

never gotten further in than the threshold of the lips; that, notwithstanding the loudest confession, the real creed is that which is issuing in the crawling life.

I sometimes go to preach in a certain Home for Incurables. I never go there to preach without coming away impressed and awed by the beauty and power of a life. She must always live there. She can never be cured. Every step is a difficulty, frequently a pain. I see her often hobbling to the church. I know many a Christian to whom a hundredth part of her obstacle would be a barrier impassable. And what room in her plight for bemoaning and complaining? I have never heard them, nor a suggestion of them. And in that home for invalids, which must be her home, what an excuse from service might be her maimed condition! But she makes that the reason for service, beautiful attention, tender ministry. Ah, how her life tells! What power it wields! Her creed is the cross of her Lord as the organizing thought of her life. And her life manifests her creed, and commends it, as nothing but life can.

And how it does commend her creed—that patient, cheerful, serviceful life! Somehow she changes weights to wings. This is possible. Christ's grace can do it.

CHEERFUL CHRISTIANITY.

Christians are not as much calmer, steadier, stronger and more cheerful than other people as they ought to be. Some Christians are among the most depressing and worryful people in the world—the most difficult to live with. And some, indeed, have adopted a theory of spiritual ethics which puts a special value upon happiness. The dark, morbid spirit which mistrusts every joyful feeling and depreciates every cheerful virtue and looks askance upon every happy life as if there must be something wrong about it, is a departure from the beauty of Christ's teaching to follow the dark-browed philosophy of the Orient.

The religion of Jesus tells us that cheerful piety is the best piety. There is something finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience. The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it. The real test of character is joy; for what you rejoice in, that you love; and what you love, that you are like.

I confess frankly that I have no admiration for the phrase, "disinterested benevolence," to describe the mainspring of Christian morals. I do not find it in the New Testament—neither the words nor the thing. Interested benevolence is what I find there. To do good to others is to make life interesting, and find peace for our own souls. To glorify God is to enjoy him. That was the spirit of the first Christians. Was not St. Paul a happier man than Nero? Did not St. Peter have more joy of his life than Nero? It is said of the first disciples that they "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Not till that pristine gladness of life returns will the church regain her early charm for the souls of men. Every great revival of Christian power, those which came in the times of Francis of Assisi, and of John Wesley, has been marked and heralded by the revival of Christian joy.

If we want the church to be mighty in power to win men, to be a source of light in the darkness, a fountain of life

in the wilderness, we must remember and renew, in the Spirit of Christ, the relation of religion to human happiness. —Dr. Van Dyke.

NOT WASTED.

Once there grew on an oak two acorns—side by side. When they had matured they fell to earth. One a squirrel found and ate; the other took root and became a great tree. Which of these acorns did the will of the great God that made both squirrel and oak? We say: "The acorn that was eaten failed; the one that grew was a success."

Are we right? Rather, is it not true that, in the divine economy, the nourishing of the squirrel is just as important as the growth of the oak? Is it not likewise true that men who have failed to accomplish what the world expected—the man who would have made a great lawyer, but who stayed on the old farm to take care of father and mother; the girl who would have shone as a musician, but who "wasted" her life on a crippled sister—is it not true that these lives were in accord with the will of the Father? Waste is sometimes wealth. The cross of to-day with its dying Victim is the crown of to-morrow on the brow of an immortal King. Has not the Master told us: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?"

SEARCHING FOR LOST.

On a dangerous cliff a little company of rescuers were standing and planning how they might send one over the edge of that awful precipice to search for one who was supposed to be lost at its base, and if found, to fasten around him the cable that could rescue him. There was a shepherd lad whom they wished to send on the perilous adventure, but he held back from the risk for a good while, until at last he saw his strong armed father come over the hills, and with a glowing face he looked up and answered: "Yes, I will go if father will hold the rope," and when he saw that true heart and those strong arms behind him, he feared not to slip over that awful abyss and go down on his perilous errand of mercy. And so we go forth to life's tremendous trials, to the risks and sacrifices of public duty or missionary service, or as we look down into the deep, dark grave and the long eternity, we need not fear if we are assured that above us and underneath us are the everlasting arms. Dear friend, have you made sure of this; is your life and your all in his keeping? Are you resting safely in the hands of God?

CLEAN HAND.

A jewelry salesman, noticing his hands to be somewhat soiled, said: "This is very trying to me. Of all persons I should have soft and clean hands. It is awful to offer a diamond or pearls, or jewels of any sort, to a possible customer when my hands are not perfectly white and tidy. It makes a repulsive background for the piece of jewelry."

The Christian should have clean hands and a clean life. Whoever he may be, minister or not, he recommends Jesus Christ and his salvation to the world. His life should not be a sorry and repelling background.

They who bear the vessels of the Lord should have pure hands. The salesman was very sensitive, and rightfully so. He had a cultivated taste. Each professed Christian should be scrupulously careful to maintain a consistent life.—Herald and Presbyterian.

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PARDON TOO LATE.

The Governor of one of our great States sat in his office, considering the case of a long term prisoner, who had petitioned for pardon. At last he decided to grant the petition and called his stenographer to write the pardon. Just five minutes before the Governor reached his decision, the petitioner died, and was beyond the reach of pardon.

Though the prisoner had met all the conditions, the Governor reached his decision too late, and the petitioner died in prison. Not so the great Judge of all the earth. There are no delays in God's acts of pardon, when once the simple conditions of repentance and faith have been met by the prisoner in the bondage of sin.

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 should 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.

Do not pray for results. Pray for power to achieve them; not for ease, but for the healthy spirit that rejoices in activity; for energy that makes mountain-climbing an exhilaration rather than that the path be made smooth.—Rev. Jesse K. Brennan.

A Word of Counsel.—When days are bleak and nights are long and cold, keep Perry Davis' Pain Killer in the house. It is your faithful friend, as it was your parents' friend. External and internal use.

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

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