

THE BISHOP AND THE BRIDGE.

Bishop Nicholson, of Milwaukee, has a story of personal experience to tell those who seem swamped in worries. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church, says the *Golden Penny*. The parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. He was distinctly discouraged one day when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn bridge, then building. A man, covered with dirt, was working on the abutments.

"That's pretty dirty work you are engaged in," said the Bishop.

"Well, yes," answered the laborer; "but somehow we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty which is to come out of our work."

"It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia the better for it," said Bishop Nicholson.

IS THAT ALL.

The following suggestive parable, which we find in Rev. Charles Sheldon's church paper, is unsigned, but is doubtless from the pen of the gifted author of "In His Steps."

He was weeping bitterly as if he had met with some great calamity, and the angel who was going by stopped and kindly asked:

"What is the matter?"

"I have had a terrible loss," replied the man.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the angel with a tear of sympathy. "Is it very terrible?"

"Very," answered the man weeping harder than before.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" asked the angel gently. "What is it you have lost?"

"I have lost my money!" exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"O," said the angel, "is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul."

How Bishop Whipple Reached Men.

When called to take up the new mission of the Holy Communion, Chicago, Bishop Whipple found busy railroad yards close to his chapel. He asked the chief engineer how to reach railway operatives, "Read Landner's 'Railway Economy' until you are able to ask a question of an engineer and he will not think you a fool." So instructed, he dropped in one day on a group cleaning an engine, and ventured a question, "Which do you like better, inside or outside connections?" A torrent of discussion followed on connections, steam-heaters, exhausts; and at the end of a half hour he remarked, in leaving, "Boys, I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I should be glad to see you." The next Sunday every man was there.

Things are not Always What They Seem.

"Another picture still more suggestive is described by an old writer. He says he saw in an ancient monastery a picture at the end of a long gallery. When he first saw it he believed it to be the portrait of a holy friar with a large book before him, on which he was intently gazing, with his hands devoutly clasped before him. But when he came close to the picture he found that the hands were not clasped, but were holding a lemon, and it was not a book that was before him, but a big punch-bowl,

into which he was squeezing the juice. Sometimes we are surprised by the news of the discovery of a defalcation committed by a man who had a great reputation for piety. The man was never really pious; those who came close to him before the discovery, if he permitted any to do so, were aware that the piety was a mere cloak, assumed to disarm suspicion of his wicked pursuits."

READY TO BE OFFERED.

After spending many years in Central Africa, David Livingstone, on his birthday, in 1872, made the following entry in his journal: "19th March. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, that I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen." A year later David Livingstone had finished his course, and he was taken home to receive his crown of righteousness. To us who are seeking to save the heathen of our own land, and who desire to set men free from the slavery of sin, the Lord asks for our whole-hearted consecration to His service. We may dedicate our lives as truly as did the famous missionary; and then it shall be ours to use the words of Paul: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

THE MAN BEHIND THE FIRE.

A worker at the Sailors' Mission has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down into an open hatchway.

He fell to the hold, broke his leg, and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.

THE COST OF BURNING A MARTYR.

In the British Museum a very interesting and at the same time an extremely pathetic document is to be seen.

This is nothing less than the bill which was charged to the authorities for the burning of the three noble martyrs, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley.

The bill runs as follows: "Charge for burning the bodies of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley; For three loads of wood fagots, 12s.; item, one load fruze fagots, 3s. 4d.; item, for carriage, 2s. 6d.; item, a post, 2s. 4d.; item, two chains, 3s. 4d.; item, two tables, 6d.; item, labourers, 2s. 8d.; total, £1 6s. 8d."

The Crick in the Back.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delightful is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

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THE NEED OF CHEER.

Keep the sunshine of living faith in the heart. Do not let the shadow of discouragement and dispondency fall upon your path. However weary you may be, the promises of God will, like the stars at night, never cease to shine, to cheer and to strengthen. The best harvests are the longest in ripening. It is not pleasant to work in the earth plucking the ugly tares and weeds, but it is as necessary as sowing the seed. The harder the task the more need of singing.—*Royal Path of Life.*

Lightning Neuralgia Cure.

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I hold what God wills above what I will. I cleave to him as his servant and follower; my impulses are one with his; my pursuit is one with his; in a word, my will is one with his.—*Epictetus.*

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The excipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

God often works more by the life of the illiterate seeking the things that are God's than by the ability of the learned seeking the things that are their own.—*St. Anselm.*

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