

WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

On the Santa Fe train coming out of Kansas City one night was a mother and her brood of five—four girls and one boy. They had left Illinois the day before, and were on their way to "the new country" where the husband and father has a claim which is the new home. The oldest girl appeared about fifteen, and from that age down to the only boy, a chubby little fellow about four.

Their dress and manner showed that they had not been reared in the midst of luxury and opulence, but withal they were model children and scrupulously clean. The mother was thin and bony, her face wan and haggard with the long trip and the care of her precious flock, for there were twenty-four hours yet before the journey's end.

It was after bedtime when the train left Kansas City, and the younger ones were soon yawning and scarcely able to keep awake. In fact the pet of the family had closed his eyes and was fast approaching "shut-eye town," while the next eldest tugged at him while she looked appealingly to her mother with an impression that was pitiful. He mustn't go to sleep yet. The others began whispering among themselves and then to the mother, as if something exciting had happened, or would happen soon, all of which attracted the attention of the other passengers, who sat in wonderment as they tried to divine the cause of so much whispering to keep the last one awake. They occupied seats in the front end of the car, including three long seats which ran along the smoking car partition.

Presently the cause of all this excitement was plain—it was bedtime and they had not said their prayers. Quietly, modestly, without ostentation—yes, even timidly—the mother and her children knelt together at the long seat, the baby bowing its head with the rest and rubbing with chubby hands the eyes that would hardly stay open, while the evening prayers were said.

Just for a moment, and then they arose, the children were made as comfortable as possible for the night, and soon all but the mother were asleep, while the moistened eyes and quivering lips of the other passengers, the traveling men with their grips, the politician with his schemes, the business man with his worries—yes, even the old reprobate of the *News* paid a silent but mighty tribute to the greatest civilizing agent of all ages, the Christian religion.

Here, O ye teachers of theology, is a sermon greater than ye ever preached!

Here, O ye choirs, is an anthem sweeter than ye ever sung!

Here, O ye hosts of Israel, quarreling over creeds and doctrines and torn with strife and envy, is a lesson more powerful than you ever taught!

God save the mother and her brood, and bring them to their last home in peace.—*United Presbyterian.*

A REAL DISTINCTION.—Two ministers were discussing the characteristics of a third, who was known for his zeal as a controversialist.

"Still with all his peculiarities," said one of them, "Brother Putnam leads a deeply religious life, does he not?"

"Well," responded the other, "I will hardly go as far as that, but I can say that I think he leads a deeply theological life."

WHAT SHALL I DO?

On dark and stormy days, and when other unfavorable conditions affect the attendance and dwarf the congregation to a mere handful of people, the question is very likely to arise in the pastor's mind, "What shall I do?"

What shall you do? Simply your duty, that is plain. As a servant of your Master, he has sent you to your people with a message. He knows how many people will be present to receive it, and it is your duty to deliver his message.

Deliver it, then, with as much unction and zeal as though the house were full of waiting people. Having done your duty, leave the result with God.

We recall very distinctly the results of a sermon preached by a pastor in P— on such an occasion.

It had been raining all day on this particular Sunday, and in the evening it poured in torrents, so that only ten persons ventured to struggle through the flooded streets to the house of God. Among these was an earnest young man about seventeen years of age. The sermon was a plea for more devoted consecration. The unction came from above, and that night on bended knees that talented young man consecrated himself to the ministry. It had been his intention to study law; but with joyous zeal he took up the study of theology instead, and is now a faithful, conscientious pastor in a flourishing congregation.

An incident is related in the life of Bishop Randall, who at one time was announced to preach in an Eastern church in behalf of his missionary work out West. Only six persons appeared, and it is said for a moment the good man hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment. The question of an audience was not for him to decide.

Accordingly, the service was held, and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was one offering of \$200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman, asking him to call at a certain office.

"I am the man," said the gentleman, when the pastor called, "who gave you \$200 last night. After getting home I did not feel quite satisfied. I would like to make the sum \$1,000, and here is my check for the balance." — *The Lutheran.*

I CAN LOOK OUT FOR ONE.

One day last summer a poor old woman stood in the Babylon of one of the great railway stations. The long trains thundered in under the stone arches. The busy, never ending crowds rushed by. Hackmen shouted, hand-cars trundled, gongs sounded, flagmen waved people off the tracks as new trains came rushing in. The poor old lady did not dare to stir.

All at once a little girl noticed her. Just a little girl in a brown sack and a blue "sailor." Just a nice little girl with bare hands and a strap of books, and a dimple in one cheek when the other girls said something to her. All at once a little frown came and blotted out the dimple.

"Look here, girls!" she cried hurriedly. "See that poor old frightened thing over there by the Boston and Albany! I don't believe she's got anybody to look out for her."

"Well, that isn't your lookout!" said one of the others, seeing that she was about to drop her satchel and run across the maze of steel tracks. "If you aren't the queerest girl! Do you sup-

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pose that you can look out for everybody that needs looking out for?"

"I can look out for one!" was the answer tossed back over the girl's shoulder, and it is safe to say that more than the one answered felt the rebuke of it, if they did not all take it for a life motto. In a moment she was over there, piloting the old lady carefully, and never leaving her until she had signalled the right car and put her kindly on it, with an earnest direction to the conductor to be "sure and let her off at the right street." Then she was back with her girls again, laughing and chatting as gayly as if she had not stopped a minute to give an object lesson in kindness.—*Ram's Horn.*

The Crick in the Back.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delightful is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives away pain. There is nothing equals it.

Why should we live half-way up the hill and swathed in mists, when we ought to have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads, if we would only climb higher and walk in the light of his face?—*Alexander Maclaren.*

Every time I take up one of these modern books that is going to save men, by the evolution of the human mind, I want to put the writer and his book down in the slums, and bid him prove it.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold, or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it, as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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