

Waiting
The day is done
Soft as a dream the sunset fades and dies...

Editor P. Paul Smith finds a very feeble saint—He admonishes him, etc.
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them from this folly. And our pastor, poor, good, simple man that he is, seems really to help them in their foolish ways. We need a new man, and our church can never prosper until we can secure a pastor who cannot be led away by such strange doings as we now have in our church.

I drew a little nearer to him and continued, "You were born on the other side of every question, and you now stand in the way of your church's progress and success in her God-given work. When your brethren unite in their efforts to win souls and advance the Master's glory, you and the devil unite to worry and hinder them. The chief ingredient of your religion consists in finding fault with and in abusing better Christians than yourself. Your brethren are toiling and praying to win souls to Christ, and your 'piety' manifests itself in standing aloof from them in their labors of love, and throwing mud at them, and you look pious and call your evil work Baptist Orthodoxy and serving the Lord! And I learn that you have a good pastor, quite above the average, and he is wise, zealous, godly and efficient, and the whole church stands by him, except yourself, and you thus are doing all in your power to cripple him in his work and damage him with the people. And this you would have others believe is true piety on your part! I must tell you that it is the spirit and work of the devil, and just such work as the devil refuses to do, but puts it on some selfish, sore-headed 'saint' like yourself to do. And in your evil course you are fighting the Lord's chosen servant, whom he has called and anointed to preach the Gospel. You are wounding the cause in your own church, and thus you prove yourself to be an evil, a hindrance to successful church work, a burden to your church, a curse to your pastor and a stumbling-block in the way of sinners.

You also have a nice family about you, and you are poisoning the minds of your own children against your own church and pastor, and really against Christianity. You tell me that they are not Christians, and I do not wonder at it. You are unlovely in your religious character, and you make every other Christian to appear so to your children, and it is very natural that they should be repulsed by such a religion as you exhibit in your life and character. I beg you to stop, reflect, repent and seek the Spirit of Christ, and fall into line with your pastor and church, and be Christ-like, lovely, prayerful, tender-hearted, and forbearing, and you will be happy and useful, and the Lord will bless you and bless your household, and you will be worth something while you live, and people will not ever be wishing that you would die. Your funeral, just now, would afford more comfort to your brethren than any event in your history for many years.

He bowed his head, and for a time was silent. When he raised his head there was a penitent look on his face, and I discovered a few straggling tears in the corners of his eyes; I was quite hopeful. He broke the silence with a promise that he would give my admonition a deep consideration. I gave him a warm grasp of the hand, and sought a benediction upon his heart. He confessed that he sometimes led in prayer, and I asked him to bow in prayer for his church and pastor. Evidently he was not accustomed to pray for them, for he hesitated, but he was bound to come down on his old knees. It was truly distressing to witness how he prayed around about them, but I spoke out and told him to pour out his heart in supplication for his church and pastor.

He finally came down to the proper objects of prayer, and when we rose, he was high exhausted, and the cold perspiration told of his struggle. He promised me faithfully to change his way of doing and misdoing, and also said that he would pray for them every day. I left him hoping, that he might repent of all the evil that he had done, but from the bottom of my aged heart I did pity the church and pastor that must endure the evil "brother" who was born on the other side of every question.

A Plea for the Plodder.
Brilliant, not faithfulness, in men is most certain to obtain popular homage. The smart man wins more applause than the genuine man. How often, nevertheless, has it been found by bitter experience that the steady-going, hard-working, persistent man is the more truly successful, the man who accomplishes most in this busy world of ours, and makes the best friend, the best citizen, the best pastor.

A large city church was presided over by a man of more than usual pulpit power, of considerable ability and attractiveness, but lacking in tact, perseverance and patience. For a year or more the flashes of his genius lit up the horizon of his parish and then they—and he—went out. The audences he had drawn were by no means small, but the net results were. When he had gone and the church was once more looking with wide-extended vision for his successor, one of the members remarked: "Well, give us a plodder, what we want is not a man like Dr.—, but a downright plodder." The member had come pretty near the desired mark. What our churches need, or at least a great many of them need, is not only ministers who will "draw" but pastors whose work will draw likewise. Not the man whose mental eccentricities or "personal magnetism" catches the multitude, but the man who wins by the power of him who has promised to draw all men unto himself. They need men, who will organize as well as orate, who will wait as well as work, who will plod as well as preach. All this, to be sure, is trite enough, but the lesson needs at times to be re-read.

Every pastorless church feels the special "importance of this field" and the "peculiar" difficulties it presents at just this "crisis," and woe betide the man who is not "first-class" if he desires there to preach the gospel. Every churchless pastor must needs quote his record to bear him witness what he can do towards assuring, as the shop-keepers say, "quick returns and small profits. As a matter of fact, every field is peculiar, and seldom is seen the minister who has not some special point of personal excellence. With the expectation of "quick returns" very naturally "small profits" are secured, while the prophet: soon leaves the field now to him especially peculiar, and seeks other "pastures new." Short pastorates and short results are the direct outcome of such short-sighted measures.

In the West we have so long been ponding it into the heads of the East that we neither craved nor desired any of their ministerial froth thrown upon the shores of the denomination, that some of our churches would rather be pastorless than not possessed of a pastor of power. Now while we do not want ministers with reputations spotted, or of inferior ability, to follow that proverbial "Course of Empire," we do need and need very much indeed, godly, genuine, plain plodders. Emphasis should occasionally be given to the fact that there are very, very few ministers of towering ability and commanding power in our own or in any other denomination. Daniel Webster's celebrated aphorism that there was plenty of room at the top, is as true to-day as when it was spoken, and as applicable to the ministry as to the bar. Mankind is not made up of polished, educated men and women, but of very ordinary stuff. Progress in civilization, in all that uplifts and benefits humanity, has been made, not by sudden, phenomenal outbursts of personal genius and ability, but by the steady, onward, upward work and zeal of average, every-day, conscientious toilers. The renaissance did not occur when a single genius was born; it was the natural sequence of the advances—slowly but surely

reached out his hand. The old miser placed his hands in his pocket and drew out some money, and then asked: "How much do you want, sir?" "Please give me one dollar, Mr. Mitchell," and there was an eager hopefulness in the boy's voice.

"Here it is, take it. It is the first dollar I ever gave away in my life," and the usually rough voice was mellowed down so much that it sounded almost pleasant to Paul.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Mitchell," said the boy as he caught at the coin. In a moment he was gone and old miser Mitchell was alone again.

Again he rested in his chair and sleep came to him once more. He dreamed strange things as he slept there in his gloomy room. His life came up before him, and above it he could see the words all along the way, "wasted—wasted years." Again in his dreams, little Paul Kearns stood before him with his flashing eyes. He tried to drop his head, but he was powerless to do so. He tried to close his eyes, but his eyelids refused to go down. He sat transfixed before the noble boy who had learned the secret of true living and of being happy. Before him was a heap of shining dollars.

"Only one of them have you saved Mr. Mitchell—only one of them is of any value to you—all the rest are worthless." As Paul said this the money gradually crumbled away, save the one dollar that shone and glittered like the sun.

The old man awoke, and was faint and dizzy. He tried to get upon his feet, but was unable to do so. Then there came a feeling of numb exhaustion, and there was a blank in the old man's life.

Days passed before he could think rightly or hear and set. Then as consciousness feebly asserted its powers the old man became aware of the fact that some one was near him and caring for him. He tried to open his eyes and partly succeeded. He saw the boyish form of little Paul Kearns standing above by. It came to him in a moment, just how it was, and he reached out his hand toward the boy.

"God bless you, Paul," he said, and then he slept.

When he awoke he was better, and was soon able to talk with Paul without injury to himself.

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year as Christmas came he had special gifts for all who needed help.—Mrs. M. A. Holt, in Baptist Weekly.

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Portrait of a woman with dark hair, looking slightly to the side.

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