

Hints for Workers.

What Christ Said.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "No, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown!"

I said, "But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din";
And he wept as he sent me back—
"There is more," he said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered, "Choose to-night,
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your
Guide!"

—Dr. George MacDonald.

In the Right Place.

Dr. Parkhurst says that is a very important point in illumination to put the light where it is dark. "If corporations did not understand the philosophy of lighting cities by gas better than some of us seem to understand the philosophy of lighting cities by Gospel, the nights in some of our wards would be as black as the morals are."

A Worthwhile Ambition.

"He who gives himself up to the pursuit of pleasures, sooner or later, overwhelmed in gloom. He who devotes himself to toil merely for the sake of becoming rich in due time reaches a point where toil is unendurable; but he who gives himself, unselfishly, to making his family, his community, the world better and happier becomes more radiant with joy as the shadows of life lengthen."—*Religious Telescope*.

Soul Winning.

We speak of "winning souls" as if it were the almost exclusive province of ministers and evangelists, and forget that it is a business we all are engaged in constantly. For the soul is the life, the affections, the will—the inner personality—and, whether we consciously desire it or not, we influence every soul with which we come into contact. We may compel outward action—we cannot coerce the spirit—but by our words, our example, the atmosphere of our daily lives, we are winning those about us to a higher or a lower plane, to more or less of spirituality, to clearer faith, or a region of mist and doubts.

There are many who would shrink from a positive effort to win a soul to God, who would refuse such an office, if urged upon them, as something not in their line, who, nevertheless, by their personal magnetism,

their strength of convictions, their carelessly uttered opinions are winning souls to something every day.

The friends who admire, the young hearts which trust, the lives which lean upon our own—all these we are drawing somewhere every day we live. It is not a question of whether we will win souls, but of to what or to whom we shall win them.—*Selected*.

A Useless Member.

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrist, "the doctor says it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of all its members. The minister didn't mean that for just a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it to me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless, and worse."

"I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let someone else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been just about as useful a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two."

"There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that's the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as old Cousin Josiah Jones, that can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on"; and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with firm determination, as she looked at the church spire from her window.—*Forward*.

An Impossible Thing.

We are told that nature abhors a vacuum. Certainly the human mind knows so such thing, and they try in vain who endeavor to separate themselves from allegiance to one thing without fastening their interests upon another. Truly, he who would abhor that which is evil must cleave to that which is good.

A young Christian who had been very active and deeply spiritual for a number of years, concluded that she had done enough in the way of active service, and would lessen her devotion to the church and its interests. To her surprise, she found herself, ere long, beginning to care for the things which she thought she had utterly put behind her. One Sunday morning she surprised the superintendent of the Sunday-school by applying for work. "I thought I would rest for awhile," she said, pitifully, "but I found

instead an unrest that was leading me in the wrong direction." While the Christian has a higher idea of his labor than merely that of being kept out of mischief, let us know that there is no such thing as lessening our devotion to the cause of Christ without increasing our fondness for the world. That heart in which the Spirit of God no longer dwells is the one in which the spirit of worldliness will undoubtedly take up its abode.—*The Lookout*.

Onward and Upward.

We live but one life, we pass but once through this world. We should live so that every step shall be a step onward and upward. We should strive to be victorious over every evil influence. We should seek to gather good and enrichment of character from every experience, making our progress ever from more to more. Wherever we go we should try to leave a blessing, something which will sweeten another life or start a new song or an impulse of cheer or helpfulness in another heart. Then our very memory when we are gone will be an abiding blessing in the world.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

'I Press Toward the Mark.'

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing. Life is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.—F. W. Robertson.

Contagious Christianity.

Some one asked a little boy if he had ever had the measles. "I thought so at one time," he said, "but mother concluded it must have been something else, because no one in the family took the disease from me." Whether or not this was an unfailing test, it might be a good one in some other directions. For instance, one of the most contagious things in the world is genuine Christianity; and we may well be doubtful as to the reality of that religion which others may be brought in contact with without being infected by it.

Live for To-Day.

We are writing with a diamond on a rock. We are writing the Book of Remembrance with invisible ink. We are accumulating for the future. What we do is done forever. The thoughts we think, the words we speak, the kindly and unkindly acts of daily life, we must face them again. Take heed, therefore, Live for eternity. And the way to live for eternity is to concentrate all the energies of our life upon the discharge of present duty. Therefore, live for to-day.—D. J. Burrell.