

Pastor and People.

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of the coming morning
Through midnight gloom would form.
By time, all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the part may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal,
Though the heart and the head be
weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be
tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting,
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand, and keen eye be ready,
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest, and fancy steady,
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light,
Though the dark, low winds are com-
plaining,
Yet the sunlight gilds the height;
And love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure,
To the workers who endure;
And the word that no law has shaken,
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken,"
We shall be "satisfied."

—Tinsley's Magazine.

A CHRISTIAN'S RIGHT PLACE.

The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in his pithy way, says: A place for every man, and every man in his place. That is as good a motto for the Church of Christ as it is for any army; the wrong place may be well-nigh as fatal as no place at all. What our churches need most—next to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—is the development of all their members in some line of Christian activity. Too much is thrown upon the pastor. The church becomes Dr. A—'s, or Mr. B—'s, or Pastor C—'s church, instead of it being the people's church, with those men as the spiritual shepherds.

The pastor is expected to prepare two expositions of Bible truth every week, to conduct the public devotions of his flock, to visit every family, to conduct funeral and marriage services, and to perform various miscellaneous duties on committees, etc. No industrious minister complains of this; what disturbs him is, that too many of his people shirk their duties, or expect him to perform them. A church-member has no more right to roll his work over on the minister, than he has to ask that minister to do his marketing, or to come and conduct his family worship. My friend, you need to do your own spiritual work as much as you need to eat your breakfast. You need to bear, also, your full share of responsibility for the spiritual life and progress of the church in which you are a partner. Your vows made on entering it, are every whit as solemn and as binding, as are the vows and promises made by your pastor at the time of his installation.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," if he has the knack of breaking Bible truth into nice morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon scent his way into the Sabbath-school. Another person has some leisure, and a sincere love for souls; to such an one, personal visitation among the poor and among the unevangelized is a welcome work. It only requires health enough to walk, and loving courtesy enough to talk to those who are visited. If a Bible and a tract go with the visit as well as a loaf for the hungry, or a toy for the children, then all the better. The outlying masses will never be evangelized until there is more personal contact, and personal effort.

Here is another whose gift is a melodious voice, and, whoever can sing be-

longs to Christ's great choir. It is a threadbare pun that, those who can sing and won't sing, ought to be sent to "Sing-Sing;" but the duty of using a voice in the praise of God, is as clear as the duty of using a purse to supply God's treasury.

There are diversities of gifts. I can recall now, a venerable man in the first church to which I ministered. He had no knack at teaching, no skill in music, and but little money to contribute. But he did possess a most marvellous gift for prayer. Like Dr. Brown's "Jeames the door-keeper," he could wrestle in prayer, and come into "close grups" with his pleading importunity. That old man's prayers reminded me of Elijah's pleas with God for heavenly showers. Happy is the church that has men and women who are mighty to "prevail with God!"

Reader, have you found your place? Then stick to it. Labour on there, even though it be in the humblest corner of the Master's vast acreage of vineyard. An idle Christian is a monster. Every cup of water given in the Master's name hath its reward. Wherefore neglect not the gift that is in thee, however small it be; and whatever thou doest for the Lord, do it heartily.—Evangelist.

THE MINISTER'S CROSS.

Everybody has his cross to carry in life, and no two crosses are exactly the same. With some people it is ill-health, with others it is poverty, with others it is the ill-doing of friends. All are apt to think that the crosses of others are lighter than theirs, but that is because they don't know them. Everybody's cross is heavy enough to him who has to carry it.

Ministers have the same crosses as other people, arising from the common trials of life; but they have, in addition, a cross peculiar to themselves. That cross is their want of success in the work given them to do. When they have newly entered on their work, they don't feel this cross, for hope is strong within them, and the work itself is fresh and novel. But, as the years go by, and the end comes within sight, a minister's heart is apt to sink within him when he sees the small result of his life. Of course, it is very little after all, that one can do of good in this world. Nobody can save another man's soul. It takes God to do that. All that one can do for his neighbour, is to add a little to the sum of the influences which God may use to bring that soul to Himself. This may seem very small, but it is all we can do. God and the man himself must do the rest.

Another disheartening thing is the fact that we are all so different from one another in our dispositions, that we only touch at a few points, and some we scarcely touch at all. A minister, therefore, may be so constituted that, by no fault of his own, his people are not influenced by his words. They hear them, but the message does not come home to them. For we can only influence those in sympathy with us, and who, in some respects resemble ourselves.

Now, the cross of the minister is the fear that he is doing no good to his people. He is set there for their good. If, therefore, he is doing them no good, his life is thrown away, and he may be standing in the way of a man who might do them more good than he is doing. Some ministers, of course, do not care much for this; but everybody who realises the solemnity of life, and the awfulness of the judgment, must be influenced by it. A merchant's success lies in the making of money, and a tradesman's in the turning out of workmanlike articles. But a minister's success lies in making good men and women; and, unless these are forthcoming, there is no true success for him. When I was a teacher, I had the satisfaction of seeing boys and girls grow in knowledge under me; but how few ministers have a like satisfaction in their work. They see peo-

ple professing, and even sometimes professing largely, but the practical outcome is very small indeed.

It is true that a minister's aspirations are often far in advance of his own practice; but, giving allowance for that, it is sad for a man, as the years go by, to see some who began fair, going back again, while others remain as difficult to impress, as it would be to kindle a fire of stones. Be it so. All lives, in the highest sense, are comparative failures, and we must submit to the common lot. At the same time, we must not try to get rid of our cross. It is bitter but wholesome. It makes us humble, and diligent, and prayerful, and teaches us to cast ourselves more and more entirely on Him who is our sole hope in life and in death.—Rev. R. Lawson, of Maybole.

THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

Mr. Spurgeon once related an incident of an infidel lecturer who, at the close of his discourse, invited anyone in the audience to reply to what he said, supposing that some zealous youth would come forward with the usual arguments in favour of Christianity. All these he thought himself prepared to meet. But to his surprise, an aged woman, wearing a faded shawl, and an antiquated bonnet, and carrying a market basket and a storm-worn umbrella, advanced to the platform and said: "I paid threepence to-day to hear something better than Christianity, and I have not heard it. Now, let me tell you what religion has done for me, and you tell me something better, or you have cheated me out of the threepence I paid to come in. I have been a widow for thirty years. I was left with ten children, and I trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ in the depths of poverty, and He appeared for me, and comforted me, and helped me to bring up my children, so that they have grown up and turned out well. None of you can tell what the troubles of a poor woman alone in the world are, but the Lord has made His grace all-sufficient. I was often very sore pressed, but my prayers were heard by my Father in heaven, and I was always delivered. Now you are going to tell me something better than that—better for a poor woman like me! I have gone to the Lord sometimes when I was very low indeed, and there's been scarcely anything for us to eat, and I've always found His providence has been good and kind to me; and, when I lay very sick, and thought I was dying, and my heart was ready to break at leaving my poor fatherless boys and girls, there was nothing kept me up but the thought of Jesus, and His faithful love to my soul; and you tell me that it was all nonsense. Those who are young and foolish may believe you, but after what I have gone through, I know there is a reality in religion, and it is no fancy. Tell me something better than what God has done for me, or you have cheated me out of my threepence. Tell me something better!" The lecturer was at his wit's end and said the poor woman was so happy in her delusion that he would not like to undeceive her. "No," said she, "that won't do. Truth is truth, and your laughing can't alter it. Jesus Christ has been all this to me, and I could not sit still in this hall and hear you talk against Him, without speaking up for Him, and asking you whether you can tell me something better than what He has done for me. I've tried and proved Him, and that's more than you have done."

Better than alms, better than good laws for the protection of the poor, better than wealth, is the experience of the divine presence and help which God gives to all those who love Him and keep His commandments. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.—From "Religion for the Times," by Lucien Clark, D. D.

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has been among that class too poor to know they possessed it, and too humble for the world to discover it.—H. W. Shaw.

SUFFERING.

The cross of suffering and pain we instinctively shun, and pray earnestly to be delivered from. It is not to be desired, nor is it a good in itself. Yet, if God sends it, it is the bringer of blessings, rich and full, to those who can say, "Thy will be done." It sweeps the dross from the soul, purifies, sweetens, ennobles. When patiently and humbly borne, it deepens the inner life, widens the spiritual vision, and promotes habitual cheerfulness. Those who have learned the precious secret of using suffering aright, are often God's choicest jewels, and they shed about them the most generous and delightful fragrance of a life hid with Christ in God.

Then, too, the humble, submissive heart under every visitation of sickness, disease, bodily pain, is so sweetly drawn to His feet. Is He not still the Great Physician to bodies, as well as souls, sick with sin? Does he not still, with tenderness, place underneath His arms of strength to those who suffer and languish? Does he not still speak with kindly voice to the sick and helpless ones by the Pool in this land, and in all lands? Assuredly. Christ becomes more and more precious to the suffering soul as the days come and go. He is the chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely, and His patient sufferers sit at His feet with adoring worship, plucking, by prayer, from His throne, the richest spiritual blessings upon their own hearts, and upon a world cursed with sin.

Truly, every believing child should learn, and learn quickly, for it is a sweet thing to know that there are blessings in every form of suffering, and that he may obtain them by patiently and humbly enduring. It is possible, by murmuring and complaining at the visitation of Providence, to mar and dwarf the noble life of God in the soul. For let it be known and remembered well—If impatient, thou let slip thy cross, Thou wilt not find it in this world again, Nor in another. Here, and here alone, is given thee to suffer for God's sake. In other worlds we shall more perfectly serve Him, and love Him, praise Him, work for Him, Grow near and nearer Him with all delight; But then we shall not any more be called To suffer, which is our appointment here.

THINKING IS GOOD.

When a young man does a wrong thing he is apt to excuse himself by saying he didn't think. More is the pity. Given a young man of honest intentions and intelligent mind and he will not go far wrong if he thinks before he acts. He will not commit a murder, or forge cheques, or run away with a woman or money that does not belong to him. It is presumed that every thinking person thinks it is a good thing to think.

An eminent teacher has said: "To call one thoughtful is almost the same as saying he is kind; his life is occupied, not in following out selfish inclinations, which come into one's mind without effort or praise, but in forcing them to submit to the test of thought, and to reveal how by energy here or abstinence there he may more truly live for others—thereby living more truly for himself!" The man who thinks broadly will get away from himself and from narrow creeds. He will love the whole world and give all who are in it so far as may be, a living chance to act upon other better thoughts, and so make the world better.—Ex.

Nature never gives to a living thing capacities not particularly meant for its benefit and use. If Nature gives to us capacities to believe that we have a Creator whom we never saw, of whom we have no direct proof, who is kind and good and tender beyond all we know of kindness and goodness and tenderness on earth, it is because the endowment of capacities to conceive a Being, must be for our benefit and use; it would not be for our benefit and use if it were a lie.—Bulwer-Lytton.