

false hopes, Leonie, for I know you are partial judgment. I do not want to rise ambitious and the First Church is an advance, but in spite of a strong plea from the pastor on Miss Clyde's behalf, I should not be surprised if you were the committee's choice. Of course, I must remain neutral, and act only as their voice."

After a few minutes he added:
"I wish you would call on Miss Clyde. She probably has few friends here, if any, and it would show a kindly interest, which, if I mistake not, she is generous enough to appreciate."

"I shall certainly go to see her," was the ready answer, for Leonie Granston was elate with foreseen success.

By the aid of a new directory she found the house in a quiet suburb. As she ascended a few steps to the small piazza she saw a little girl in a hammock, half hidden by vines. In reply to an inquiry for Miss Clyde, a thin voice said:

"That's sister. She'll be here soon. She has just gone to the corner store. Please sit down."

The day was warm for the time of year, so Miss Granston was glad to sink on a rocker.

"Have you been ill?" she asked tenderly, laying a hand on the thin one beside her.

"Yes—no—" was the hesitating reply. "I never can run about, you know, but Florence reads to me and sings. Oh, I am never tired when she sings!"

"But she cannot sing all day," the visitor suggested.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the child, eager to show off her sister's usefulness, "she sews—makes my frocks and things, you know, for mother's gone to heaven. And when papa was home she got his dinner with ours, and cut it up, too. But papa's in the hospital now with his eyes."

"What a wearing, monotonous life," Miss Granston thought. Aloud she said, "Your sister must have enough to do."

"Why that's not all" — the child laughed almost merrily — "she teaches two little girls, bigger than me, the piano, and hears me my lessons."

A light, quick step on the sidewalk interrupted further revelations. Miss Granston rose.

"We ought not to be strangers, Miss Clyde," she said, cordially, holding out a hand.

"No, indeed," was the bright rejoinder. "I cannot tell how I enjoyed your singing at the church. It was a lesson worth a great deal to me. At first I thought I could not attempt anything after it, but the words of my piece came to my mind and I gave them as they appealed to me. I felt as if I was singing for my own encouragement only and forgot the critics. Of course I knew you would get the position."

Miss Granston was silent for some time. Then she changed the subject.

"Is there anyone—any doctor I mean—in attendance on this dear child?" she asked, turning to the hammock.

"No one now. We have only been in the city a few weeks. Our father is in the Ophthalmic Hospital, but is getting better and may have sight again. We came here with him."

"Then you will allow my uncle, a leading physician and a very kind man, to call and see her. Just as a friend, you know."

"I cannot afford to refuse such kindness," was the grateful answer.

The next day was Sunday. As Miss

Granston came down from her place in the church, in which she had sung for two years, she encountered the chairman of its must committee.

"Well, young lady," he began, "have you decided yet. I do hope the little warning to me was only to frighten us, and that you will remain where your work is so much appreciated."

"Yes," she replied brightly, "I will remain."

"In honor preferring one another." The words came to her as she descended the steps. And when in the ensuing months she heard of the deepening of spiritual life in the First Church, and that Miss Clyde went to it, the music became as truly a part of the worship as the prayers, and sometimes did more good than the sermon, she blessed God for leading her to surrender the coveted position to one who needed what it offered far more than she did.— *Baptist Union.*



LOOKING UP.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

In a large, pleasant chamber of an old colonial two-story house far back in the umbrageous street of a fine, New England village lay a beautiful young woman, prostrated by a spinal affection induced by a fall upon the ice when skating.

"Beautiful Belle Imlay" she was called, the only daughter of proud, ambitious, cold, haughty Esq. Imlay, and inheriting many of his traits.

"You may live for years, but you will probably be an invalid as long as you live," was the verdict of the examining surgeons which she insisted upon knowing.

And I am doomed for life to lie here upon a couch in this room and give up all my beautiful ambitions and plans!" she said over and over.

It was the burden of her plaint and one day a poor woman from a tiny cottage on a farm back of the village, who was wiping the paint in her room, and who the invalid had never deigned to notice by a look, said very gently, as she was leaving:

"Doomed to lie and look up!"

"What does she mean by that?" thought the girl too surprised at the woman's presumption to be angry. "Is it some of her preaching? I will have none of it."

The thought remained with her, however. She could not see the ground anywhere, but her windows at one side looked out into a huge rock maple, and for her eyes must rest upon something, she soon became familiar with the denizens of the air who made the great tree their home. She noted the shadows cast by the sunlight, the drip, drip of the rain. She explored cloud land. Noted the beauty of dawn, the glory of the sunsets, and soon learned where to look for the first star that smiled in at her with its never-failing assuring gleam.

Those who cared for her noticed that while she did not suffer less she ceased complaining, and the next time the woman came to wipe the windows she said, simply: "Tell me something more."

"It is a great thing to look up always," said the woman. "It creates a prayerful spirit; you can't help thinking what is above it all."

"How did you learn all this?" asked the girl, and the woman replied: "I will tell you because it was such a beautiful thing that once happened to me. I was at work for a lady who was obliged to

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see callers one morning, when the nurse and everybody was away, and she called me to mind the baby, who was sleeping in a cradle under the trees, and she said, 'There is a hammock; you can lie in that if you like,' and I did, for a quarter of an hour I have no doubt, and I looked up and up and up—into the blue, and I saw birds fly up as if they were thoughts or prayers—and when I went back to my work I was a new and happy woman—it was as if I had a glimpse of a new and higher, purer life—and ever since I have looked up myself away from all the bother—some things that make life hard if you think of them, and I'm sure that is what the Heavenly Father wants us all to do. So when I saw you so unhappy I couldn't help saying: 'Look up,' and now I make bold to tell you this: Your life will not be spoiled; it will be changed; for God will give you something to do for him right here."

The poor woman's words were a prophecy, for the invalid in improving the condition of this humble friend became interested in other needy ones.

Soon her father, her family and friends fell under the benign influence, and the haughty ambitious pride that had characterized them was lost in the desire to mount to a higher spiritual level, and when one seeks to trace the beneficent and far-reaching influences that went out from that room to the timid words of that poor woman one is lost in wonder at the influence that may attend our smallest act and most thoughtless word.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*



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