

of the Indians, that the missionary is more powerful than the warrior, and that only so far as the divine truths he proclaims are received and practised have we any guarantee for the future peace and prosperity of our nation.

Another result which has flowed from the meeting of the Assembly at Winnipeg has been a deeper realization of the unity of the Church. Assembled there one saw representatives from all parts of our Dominion, from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, men of various degrees of culture and Christian attainment, occupying various positions, each preserving his own individuality, each differing from the other in many minor points, while holding in their integrity the same essential truths, shewing that unity is not uniformity, manifesting the true unity of the Church amid seeming diversity. The harmony which characterized throughout the meeting of the Assembly, the Christian spirit which pervaded the various debates, the evident disposition to give every one a fair chance of expressing his opinion from his own standpoint on the various questions discussed, grandly illustrated the principle of Christian unity, and awakened in every heart the words of the Psalmist, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

JOHN G. CAMERON.

The Manse, Pickering, Ont., July 21, 1887

THE PASTOR'S COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Our Lord Himself, during His ministry on earth, gave us our most impressive illustrations of this. The pastor's study is no more a place for deep research and hard brain work than it is a place for refreshing his own spirit through communion with his Lord in prayer. His struggles (if he has any) with his temporal affairs, his experiences with men and with families, his needs for the pulpit, his longings for spiritual power, are all matters which he is privileged, with quiet trust, to press upon his Lord with a fulness he could not indulge in conversing with his nearest earthly companion. Our Lord is our most gentle and sympathizing friend. Talking with him is indescribably relieving and stimulating. Unspeakably precious is it for the pastor to tell Him all he feels, to ask His guidance and support, to commit to Him his cares and needs, and to roll off his burdens on His strong arm. He can ask, "Lord, what message wilt Thou have me to bear to the flock next Sabbath morning, next Sabbath evening, at the next weekly meeting?" "Lord, what wilt Thou have me say or do to-day on my walks or during my calls?" "Lord, give me my texts, show me their spiritual depths, reveal to me the deep things of the Spirit in Thy Word." "Lord, I have great longing for the comfort or the salvation of such a person or such a family. Open the way for me to his heart or their hearts." "Lord, teach me how most successfully to point out to poor ruined men the way by which alone they can be saved." Where is the limit to this privilege in secret of telling everything to and asking everything of our Lord? Oh the blissful privilege of aloneness with him in the study, of rolling off burdens, of disengaging ourselves from trials, of pleading with One who loves His people's importunity! It is the pastor's deepest secret of spiritual power.—*Rev. David Cole, D.D.*

A CONTEMPORARY states that Professor Calderwood takes the lead in Edinburgh in organizing the Liberal Unionists, and expresses his conviction that they must prepare for antagonistic action against the other section of the Liberal party. He utterly refuses ever to become reconciled to the Parnellites, though, having first secured the unity of the Empire, he is willing to give Ireland local government.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scotsman* gives an amusing account of Dr. Cameron Lees, at the Scotch Church, Melbourne. There was an immense congregation at Dr. Lee's first sermon, and he preached from Rev. xxi. 6, "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." Every one was delighted with Dr. Lee's commanding appearance and physique. He has grown much stouter and his face is bronzed with exposure to the tropical sun. He wore the jewel of the Order of the Thistle hung from his neck with a green silk ribbon, and gave such excessive satisfaction that there was nothing but silver and gold in the collection plates.

Pastor and People.

ASKING.

O heavenly Father, Thou hast told
Of a gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only son,
For His sake, give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The gift by which the dead shall live!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

I cannot see, and I want the sight;
I am in the dark, and I want the light;
I want to pray, and I don't know how;
O give me Thy Holy Spirit now!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

Thou hast said it, I must believe;
It is only "ask," and I shall receive.
If Thou said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy Word I come and say,
Oh, let Thy Word come true to-day!
For Christ's sake, give it to me!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

QUIET THOUGHTS.

BY MINNIE G. FRAZER.

It was a very pretty little brook, winding among quiet fields, losing itself in leafy glades where great moss-grown stones half stopped its course, making its sparkling wavelets break into crowns of foam. And deep down in the dell, where the trees drew closer together, and the topmost branches bowed to one another, and even went the length of clasping in a close embrace, excusing themselves on the plea that the wind tossed their tassled branches, there was a deep, shaded pool, where shy fish hung motionless in the sombre depths. I do not know if strangers felt its subtle charm as I did. How could I help loving it? It knew all my joys, all my sorrows. When a child, lonely in my griefs, I had gone there seeking its quieter moods, to pour out my heart, and I can hardly yet believe that it was altogether fancy that made the waters take a sadder shade. And then, how they leaped and danced over the sunlit stones when my heart sang with joy. That little stream spoke to me of the beauty of God, telling that the invisible character of the Creator might be known from the things that are seen; crystal pure, its waters, life-giving and free, washing its banks with floods of absolution. Emblem of the soul-reviving fountain which flowed from "the threshold of the house eastward." To its quiet banks came men embittered by worldly care, women with oppressed hearts, weary and careworn. To all it spoke of cleansing—showed its purity and freshness, and whispered, "He giveth beauty for ashes."

Poor human hearts, with your agony of sorrow, which no man knows, if the pathos of your lives was made known, we would stand with bowed heads as if on holy ground. But the brook soothed, where our softest word would have wounded. It hid their secrets close where human friends would have betrayed the trust. Yes, the brook knew many secrets. Pretty romance and tragic history had acted out their life dramas within sound of its babbling waters. Madge, with shattered hopes and darkened life, had first learned beside its peaceful pool that life must be lived by the sad as well as the happy. Looking at wave-washed stones and pebbly bank, she found tokens of a long continued and silent fire. The very waters themselves told the same story, "All that does not burn has been burnt already." And the wind, piping through the bending rushes, sang: "He giveth beauty for ashes." When man sets out a fire in the tangled brake, it leaves ruin and blackness in its track. But when the Lord Almighty enkindles the flame, it leaves behind it crystal forms of loveliness, dew drops, rainbows of light. More, he breathes over the barren waste that man has made, and His breath causes new beauties to spring forth. And when the fire of affliction sweeps over the troubled soul, He says, "Be still, and know that I am God." And from the ruins of former joys He moulds characters of perfection, clear and sparkling, fit to be corner stones in

the temple of the Master-builder. I know not how far my brooklet went rippling on. Perhaps, like Tennyson's, it went on "forever," losing itself at last in the vast ocean; just as we some day will lose ourselves in the great sea of mercy, where flows like an ocean of glory the bliss of His presence above.

AN OVERLOOKED BEATITUDE.

Perhaps no other one of the beatitudes of Christ is so overlooked and so disregarded as that which He pronounced among the peacemakers. Who ever heard a sermon on it? How many strive to get its benediction? Surely no Christian duty is more neglected than that of peacemaking. There are many people who are really strife-makers, rather than peacemakers. They do not seek to heal estrangements between others, to prevent quarrels and contentions, and to bring together those who have been divided alienated. Their whole influence goes toward widening breaches, intensifying bitterness, and exciting anger and hatred. When they meet a man who speaks qualifiedly of another, they take the opportunity to emphasize the qualification, thus confirming the man's doubt or suspicion concerning his neighbour. When they find a slight estrangement, they are quite sure to make it greater than less by their words, by the tone in which they speak, or by their suggestive silence. When they find rankling in one man's mind a little feeling against another, they do not try, in a brotherly, generous way, to remove the feeling, but manage to deepen and intensify the bitterness. The true peacemakers are few, even in Christian society. Is it not time that we should get our Lord's beatitude down from the shelf and brush the dust from it, and try to win its benediction?—*Presbyterian.*

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

"They are dead fish which are carried down the stream," says Manton. Living fish may go with the stream at times, but dead fish must always do so. There are plenty of such in all waters; dead souls, so far as the truest life is concerned, and these are always drifting, drifting, drifting as the current takes them. Their first inquiry is, what is customary? God's law is of small account to them, but the unwritten rules of society have a power over them which they never think of resisting. They stand in awe of a fool's banter, and ask of their neighbour leave to breathe.

Good men have generally been called upon to walk by themselves. We can sin abundantly by passively yielding to the course of this world; but to be holy and gracious needs many a struggle, many a tear.

Come, my heart, canst thou go against the stream? It is the way of life. The opposing waters will but wash and cleanse thee, and thou shalt ascend to the eternal river head, and be near and like thy God. O thou who art Lord of the straight and narrow way, aid me to force a passage to glory and immortality.—*Spurgeon.*

RICHES OF THE GOSPEL.

"When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear of the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorders of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness that filleth the hungry soul. I want to have a light on the mystery of providence, to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I may pass the time of my sojourning here in fear, and close it in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus, 'who His own self bears our sins in His own body on the tree.' Tell me of His intercession for the transgressors as their 'Advocate with the Father.' Tell me of His chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of His presence, and sympathy, and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner."—*Mason*

TEN thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbours are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.