

## The Fireside.

### "THE WEAK BROTHER."

BY CORA S. DAY.

Deacon Wilder drove leisurely along—that is to say, he let the old white horse jog along much as suited him, while the deacon was lost in thought of a soberly pleasant kind.

He was thinking, as he made the daily trip to the post-office and store, of the sermon the day before.

"A good sermon—a fine, good sermon, full of good sense and Christian doctrine," said the deacon to himself, after the manner of those who think aloud.

"The weak brother," he called it. It was a searching discourse, sure enough. I guess I wasn't the only one who was set to thinking whether I'd always seen and done my duty by them as are not so well fixed in the faith as I be. I don't know—there's so many things to look out for and keep in mind—I'm afraid I've mostly looked out to keep myself in the straight and narrow way, and looked to others to do the same for themselves. I've been in fault there, I'm free to confess, but I've had my eyes open to my duties. But I don't just know whom I've neglected, either. I'll have to keep on the watch now, though, and see if I—h'm—" and the good old deacon's meditations were brought abruptly to an end by something his keen old eyes had espied down the road ahead of him.

It was the figure of a man, not young, nor yet old, shabbily dressed, walking with ambitionless, slouching footsteps, and carrying in his hand a small basket.

"Ben Loomis," said the deacon to himself, "going to the store. Or that's where he's headed for just now, to judge by the basket. But I wouldn't be afraid to guess that he will stop at the tavern this side of the store; and by the time his errand is done there, he won't have any money or brains left for the store part. He's about the most worthless man about here, I do think. With his brains and good education he might be rich and respected to-day—instead of a drunken loafer half the time.

Had not he, Deacon Wilder, as much interest in this poor outcast, weak brother as others? Had he ever taken pity upon the man, and tried to help him help himself in any of his times of repentance and attempts to reform?

Then the old white horse was startled out of his lazy amble by a smart gathering up of the lax lines, and a decisive "Get up, here, get up. We've taken it easy and jogged along comfortably long enough, you and I. Get up," and the old horse increased his speed obediently. It was but a moment or two before the slouching figure was overtaken. The deacon pulled up with the hospitable salutation: "Hullo, Loomis, going to the store? So am I. Get in, plenty of room, might as well ride as walk, eh?" and his cordial words and hearty laugh were not to be resisted.

Loomis looked up at him with gray eyes which had once been called "fine," and their first sullen resent-

ment was covered up by surprise and something else, something softened and almost grateful.

The deacon did not miss that expression, but he did not betray the fact. He only started in to talk in a neighborly, friendly way, as he would have talked to almost any man but Ben Loomis before to-day. To-day he felt that he must be more entertaining and friendly toward him than any other.

And then—he had not intended this, but it seemed to start of itself—he found himself talking of the subject that had filled his mind a few minutes before the sermon. The deacon was a good talker, and the man beside him listened in silence, yet showed by his expression that he was interested. It was a long time since he had heard a sermon at first hand. There had been a time, but that was long past; and he listened to the kindly voice and good words with a curious stirring of long-sleeping feeling.

The deacon paused at length, and then ended by saying reflectively, "I'm an erring mortal myself, I know, but I tell you, a talk like that makes a man feel that it is not enough to be looking after yourself alone, but that he must get up and be about the business of looking after the weaker brother, 'for whom Christ died,'" and he looked thoughtfully off between the old white horse's ears.

"And so one man takes it upon himself to look after—to see that one of these weak brothers is gotten safely past the tavern," and the gray eyes were fine with feeling now.

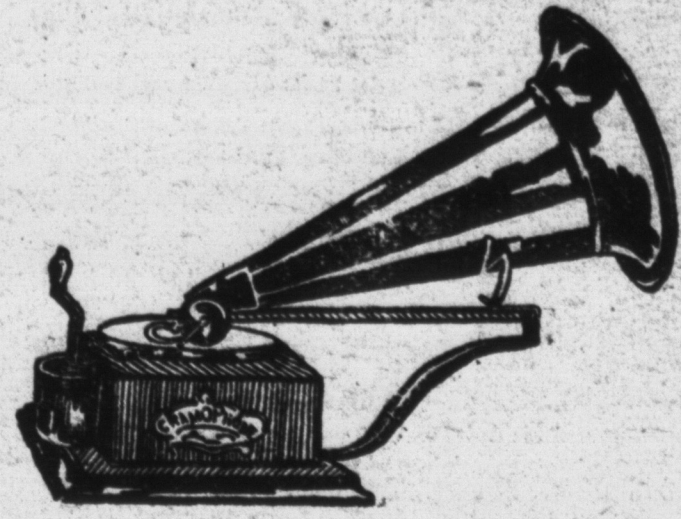
The deacon flushed at the other's easy application of the sermon to the case in hand. "Well, I—you see, Loomis," and he turned to look squarely into the other's face, "I haven't done my duty by you, or any one else—tempted more than I am. I'm sorry I have not seen it more clearly before, but if you will let me now, and in the future if you will look to me and come to me when you need help—"

"I will, Deacon Wilder. And I thank God, and you whom I believe he sent after me to-day, for your help and your offer. You did not know—how could you?—that I had just given up the last shred of hope—the frail straw which I have clung to all these awful years. I am weak, oh, so weak. But I have tried—nobody knows how hard—to reform. You who have seen the small results and the failure at the end of each effort, will never know the fight I made before I went under, each time. I have been sober for a week. To-day I felt that I must drink or go mad. I started out with this basket, making an errand to the store, an excuse to get away from the house. But I was going to the tavern and felt that I did not care what became of me, if only I might drink, and drink, and drink. You don't know that feeling, deacon—and under it all was the thought that no one cared—"

The deacon interrupted him. "I care, and Christ cares, my brother. Never say, or feel that. I am the

## True to life.

No one will believe how perfectly—how true to the original—the Berliner Gram-o-phone reproduces sound until they have heard it. That is why we let all good Canadians try it before they buy it.



## The Berliner Gram-o-phone

reproduces bands, orchestras, instruments, singers and talkers with the same quality of tone as the original.

Don't confuse it with the ordinary talking-machine—others have made that mistake before they heard it.

Its repertoire is practically unlimited.

It is the only talking machine made in Canada.

Guaranteed for five years.

The hard flat maroon discs are practically indestructible.

Prices from \$15 to \$45. Can be bought on the installment plan, \$1.00 cash and \$2.00 per month for 8 months. Write for catalogue and our easy payment plan.

**E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL, QUE.**

**EMANUEL BLOUT, General Manager for Canada.**

**MCMURRAY & CO. AGENTS, FREDERICTON, N. B.**

one to blame; help me to make it right with my conscience by letting me help you."

"I will. I won't give up the fight. I've been trying in my own strength. Now I'll look to the Lord to help me—through you, if that is to be the way," and the two clasped hands over the compact.

And Deacon Wilder was not to be disappointed. In after years the weak brother to whom he had first held out a helping hand, stood an honored man among men once more, a living testimony to the power of God, and the fellowship of man. —*American Weekly.*

### WHAT THE WORD DID.

I was born in a poor man's house on the coast of Cornwall, England. When nine years of age I was sent into a ship-building yard to work for my living. My surroundings were of the most sinful kind. Soon my young life drank in these influences. I drifted along up to the age of seventeen. At that time I used to go out after supper with young men of my age, and spend the evenings on the streets in some kind of street pleasure.

I was out on this mission one evening, and a party of us was standing by a store window, when a party of Methodists came by, going from their prayer-meeting. When they reached us they stopped for some reason I do not know. One of the party—an old man—came up to me, and putting his hand on my shoulder and calling me by name, said: "I don't know why, but I always pray for you." When he had said this he lifted his head, and the prayer-meeting crowd passed down the street. I looked after them out into the darkness, saying: "I wonder why that old fellow prays for me?"

The work was done. Conviction

for sin followed. A desire to be saved entered my life, and two weeks after that I found Christ. The old man is in heaven long ago. I am here, doing what I can to make the world better.—*Rev. R. Stevens.*

### SPRING AILMENTS.

**The Blood needs Attention at this Season —Purgatives should be Avoided.**

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. With new blood you will feel sprightly, happy and healthy. Many people take purgatives in spring, but this is a serious mistake, as the tendency of all purgatives is to further weaken the system. The one and only sure way to get new blood and new strength is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new rich, red blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily banish all spring ailments. Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., says: "I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a splendid spring medicine. I was very much run down; the least exertion exhausted me, and I had a constant feeling of languor and sluggishness. My appetite failed me, and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. After I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there was a speedy change for the better, and after taking a few boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post paid, at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not let any dealer persuade you to take a substitute. Substitutes never cured anyone—the genuine pills have cured hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.