

HELPING THE MINISTER.

By REV. T. L. CUYLER.

A single sagacious and earnest helper is a rich blessing to a pastor. But several scores of them are still better. If he leans all the time on Aaron and Hur, then the rest of the flock grow lazy themselves, and censorious toward the two men who occupy the leading position and what shall the minister do when Aaron is sick, or Hur is absent on business? That is not a healthy church in which all the work, all the giving, and all the praying, are done by a half dozen people, even though the women are Tabithas. It is the pull of the whole church that brings the blessing.

This touches the very core of the question "How shall I help my pastor?" Pray for him, pray with him, and practice as you pray. Peter's powerful discourse at Pentecost was preceded by a powerful prayer-gathering. Saturday evening wrestlings with God in a certain church brought heart-breaking sermons on the next morning, until a revival shook the whole congregation. What your minister wants is spiritual power. That is God's gift: help him to plead for it. The mightiest minister who ever trod this earth since Christ's ascension, was not ashamed to say "Brethren pray for us."

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

How should we rejoice in the prospect—the certainty rather—of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we love on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, with every tear wiped from the eyes, standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, in white robes and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice: Salvation to God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever! What delight will it afford to renew the counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labour of the way, and to approach, not to the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join the symphony of heavenly voices and lose ourselves amidst the splendours and fruition of the beatific vision.—*Robert Hall.*

"IN SEASON, OUT OF SEASON."

Dr Chalmers was spending a night at a house in which a Highland gentleman, a stranger to him, was also a guest. The stranger proved an agreeable companion; and interesting secular matters occupied the time until the time of retiring. That night the stranger became suddenly ill, and died before the morning.

Dr. Chalmers was much moved, and bitterly regretted that no word had been spoken for God; that they had been so occupied with the things of the world that the interests of the soul were forgotten.

"I felt," he said, "as I never felt before the force of that passage: 'Be instant in season, out of season.'"

There is in this incident a lesson for each one of us. Is not eternity too often kept out of view by the things of time? Will not slighted opportunities rise up in the judgement against us?

A young man was about to enlist as a soldier in the service of his country. As he was leaving home, a lady, who had formerly been his teacher, was impressed with the thought that she ought to speak to him a word about his soul. "It will be awkward to do it," she said to herself. "I will not trouble him now; but when he is gone, I will write to him tenderly, earnestly, of these things, and urge him to make his peace with God."

Week after week, month after month glided by, and the lady neglected to carry her resolve into execution. The soldier-boy was almost forgotten, when the sad news was borne to his friends that he had died in a Southern prison. How he passed away, whether leaning on Jesus, or going alone through the dark valley, friends never knew. To the teacher, the remembrance of a wasted opportunity, of neglected duty, brought many a pang.

Reader, let not such an experience be yours.

A FEW CHEERING WORDS FOR MOTHER.

Dear good mother has been reading the stories for the children, and now she wants a few cheering words for herself. When evening comes how often we hear the mother say: "Oh, I am so tired and yet I have accomplished nothing to-day? The children take up all my time; there is always something to be done for them." Tired, faithful mother, instead of accomplishing nothing, you have accomplished a great deal of good work.