



VOL. 14. NO. 1.

FREDERICTON, N. B., JULY, 1903.

35 cents per year  
Single Copy 3 cents

**Dr. W. H. STEEVES,**  
DENTIST.

Queen Street., Opp. Post Office.  
All kinds of

**Dental Work**

Performed Promptly and Efficiently with all the  
**Advanced and Improved Methods.**

A SPECIALIST ON CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK.

DENTISTRY

in all its branches.

**F. W. Barbour, D.D.S.**

Boston Dental College, 1891.

Hale method for painless extraction.

Crown and Bridge Work.

Young lady in attendance.

Telephone at office and residence.

**WAVERLEY HOUSE**

Regent St., Fredericton.

Norman McDonald,  
Thomas G. Pheaney,  
Proprietors.

**TERMS, MODERATE.  
FREDERICTON**

First class work guaranteed in all the

**Leading Styles  
of Photos**

**HARVEY'S STUDIO.**

We keep the finest line of Frames in the city

**MODERN DENTISTRY**

**Dr. A. T. McMurray,**

Offices, Queen St., Opp. Soldiers' Barracks.

Office Hours: 9 to 6 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

Telephone 93.

Latest methods in Crown and Bridge Work.

Gas administered for painless extraction.

**F. St. JOHN BLISS,**

Barrister, Notary, Etc.

Offices: Corner Queen and Carleton Streets, entrance Carleton St.—Tel. 284.

**R. W. McLELLAN,**

Attorney at Law.

**Registrar Probates  
York County.**

**MONEY TO LOAN**

on Personal and Real Estate Security.

Great Novelties in

**CAKE and PASTRY**

Fruit and Plain Cakes a Specialty.

Every Saturday

Turnovers, Doughnuts, Tea-Buns, Rolls, Cream Drops.

Ask for O'Neill's Cream Bread.

**H. O'NEILL, Jr.**

95 Regent Street.

**THE DAY OF THE MORTAL.**

**The Minister's Daughter.**

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In the minister's morning sermon  
He had told of the primal fall,  
And how henceforth the wrath of God  
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure,  
All souls, save a chosen few,  
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,  
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason  
A saintlier soul was tried,  
And never the harsh old lesson  
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service  
On that pleasant Sabbath day,  
He walked with his little daughter  
Through the apple-bloom of May

Sweet in the fresh green meadows  
Sparrow and blackbird sung;  
Above him their tinted petals  
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory  
The minister looked and smiled;  
"How good is the Lord who gave us  
These gifts from His hand, my child.

"Behold in the bloom of apples  
And the violets in the sward  
A hint of the old, lost beauty  
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then up spoke the little maiden,  
Treading on snow and pink:  
"O father! these pretty blossoms  
Are very wicked I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden  
There never had been a fall  
And never a tree had blossomed  
God would have loved us all."

"Hush! child!" the father answered,  
"By His decree men fell;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness,  
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining  
To us cometh good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,  
We must fear and love Him still,"

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,  
"And I try to love Him too;  
But I wish He was good and gentle,  
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit  
As the tremulous lips of pain  
And wide wet eyes uplifted  
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered

The words of the little one;  
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?  
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol  
Had he lent the holiest name?  
Did his own heart, loving and human  
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,  
From the tender skies above,  
And the face of his little daughter,  
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror  
Of Sinai's mount of law,  
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies  
The vision of God he saw.

And, as when, in the clefts of Horeb  
Of old was his presence known,  
The dread Ineffable Glory  
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted  
In his prayers a tenderer strain,  
And never the gospel of hatred  
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,  
And the blinded eyes found sight,  
And hearts, as flint aforetime,  
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

**MY POSITION.**

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN IN WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

It takes great STRENGTH to live where you belong  
When other people think that you are wrong;

People you love, and who love you, and whose approval is a pleasure you would choose;

To bear this pressure and succeed at length,  
In living your belief—well, it takes strength.

And COURAGE too. But what does courage mean,  
Save strength to help you face a pain foreseen?

Courage to undertake this lifelong strain  
Of setting yours against your grand-sire's brain;  
Dangerous risk of walking lone and free

Out of the easy paths that used to be,  
And the fierce pain of hurting those we love  
When love meets truth and truth must ride above?  
But the best courage man has ever shown

Is daring to cut loose and think alone.  
Continued on page 8.