

THE REWARD OF SERVICE.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all,
The world may sound no trumpets,
ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Through these sealed lips let the dead speak to the living. We will call the roll:

Flavel: "Eternity cannot unfold Him."

Garibaldi: "I love and venerate the religion of Christ."

Daniel Webster: "I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God."

Renan: "In Jesus is condensed all that is good and exalted in our nature."

Thomas Paine: The morality that He preached has not been exceeded by any."

Disraeli: "Has not Jesus conquered Europe and changed its name to Christendom?"

Napoleon Bonaparte: "I know men; and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man."

Thomas Carlyle: The highest Voice ever heard on this earth said withal, 'Consider the lilies.'

Emerson: "He, as I think, is the only soul in history who has appreciated the worth of a man."

Matthew Arnold: "No other conception of righteousness will do except Christ's conception of it."

Charles Dickens: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Rousseau: "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God."

Fairbairn: "They (His words) shine as peerless as ever, the sweetest, calmest, wisest words ever spoken by man to men."

St. Augustine: "I have never read in Plato and Cicero a sentence like this, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'"

William E. Gladstone: "All that I think, all that I hope, all that I write, all that I live for, is based upon the divinity of Jesus Christ."

Benjamin Franklin: "I think that the system of morals that He taught and His religion . . . are the best that this world ever saw, or is likely to see."

Bolingbroke: "No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind as Christ's religion."

Cethe: "Tear out of the New Testament faith in the veracity of Christ as to the supernatural, and

there is not enough left to build upon in regard to any other particular."

Shakespeare: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."—*The United Presbyterian.*

"IN CARE OF."

A young girl friend, visiting her aunt, came to me the other day inquiring how she would abbreviate. "In care of," in addressing her letter. How comforting, thought I, whether at home or far away, to be "in care of" some friend! And are not all God's children in His care? His servants, the holy angels, are ready to do his bidding (watching by day and by night; "for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Did ever queen have such royal attendants? "In care of God." Let us say it over and over, and turning to His holy Word with prayer, find that from Genesis to Revelation those who trust in Him need never have a fear. "In care of." We see it in every leaf on the tree, on every blade of grass, that blooms. When the sun beats too heavily upon His weary ones, look up, and He will spread the shadow of His wings over you. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." When the waves would go over us, we can find shelter in the "Rock." When the ship would go down, He stilleth the waves, whispering: "Peace! Be still!" In temptation He putteth this song in our hearts: "I am with thee, to deliver thee." In trouble, how quickly the door swings open! "I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him." Every assurance is in this—"in care of God.—*Selected.*

MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

A famous scientific lecturer, being desirous to answer the question, "What is man?" took his retort, and reduced a human body by chemical analysis to its component parts. He then presented to his audience twenty-three pounds of carbon, two pounds of lime, twenty-two ounces of phosphorus, about one ounce each of sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon, and apologized for not exhibiting some five thousand cubic feet of oxygen and one hundred thousand cubic feet of hydrogen and fifty-two cubic feet of nitrogen. Suppose he could have presented all of these, that would not have been man. You can kill a man, but you cannot kill twenty-three pounds of carbon, etc., etc. Twenty-three pounds of carbon cannot think, and sing, and love and worship, and talk about eternity and a glorious immortality as we men and women do when we gather into the temple of God. When the science of chemistry gives to the world as its dictum, "No thought without phosphorus," psychology comes to it and says: "Chemistry, I am as much of a science as you are, and I go away beyond you in my investigation of man, and I say that your dictum is nothing more than a bit of fallacious rhetoric. My dictum is: No thought without the soul of man, and the soul of man is like God. It is a child of the Infinite."

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON,
WE HAVE OPENED
FOR THE SUMMER TRADE.

Ladies' Muslin Costumes;
Ladies' Cotton Costumes;
Ladies' Cotton Wrappers;
White Muslin Dresses;
Colored Cotton Blouses;
Ladies' Silk Blouses;
Ladies' Silk Skirts;
Children's White Dresses;
Children's Colored Dresses.

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON,
Agent for Standard Patterns.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

LIGHTS ABOVE AND BELOW.

Uncle Zach, coming into the house one evening, found it unlighted, and stumbled against chairs and tables.

"Oh, wait a minute!" called Molly's voice from somewhere in the gloom. "I was just watching the moon from the front window, and I forgot to light the lamps," she explained.

The old man was rubbing a bruised elbow, but he looked down at her with a kindly twinkle in his eyes:

"The moon is all well enough, Molly child, but it's up in the sky, ye mind, and the thing we need to make us comfortable down here is the lamps lighted in the house. There's a deal of starin' into heaven for illumination by folks that forgit to keep the lights burnin' in their own houses. There's many a stumble and fall for lack of the light near by, while the one that should have 'tended to it is watchin' for some great light afar. Don't be one of that kind, child. Look up all ye like, but be sure your lamps are lighted. God's lights are well worth studyin', but it's your own He's biddin' ye take care of."

CARRYING SUNSHINE OR SHADOWS.

"I always like to talk things over with Mary when I am in trouble," said one woman to another. "She understands, and it's a comfort to tell things to somebody who cares enough for you to be troubled by everything that troubles you."

"Yes, that is sharing half your load with her," said the other; "but has Mary no loads of her own to carry?" Then, as if she feared the question might sound intrusive or unkind, she added: "I have learned to think of that of late years, because I had a brother who was to me what your sister is to you. He was one of those on whom others naturally lean—wise, strong, tender, and patient—and I carried my griefs and worries to him, always sure of sympathy."

"Not until his brave life ended did I realize how many heavy burdens of

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.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

his own he had been bearing. Business cares and reverses, grave family anxieties, increasing physical disability, and the knowledge that disease was surely eating his life away—all this had been pressing sorely upon him. I know that many a weary day, which possibly I might have brightened a little, I had made his burden heavier by the weight of my own. I never think of his dear, kind face without wishing I had carried him my sunshine instead of my shadows."

Why Catarrh is Fatal.

Because it pours a flood of poisons into the circulation that saps strength and digestion so materially as to render the body incapable of resisting disease, and consumption is the result. Catarrh is quickly cured by Catarrhone, a fragrant germ destroying vapor that goes to the root of the disease. It soothes and heals the inflamed mucous surfaces, clears the head and throat, and positively never fails to perfectly cure Bronchitis, Asthma or Catarrh. Nothing is so good for diseases of the respiratory organs as Catarrhone. Large outfit, \$1. Small size 50c. Druggists, or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.