

Our Contributors.

REV. W. C. WESTON.

An Appreciation.

In the death of our greatly esteemed and beloved Bro. Weston, the last link of our pioneer days as a people has gone. The companion and co-worker of Father Knowles, whose memory he deeply revered and cherished, he knew much of the toils and struggles of earthly days of promise, but, also, of hard toil and trying endurance. Days when it was not, as to-day, generous tolerance, but a time of strong resistance, when free grace, free salvation, found, in some directions, anything but acceptance. Loyal then to the convictions of his heart and life, he was loyal until the last. He was a good and true Free Baptist, and a sincere lover of good men. Principle and piety marked all his ways and adorned his steps: "For he walked with God."

The integrity of his life was beyond reproach, the prudence of his work was an example to all, the honesty of his heart was manifest in the sincerity and trueness of his godly life, and the truthfulness of his life declared the inward spirit of a life "hid with Christ in God." "For he was a good man, and feared God above many." The deep things of God were the delight of his soul. His knowledge of the throne of grace was by the beaten path of prayer. His experience of inward light was the glory of his life. Communion was heart to heart talk, and he "fed in the green pastures," and found strength by "the still waters." The honesty of his heart and purity of his life were impressed on a countenance that betokened transparent goodness and sterling sincerity.

By the genuineness of his life, made so by the grace of God, men felt and knew that he was a man of God. And, after all, is not that our greatest commendation? Is it not the mint of "the King in his beauty?" The "good and faithful," of the welcome "within the veil?" Beside it, what can we place? Other excellencies there are, most precious, but the image of the King is first and supreme. Said one to the writer, a brother of marked gifts: "I wish that I was as good a man as Bro. Weston." Personality vivid with the grace of God, is, in itself, a witness and a testimony that sinks into heart and mind, a power and influence that no speech can surpass: "For goodness is alone immortal."

One gift, a treasured gift, the fathers possessed in an eminent degree—the gift of prayer: "The lever that moves the arm of God." This gift our brother shared. He possessed a deep, very deep, sense of the greatness and goodness of God, and on all occasions, under all circumstances, approached the throne of grace with reverence and godly fear. Having strong, deep feelings, he had impressive magnetic power, and that penetrated with the spirit of all power, an endowment and endowment that constitute the highest spiritual exercise.

By our brother's long experience, his counsel was invaluable. Cautious, he did not let caution overlap and shut out

wisdom. While firm of principle, and wisely holding to the tested and tried paths, he did not disregard the claims of the present, but desired always advancement by sure and certain steps. Orderly to a degree, he took delight in orderly ways and methods.

His work as a minister of Jesus Christ he deeply loved. He was a diligent and devoted pastor, and took delight in "the ministry of home." He cared for and faithfully tended, as a good shepherd, those under his charge.

Plain and direct of speech, his words were few, but true and sincere. In the pulpit his aim and steadfast purpose were to magnify the grace of God, and lift up his one Master, Lord and Saviour. Slow of utterance, he sought words that would clearly and forcibly awaken conviction. A sermon comes to mind, delivered at a quarterly meeting years ago at Kemptonville, that was impressive by its simple clarity of thought and its plain original order and method. It had the stamp of individuality, as indeed all his public utterances had. He aimed at help and blessing, and strove ever to do "lasting good."

His many deeds of helpfulness, the nameless deeds, so many known to the writer, told of a heart of sympathy and good-will. Like all of us, he had his limitations, but the good and better things crowd the mind, and in remembrance of them is great reward. His real work was in a former generation, well and worthily done; and while many recall the glad days of the past, to this generation the blessed memory is of one who was true, good and faithful unto the end. "The memory of the just is blessed."

His bereaved and sorrowing companion has the sincere sympathy and prayers of our people, and the devout wish is that, in this her darkest day, great grace, comfort and consolation may be granted, and the shadows be changed into celestial peace in the rich promises of our God. T. H. SIDDALL.

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM.

The sanatorium for tuberculosis of the lungs, erected by the Nova Scotia government, will, it is expected, be ready to receive patients the first of July. The building is completed, and is now being furnished. It is situated at Kentville. A description of it in the *Messenger and Visitor* says: "The general situation in one of the best protected parts of the Cornwallis Valley, and the very porous nature of the soil immediately surrounding, form very favorable conditions for the purpose for which the institution is intended. The building was erected under the supervision of Mr. Herbert Gates, architect of Halifax, according to plans which were prepared by Mr. J. W. McGregor of Montreal, under the direction of Dr. Richer of Montreal. As now completed, without the furnishings, the sanatorium is said to have cost \$20,000, and it is capable of accommodating twenty patients. According to the plan, each patient will have a separate room, and each

room opens out directly on to a verandah, so that whenever necessary the bed may be wheeled out from the room into the open. The verandahs both on the ground floor and on the floor above are twelve feet wide, and there are sun rooms which communicate freely with the verandah. The ground floor has only a few patients' bedrooms, situated in the lower part of the building; the remainder of this floor is entirely devoted to reception rooms, library, large dining-room, physicians' living quarters, dispensary, laboratory, lavatories, large cloak room, nearly all communicating with a very spacious hall. On the floor above are a number of bedrooms, bath rooms, and hydro-therapeutic room, along with the matron's and nurses' quarters. The servants have their living-quarters in a small annex, and in the annex will be found the kitchen, store room, laundry, and so on. The water for the sanatorium is supplied by the town of Kentville, and is very generous indeed. The lighting throughout is electrical. It would seem that the building, as well as its situation, is excellently adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, and will doubtless prove a great boon to the province. The sanatorium will be open only to persons residing in the province. Patients who are able to pay for the cost of treatment will be required to do so, and for those who are not able there is legal provision that the cost of treatment may be assessed upon the city, town or poor district in which said patients have a settlement, provided they are received at the sanatorium on the request of the mayor of such city or town, or the overseer of the poor for such district. It is provided, however, that patients who do not come under the provision noted above, and who are without means, shall not on that account be refused the benefits of treatment.

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GOOD GOVERNMENT.—In less than thirty years, says the *Presbyterian Witness*, four small Malay States, jungle-covered, pathless, unknown, have been turned into flourishing communities with a total revenue and trade of ten million sterling per annum, three hundred and fifty miles of roads and telegraphs, great public buildings, schools, hospitals, waterworks—in fact, all the machinery of the most modern administration—with no debt of any sort, and a balance of over one and a half million, ready to be spent on further railway extension and other works of development. Three things have contributed to this great success—the tin mines, cheap Chinese labor, and, most important of all, able and intelligent rulers. For it can hardly be doubted that if the British government had failed to secure men to represent it who sought to understand those whom they ruled, and who made their interests their chief aim, the country would have remained practically a pathless jungle.

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SAINT JOHN ILLUSTRATED.—"Saint John, New Brunswick," is the title of a booklet received from the Tourist Association of St. John, New Brunswick. Much valuable information for the tourist is contained in this booklet, as well as good maps and beautiful illustrations. Copies will be mailed free to any address on application to Mrs. R. E. Olive, Secretary New Brunswick Tourist Association, St. John, N. B.

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