

For Jesus' Sake.

I do not ask for cloudless skies,
For gain without loss;
I would not seek to wear the crown
But that the shine may follow shade,
The smile may chase the tear,
This prayer I make;
For Jesus' sake;
Be Thou forever near.

I do not ask to find a friend
Before I prove my worth;
Or sit among the mighty ones—
The great uncrowned of earth;
But that my tiny torch of light
May neither dim nor wane,
This prayer I make;
For Jesus' sake;
Temper the wind and rain.

I do not ask unfathomable depths
Of eternity to sound,
Unending flows the flood of truth—
An ocean without bound;
But that each slowly sinking sun
My cup abrim may find,
This prayer I make;
For Jesus' sake;
Train Thou the willing mind.

I do not ask for treasured gold;
While just before my eyes,
In rags and pallid wretchedness,
Walk heirs of Paradise;
But that the little I can do
May turn their gaze above,
This prayer I make;
For Jesus' sake;
Give me a wreath of love.

I do not ask—O Father, dear!
I would not ask for aught
That lies outside Thy providence—
The justice of Thy thought;
But that the wonders of Thy will
Perfection Thou may'st see,
This prayer I make;
For Jesus' sake;
Live Thine own life in me.

—Boston Journal.

What Can Christ do for Me.

BY REV. JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D. D.

What can Christ do for men? The answer to this is an evidence of Christianity, personal and powerful, and not scholastic and remote. This inquiry can be answered by collating the biographies of all Christian disciples, by gathering and classifying the experiences of all believers; and when this is done we shall have the solidest book of Christian evidences ever composed.

But what can Christ do for me? What he has done for me, and each one of us can say that. All Christian experience begins with that. Before the soul seeks after Christ, Christ seeks the soul, and therefore he has a peculiar interest in me. I am the object of his redeeming love and activity. Separating me from sinners, he has come, arraigning my sins, demanding my obedience, offering salvation and promising peace, pardon, glory; declaring that no one shall be able to pluck me out of his hand, and that he is able to keep me from stumbling, and to present me faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding glory. The infinite adequacy of Christ to all my need is growingly apprehended with the increase of knowledge and experience.

What can Christ do for my mind? I am an intellectual being, and my mind has its laws, its hungers, its possibilities of pain and pleasure, of growth and deformity. He can make my mind work in the atmosphere of God's truth and love, and thus make it work joyfully and healthfully. As children sometimes pursue their mental tasks with a dreary and dazed persistence, but, later on, when they have learned to love their books, with a delightful enthusiasm, so it is a matter of supreme importance, not only what is the motive of our intellectual work, but what is the atmosphere or temper or spiritual medium or environment of our mental activities.

The mind may be like a plant in a cellar, sprouting in pale sickness or like a plant flourishing in the sunshine. Christ can illumine all his glory for me, and furnish the key to its chief problems, and show me what, in the plan of God, is the meaning of such names as Egypt, Babylon, Athens, Rome, all of them stepping-stones for that throne of his divine kingdom, on which he is to rule forever. He throws light on all that went before him and all that came after him. I can see neither his cross emblazoned on the flag of Great Britain without realizing his growing dominion over our civilization, and he holding prophecy therein of his worldwide victory, nor can I behold such potentous riots and agitations as those that have disturbed the world in recent years without saying: "He only can subdue the selfishness of men and teach employers and laborers their brotherhood under God, the common Father." I find many perplexities in the Bible, but, standing near him, he gives me a faith which is more than belief; he imparts to me a burning conviction which brightens into enthusiasm.

The worst disease—Dyspepsia.
The Best Cure—K. D. C.

asm. He reconciles such contradictions as God and man, justice and mercy, law and love. As I think of him in my study, my eye falls on four pictures—Napoleon in his coronation robes, holding in his hand the eagled scepter; Demosthenes, the orator, grasping a scroll; Augustus, in his calm intellectual youth; and Julius Caesar, with his arm outstretched in imperial command. Great men were these; but Demosthenes to-day is only a name for eloquence and patriotism, and Napoleon and Caesar and Augustus illumine but brief periods of history, and their lights are lurid and red, having none of the mild radiance that cheers the soul in the Star of Bethlehem; and I find not in them a key to history or a key to my own life. They are nothing to me in all my deepest needs; and as I lift my eyes from their faces I see an etched picture which teaches my mind while it warms my heart with the truth that God is love; for it tells me that compassion has entered into the world, a divine pity which ministers to the neediest. It reveals the supreme figure of the Great Physician, standing on a rock near an old building on the edge of an immense background of shadow, preaching to the people. In the light, on the left, are priests, Pharisees, skeptics, on-lookers; while on the right, in the shadow, are the sick, the wretched, the possessed. Some of them have come close to him; a mother lifts her little child toward the gracious Physician; and thus with skepticism on one side, and misery on the other, there rises before me the form of him who bore our sicknesses and carried our griefs, "preserving the involuntary majesty of a God."

Men have much to say against our creeds, and against our interpretations of the Bible, and against our imperfect churches and very imperfect ministers and members; but they can have nothing to say against our Christ.

At a recent convention of working-men in Bedford, England, it was noticed that the criticisms which were launched at the Church were turned to reverent eulogies in the presence of Jesus. The storms and bitter assaults of infidelity have beaten rather upon the outworks of Christianity than upon its central citadel. It is Christ that gives unity, not only to his Word but to his Church, and he can make me rejoice in his own image whenever it is reproduced. I may be disposed to resent Cardinal Newman's churchliness and subservience to Papal authority; I may be disposed to resent also James Martineau's excessive rationalism, and Mr. Spurgeon's sometimes narrow dogmatism; but finding the Christ in each, I can love them as brethren, and follow them, to some extent, as teachers.

But I find sin ever present in me. I have felt it as a weight of condemnation, and only by incessant activity and absorption could I lighten the pressure of this guilt. But Christ, by his cross, can take it away utterly. He can throw open the door of the prison and lead me into glad freedom. He can extract the dart which has brought mortal agony to my spirit. He can take the poison out of my blood, and make me know, for the first time, what life is, by showing me his heart; dying in my stead, putting himself with divine compassion in my place, meeting all the claims of the law against my soul. He, the heavenly Lamb, can take away all my guilt. He can give me victory over the worst sin. I know not which is the worst, they are all outgrowths of the same root, different heads on the same hydra; and the Christ may not strike them off at once with the sword of a Christian Hercules, he administers the beneficent poison which is sure to wither their strength and ultimately destroy them.

What can Christ do for me? He has the power to keep on enlignating my mind, purifying my heart and building up my character more perfectly into himself. Lessing, the great German critic and indefatigable student, felt at one period in his life that he had exhausted the power of the chief works of literature and philosophy. His mind could no longer grow on them. But it is not so with Christ. He is never exhausted. He can do for us more and more. His words are newer and fresher after every experience; they are spirit and life after we have grown weary of Homer and Shakespeare, and wearier still of earthly achievements and enjoyments.

Christ has just begun his work for me. He can so transform me that when men see me and think of me they will think of Bethlehem and Capernaum and Calvary. This is what he has done and his power is unexhausted. What can Christ do for me? He can do above all that we ask or think, if we are willing. But Christ cannot do anything for me that he most wishes to do unless I am willing. I block his power, tho it be omnipotent.

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPESIA.

lent love, by my resolute "I will not," or by my blank indifference. He may be able to pardon, transform and glorify me, and I may go down to my grave unregenerate and unforgiven. We must know Christ by the heart or we cannot know him at all. We must enter into sympathy with his life by living the same life; we shall never understand the Cross till we bear the cross. It is foolish to praise self-sacrifices without being self-sacrificing. We can no more absorb the Cross into our being through the reason than we can analyze the sunbeam with a razor:

"O hearts of love, O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest.
For they the mind of Christ discern.
Who lean, like John, upon his
breast!"

Light Through Confession.

In a large city I noticed an old man who had remained through the first and second meetings, and was standing as though he were hesitating whether to leave the room or to tarry in order to confer with others. I asked a gentleman who was then my associate to speak to him, and, approaching him, he said: "My friend, are you a Christian?"

The old man said, "No, sir, I am not a Christian; but I want to be. I have been trying all my life to find out how to be a Christian, but I have not been able to receive any satisfaction in connection with my endeavors in that respect. I have been to church all my life, and read the Bible. I have attended meetings like these, and yet have received no light as to what I need to do in order to be a Christian."

When Mr. Moody was here, several years ago, I attended almost all of his meetings, and talked with him and others personally, and when the meetings were done I was as far away as ever. Now, I don't suppose it is of any use, but I would be very glad if you would tell me what I need to do in order that I might become a Christian."

My friend said to him: "Have you ever confessed Christ with your lips?" The old man said: "No; I was waiting to become a Christian before I should do that."

My friend said to him: "That is just the way to become a Christian," and quoted a passage upon that point from the tenth chapter of Romans, and said: "I believe you need to commence to-night with an open acknowledgment of Christ as your Master."

The old man said: "It is too late to do it to-night, for the service has been dismissed."

My friend looked about the room, where there may have been ten persons tarrying, and said: "Suppose you confess Christ to these people who are now in this room?"

After a moment's hesitation, the old man walked down the room and held out his hand to a gentleman whom he knew, and said: "Mr. W., I want to confess Christ to you," and then went to others and said practically the same thing. I think I was the last one to whom he spoke that night, and I told him not to let the adversary make him think that he had not commenced the Christian life that night, but to count the matter settled, and to think of himself as a follower of Christ.

The next morning, when I came in to the ten o'clock service, the old gentleman was seated in the front seat, and with him was another man about seventy-five years of age. The first man came to me and said:

"I have brought a friend to meeting this morning. He is a little hard of hearing. Will you please speak so that he can hear, and be sure to say something about confessing Christ?"

I said to him: "Has the light come to you?" And he said: "Yes, and I want my friend here to confess Christ, too."

Before the day was done the second old man had risen in the meeting to express his intention of being a follower of Christ, and after that it was a joy to see the two old men, side by side, with their faces beaming with the satisfaction that was brought to them by their new life. I believe that what God puts first we need to put first also, and that there is no greater aid to the faith of one who would be a disciple than open acknowledgment of his intention to be a follower of Christ.—"Golden Rule."

The Proper Training Of Children.

Children are self-conscious little scribbles and Pharisees of the present day. They are always posing for admiration. If their antics do not call for admiration, they are equally well satisfied if they succeed in attracting attention. Notice they must and will have, and in their desire to foist themselves upon the helpless guests of a

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

hostelry, they are aided and abetted by vain mamma and indulgent papas, who, proud of their offspring, delude themselves into the belief that children are equally interesting to all grown people. I have noticed little tots of tender age, strut and prink and pose with all the airs of their elders. It's tiresome. That's all.

There is so much truth in the above that I thought it worthy of a wider circulation, and worth careful thought by indulgent parents. Children receive education very rapidly. If they discover that their movements or pranks attract the attention of those around them, they are stimulated to additional efforts to accomplish their purpose. The experience they have had at home will be repeated away from home, sometimes to the great annoyance of the spectators.

Years ago the writer was preaching at a Methodist quarterly meeting. The presiding elder and circuit preacher were seated one on the right and the other on the left. A little child of three or four summers was running up and down the aisle. Admiring mothers were watching the little one, apparently unconscious that they were in the house of God or that the child was contesting the right of the minister to the ears of the congregation. In the midst of this amusement, the minister in charge arose, and remarked, "If that child has a mother, will she please take care of it?"

The rebuke was deeply but justly felt by the mother and others who unconsciously allowed their attention to be called away from the preached word to amuse themselves by the antics of a misguided but innocent child. Many times in my experience as a minister, have I witnessed similar demonstrations by innocent but misguided little children, to the great annoyance of the speaker and congregation.

However much parents may permit and even admire the cute antics of their own little ones, they should be taught that the house of God is not a place for play or amusement, but a place solemnly devoted to the worship of God.—J. H. Cook.

THE TREASURY.—"Sitting over against the treasury," and watching the people as they cast in their money. This was for once, at least, the place and the business of the Master. Two things certainly are under his eye, the money which goes into the chest for the offerings, and the heart out of which the offerings come. The treasury faces two ways, toward the people whose offerings it receives, and toward a service to which its contents are to be devoted. There are also two facts which characterize each offering—a material measure and value, and an expression of the heart. The one is no index of the other. Love knows no material measure. It is weighted in the scales of the life, and not in the scales of the market. Christ saw the heavy gifts which fell with their clatter into the box, and he saw also the two mites which the widow cast in, which dropped almost noiselessly amid the greater coins. To the ear of God the fall of these mites sounded louder than the fall of the heavy coins. To the eye of Christ this gift was larger of them all. The treasury stands today between the people and the service they are to render. They reach their good work only through the treasury. What they put in is the measure of what comes out. They generate the power which the treasury expresses. The cause on one side of the treasury, the people on the other, and the Lord sitting over against the treasury. This is the picture which Providence keeps before the world constantly.—Inquirer.

Random Readings.
Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33: 27.
Merit wins at last, but it may take years of patient waiting.
The measure of our success is in proportion as we satisfy God.
People who really love God are bound to make it known in some way.
Look straight up and you will always see sunshine. It is never dark in heaven.
Is life worth living? To you? Yes; provided you make it worth living to some one else.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. Ps. 126: 1.
Christian duty generally involves the performance of the task which lies nearest at hand.
Every Christian should have a part in the great work of giving the gospel to every creature.
Not mere truth but duty, not theology but practice, is the end of revelation.—Geo. D. Herrom.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Porell.

K. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

REALITY IN RELIGION.—Religion is a very real, a very inward thing. It is simply setting God always before us; recognizing that bond of obligation—of duty—by which we are tied to Him. It is an outward ceremonial service—it is not building sumptuous churches for rich folk to worship their Maker in at their ease; it is not the possession of an ancient heritage of formulated truth, or of hierarchical organization; it is not the mere thinking pious thoughts, or having compunctious feelings from time to time aroused; it is not beholding the natural face in that glass, which reveals its ill-favored features only too truly, and then going our way and straightway forgetting what manner of man we were: this is not religion. It goes below all this, and instead of being a mere passing emotion, or a bright vision of heavenly things, such as those saw for a brief moment who were with their Lord on the Holy Mount, it is like the central strain which the ear catches now and again, and ever amid the rapid and almost bewildering movements of some varied harmony, giving tone, and unity, and character to the whole.—Dr. Fessay.

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TELL THE CHILDREN.—Tell them what? Why, tell them that Jesus loves them, that he died to save them, and that he lives to make intercession for them. Tell them that if they love him, he will keep them from sin and harm, and take them to heaven when they die. Yes, mothers, tell your children of the wonderful love of Jesus. Tell them now. Do not put it off. Wake up your sleeping boy, your sleeping daughter, in the night time, kiss them gently on their downy cheeks, and tell them that Jesus loves them and wants them to love him in return, so that they can be good and happy. Persist in telling this story of love to them all through their infancy and childhood, and then as they live in their presence each day as to reflect the love of Christ in your lives, and our word for it, the dear Lord will bless your work in the salvation of your children.

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3.00 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

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From St. John 6.00, 10.00, a.m.; 4.30 p.m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.35, a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.; McAdam Junction, 10.50 a.m., 2.50 p.m.; Vanclore, 10.25 a.m., 2.30 p.m.; St. Stephen, 9.10, 10.30 a.m.; St. Andrews, 8.00 a.m.

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