

A Better Day is Coming.

BY FRANCIS S. BORTON, D. D.

It shines from every promise of the ever-recurring word;
Again among the trees the sound of chariot wheels is heard;
The cloven tongues are on her brow, the Church's heart is stirred;
Sins of God, clap your hands and shout for joy.

Again Shekinah blazes forth between the Cherubim,
And Aaron's rod has budded from the dry and withered limb;
The hosts of God are singing now our fathers' marching hymn:
To the breeze, then, the banner of our faith!

'Tis better marching forward than be dreaming of the past;
The way is growing brighter, 'twill be glorious at the last;
The drops are falling thicker Jordan's banks are filling fast;
Pray, and falter not, ye children of the King.

The feeble, false, and faithless hobble lamely in the rear;
From critics "high" or "low" the Christian faith has naught to fear;
Our Lord has kept His promise, and the Comforter is here,
And the fashion of His garment is unchanged.

The Lord has led and left us when we left Him in our pride,
But when we sought Him, weeping, He was ever at our side;
And He will never leave us if we faithfully abide
In the shelter of the shadow of His wings.

Be faithful to your promise, and He will be faithful to you;
His love is like the surges of the unencumbered sea;
It covers every sinner, as it shelters you and me;
Hallelujah! to the ever-living Lord.

The way is sloping upward as it lengthens into light;
Our tears are soon forgotten as we leave the shades of night;
And soon these robes of heaviness we'll change for garments white,
When we've triumphed over sin and death and hell.

The Master's in our midst; He stills the angry tempest's roar,
Our keel is slipping onward to that happy shining shore;
Soon we'll greet the victors who have traveled on before,
By the lily-bordered river of the blest.

—Chris. Advocate.

Faith in God, and God Alone.

If you are trusting friends, they may turn against you or death may take them from you. If you trust in riches, they may take to themselves wings and fly away, and if you keep them to the last you must ultimately leave them.

Credes cannot save you. Credes are very good in their places; but if you stop there and live upon your credes you get no strength. A creed is like a street to take me to my house; but if I don't go into my house I don't get my dinner. We must go beyond our credes to the person, the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us look at the ninth Psalm and tenth verse: And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee, for thou Lord, has not forsaken them that seek thee.

A man that knows God cannot help but trust Him. That is a good proof we have that these things are true. Men who know most about God trust Him the most. It is men who don't know God who don't trust Him. Did you ever see a man who was well acquainted with the Bible and with the teachings of the Spirit who didn't have full confidence in God? I never did.

Suppose a man made me a hundred promises and had ten years to fulfil them, and the next month the ten years will expire. He has fulfilled ninety-nine of the promises and is able to fulfil the other. Would not I have good reason to trust him that he would fulfil it?

Has not God fulfilled all His promises? And shall we doubt Him and say we cannot trust Him? They that know Him trust Him.

A party of gentlemen in Scotland wanted to get some eggs from a hen on the side of a precipice, and they tried to persuade a poor boy that lived near to go over and get them, saying they would hold him by a rope. They offered him a good deal of money; but they were strangers to him and he would not go. They told him they would see that no accident happened to him—they would fasten him securely.

At last he said: I will go if my father will hold the rope.

He trusted his father.

A man will not trust strangers. I want to get acquainted with a man before I put my confidence in him. I have known God for forty years and I have more confidence in Him now than I ever had before; it increases every year. In the Bible, some things that were dark ten years ago are plain to day; and

some things that are dark now will be plain ten years hence. We must take things by faith. You take the existence of cities on the testimony of men that have been in those cities; and we ask you to take our testimony, who have found joy in believing. We ask you to trust in God.

How many are kept back from Christ because they think they have not the right kind of feeling.

Let feelings take care of themselves. Satan can change your feelings and make you feel almost any way; but he cannot change the Word of God. If our feelings change, we know the Word of God is true; and it is a great deal better to build upon God's word than it is to build upon the best of feelings. Tell the world, tell your feelings, tell your friends—that you are going to trust God, be you sick or well, and whether you live or die, whatever happens to you, you can and will trust Him. Behold, God is my Saviour and my redeemer; not prayers, or feelings, or works, or tears, or anything in or of myself. God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also has become my salvation. There is salvation in front of you and salvation behind you; salvation to begin with and salvation to end with. So now, just pray to the Lord to help you to trust him from this hour—from this minute—trust him with your body and with your soul. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.—Dwight L. Moody.

The Boys.

Why do I not sometimes talk to the boys? asks one of them in a pleasant letter. He adds that he should think the girls would let me, part of the time.

Certainly, my friend; I am sure that the girls could have no objection in the world. They are too fond of talking to the boys themselves—on occasion—to find fault with anything so reasonable. The explanation is simple: the boys do not often talk to me; at least, not on paper. I think they must be less fond of letter-writing than the girls are, or perhaps they are so wise that no questions come before them for consideration!

However, I have a few letters this morning from our gentlemen friends, and they shall have attention.

One has a complaint to make about the way in which people shake hands in passing out of church. He says they rush out, just stopping long enough to shake hands like they had to, and then hurrying on. He wants to know what a hand-shake really means. My friend, I am going to remind you that it is a very easy matter to find fault: I presume the customs of shaking hands remains with us because it is recognized as a convenient way to say, Good morning; I am glad to see you here. It seems to be very well fitted to church salutations.

To stand in the church aisles or about the doors and talk, thereby impeding the progress of other and, what is more important, helping to fritter away the impression which the minister has tried to make, by indulging in all sorts of commonplaces or pleasantries, is certainly in wretched taste, but the quiet, kindly clasp of the hand says a great deal to those who are willing to translate it, and hinder nobody.

Not long ago I watched the progress of a young man of my acquaintance out of the crowded church. Very near to him were three young men, evidently strangers; and my friend, who had been attending that church for six months, did not notice them by so much as a nod; he never even thought of such a thing as shaking hands with them; yet he went home and complained at the dinner table of the unbecomingly of the churchgoing people! Somebody ought to teach him the proverb about the people who live in glass houses.

Do I think there is any harm in a boy's answering advertisements from ladies seeking correspondence? is the next question that confronts me. It requires a somewhat round-about answer. In the first place, my boy, no lady ever advertises for gentlemen correspondence. There is occasionally a hoidenish girl, who either has no good mother, or who has gone so far astray that she does not confide in her, who thinks it will be great fun to hoax some person of the other sex by making believe she is a lady in search of a congenial friend; but as a rule persons of that class are to be avoided either because of their utter ignorance of what constitutes a real lady, or else because of their indifference with regard to deserving that title. Real ladies find their correspond-

pence too eagerly sought after to make it necessary for them to descend to advertisements.

If you ask me whether it would do any harm to have a little fun with girls of this sort, meeting them on their own ground, I must remind you that for your own sake you cannot afford to treat a woman other than as a lady. You owe thus much to your mother and to your self respect.

Here is a letter than interests me deeply. It is from quite a young man, who frankly owns that he is away from mother and the girls, and is awfully homesick sometimes. The other day he made a girl as mad as a hornet because he put his arm around her in a careless way when half a dozen of them stood together talking. He did not think anything about it, any more than if it had been one of his sisters; she is a good deal like his youngest sister, anyhow, and he is used to petting her. He wants to know whether I don't think the girl was awfully prudish to get mad over so little a thing as that.

I am sorry not to be able to take your part my dear fellow; but to be very frank, I admire the girl who would not tolerate any such petting. If I were you, I should go to her in a frank, manly way, as I am sure you can, and tell her that for the moment you forgot she was not your sister, and ask her pardon for a rudeness that you did not intend. If she's a sensible girl, she will grant it promptly, and you will be good friends again.

I am going to tell you a little story.

Not long ago two college presidents, eminent men, were discussing the advantages and disadvantages of co-education. One of them took strong ground against it, and gave as his reason that it encouraged a careless familiarity between the sexes. He used the following illustration: I spent a day at—not long ago, mentioning a well-known college. From my window I had a good view of the grounds. A company of students, ladies and gentlemen, were passing from recitation, arguing a certain point in the lesson as they walked. Several of them halted presently, and one lady referred to a text-book. Next to her was a young man, who leaned forward to look at a book, and in doing so rested his hand on her shoulder exactly as if she were a man!

Well, really! said the other president, but—was the man a gentleman?

Certainly not! was the quick reply; but, poor though he was, I contend that he would not have so far forgotten himself under such circumstances if he had not been in the habit of daily association with young women in a common life, the trend of which was toward undue familiarity.

Now you may or may not agree with the learned gentleman about the trend of co-education; what I am after is, to remind you of the high ground that is taken upon all such questions in polite circles, among cultivated people.—Fanny in C. G. World.

Ministering to Christ.

There are many who are ministering for Christ who have never grasped the idea that they may minister to Christ. Yet he has told us that what is done in His name to one of His disciples He will count as done to Himself. Of course those who minister in the name of Christ to others minister to Christ even if they are not conscious of doing so. But much is missed because they are ignorant of the higher service in which they have been engaged.

The member of the Flower Mission sets out to visit the hospital with her sprays of flowers, her texts and her chance words of encouragement to the sufferers. She returns to her own work with the pleased feeling that some heavy hearts have been lightened during the brief afternoon. She has been Christ's messenger to a few of His chastened ones, and she is satisfied. But how much greater would be her satisfaction if she could realize that she has come into touch with Christ Himself, and that He has been helped by her ministrations. He assures us that He is so helped when one of His people has received our ministrations.

That gives a different complexion to service. Many a time we minister to others grudgingly, from a sense of duty alone, though we are outwardly all smiles. None are so quick to note this as the suffering, either in body or in mind. The mental barometer of the sufferer is very sensitive, and accurately gauges the spirit with which we enter upon our work. If, instead of serving one in whom we have only a passing interest, we realized that our service was to One to Whom we gave the supreme love of our life, there would be all the differ-

ence in the world in the character of the service rendered.

Were we to realize this higher service, other lives would be richer for it as well as our own. A grudging service done to another robs that one of the real satisfaction to be obtained from it. No one prizes the mere personal gratification apart from the spirit in which the good deed is done. The kind heart behind the deed, the giving of a little of one's self with the act, means more than any personal gratification. If our ministrations were consciously to Christ, it would always reach this higher level, and others would be blessed in us. That one who furnished us with the opportunity to minister to Christ would always hold a place in our mind different from that held before. In this way service to Christ links one with another in bonds that are incapable of being broken, and forms a brotherhood closer than any other possible in this life.—Dom. Presbyterian.

The Spirit of a Missionary.

Mr. C. E. Garst was a missionary to Japan who had estimated the cost of a mission to the heathen. Hardships and dangers never moved him from his high purpose to preach Jesus Christ where he had not been named. He had a varied experience in bitter cold and in melting heat, in driving sun and in pouring rain. On one occasion he walked twenty-two miles to conduct the funeral service of a native Christian a young Baptist minister. Kawamura San, a distinguished Japanese evangelist, says: "Often when on a trip together I would say to him: 'Mr. Garst, we will not care to go to such a place.' 'Why so?' Mr. Garst would ask. 'O, the inns are dirty and full of vermin, and the food is very bad,' I replied. 'Are there people there who have not heard the Gospel?' 'Yes, plenty of them.' Then Mr. Garst would say: 'We will go; that's what we are here for.'"

He frequently slept in wretched quarters and ate Japanese food as which many who criticize missionaries would turn away in disgust. He accepted every experience in the best spirit and turned it to good account. Whatever his feelings have been, he made no complaint. Writing to a friend he said: "Late-ly, when out evangelizing, we were served dried grasshoppers. After eating about a cupful I felt like John the Baptist."

His First Convert.

An eminent minister and teacher has thus told the story of his convert. He was a mere lad himself when he gave his heart to Christ. Then he looked about for some one, in the little community where he lived, whom he might win for the gospel. It was a discouraging search. Everybody seemed to be beyond the reach of such a young evangelist.

At length he bethought himself of a poor, half-witted boy, whom everybody seemed to pass by. Day after day he sat down to talk to this feeble intellect, and at length the light seemed to dawn. Feeble as he was, his poor wit did not prevent him from becoming a useful Christian.

Ever afterwards when he would meet his young instructor on the street, or elsewhere, he greeted him with the same words: "Thanky, Johnny; thanky, Johnny." In after years the minister was accustomed to say, "When I get to heaven, the first greeting I expect to hear will be the unforgettable gratitude of my first convert—'Thanky, Johnny.'"—Forward.

The air is so clear in Zululand that objects seven miles away can be distinctly seen by starlight.

The average duration of the reign of English monarchs for the last 600 years has been 21 years.

HEADACHE ALL GONE.

Mrs. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S. writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c., all dealers.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

There is no excuse for any man to appear in society with a grizzly beard since the introduction of Buckingham's Dye, which colors natural brown or black.

If you wish to cure scrofula or salt rheum permanently, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels all impurities from the blood.

A Mistaken Notion.

An old but very mistaken notion is that drink gives strength. A test was once tried to determine the strength-giving power of alcohol. Two gangs of men, as nearly equal in size and strength as possible, were put to work breaking stone. Both gangs contained an equal number of men, but to one gang liquors containing alcohol were given.

At first the alcohol gang did by far the most work, but when the effects of the alcohol ceased, the men fell far behind the other men in their work, so that at the end of the day the gang which did not drink had done the greatest amount of work. This was continued for three or four days, the result being the same.

The experimenters then reversed the gangs, giving the non-alcoholic gang alcohol, and allowing the alcoholic gang none; but the men not using the stimulant came out ahead, as before.—S. lected.

Castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up.—Lytton.

Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs in every one of us.—Bacon.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

It was meant to be so when woman was ordained man's helpmeet. But it was never meant that love's dream should have so sad an awakening. It is due chiefly to ignorance that young women are so rudely awakened from the dream of love. They enter on the married state without physical or mental preparation. They are entirely unaware of the great physiological change suggested by the one word "marriage."

Every young woman should be prepared for that change. There should be no neglect of irregularities. The perfect health of the peculiarly womanly organs should be the daily care. Thousands of women who entered in marriage unprepared, and passed from irregularities to debilitating drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, have been altogether cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This great medicine is not a cure-all, but a specific for the chronic diseases peculiar to women. It does one thing perfectly; it makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from chronic diseases and female weakness," writes Mrs. Allen A. Bolton, of 1125 Rodman Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I had two doctors, who only relieved me for a time. My niece advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did, and have been highly benefited. I am now a strong woman, and can recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all similarly afflicted."

Temperance and General LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Has just closed the most successful year in its history, making a substantial increase in all important items, and can justly claim to be

THE BEST COMPANY FOR THE BEST RISKS

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MARITIME MANAGER.

JULY 18TH

SUMMER REDUCTION IN

Blouse Waists.

In order to effect a speedy clearance of all our Blouses, we have marked them all at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00.

The former prices were from 85 cents to \$2.25. During this sale no Blouse will be allowed out on approval, or exchanged. You may take them upstairs and try them on. Remember these prices are for cash only.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

COULDN'T LAC HIS BOO

Mr. P. L. Campbell, of Fort Bridge, P.E.I., a great sufferer from pain in the back.

Doan's Kidney Pills completely permanently cured him.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known merchant of Fort Bridge, P.E.I., was troubled with severe pains in his back for over two years. At length he became aware of the fact that the backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate to take Doan's Kidney Pills, and promptly and permanently cured. Here is his statement: "I was in an awful state for two years with pains in my back and hips. Some mornings the pains were so severe that I couldn't get out of bed. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box so completely cured me that I have been perfectly free from the trouble for over a year now and free from least trace of pain."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamer this company will leave St. John for port, Lubec, Portland and Boston on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard time). Return, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

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