

faults, because you will generally find the thing for which you seek. Be sure to be among the first to speak or pray in the mid-week prayer-meeting.

3. Visit him. Do you know that a pastor hungers sometimes for a visit from his people? Tell him you came over to talk over the helpful things said or done, that you desire to have the society doing better work, that you want to be instructed more fully in what the church stands for, and in ways whereby you may be able to render assistance.

4. By four faithfulness, coupled with your earnestness, let him know that he can always depend upon you to be on time, and that you are ready for every good work for the furtherance of the kingdom of God and the salvation of souls.—*John H. Wolfe.*

DRIFTING AWAY.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon that dead carcass and feasted upon it as it was "floating" on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head into the air to look around him, as much as to say, I am "drifting" on towards danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late. When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the foam and darkness below. This is the picture of every soul that is playing with and feasting upon sin. Many a young man intends after a little more indulgence in, to turn from his sins and be saved; but alas! when he would turn he finds himself filtered by sinful habits, his affections have been poisoned by sin, his will paralyzed, his soul has frozen to the decaying mass of rotteness upon which he has been feasting. Turn, my young friend, ere it be too late!—*Bap. Argus.*

SUNDAY SICKNESS.

A good lady, and one of the most valuable, liberal and faithful members of St. Paul, sends the following to the *Chimes*. Its heading is as above.

Dr.—, among other valuable papers, a few years ago published one describing this remarkable disease, which has not yet been treated in the books of Pathology.

1. This disease is of the intermitting kind; attacking the patient by violent paroxysms, which return every seventh day. These paroxysms return only on the Lord's day, and hence it is called Sunday sickness—but by the faculty it is known by no other name than *Dies Domini Morbus*.

2. It takes somewhat of the nature of ague, especially as it is attended with a degree of coldness. This coldness is first apparent early in the morning of the Lord's day; in many cases seizing the patient before he has left his bed. But begins in the region of the heart, followed by yawning.

3. The patient is sometimes deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and feet, so that he is indisposed to walk to the house of God.

4. In some cases this attack has come upon them after they have gone to the house of God, and has been attended with yawning and slumber.

5. In other cases there have been great uneasiness in the house of God, and a disposition to complain of the length of the sermon, though they have been known to sit very contented in a playhouse several hours at a time.

6. Persons affected with this disease never mourn on account of their confinement from public worship as many afflicted with other diseases often do.

7. These persons often surprise neighbors with their great activity and health on Monday, however unfavorable the weather may be.

8. Most of the faculty agree that there is a low feverish heat, technically *febris mundi*, or fever of the world, which may be detected in these patients during the intervening days of the week.

9. There also seems to be a loss of appetite for savory food, and a want of relish for *panis vitae*, bread of life, which in this case is the indispensable remedy for the disease.

10. Persons afflicted with this disease generally have a disrelish for private religious exercises of the closet and the reading of the Scriptures.

11. This disease is also contagious; neighbors received it from neighbors, and children from parents.

EFFECT OF WICKEDNESS.

During the Crimean war a hospital chaplain asked a dying soldier what he could do for him. "Nothing," replied the man. "I was a leader of wickedness in our regiment; I led all the young fellows wrong. Once a steady country lad joined us. I resolved to make him as bad as myself. I did it. In our last battle, he was shot dead at my side, while uttering an oath I taught him. Can you undo that for me, sir?" And with this burden on his conscience, refusing all comfort, he died. We cannot undo.

THE BEST STILL REMAINS.

A poor fellow, a business man in New York City, after hard struggling is "dead broke," and with a heavy heart goes across the river to his home. It had been a terrible day for him. When he entered his home, they were quick to discern the trouble. They saw things had gone wrong. Without touching the meal that had been prepared for him, he flung himself down, and said, "All is gone. The crash has come, and we have nothing left. Nothing left." And the strong man sobbed. There are trials in this life that make the strongest of us quiver, and no greater trial there is than this being flung to the wall. Sometimes your trust in God is tried to the very breaking point, and you can almost hear the strands snap with the prolonged strain, and no seeming relief comes, pray and struggle as you may. "All is gone, nothing left." And his little daughter, a wee bright curly headed thing, came along to the sofa and laid her hand on her tired father's bosom and said, "Papa, I am left." Then the wife who has struggled by his side as brave wives do in hours of darkness, came over and flung her arms round the man and the little child on his breast, and said, "John, I am left." And the old grandmother got up from her arm-chair by the fire and tottered over and as in days gone by before worry and care were born, said, "Son, and the Lord and all his promises are left." "My God, forgive me," ex-

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FACTS PROVE TRUTH.

One man writes these facts from Black River, N. B., January 4, 1903.

"I had a sore on my leg and went to the hospital for treatment, but left no better. I finally began using your

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together with your Invigorating Syrup and Acadian Liniment. This treatment has removed the soreness from my leg and healed it completely except a very small spot. I think your medicines 'can't be beat.'"

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claimed the man, "what a lot I have left," and he started to his feet to renew the battle and trust his way still through the crash. Yes, do not grumble. Put a stout heart to a stey brae; just drive your feet all the faster up when the hill gets stiff. Lift your head, you tired man, you weary woman; your Saviour takes an interest in your daily life. He will help you; when his time comes, never fear, he will spread for you your grassy seat.—*The Christian Scotsman.*

THE FANATIC.

"It has been well said," writes H. Clay Trumbull, "There never was any one who spoke out the truth who was not called 'a howling idiot' for his pains at first." They said that Jesus was crazy, and his own family tried to quietly get him home. Paul was more than once adjudged insane. Luther was called a fool, a heretic and a madman. The mission of William Carey to India was characterized as "the mission of a madman." The witty preacher, Sydney Smith, called the first batch of missionaries "a little detachment of maniacs." And when the brilliant Fanny Forrester turned her back upon the fame and fortune of literary distinction, which were just opening before her, to become the wife and helper of the missionary Judson, all America cried, "The woman is mad." Nor does the truth apply alone to the religious world. Fulton's proposition to propel a boat by steam was met by jokes and sneers, and Stevenson was considered a fit subject for an insane asylum when he declared his purpose to run a railway train by steam.

If a man gives himself up to money-making, or to the pushing of business plans, and drives at it year in and year out, he is "a very enterprising fellow." If he is carried away with political partisanship, he is "a wide-awake citizen." If he lives for pleasure and pursues it recklessly day and night, he may be called "a little fast." But if he is in dead earnest in his purpose to honor Christ and to save souls, then he is "a religious enthusiast," or "a fanatic."