true to the pattern if he were to continue to have work.

After weeks of monotonous cutting, one block after another, on Saturday at noon the "boss" told him he might have a half holiday and not lose his pay. So he put on his best clothes and fixed himself up as respectable and presentable as he could and re-crossed Brooklyn bridge to see New York as a tourist instead of a hungry, discouraged man seeking work. How beautiful the city seemed to him now, how stately and grand the great buildings, how wonderful the store windows!

As he was walking along the beautiful avenue, looking across on the other side, his attention was attracted to a large, beautiful stone arch over an arcade. Here was something interesting along his own line. How he admired the carved scrolls and graceful foliage that twined among them! How symmetrically and wonderfully the work was done! And as a craftsman, he looked carefully to see how each scroll was wrought. He recognized a block which his own hand had cut, as part of the beautiful great arch. His eyes lighted with joy and he searched for more of his work, and yonder saw another block and still another and another. Oh! the joy and gladness that surged through him as he thought, "Why, I helped make this grand arch and it's the finest I've seen." As he stood looking at it, his eyes filled with tears; he said, "How thankful I am that I did my work well and worked according to the pattern." A passer-by saw the Irishman standing gazing, the tears coursing down his cheeks, utterly oblivious to all about him. He spoke to him. "Why are you crying?" In an excited way, the Irishman said, "Do you see that grand stone arch over there?" "Yes," was the reply, "but I don't see anything to cry about in it." "Well, man," said the Irishman, "I cut that block and that one and that one and this one over yonder,

and I'm so thankful I did my work right and was faithful, for I didn't know when I cut it that it was to be an arch or anything half so beautiful."

So may we be faithful to our task. Our Master makes the plan, the pattern is his. He permits us to do the work if we will, and some day over yonder we may see how beautiful the design, and know God's plan.

When we see the saved, and humanity made perfect, we, like that Irishman, will rejoice if we have been faithful to the pattern and have done our work well.

**TAKING CARE OF THEM HERSELF.**

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twasn't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doin' well, too, but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by ferry-boat and sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger ones is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line."

"No'm, there's nothin' special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck garden has done fine this year. Mother hain't had a touch of her rheumatism all summer, and she'd be pretty well off if 'twasn't for worryin'. Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve he's to be trusted with the children."—*Wellspring.*

**IF WE FAINT NOT.**

Sowing is toilsome work. The Christian's life in this world is a life of labor; but it is not labor in vain; and we are exhorted to "be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

The day of reaping may be long deferred, but it will surely come. It is pleasant we can see seed-time and harvest close together, and when the fruit of faithful sowing appears at once to gladden and bless the heart. But this is not always the case. It is in the order of Divine Providence that seed shall be sown in faith, and that time must elapse before the harvest can be gathered in.

We need not murmur at this delay. It is wise, it is necessary. We need not be discouraged, nor fear that our labor has been in vain; we must wait. We may sow in other fields, and pursue other toils, but we cannot hasten to the Lord's work. He will bring it to pass in his own time. Doubtless many a seed that has been sown, despaired of, and forgotten, will yet bring forth an abundant harvest; and many a discouraged laborer shall see with glad surprise upon the hills of God, the ripened sheaves that sprang from seed which he supposed had been devoured by birds, or had withered beneath the summer's heat.

"We shall reap if we faint not." The "due season" will come; the time of resurrection, of revelation, of manifestation, of reunion, of reward. Blessed are they who shall endure to the end,

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and fainting not, shall join with sowers and with reapers, to sing with joy the eternal harvest home.—*The Christian.*

**FIT YOURSELF TO THE CROSS.**

A lady in an American city employed an artist to care for her in marble the figure of an angel carrying a cross. He began with the angel, and had succeeded remarkably well, when he found that he could not make the cross fit on its back nor could he alter the cross or the figure so as to get the cross to fit. His failure so preyed on his mind that one night he rose, opened his window, and walked out, and has not been heard of since.

The lady then employed another artist to complete the work or to make another. He began with the cross, and then made the back of the figure to fit it.

What a powerful sermon is contained in the story of the two artists' experiences! Our first impulse always is to attempt to alter our crosses to fit us; our final experience is that we must learn to fit ourselves to them.

**Hurried and Worried all Day.**

And the worst of it is you are a little run down and have mighty little chance to catch up. Everything seems like a grindstone wearing down your nerves. You are irritable and get less sleep than is absolutely necessary. Better stop before things get worse. Your best plan is to use Ferrozone for a while and give your nerves and brain a chance to pick up. Ferrozone is the finest tonic a busy man can take. It makes new blood, nourishes the body, strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and rehabilitates the whole system. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c.

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*Joints Swollen.*—My little boy, eight years old, had a bad attack of rheumatism. His joints were swollen, and he couldn't sleep with the pain. One box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills completely cured him. F. Bissonette, Port Hope, Ont.

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