

Home and School.

JOB'S COMPLAINT.

O, were it with me as in days
Forever past and gone,
When round my happy dwelling-place
The Lord's bright candle shone !

The hours coursed on in holy joy,
The moments flowed in peace,
Praise was my best beloved employ,
And life a constant feast.

It is not that my store of wealth,
Has melted like the snow,
Nor is it for departed health,
I daily mourning go ;—

It is not that my children dear
No longer greet my sight,
Nor that my wonted social cheer
Ceased to yield delight ;—

It is not that domestic love
Fails in the fiery test,
But that my blessed Friend above
Leaves me forlorn, unblest.

O that I knew where I could find
Him, who has all my heart !
None else can soothe my troubled mind,
Nor bid my woes depart.

Backward I go, but see him not,
Forward, he is not there,
I seek in vain each sacred spot.
I offer useless prayer.

Forsaken, desolate, and low,
I struggle with my fate,
Pursued by my infernal foe,
With most relentless hate.

Dark, wearisome, and dreary nights,
Are meted out to me,
Returning morn brings no delights,
My days are vanity !

But yet, He knows the way I take,
And when completely tried,
Will bring me forth, for His name's sake,
As gold, all purified.

W. F. C.

GUELPH, Nov. 12, 1873.

DR. PARKER ON PREACHING.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, during his recent visit to this continent, addressed the students of the Theological Department of Boston University. The following is the report given in the *Christian Advocate* :—It gives me great pleasure to address you, and I would to-night insist on this thought especially—the call to the ministry. I am very positive on this. I speak of it everywhere. A man without it has no business in the pulpit. If he goes there without it he is a profane man. The ministry is not a profession to be chosen at will ; it is a vocation, to be received with trembling, and yet with joy. For though sacred and responsible, it is glorious and blessed. Then let me say to each of you to-night, if you are not called by the Holy Ghost to this work, do not enter it.

I would make the gate to the ministry very strait. The gate is strait to any kingdom worth having. The gate to the kingdom of wealth is strait. The gate to the kingdom of influence is strait. The gate to the kingdom of honour is strait. The gate to the Kingdom of Heaven is strait. So I would have the gate to the kingdom of the ministry strait. I know men who are groaning in secret, and complaining confidentially aboutt heir mistake in entering the ministry, and the consequent barrenness and failure of their lives.

Having decided this question, make the decision to be a man of one work. We must be men of one work. We must say—say it now, say it forever—"This one thing I do." There are men who fish and hunt, and paint and write, and loaf and—preach. Shame on such a life! God forbid that we should put preaching at the end of any such descending series ! No, let it be the first, the all ; the one work of our hands, our heads, our hearts. If we preach, let us preach. If we do something else, do something