

"I believe that in your little sermon you have thoroughly out-argued me, and I solemnly promise to read the Bible through, for the first time in my life, in order to see just how many times God has bade us pay one-tenth instead of wasting time and seeking to get pleasure for ourselves out of all we do for him and his cause. And, to tell you the truth, I have a queer sensation, quite new, about going to-morrow night. It is more likely that I shall drop in and spend the evening with you, if you will grant me the pleasure of your valuable society," said Mrs. Canton, as she laughingly bade her friend "good-bye!"
—Chris. Observer.

IT'S GOD, BUT MOTHERS HELP A LOT.

The words at the head of this article were used by a little boy in quiet, confidential conversation with his mother, on her remarking that "it is God who makes people good." "Y-yes," he replied, "I know it's God, but mothers help a lot." There is much truth in the childish words. God's work in the lives of boys and girls, the whispers of his grace in their tender and susceptible hearts, come very early and very sweetly and, effectively, "but mothers help a lot." Would that mothers all understood how great their influence, and therefore their responsibility, is. Would that they all would take the necessary pains to secure their children's perfect confidence, and use that confidence to lead their feet early and safely in the ways of God. We remember hearing once of a mother who went to her minister to ask him how early she should begin to train her child for God. "How old is your child?" he inquired. "Three years old," she replied. "Madam," said the minister earnestly, "you have lost three years already." And he was right. From the beginning, from the very beginning, the wise and thoughtful mother will be training her child for God. Long before consciousness begins, habit-forming begins, and the plastic nature may receive its bent towards truth and purity and goodness. And with the first awakening of conscious individuality, there should be constant, prayerful, systematic training Godwards. How Ruskin speaks of his mother's influence! And how thousands and tens of thousands of other men, less known and noted, have spoken of their mother's influence. The old proverb says truly, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." It is indeed. It is indeed.

Would that we could reach the ears and hearts of the motherhood of our Canadian Methodism. Would that we could say a word that would more deeply inspire them with the enthusiasm of Christian motherhood. Would that we could lead them to set apart their children for God from their very birth, and then by all the sweet and tender and omnipotent ministers of motherhood bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Not "to make a living" merely, not "to go into society," but to be in the kingdom of God, pure, true, honorable, kindly, obedient, Christlike—to live usefully and honorably here, and to go home to God, when this brief life is over. To teach children this is the very crown of motherhood. "I know it's God; but mothers help a lot."

Heredity. Whether consumption is inherited or not, the only safe way is to check the first signs of decline or loss of weight. Physicians everywhere recommend "The D & L" Emulsion for this purpose.

THE BLOT OF SIN.

The writer was travelling up the Hudson the other day in a swiftly moving express, which glided over the metals with rhythmic cadence, illustrating what almost might be called the poetry of mobile mechanics. The motion was soothing. The hour—it was just before the shades of the gloaming fell across the Highlands—was dreamful. A soft sheen covered the landscape. The noble hills south of the Highlands, on the western bank, glowed brightly in the rays of the setting sun, as though they were the height celestial. There was everything in the view, as a traveller gazed over the placid waters of the intervening river, to transport the eye. But the whole picture was marred by one ugly blot on the landscape, in the nearer foreground—the dark, drear walls of Sing Sing prison. We never ride by that granite hell on earth but we think of those poor fellows dragging out a weary existence inside. It makes us feel afresh the damnableness of sin.

S-i-n, sin—that is a little word for an awful fact, and its impertinent, intruding presence, whether expressed concretely in a Sing Sing prison or not, mars the fairest landscape and embitters the happiest experience of earth. There are men outside of prison walls who in the sight of a holy God are as bad as any who have temporarily lost their names and go about, numbered, close shaven, and stripped, within the high stockades. We almost wish that they would put a great golden cross over sad Sing Sing, that it might glow, in the rays of the evening sun setting over the Highlands, as a symbol of hope for the wrecked and waster humanity beneath. It is the cross of Jesus at any rate which finally, for all who repent and believe, brings the peace and glory of that celestial sphere where no hint of sin longer obtrudes its blot upon the landscape.—Zion's Herald.

ONLY A BROKEN KNIFE POINT.

A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a diver was sent down. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass, that was swung on deck, and inside the compass box was detected a bit of steel which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade.

It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor had been sent to clean the compass, and used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. The bit of knife-blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and spoilt it as an index of the ship's direction. That piece of knife-blade wrecked the vessel.

Every one trifling sin, as small as a broken knife point, as it were, is able to rob the conscience of peace and happiness.—Rev. John McNeil.

MAKING THE BEST OF TROUBLES.

The average dictionary defines an optimist as one who believes that all things are for the best. One day a man wielding a hammer struck his thumb instead of the nail he had intended to hit, and a friend, happening along a while after, said, "That is too bad!"

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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.

"No, it isn't; it's a fortunate happening," said the man. "It has taught me the value of that thumb as I never knew it before. There are just two hundred and fifty-seven things I have tried to do without that thumb, and found it impossible. Will you please open my penknife for me? Thank you. That makes the two hundred and fifty-eighth." The man was an optimist. A man fell out of a window on the sixteenth story of a building, and as he shot by each window on his way down, he called out, "All right so far!" He was not borrowing trouble. He was an optimist. Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch, said, "Never open your umbrella until it begins to rain." She, like the man just mentioned, did not believe in anticipating evil.—St. Louis Advocate.

Perry Davis' Pain Killer.—Its effects are almost instantaneous. Cures cuts, burns and bruises. Taken internally, cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. There is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'.

If a man is cranky, and cross, and uncongenial, and hard in his dealings, and then begins to talk about Christ and heaven, everybody is repelled by it.

Tearing down signals does not delay storms. Opium-laden "medicines" may check coughing, but the cold stays. Do not trifle; when you begin to cough take Allen's Lung Balsam, free from opium, full of healing power.

Elijah saw an environment at Dothan which his servant could not see, and felt the presence of an atmosphere which was not of the earth earthy.

The mercy seat is everywhere. His invitation to men has gone out into all the earth.

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Annapolis Royal, Jan. 1901.
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