

## To Be Seen of Men.

(By J. Smiley.)

My work was finished, I had labored long  
On what I thought would please the eyes  
of all,  
And I, well pleased, heard its admirers  
call  
It beautiful and perfect; yet the throng  
Who pressed admiring round held one sad  
face,  
Which looked disapprobation in its gaze.

I asked the question—'What is wrong with  
it?'  
He touched it, and drew forth a silken  
thread.  
'See, this is rotten,' were the words He  
said,  
'And this is gilt, not gold, it is not fit  
To stay in such work—this thread will  
fade,  
Fast colors only should therein be laid.'

He pulled out all that were below the mark,  
Leaving a wreck, or so it seemed to me.  
But now He seemed the better pleased to  
be,  
The bright threads all pulled out, the dull  
and dark  
Were all He suffered to remain,  
Tears filled my eyes which I could not  
restrain.

'Nay, do not weep,' said He; 'begin again,'  
This is your life-work. If, henceforth,  
you try,  
To work for the applause of the Most High,  
And not, as erstwhile, to be seen of men,  
Your work will stand longer than yonder  
sun,  
And, when 'tis finished, He will say "Well  
done."

I now am working on a new design,  
In which no gilt nor tinsel finds a place,  
And yet it may be some day He will trace  
A beauty in this humble work of mine;  
Then will my heart be better filled than  
when  
I wrought my life work to be seen of men.  
—'Christian Guardian.'

## I Am The Door.

(By Frank Walcott Hutt.)

Whatever gate, thy path before,  
Seems closed unto thy soul's demands,  
God's mercy, like an open door,  
Ajjar forever stands.

In Holman Hunt's great picture called  
'The Light of the World,' we see One with  
patient, gentle face, standing at a door,  
which is ivy-covered, as if long closed. He  
is girt with the priestly breastplate. He  
bears in his hand the lamp of truth. He  
stands and knocks. There is no answer and  
he still stands and knocks. His eye tells of  
love; his face beams with yearning. You look  
closely and you perceive that there is no  
knob or latch on the outside of the door.  
It can be opened only from within. Do you  
not see the meaning? The Spirit of God  
comes to your heart's door and knocks. He  
stands there while storms gather and break  
on his unsheltered head, while the sun de-  
clines, and night comes on with its chills  
and its heavy dews. He waits and knocks,  
but you must open the door yourself. The  
only latch is inside.—J. R. Miller, D.D.,

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—OR—

## "YOUR WANTS SUPPLIED."

(A Consecutive Story by the Advertiser.)

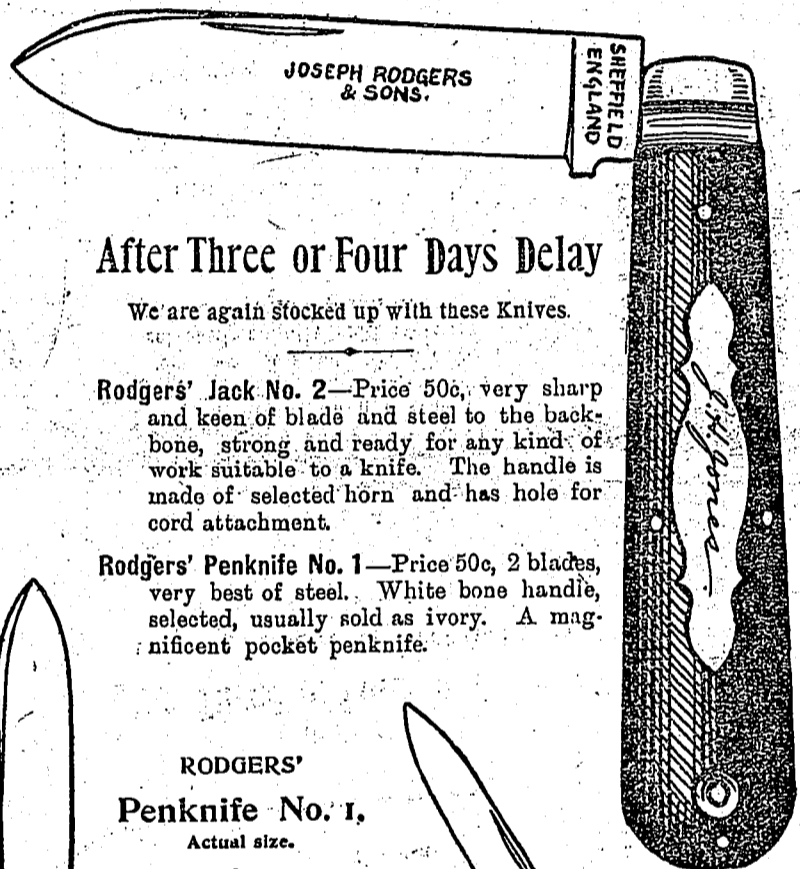
Chapter v.

## Explanation and Repetition.

There has been such a run on our Pocket Knives that our own stock became entirely exhausted. Not only that, but we bought up every knife of the kind we advertised that we could get of the great wholesale firms of this city, and still we could not supply the demand.

We found these knives in the retail stores but they charged 75c each and that was out of the question as we had to sell at 50c each. So we telegraphed wholesalers at a distance and were delighted to find that we could stock up with enough of these Rodgers Knives till the consignment from Sheffield, which we are expecting daily, comes to hand.

This announcement gives us an opportunity of repeating our Knife Offer.



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RODGERS'  
Penknife No. 1,

Actual size.

Our price, 50c.

RODGERS'  
Jack No. 2.

Actual size.

Our price, 50c.

Name Engraved for 25 cents if not more than 8 letters; additional letters 2c each. For engraving initials only, 15c. We generally have the Knives engraved and forwarded by return of post.

REMEMBER that these Knives are made by Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, etc., etc. Don't confound them with any other 'Rodgers' Knives which sell at next to nothing and are worth less. The genuine Rodgers trade mark is on every knife we sell.

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THE MAIL ORDER CONCERN,  
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