

My Work For God.

"I cannot give to God:
No gold have I,
Gladly to cast into
His treasury.
I often wish for wealth that I might make
An offering of all for His dear sake.

"I cannot speak for God;
I am not wise;
My simple halting tongue
So vainly tries
To stammer out at times the Gospel tale!
None care to listen; all my efforts fail.

"I cannot work for God:
I am too weak;
Some little plot of ground
In vain I seek
Where I could tend for Him. To hard the
soil;
Weeds spring, plants droop therein, for all
my toil.

"What can I do for God?
I long so much
To give him each best sense—
Sight, hearing, touch,
My strength, my health, my energy each
day—
But, lo! He seems to turn His face away!

"I want to work for God:
He sees me stand
Lone in life's market place
With empty hand.
Suppose that Time's great clock should
strike eleven;
Hath He forgotten me up in His Heaven?"

O foolish one and blind!
Canst thou not see
This waiting is the work
God sends to thee?
Stoop, kneel, take up this task; His wish
fulfill.
Thou wouldst give God thy work; He
craves thy will.

—Banner of Faith.

Modern Dangers for Young Christians.

Never was there a time in the history of the Christian Church when its youth were subjected to more insidious and overpowering dangers than at the present time. The whole atmosphere of modern life is charged with the poisonous vapors of a decaying conception of religion and of ethics, which cannot but prove most unhealthful to young minds, unless counteracted by some new and truer conception of the soul's relations to God, truth and righteousness. The flippant materialism of the age its too ready repudiation of sacred or even conventional standards of life and thought, and above all its confident assurance of the primacy and infallibility of human reason on the great questions of life and death, are subtly dangerous influences when brought to bear on the minds of thoughtful young men and women, both in and out of the church.

We must recognize the fact that the summary disposal of creeds, conventions, long-established church traditions and regulations, and the whole modern theological house-cleaning operation which has raised so much dust in these days, tends at least to confuse and bewilder and unsettle the minds of Christian youth. There is this danger, to be gin with, that they will lose some of that feeling of reverence and loyal regard for sacred things which has fallen to them as a natural inheritance from godly ancestry. This is no mere phantasmal apprehension of weak and foreboding minds; there is a real and serious peril for Christian youth, and one which we ought not to conceal from ourselves or from them, in the extensive changes and reconstructions which are going on in the church itself at the present time. But the saving consideration lies in the fact that these changes are of the nature of reconstructions. The attention of youth should be clearly called to this fact—that the church, or the Christian community, has given up nothing, in these shifting struggles over creed and form, which has not been fully replaced, and indeed in many instances more than replaced, by that new phoenix-form of truth which has risen out of the devouring flame. The church is stronger today for all the renunciations (if they can be called renunciations) which she has made in the conflict with science and scholarship. She has absorbed the new truth hurled against her, as a tossing lake absorbs the hailstones with which it is smitten by a passing storm. Truth is always stronger when its partial forms are replaced by the more complete; and it cannot be said that the church of to-day has closed its doors against the new truth and the new light. If any young person is inclined to waver because of the apparent defeat and renunciations of the Christian Church, let him look on the other and truer side of the picture—the victories of newly-appropriated truth, the acquisitions of broader power, the opening-up of unsuspected resources the better equipment, the closer touch with all of human life and thought. Let such considerations as these guard the Christian youth against misjudgment and misconception of recent changes in the life and thought of the church. The Christian Church of 1893 is an infinitely stronger and better and more help-

ful church than that of 1863, good and helpful though the church of that day was.

But the most serious dangers of the Christian youth of to-day come from the worldly side of their environment—from the letting-down of the moral tone of the community in general; the growing flippancy and irreverence and self-confidence of the multitude of worldly-minded; the arrogance of materialists; and the indifference of seekers for fame, wealth and pleasure. These are truly serious and increasing dangers; they cannot but exercise a certain influence—indirect, at least—upon the young men and young women who are brought into daily contact with them.

Here, as in the former case, we must find, if we can, something which shall counteract the unfavorable influence—something which shall counteract it not only negatively and subjectively, but positively and objectively. Here appears at once the necessity and value of the organization of Christian young people—a defensive bulwark of faith, and an aggressive army of Christian soldiers; a fountain of spiritual refreshment and strength, and a stream that sweeps onward through the world and purifies it; a little world of Christlikeness in itself, and a little world of Christlikeness in the greater world that lies about it. In such fellowship are the defense and the equipment of the Christian youth. It is the best safeguard against all dangers of immorality, and it furnishes the inspiration and the weapons which are most effective in the conflict with evil. Great as are the dangers of modern life for youth, surely the safeguards against those dangers are of equal power. Sin and the world upon one hand; God and His truth and His organized followers upon the other. To which side belongs the victory? To which must it inevitably come, if we but remain faithful to our Great Commander?

—Z. Herald.

Mr. Fletcher's Work.

"Good morning, sir. What can I do for you?"

Mr. Clayton rose from his chair by the table as a young man opened the door. The place was the Bible Society depository, and cases of Bibles and Testaments stood all about.

"Good morning," returned the stranger; "I came in to get a supply of Testaments."

"Do you want them for Sunday-school scholars?" asked Mr. Clayton, thinking that when a supply was wanted it must be for a school or a class.

"Oh, no. I want them to give away as I go along," was the answer. "That is good. Tell me how you do it," said Mr. Clayton, unlocking a book-case and thinking to himself, "somehow he does not look like a Bible distributor."

Curious, isn't it? how one will judge by looks, after all.

"Well, you see," said the young man, "I'm a commercial traveler, and go about constantly. I can't teach in Sunday-school, because I am seldom in the same place two Sundays in succession, and I have no gift that way anyhow. There doesn't seem to be much I can do, but I want to do good some way if I can. The best way I can find is to give away Testaments where I can get people to take them and read them. If you leave a Testament behind you, it is something better than any word a man can say. So, when I have a chance, I just stock up with these and take them along in my 'grip.' Sometimes people won't take them, and then I don't nag them, though maybe I try again after awhile; but often and often they'll take a little book like this and promise to read it. I used to wonder what work was laid out for me to do. I think this is it, because it is something I can do right along, on my way, every day. We're not expected to do what we can't."

Mr. Clayton smiled at this bit of wisdom, but he only said: "I wish more would come here for supplies before taking journeys." Then the two busied themselves selecting and tying up Testaments, a goodly package of them, cheap indeed, but neat and attractive, and the young man went away.

"I declare, I'm ashamed of myself for thinking that a traveling man would never be found doing such good work," reflected Mr. Clayton. "No doubt there are more zealous workers for Christ doing his will in quiet ways than we ever dream of."

A few days later a young stenographer in an adjoining office came into the depository and asked for a New Testament. Mr. Clayton was as much puzzled as he was pleased over the purchase made, for he knew that the youth made no religious professions whatever.

"I'm glad you want this book, Matson," he said with interest.

"Oh, I wouldn't have bought it," was the reply, with shamefaced look, "but there was a fellow in the

office who wanted to give me one, and I wouldn't take it. He said so much about it, I thought I'd just see for myself what was in it."

Here was another fruit of Mr. Fletcher's work of which he himself might never know perhaps.

In the course of time the commercial traveler returned for more books, bringing a friend with him who sat quietly by while Mr. Clayton made up the package, and talked with Mr. Fletcher as with an old friend.

Before long this companion came himself to the rooms and asked to look at Bibles.

"You saw me here with Fletcher the other day," he said, taking up a reference Bible and turning the leaves reverently.

"Yes. I was glad to see you with him. Friend of yours, is he?"

"He would be a friend in spite of me. You know his way of giving Testaments, I suppose. Well, he tried to give me one and I wouldn't have it. He'd only been in our store a time or two, and I thought he'd no business meddling, as I called it; but he didn't get vexed as a man might who wanted to do good and wouldn't be let, on account of the other fellow's being so mean. He just said, 'Now, comrade, you know you ought to read this book. It has the law in it, and it testifies against you. It convicts you of sin, no matter what you say against it. It is foolish not to find out what it says. I'm going to leave the book, and as an honest man I hope you'll read it to see what the charges are against you.'"

"I said, sort of huffy, I guess, 'I can buy myself a book like that if I want it,' but he said no, he wanted to leave that, and he did. I wouldn't look at it for awhile, but I could not forget those words, 'You ought to know what the charges are against you.' So at last I began to read, and that book convicted me, as he said it would. Then it showed me where to get forgiveness. I went to meeting one night with my wife, and stood up and made my confession. I never saw such a happy woman."

"Thank God," said Mr. Clayton, warmly, "and God bless you both."

"Now I want a Bible, old Testament and New," the man went on. "I have one at home, but I'll take one to keep down town, for I often have to stay noons and have time to read a bit. While I'm about it I'll take a few Testaments to give away as Fletcher does."

"How true it is," mused Mr. Clayton afterward with grateful heart, "That God multiplies the seed sown. One man's good deed is blessed to another, and he goes and does likewise."

Ah, yes. And all who know, and all who hear of actual incidents like this one, should be moved and encouraged to fresh efforts to send the word of God every-where.

It is God who gives and quickens the seed divine, and afterward gives the increase, but mortal hands may scatter it far and wide. Unless it is sown, how shall it bring forth unto eternal life? Sow it, sow it! And by and by the hand of the sower shall bind the sheaf.—*Journal*

A Poor Little Thief.

She doesn't look like one, does she? What do you think she has stolen? O, worse than that, from whom do you think she has stolen? I'll tell you all about it.

At Susie's father's home they have days with twenty-four hours, all divided off, each with its duties. About eight hours they have for sleeping; in fact, Susie has about eleven hours for this work. Then two for study, and three for dressing and eating; that leaves eight hours for play! Only out of that time the father has planned that every morning she shall give about fifteen minutes to God.

Only fifteen minutes? Shouldn't you think she could spare them? Well, this morning during that fifteen minutes, what do you think she did? In the first place she found in her pocket a nice long string, and while her father was reading the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," Susie was wondering if she had a shuttle could she not make tatting as fast as Mary Burton could. So she tried with a piece of cord, tying it into knot after knot, getting her fingers caught, and finally hurt a little, so that her grown up sister had to untie them. Not a single word did she hear of all that her father read from the Bible. Then they sang a hymn.

Something in the tune, Susie herself could not have told what, reminded her of the song the children sang at play. So she hummed it very softly all the while the family were singing their hymn of praise to Jesus for His great love.

Then they knelt to pray. Susie put her little body down, too, and looked as though she were praying, but the rhymes she had been saying reminded her of what fun they had had at recess the day before, and

whom she had chosen as the one she liked best; and she planned what they would play today, and how she would manage it. She wouldn't have Annie Wilcox in the play at all, because she did not like her; and how she would tell all the other girls not to play with Annie; and before she was half through with her planning she found that the prayer was over and the family were rising from their knees.

Not a word of prayer had she heard, not a sentence had she prayed. Now, if she is not a little thief, what name shall we call her? And if she has not stolen from the great God time that rightly belonged to Him, how shall we explain what she has done! Are not little folks, and grown people, too, thieves who do not keep God's day holy?—*Select*

A Good Prayer Meeting.

"That was a good prayer meeting," said Brother A to Brother B as they walked out from the weekly prayer meeting. "Yes," said Brother B, "it was clear to see from the start that the leader had the subject on his heart. He was full of it. The first hymn struck the keynote. He seemed to throw his soul into the singing, and that inspired the rest of us, and it seemed to me that we all never sung with such a hearty good will. And then his prayer! It was short, but it seemed to me that every word weighed a ton. The prayer fitted the subject so nicely, and it seemed to come right up from the great deep of his soul. It struck fire in all our hearts."

"Yes," said Brother A, "and then the Scripture lesson was so appropriate; and the way he read it riveted our attention and made us feel its weight. He read as if he were inspired. It was evident that he had studied his subject until he had become chuck full of it before he came to the meeting. And then it seemed to me that everybody caught the spirit, and it was easier to pray than in any other prayer meeting I ever attended. Why, it looked as if each one desired to be first. I tell you I feel as if I had been lifted heavenward about fifteen or twenty miles. I assure you, none of those present this evening will miss the next one, unless prevented by sickness or death. Such a meeting draws. No one will miss a meeting like that if he can possible help it. Such a live, brotherly, encouraging exhortation as he gave us at the close gives one a boost that he can feast upon for a whole week. Why, it seemed to me that he said more in those two minutes than some preachers say in a whole sermon. It was so warm-hearted and practical."

And the two neighbors went to their homes with their hearts full and overflowing. It is hoped that the leaders of prayer meetings will profit by these hints.—*Telescope*.

A Dozen Able's.

Able to make you stand.
Able to keep you.
Able to make all grace abound.
Able also to perform.
Able to succor them that are tempted.
Able to make wise.
Able to deliver you.
Able to keep that which I have committed.
Able also to save to the uttermost.
Able to keep you from falling.
Able to do exceeding abundantly.
Able even to subdue all things.

A CHEERFUL SOUL that believes in the wisdom of the Creator, and is not at every turn thinking how much better he might have made the world, who now and then churms up the region below the diaphragm with a hearty laugh or sends a cheerful message to the solar plexus, denoting that he is in harmony with God and nature; living in peace and good will with the rest of mankind; who is, in fact, an optimist and a practical philanthropic Christian—can never become a dyspeptic.

Do not do as the world does, but as the world ought to do.

The Gospel of Christ is like a beautiful woman; it does not need to be dressed up in order to attract attention.

The really great preacher is the one who can be proud of some one else's sermon.

Each year one evil habit rooted out in time might make the worst man good.

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In the Leafy Month of June.

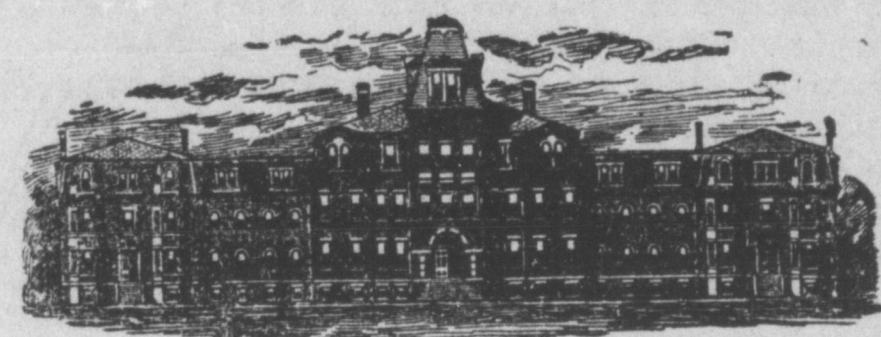
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