

THE PRAYER MEETING TEST.

BY REV. HENRY T. SCHOLL.

Testing that comes from well-disposed persons is designed to prove our worth. The one who stands the test, stands approved. Repeatedly were Scripture worthies put to the test, and repeatedly are churchgoers of our own country and century tested.

For example, you are stately tested by the midweek meeting. It is either your duty to be there, or it is your duty to be elsewhere. Some of the membership of our churches are making a commendable record in the matter of attending the social meeting; other some admit that they should be there regularly, and are out occasionally; and still others are commonly neglecting the assembling of themselves together for communion with our adorable Lord. Now, my friend, I want you to take this matter under honest advisement. Ask your heart, what is my duty as to attendance upon the social meeting? If it is your duty to be there, you can so manage that you will be there. No testing taketh you but such as is common to men, and with each testing God guarantees you an exit dutywards. I wonder if you and your conscience have had, recently, a conversation like the following:

"I suppose I ought to go to prayer meeting tonight, but it is dark."

"Take a lantern. If you had an important business matter that needed your attention, or if you wanted to make one of a hundred at some social function, you would not be kept home by darkness."

"But it looks like rain."

"Take an umbrella. A little rain on Wednesday night will not harm you more than rain on any other night, and you have often risked a wetting when matters that deeply interested you were pending."

"But the fact is I do not really care much for the prayer meeting, anyway, and gladly avail myself of the smallest excuse that will let me out."

"Well, that is frank and truthful; but honest, now, ought you not to care for such meetings? If you do not care, the fault is either with yourself, or with the meeting. If the fault lies with the meeting, ought you not to be present regularly, and do your best to make it edifying? If the fault lies with yourself, as it possibly does—for others are attending these meetings quite regularly and are professedly bettered thereby—if the fault lies with yourself it is high time that you so exercise yourself unto godliness as to beget a relish for the midweek repast of spiritual viands. You are, presumably, giving overmuch attention to things temporal and tangible, and are not duly observing the wholesome charge: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness.' The willful neglect of a duty is the needless loss of a blessing. Note of the Master's commands are grievous, and in the keeping of them there is reward."

"Well, Conscience, I reckon you are right. I believe I ought to get out regularly; and I think, perhaps, I will go when cooler weather comes."

"Boast not yourself of cooler weather, and do not use faithfulness in the future as a foil for present neglect of duty. Oughtness concerns itself mainly with current time. Good resolutions for next winter will not atone for bad practices during the week which you have already entered. Now is the accepted time, and the way you stand pres-

ent and pressing test will determine your standing with the Judge of all mankind."—*Chris. Worth and Evangelist.*

DO SOMETHING TO STOP IT.

At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

"She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him."

"I said, 'This is not your picture!'"

"Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

"I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell and announced a lady from his mother. There was no reply."

"Let me step in," I said.

"There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat."

"Said I, 'Charley I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.'"

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he wealed.

"Said I, 'What is the matter?'"

"He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours."

"They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture, and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

"He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it."

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"Yes; that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting for five years to see him."

"O God!" he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it! Why don't you do something to stop it?"—*Christian Mirror.*

TWO SINGERS.

A beautiful little incident is told concerning Jenny Lind and Grisi when they were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi, that she was at a point of failure, when, suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and she took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive note floated on the air, swelling louder and richer

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every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look in the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.—*Commonwealth.*

There is no more obstinate skin trouble than Salt Rheum. It sometimes lingers for years, but Weaver's Cerate makes short work of it. Apply the Cerate to the inflamed skin, and take Weaver's Syrup to insure permanent cure.

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"
 "I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."
 "That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnia parsaxitis."
 "I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."

There's Many a Slip on icy roads and sidewalks in the winter. Sprains and bruises follow. That is the time when Perry Davis' Painkiller vindicates its right to the confidence it has retained for sixty years.

They who know enough to sin know enough to be saved.

One of the Many.
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