

The Good Beginning of a Christian Life.

The following story of a noble life, related by a writer in the Morning Star, is as wonderful as fiction, yet entirely true. He says:

There was, many years ago, a lad of sixteen who left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal-boat, and the following conversation took place, which, changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he helped his father while at home."

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

"They both knelt upon the tow-path (the path along which the horses that drew the canal-boat walked). The old man prayed earnestly for William, and then this advice was given: 'Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good, and rich man.'

"When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then and there led to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. He united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into the Bible and found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, 'If the Lord will take that, I will give that,' and so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord."

"After a few years, both partners died, and William came to be the sole owner of the business. He resolved to keep his promise to the captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever. Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever."

"This is the true story of Mr. Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause and left a name that will never die."

Will not hundreds of the Free Baptist's boys and girls begin at once to give God one-tenth of the small sums they earn? Then, later, when you enter the world of business, will you not follow the example of Mr. Colgate and give a larger and larger proportion of what you earn to the glorious work of winning the world to Christ?

Read Malachi 3: 10

Why There was no Presentation.

"Our minister did not take any holiday this summer," said Mr. Brown, with a smile.

"Why not?" asked the other man. "Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

"He intended to go away, and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all ladies, too—took the matter out of his hands, and told his wife confidentially not to pinch and save for his outing, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his holiday."

"As the minister has a large family, and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the holiday money in other ways."

"Well, the ladies held several affairs, and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the pastor on his way with good wishes."

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work."

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of about ten shillings in debt."

"Oh, yes; the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to pay the debt."

"Why, Joseph," she said, "what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest!"

CONTENTMENT.

Walking one morning after a heavy snow, I overtook a colored brother whose coat was much the worse for wear, but he sang such a glad song as he trudged through the snow that I could not forbear saying, "You seem to be happy."

"Always happy, Boss."

"Don't you ever worry?"

"No, sah; got a good place to sleep—nuf to eat and good white folks for friends."

"How about money?"

"Don't want much, Boss. All de rich men what I wurk for never smiles."

God pity all who bargain "contentment" for wealth and ambition—who, burdened with the care of it all, never smile.

THROUGH FAITH IN HIS BLOOD.

A traveler in Scotland observed some choice and rare plants growing on the edge of a precipice. He could not reach them, but offered to a little Highland boy a handsome present if he would consent to be lowered to the spot by a rope around his waist. The boy hesitated. He looked at the money, and thought of all that it would purchase for his parents were poor, and their home had but few of the comforts of life; but then, as he glanced at the terrible precipice, he shuddered and drew back. At length his eye brightened, and he said with decision, "I'll go if father will hold the rope." And he went. "This boy's

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trust," says the Rev. Dr. Wise, "is a beautiful illustration of the faith which saves the soul; for as he put himself into his father's hands to be bound with the rope and lowered down the gorge to pluck the coveted flowers, so must you put yourself into Christ's hands to be pardoned. Then, as that boy found courage and peace and strength in thinking, 'My father knows this rope is strong; my father is able to hold it; my father loves me too well to let me fall,' so will you find pardon, peace, and power in thinking, 'My Father in heaven will not break this promise of mercy.'"

"What's the matter, dear?" asked a lady of a chubby little fellow. "My brother's got a vacation and I haven't!" wailed the afflicted one. "What a shame!" said the comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school?" "I don't—don't go to the school—anywhere yet," howled the little boy, with a fresh burst of sorrow.

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One of the Many.

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Trust the Lord Jesus; obey and follow him, and faith will soon give place to vision.