

they've asked me to come, an' have to'd me my name would be dropped from the roll if I didn't attend more regularly, but I thought—"

"Look here, Lem Briggs," and Bert placed both hands upon the other's shoulders, "don't let us have any more of that. You're too sensible. What's the use of one-half the world shrugging its shoulders, and the other turning its back? Why can't they all go forward and make use of the good things that are ready, and help to create more? We're all workers in one way and another, and pretty much alike. You just come forward frankly, ready to do your part, and there will always be plenty to welcome you. We need just such strong, earnest workers as you. And as to wanting you," looking squarely into Lem's eyes, "I can speak for one. I do want you. Will you come?"

And Lem, his eyes also frank and direct, answered, "Yes."—*Elizabeth Paterson, in Wellspring.*



THE FRAGRANCE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

Once in crossing a meadow I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding herself away from whose life the fragrance flows.

There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the home she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.

The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble
flowers.

We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills
the bower
And cheers and comforts us hour by
hour.



THE SIN OF UNKIND SPEECH.

The sin of unkind speech is one of the worst we have to meet and contend with. "One trouble with me," said a young man, confessing his spiritual weakness, "is that I say nasty things about men. I see so much that I don't like, and I can't help condemning it. And I say a great many things

which are not kind." We all do. And we ought not.

Unkind speech is not Christlike. He never said anything unkind about a single soul. He denounced certain classes, but he welcomed and acknowledged the smallest flash of worthiness in individuals even of these classes.

Unkind speech is unjust. There is more good than evil in our acquaintances. And what we condemn is more than balanced, if we would but see it, by good. And probably the one we condemn is struggling against the very thing we are criticizing. And if untrue, how wrong our unkindness is!

Even if true, unkind speech about others harms ourselves. It discloses in us the capacities for what we condemn in others. It confirms our evil and unkindness of heart. It blunts our sense of generous perception of good. It throws us out of sympathy with the kindly Jesus.

If we intend it to hurt, how can we justify it? If we don't intend it to hurt, why do we run the risk? In either case its reflex influence on us is bad. If it is a harmful act, it will harm us too. If it is a futile act, it will hurt us to have wasted strength on doing it.



A TIMELY INVITATION.

A business man was on his way to the prayer meeting. His work had detained him so long that his dinner had been hastily eaten, and yet he was late for service. The sound of music floated down the street, and as the church came into view he quickened his steps. On the pavement he hurriedly passed a stranger, who was gazing curiously up at the open windows. Acting on a sudden impulse, he turned back. "This is our prayer meeting evening. Will you go in with me?" The stranger hesitated a moment. "Why, yes," he answered. Prayer meeting ended, the two went out together. "I was very glad to have company tonight," said the business man, as he parted from his new acquaintance, after finding out his name and where he lived. "May I call for you next Wednesday?" The man, without much enthusiasm, replied that he "didn't care" if he did. He called, and followed it up on succeeding Wednesdays, taking care to introduce the stranger to other men of the congregation. That was the starting point. Prayer meeting led to church services. The stranger finally, with his family, united with that congregation. He has become an active and efficient church worker. "Do you know," he said to his first friend, recently—"do you know, I had lived in your city for seven years before I met you. I had not been in the city three days before grocers and dairymen had hunted me up; within three weeks the politicians had learned my political preferences. Yet in all those years you were the first man who had ever said, 'Come let us go into the house of the Lord.'"—*Christian Herald.*

SELECTING A PASTOR.

A distinguished Chicago layman is authority for the statement that there are many "fool churches," when it comes to selecting a pastor.

"Why, to see and hear a man—what a flimsy foundation for a judgment. His record ought to be looked up from A to Z. Letters of commendation should be heavily discounted. But some church committees are more particular about the pedigree of a horse or the title of a piece of land, than of the pedigree and

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AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS.

title of a man who is to be the example of their children and the friend and counselor of their family."

THE HIDDEN STAIN.

A striking object lesson is furnished by cotton in its various stages as a natural and manufactured product. The cotton fibre bursting forth, when the plant is ripe, from the boll containing it is snowy white. As it comes from the mill the unbleached cotton has a yellowish tinge. The color is given by a juice from the fibre itself. It is removed by the bleaching process, and the pure white is restored.

How like the human soul! At first it appears like the pure white cotton fibre, free from all that stains. But, alas! there is within every soul the taint of sin that soon soils and defiles. We need the grace of God to cleanse us and restore our lost purity.



Did You Get Up Tired?

At this season tiredness fastens itself even upon the healthy and strong. If not feeling well you should build up, get more blood into your veins, increase your store of nerve energy. What you need is that restorative and tonic, Ferrozone, which contains the strengthening elements your system needs. Ferrozone makes flesh, nerve and muscle; gives you appetite; abundant energy, buoyant spirits—in short Ferrozone assures health and costs 50c. at all druggists. Get Ferrozone to-day.

Write down on the Bible you are using daily, at the head of each book the theme of which it treats and the principal divisions of the material, indicating where each of these begins and ends. This will enable you, on coming back to the same book, to perceive the line of argument at a glance, or, if you open the book casually, to know in which part of the argument you are.

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Duty goes first and happiness follows after it.

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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