

AN ACCUSER SILENCED.

Two fellow-travellers were seated together in a railway carriage engaged in earnest conversation. It was of a religious nature, and one of them a sceptic, was evidently seeking to excuse his scepticism by expatiating on the various evils which afflict Christendom. He was detailing, with manifest pleasure, the hypocrisy and the craft and the covetousness and the divisions found in the professing Church, and then he pointed to some of the leaders as the most markedly corrupt of the whole.

In front of them sat a Christian who was compelled to hear all this. Had he felt the accusations to be false (he might have suffered them all, as a part of the hatred the world bears towards Christ, and been truly happy in so suffering; but he knew them to be true—too true to be concealed from the most charitable mind, so all he could do was to bow his head and bear the deserved reproach.

Soon, however, the accuser, anxious to extend the circle of his audience, addressed this fellow-passenger in front of him.

"I see you are quick to detect evil," answered the Christian, "and you read character pretty well. You have been uncovering here the abominable things which have turned Christendom into a wicket, and are fast ripening it for the judgment of God. You have spared none, but have given all a good measure. Now, I am a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus and his people. Not a word shall I offer in defense, but I here solemnly challenge you to speak the first word against the Lord Jesus Christ himself."

The sceptic was surprised. He seemed almost frightened, and sheepishly replied: "Well, no; I couldn't find fault with him. He was perfect."

"Just so," said the Christian, "and therefore was my heart attracted to him; and the more I looked at him the more I found I wasn't like him at all, but only a poor, sinful man. But tell me yourself if I hadn't a right to be happy and to love him when I found out that he had died for me? Ever since then I truly love him, and all the evil which professed followers of his may do cannot turn me away from him. My salvation hangs on what he has done, and not on what they are doing."
—*Horatius Bonar.*

WHAT HE WANTED.

Bishop Brewster, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut, in a recent talk to Yale students on "Robust Religious Faith," cited for them the case of Rudyard Kipling when he was critically ill in New York. He said:

"I suppose you young men are more or less readers of Rudyard Kipling. There is no name in English literature that stands more truly for masculinity than Kipling. In fact, he is said to be not ladylike enough to suit some of his critics. The story that I am about to relate about Kipling, and I suppose none of you have heard it, comes to me first hand, and shows the strong, vigorous faith which is back of the man's writings.

"A trained nurse was watching at the bedside of Mr. Kipling during those moments when the author was in the most critical stage of sickness, and she noticed that his lips began to move. She bent over him, thinking that he wanted to say something to her, and she heard him utter these words, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' that old familiar prayer of childhood days. The nurse, realizing that Kipling didn't require her

services, said in apologetic whisper, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Kipling, I thought you wanted something.'

"I do," faintly observed Kipling, "I want my heavenly Father. He only can care for me now."

"It is this masculine, robust religious faith that we see in Kipling's writings," added Bishop Brewster, "and it is a faith which the young men of Yale University may well carry with them in the performance of daily work."

LIFE IN THE SOCIETY.

Let our organization be as perfect as a human machine can be made, it will be a complete spiritual failure unless it has life; the only life which can give success is the life of Christ received into the lives of the members and then working out into the lives of others. Has your society this life?

The life of the society, as an organization, must depend upon the amount of life in each member. The society will have no more life than is possessed by the average membership. If the average spiritual power is small, so small will be that of the whole. If the average life power is small, so small will be the results of the work of the organization.

Every organization which is really filled with strong, healthy, vigorous, spiritual life, must show forth its possession of that life. The life of Christ cannot dwell in a member, in the society, without doing something. If you and your society are not "doing something," it is not possible that much of the life of Christ fills your being. No activity, no eager throbbing of heart and mind, no personal efforts for the salvation of the unsaved, means little or no life.—*The Star.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"And ye don't drink any more, Jim?" The question came as two workmen walked along together.

"No."
"And ye don't talk as ye used to do, either—dropped a lot of swearin' that used to come pretty handy. What's up?"

"It's the wife and boy," answered Jim, half pleased, half embarrassed that the change had been noticed. "Ye see, the little one was nothin' but a baby when I went away, but he's gettin' to be a smart boy now. Lizzie believes in me. And that boy—he really thinks his dad is the best man in the world. I'd sort of like to have him keep on thinkin' so, that's all."

Trying to live up to some one's thoughts of him, some one's faith in him was making his whole life higher and purer, as it has made many a life. It is an ignoble nature that is not at once humbled and uplifted at finding itself idolized by some loving heart. Almost unconsciously we try to be what we are expected to be. And if this is true, what volumes it speaks in regard to thinking, hoping, expecting the best of those round us!

THE NEW-FASHIONED WAY.

When a young man starts out to get ahead of a man double his age, he sometimes finds he has met his match.

An old farmer was once invited to a dinner, and before sitting down, he reverently said grace, as was his invariable habit.

One of the young men at the table noticed this, and said, sneeringly:

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON,
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Our Spring and Summer Goods have arrived and we will be pleased to have your earliest inspection.

Popular Suitings for Spring and Summer will be Voiles, Etamines, Floconnes, Twine Suitings, Panama Suitings, Glorias, Sail Cloths, Roxanas, Melrose, Oxford Voiles, Striped Sicilians, Irish Satin Cloths, Serges, Venetians, Lustres, Vietnas, etc.

We have all these goods in blacks, creams and the newest colorings.

Samples sent by return mail on application.

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AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS.

"That's not the new fashion; but I see you cling to the old-fashioned ways. I suppose, in your place, everyone says grace?"
"No," said the old farmer, grave'y, "not every one."
"How is that?" inquired the young man. "If you are master, you ought to be able to have things as you order them."
"Well," said the farmer, "I have some pigs in my sties. They never say grace before their meals. I suppose they do things in the new-fashioned way—*Selected.*

SUNDAY WORK DOESN'T PAY.
"I will pass along to you a little piece of information that I got the other day from a friend that is working on the Sea Wall at Galveston, Texas. About a week ago, Mr. —, the contractor, announced 'There will be no more work done on Sunday if I can help it. We lose all that we do on Sunday, and always have a bad week afterwards.' The wall is being built at about the line of ordinary high tide and one a little high-fills up the slight excavation they have to make, and also interferes with the work generally. A good, stiff wind from the south or east gives them trouble."
We judge from this letter that, as of old, "The winds and the seas obey him," who "made the Sabbath" for man's rest and worship.—*The Defender.*

Slight Sprains Grow Worse
Unless promptly treated. The great strength of Nerviline enables it to quickly cure all manner of sprains and strains. "I sprained my wrist," writes Leonard E. Milford of Rockland, "while working in the mill but had to lay off, it became so painful and swelled. I rubbed my wrist thoroughly with Nerviline twice a day and put on a bandage. The pain soon went away and frequent rubbing with Nerviline soon cured. Nerviline is undoubtedly an excellent liniment and the best pain reliever I ever used." Nerviline certainly is extra good. Price 25c.

There are now 6,838 preaching stations in Africa, and there are 3,051 missionaries laboring in the Dark Continent. The number of dealers in Medford rum in the Twilight Country is not given. But the number is diminishing.

One of the Many.

Mrs. G. D. Allen, of Baie Verts Road, N. B., suffered from severe cramps for several years, obtaining only temporary relief from doctors. She was also greatly afflicted for four years with Salt Rheum in her hands. She was advised to try

GATES' Life of Man Bitters and Invigorating Syrup.

This she did, also using Gates' Nerve Ointment on her hands. She has written us explaining how after 3 months' treatment she has been permanently cured of both diseases, and she is now recommending others to give these medicines a trial.

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