

Mr. Wright could not help smiling at the very un-lamblike expression of this Leaguer; but there was no time to discuss the matter now.

"Suppose you don't take any steps about giving up until after the next meeting," he said. "I would like to be with you at that meeting. I have just been reading a true story about one who failed. It is a thrilling tale; I would like to tell it to your boys. What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir; that will bring the boys together, I'm sure. Some of them are pretty low down—worse than I am! Thank you, Mr. Wright; good morning," and the door swung to on boy and books.

The next Sunday afternoon the League members rallied in great force. Mr. Wright had organized them a year before, and given them a start; but he had a Sunday afternoon mission school in a distant part of the city, and this was the first time the boys had heard from him for some time.

The meeting was called to order by Philip Sears, who read a few verses from the Bible; a short prayer was made by another of the boys, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was given in fine style. Then Mr. Wright got up and faced the boys.

"Your leader has been telling me," Mr. Wright said, in his easy, you-and-me style, "that your chapter has failed in a first-class fight it has been waging against the whiskey business, and that you boys are a good deal cut up over the failure. I think this is a good time for me to repeat to you a true story of a fellow who failed on a big scale, about three hundred years ago, whose failure any one of us would now be proud to claim.

"When I tell you that this young Englishman made four stubborn, painful, dangerous attempts to find a western waterway to the Indies; that he got nearer to the North Pole than any other sailor of his day; that he failed every time to find his northwest passage; and that he was finally turned adrift in an open boat, with his young son, on a wild waste of waters, never to be seen or heard from again—perhaps you can name my man who failed."

Mr. Wright paused. "Henry Hudson," said one of the older boys, recognizing the tragedy.

"It was Henry Hudson," continued the story-teller, "who thus made four big, expensive, and humiliating failures, and finally lost his life in a shameful and pitiful way, as far as ever from the goal of his purpose.

"But look here, boys, Henry Hudson's first voyage opened up the great Spitzbergen whale fisheries, by which thousands of families have been supported, commerce advanced, and the interests of the race served for these hundreds of years. Henry Hudson's second voyage opened up the Hudson Bay fur trade, which has been almost as great an enterprise as the other. Henry Hudson's third voyage—setting sail from the Zuyder Zee this time—established the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and laid the foundation for the city of New York; and his fourth voyage gave his name to one of the most beautiful rivers of America, and an example of noble heroism and skill to all future races of men. How is that for a failure, boys?"

The young people sat very still in

their places; but there was a glow on their faces, and their eyes were shining. Unless I am much mistaken, that corner saloon began to be in danger while the noble tale was being told. Mr. Wright did not have much more to say.

"Take care," he concluded, "how you dare to write 'failure,' on a work into which a man or a boy has really put the strength of his life. If the thing pleases God, though it may seem to go down like Henry Hudson's body, fathoms deep, he is keeping for it—somewhere, somewhere—a glorious success, like the great sailor's. And I give you my word, my young friends, I believe the baffling of a single saloon is of more importance in eternity than sailing across the Arctic sea!"

Philip Sears did not give up his place. Those young Christians took a brace, and gave themselves another year's lease on their job (the saloon's license ran for a year), and the last I heard of the matter, was a message sent them by a business man who had refused to sign their first petition, and jeered at them for "a meddling pack of kids." Now he sent them word to come and see him about the matter again—he "liked a fellow that never knew when he was whipped."

—The Classmate.

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JESUS THE JUDGE.

A lady engaged in litigation was advised to consult a certain lawyer, and engage him to defend her cause. She delayed for one reason or another until the last moment. At length, going to him, she began to explain her case; but she was stopped by his saying, "You are too late; I cannot now be your advocate, for I have been appointed a judge." Let sinners beware. Just now, if they come to Christ, they will find in him a Saviour, an Advocate. Let none delay, but put away those frivolous pretexts for procrastination, and come to Christ at once, lest delay be followed by a summons to meet him, not as the Saviour and Advocate, but as the righteous Judge.—Selected.

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A CAREER FOR YOUNG MEN.

I want to say to the young men who are thinking what noble thing they can do in this world, what thing that is worth while, that will live and make the world better—that something to honor God among men is the very best thing they can do. It is a noble thing to start, or help to start, a mission school in a godless neighborhood.

It is a great thing to teach a Sunday school class and put the thought of God into some young hearts. It is a great thing to find the way into a prayerless, loveless home, and tell the story of the love of Christ there.

It is a great thing to take a child and put on its life the image of Christ. It is a great thing to be active and earnest in a church, helping to hold up the burning light of God's love in a community. There are countless ways in which we may start divine blessing in the world.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

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Perry Davis Painkiller.—Its effects are almost instantaneous. Cures cuts, burns and bruises. Taken internally, cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

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WE HAVE OPENED  
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AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

The Rev. Peter McKenzie was once preaching on the text, "The Kingdom of God is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal." He emphasized the fact that the woman put the leaven into the meal before it could be efficacious.

Then he remarked: "I should like to capture all the scientific men who deny God, and put them on a desert island. When I had safely landed them, I would say: 'Now you make your own eggs without poultry; create here your own cattle.' Why," he continued contemptuously, "they could not even make a potato; and yet they arrogantly affirm that all this beautiful world, with all its varied beauty and life, came from a barrow-load of earth!"

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Never Say Die.

You may be weak, miserable, nervous, sleepless, your digestion may be poor, and you despair. Never say die, until you have used Ferrozone, the most wonderful blood maker, nerve strengthener and brain invigorator. It tones up the whole system. You can eat anything and digest it if you use Ferrozone. You sleep well. You make blood quickly, strength increases daily, in a short time you're well. Try Ferrozone, which you can obtain at all drug stores.

Loss of Flesh, cough, and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balsam loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

Some men are afraid of being too religious. What we need today is men who believe down deep in their souls what they profess.

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

NERVE OINTMENT

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.'"

JARVIS SCRIBNER.

This merely emphasizes the fact that for sores and skin diseases nothing can be found equal to Gates' Nerve Ointment. Never fail to have a box on your toilet table.

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