

THE MILLER'S STORY.

Permit me to repeat a story my pastor, Duncan Dunbar, used to tell for the benefit of certain churches.

A worthy miller was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed his brethren, very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among these comfortable farmers. He asked if want of money was the only reason, for this change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor, could they still keep him. There was but one voice in the reply. The pastor was useful and beloved; but the flock was so poor.

"Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise the salary without asking one of you for a dollar, if you will allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this, although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be but a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together, the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary promptly met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied "No," and asked how they could be, when their church privileges had been so mysteriously paid for. He asked again: "Is any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before.

"Then," he said, "brethren, I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it with greater promptness. You remember you gave me permission to take my own way in this matter; and I have done so. As each one of you brought his grist to the mill, I took out as much grain as I thought your proportion, and laid it away for the salary. When harvest was over, I sold it, and have paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer; so you never missed it, and therefore made no personal sacrifice.

"Now I propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something."

Mr. Dunbar used to say, with a sigh, "Oh, for a miller in every church."



THE MAYOR AND THE RAGPICKER.

You get a man to the Master, and I do not care if he is up there, or down there, where he is; the man that is cultured, and refined, and scholarly, or the man who is ignorant, and debased and vile—get him to Christ and he will fill him.

Shall I tell you where and how the Lord taught me that lesson in my own work? I am bound to confess there was a time in my evangelistic work that I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man that was down there in the slums, but I was always a wee bit afraid if into the inquiry-room there came a man of position and culture, and I tell you the Lord gave me one of the most wonderful illustrations of the absurdity of my fear that I ever had. I was conducting special meetings in a town of

the Midlands that shall be nameless, and there came into the inquiry-room a rag-picker, a great, gaunt old man, that had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan, an awful character, but God had shown him his heart-hunger and had revealed the Christ to him, and there in our inquiry-room that man knelt, and I knelt by him, and I felt at home as I spoke to that man of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. I felt it was just what he wanted.

And presently somebody touched me on the shoulder and said, "Here, won't you speak to this man?" And I looked around, and there, kneeling next to me, was the mayor of the city, a man about as old as the rag-picker, but a man who had all the marks of culture and refinement, a man of position, and there he was, and I happened to know that six weeks before the mayor had sentenced this man to a month's hard labor, and this man had got out a fortnight ago, and there they were, side by side, and I had to turn from the rag-picker and talk to this man. Presently the light that had broken there broke here, and I found that the blood that was needed there was sufficient here. He filled them both. And the most blessed part of it is, though it really is not a part of this address, when that man got up, he went over to that man and said: "Well, we didn't meet here last time." It was the mayor that had said it, and the old fellow looked up. He had no idea who was there, and he said: "No, we will never meet again like we did the last time, praise God." What a scene it was! It is in my memory to this day.—*Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*



NOTHING BETTER IN ITS STEAD.

Lord Chesterfield, when at Brussels, was invited by Voltaire to sup with him at a house of an infidel lady. The conversation happened to turn upon the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said Madame C., "that the parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed and the most sensible men in the kingdom." "True, Madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, Madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to establish anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt that in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

That was a sensible reply. Every skeptic and critic must admit that Christianity has exerted, and is still exerting, a great and beneficial influence in the world. Let us not abandon it until we find something better to take its place. The sailor will not leave even a leaky vessel until a safer one comes in sight.



MY NEIGHBOR'S THISTLES.

A person was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second, over the fence he jumped, and pulled it up.

"Is that your field?" asked his companion. "Oh, no!" said the farmer; "but weeds do not care much for walls or hedge; and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty of my own."

Evil weeds in your neighbor's field will scatter seeds of evil in your own; therefore, every weed pulled up in your neighbor's field is a dangerous enemy

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON,
Headquarters for Dress Goods of Every Description.

Our Spring and Summer Goods have arrived and we will be pleased to have your earliest inspection.

Popular Suitings for Spring and Summer will be Voiles, Etamines, Floconnes, Twine Suitings, Panama Suitings, Glorias, Sail Cloths, Roxanas, Melrose, Oxford Voiles, Striped Sicilians, Irish Satin Cloths, Serges, Venetians, Lustres, Vicunas, etc.

We have all these goods in blacks, creams and the newest colorings.

Samples sent by return mail on application.

John J. Weddall & Son,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

AGENTS FOR STANDARD PATTERNS.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing.

driven off from your own. No one liveth or dieth to himself. All are linked together. But "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Wise men of old contended that no sin was ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone, that no man could do ill and his fellows not suffer. They illustrated it thus: A vessel sailing from Joppa carried a passenger, who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the men of the watch expostulated with the man, the offender calmly replied, "What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth."

This ancient parable is worthy of the utmost consideration. No man perishes alone in his iniquity; no man may say, "It is nobody's business what I do, so long as I am willing to stand the consequences," for no man can guess the full consequences of his transgression.



A LIFE WORTH LIVING.

A young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction.

He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord."

I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age, you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

GATES' CERTAIN CHECK

Brings immediate relief from the trying symptoms of **SUMMER COMPLAINT** and Irregularities of the Bowels, including Cramps and Pains.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

A Specific of greater promptness and efficiency cannot be found.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
MIDDLETON, N. S.

FREE TO ALL A Silver Plated Teapot

Consumers of National Blend Tea, without doubt the best Blend Tea on the market, when you have bought twenty pounds you will receive a Silver Plated Teapot free of charge.

The cheapest House in town to buy Flour.

D.W. Estabrook & Sons.
York St. and Westmorland,
FREDERICTON N. B.