

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

MORNING.

The morning cometh !
The bitter night that wraps this guilty earth
That night so full of weeping and of sighs
Is now far spent ; we wait the golden birth
Of day, the golden day of Paradise.

The morning cometh !
The shapeless fog that the gray valley fills,
And climbs in serpent folds the mountain steep,
Becomes a rosy mist upon the hills,
A shining vapour where the waters sleep.

The morning cometh !
And gladder are her songs than those of night,
Touched less with tears and trembling chords of pain,
But breathing of baptismal floods of light
And pearly, new-blown dawns after rain.

The morning cometh !
A note of praise thrills through these dusty hearts,
These hearts so long in silent prayer bowed down,
Immortal love from mortal languor starts,
And the pale martyr wears a starry crown.
—Ella Beardsley.

HOW TO HELP THE PREACHERS.

It was my good fortune several weeks ago to hear a sermon from one of our celebrated divines—one to whom God has given, in a peculiar manner, the power of winning souls for Christ, and one who always finds ready listeners whenever and wherever he preaches that "good news." In that sermon he gave us some hints how to help the preacher, and they seem to me, while simple, of inestimable value. First, he said, we could help the preacher by gathering in a congregation. Now we laymen are apt to think that it is not our work ; that the preacher should by his eloquence and stirring sermons, draw his own congregation. But have we not a part, too? However eloquent the minister was, if no one spoke of his sermons his congregation would never grow. We should invite our friends to church, and do what we can to gather in a congregation. And above all we should see that we ourselves are always in our place. A regular attendant upon all the services of God's house is worth a great deal in a congregation. Let your minister feel when he goes to his services, that you certainly will be there, and that will do something toward helping him. Then we should encourage the preacher by listening attentively. Ah, whoever has addressed a crowd knows the inspiration of earnest listeners. Indeed, even in social life "a good listener" has a peculiar charm about him. We certainly can take heed to ourselves and give the preacher that help. Then again, by talking over the sermon. Not criticizing the sermon captiously, but reviewing the lesson given us, thereby more deeply impressing them on our minds, as well as others. O for more of that earnest, charitable discussion of the sermon, and less of that fault-finding, critical spirit, which destroys so much of the good seed. Then we can help the preacher by illustrating the truths he teaches in our lives. This would indeed be a mighty "help." To let our lips and lives express these holy truths—to be "epistles known and read of men." This indeed is the end of all preaching, and if we but take home to our hearts the lessons taught us we shall speak for Christ more powerfully than any words can. Let us each see that these few practical hints are not lost upon us, and we then shall be able to join with joy in the great "Harvest Home."—*Marie Mack in Interior.*

A COMMON MISTAKE ABOUT THE GOLDEN RULE.

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct towards other men by their wishes ; to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct towards others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place ; and this is a very different matter. In other words, we are to make what we see are their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would naturally do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice. . . . A man

appeals to me for a testimonial, and I may have reason to believe that if I give it to him, he will have a good chance of securing an excellent appointment. He is in urgent need of it, for he has had a great deal of trouble. There is no harm in him, and I should be glad to help him. But I am doubtful, and more than doubtful, whether he would discharge the duties of the position satisfactorily. He says that if I were in his position and he in mine, I should plead hard for his recommendation. But I have to think not only of the man himself, but of the people to whom he wishes me to recommend him. If I had to make the appointment myself, should I like them to recommend me a man about whose fitness they were uncertain? Should I like them to tell me of his merits and not even to hint at his disqualifications. Is it just even to the applicant himself to give him the support he asks for? If I were in his position, should I—if I were a wise and honest man—wish to be recommended to a post the duties of which I was unable to discharge? Apart altogether from the obligations of veracity, this "golden rule" may require me to refuse to support his application. This Christian law would diminish the immorality of testimonials.—*Dr. Dale.*

SWEETNESS OF SPIRIT.

There are some Christian men who somehow carry the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure just to look at them. Even when one differs in judgment with them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn and fascinated, by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other hand such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, however conscience may compel conclusions, on matters of mutual consequence unlike those which they have reached.

Those are not weak men, either. What people like in them is not that, with the everlasting unvaryingness of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so are always at an agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition because they are so true and just that their respect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when he gives him a sunny disposition, a candid spirit, and the instinct of fairness in a controversy. It is exceedingly hard for some men to be just. They are jealous, suspicious and morose in their natural bent. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It is easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems if it were almost more than grace can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dish-wash her life away for her husband and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them and they are over for good and all. The prospect of ending them and drawing pay for the labour is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing more of them to wash ; then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and wringing go on forever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in a sock, "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every morning the rooms are put in order only to be in the wildest disorder by the time night falls.

There are no jobs each one different, no pay day. The same socks, the same room every time. There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupations. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health, both of body and mind, is worth more than additional acres of land or finer live stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow

old. Life should not have lost its spirit, and the body its elasticity at forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty! All the joy of life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moments of life be at least negatively happy.

THIS ONE THING.

All profitable, successful lines of business are special lines ; so, if we would be earnest servants of God, we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness, and putting on the armour of light.

Two Scotchmen in the north of Scotland went fishing one day, and, as men sometimes do there, as well as here, got drunk. When it was time to go home one of them cast off the head-line, and they got into the boat, took the oars, and began to pull towards home, as they supposed. After some time was thus spent, one said : "Sandle, is it not time we were home?" The other agreed with him, and they redoubled their efforts, but without making any progress. At last morning dawned, and the effects of the whiskey passed off, and they found that while casting off the head-line they had forgotten the stern-line, and were fast to the shore, while they thought they were homeward bound.

So it often is with Christians ; we cast off the head-line and wonder we do not make faster progress, when all the time the stern-line is holding us fast to the shore. That stern-line interferes with us wonderfully. We are fast somewhere, and we can't go where the Spirit leads us. Some compromise with the world, some thread—a silken one, perhaps—some church, something holds us back, and till we cut loose from everything we are shore-bound.—*George F. Pentecost.*

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

"You may judge of your own progress, and of the strength of your religious feeling, by your willingness to talk of religious subjects to other persons. If your feeling is genuine, you cannot avoid such topics even if you would, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'" These words of exhortation caused great discomfort to a hearer who wishing to do good as well as to be good was yet conscious of an inability to speak freely on the most sacred of all topics, and feared to wound where he would fain heal.

Is it not true that much which is called religious conversation is more properly conversing about religion? On the other hand may we not recall many a really religious conversation where perhaps no sacred word or topic had been introduced—where yet the manner of speaking of the common events and everyday duties, the behaviour of individuals, all the simple things that are the subjects of most persons' talk, showed in the speaker the most precious qualities, the "faith that overcometh the world," the hope "touching all things with hues of heaven," the charity that "thinketh no evil?"—*Golden Rule.*

PRAYING AND GIVING.

A youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O Thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give all my possessions!" Hermes, the head-man, heard this, and said to the rich youth, "All good gifts come from above ; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut, where there was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here an altar for the sacrifice ; see here the Lord's representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully, and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled, and said, "Thus turn always, thy grateful countenance first to heaven, and then to earth."

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things ; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons ; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning ; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life.