

Pastor and People.

A PASTOR'S SONG.

A stranger maiden came and sat,
One holy day amongst my flock.
And listening there to this and that,
Heard in her heart a gentle knock,
And then a voice—to her surprise—
Which seemed to say: "O maiden, rise."

She wondered what the knocking meant;
She wondered whence the voice could be.
And then she knew that God had sent
His voice, through mine—to set her free
And then we met; and down the strand
We walked a twelve-month hand in hand.

The Sea of Truth before us lay,
And o'er it ran a sunset flame,
Its billows swelling up our way,
And slow returning whence they came.
And she replied to it and me—
"A vision of new things I see"

"There is no shore to hem the sight,
When once we launch upon the deep!
There is no darkness; all is light
When sky-born splendors downward sweep.
When God on life doth drop His kiss;
When Love on truth doth beam like this.

"There are no fears which do not calm
Beneath God's benediction;
No life that is not made a psalm
When touched by His felicity.
My heart, surmises further sense
In all His word's magnificence.

"Oh, thou great Sea of Truth, that shines!
Oh, thou great flood of radiance
That fillest my horizon lines
And reacheth to 'the heart of me,'
I am not much: I little bring,
But thou hast made the dumb to sing."

And then her eyes grew soft, and turned
And melted in a glance with mine.
And thus it was again I learned,
A soul, through me, could now divine.
Truth ne'er was truth in full array
Till God's love in its bosom lay.

Then from the earth a mist arose
And hid us from each other's sight;
And then a night wind strongly blows,
And our one year lay dead and white.
And we no more could look abroad
Together on the things of God.

And nevermore beneath the blue
Or wintry skies of time we meet
Unless when thought, as thought will do,
Doth cross the world on flying feet,
And to each other, spirits bring
Obeisance and an offering.

God bless the little maiden who
Came to my door and went away,
And let me speak the message true
Into her soul that Sabbath day.
Some little heritage to gain
Against the time when we shall reign!

When we shall reign? Oh, yes, I ween,
And brief the journey till it comes.
The years that lie these points between
Time sweeps them out like broken crumbs.
The only life is that on high—
We'll find each other by and by.

THE PARSON'S BARREL.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Well, parson," said Deacon Goodgold to his pastor, "that last Sunday mornin's sermon was number one *prime*; may I ask you which end of the barrel that came out on? Your barrel is like the widder's in Scriptur—it never seems to give out." "I am glad that my sermon suited you," replied the genial dominie, "for I got part of that at your house, part came from neighbor B—'s, and part from poor Mrs. C—, in whose sick room I spent an hour, and one hint in it came from your boy Frank, who rode by my house on 'old gray,' without any saddle or bridle. I picked up some of the best things in that discourse during an afternoon spent in pastoral visiting."

Parson Honeywell was a shrewd man, and a faithful, godly preacher. He had not a great many books; and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his fingers' ends; it was his one great unexhausted storehouse of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to God's Word. In the forenoon he studied his Bible, and in the afternoon he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations, like his Divine Master, from the birds of the air, the flowers of the field and

the sower or plowman by the wayside. His mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his oxen "blow" under a roadside tree, he halted and had a chat with him.

He observed the farmer's style of thought, gave him a few words of golden counsel, and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of, something to love his pastor for also. If he saw a boy on his way from school, he took the lad into his buggy and asked him some questions which set the youngster to study his Bible when he got home. Parson Honeywell caught his congregation when they were young.

Deacon Goodgold was curious to know more about the way in which his minister had gathered up that last Sunday's sermon. "Well," replied the parson, "I was studying on the subject of trusting God in times of trial. First I went to the fountain head, for my Bible never runs dry. I studied my text thoroughly, comparing Scripture with Scripture; I prayed over it, for a half hour of prayer is worth two hours of study in getting light on the things of God. After I had put my heads and doctrinal points on paper I sallied out to find my practical observations among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me her difficulties about the doctrine of 'assurance of faith.' From there I went over to your neighbor B—'s house; he is terribly cut down since he failed in business. He told me that with the breaking down of his son's health, and his own break down in the store, he could hardly hold his head up, and he had begun to feel awfully rebellious towards his heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down just what his difficulties were. From his store I went over to see poor Mrs. C—, who is dying slowly by consumption. She showed me a favorite flower that she had put into her window-seat to catch the sunshine, and said that her flower had been a daily sermon to her about keeping her soul in the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance. Her talk braced me up, and gave me a good hint. Then I called on the widow M— who always needs a word of sympathy. Before I came away she told me that her daughter Mary could not exactly understand what it was to trust Christ, and was finding no peace, although she had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I had her daughter called in, and I drew from her all her points of difficulty; I read to her such texts of Scripture as applied to her case, prayed with her, and then started for home. Your boy rode by my house on the old horse, who went along without any bridle, and stopped when he got to the bars that lead in to the pasture.

"Before I went to bed I worked in all the material that I had gathered during the afternoon, and I studied out the solution to the difficulties of your wife and of your neighbor B— and of the troubled daughter of widow M—, and I wove the answers to such doubts and difficulties into my sermon. The cheerful experiences of good Mrs. C— in her sick chamber helped me mightily, for faith in action is worth several pounds of it in theory. I went to my pulpit last Sunday pretty sure that my sermon would help three or four persons there, and if it would fit their cases, I judged that it would fit thirty or forty more cases. For human nature is pretty much alike, and sometimes when I preach a discourse that comes home close to my own heart's wants, I take it for granted that it will come to plenty of other hearts in the congregation."

"Yes, parson," said the deacon, "your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel 'Thou art the man' when you hit some of my oesettin' sins. I have often been wantin' to ask you why your sermon barrel has never give out, as poor Parson Scanty's barrel did before you came here. He always giv' us about the same sermon, and as I set away back by the door, it got to be mighty thin by the time it got to my pew."

Parson Honeywell turned pleasantly to the deacon and said—"I will tell you what the famous old Dr. Bellamy once said to a young minister who asked him how he should always have material for his sermons. The shrewd old doctor said—'Young man, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a full stream; but

if you put in very little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you may tap and tap and get precious little after all.' I always get my people to help me to fill up my cask. Good afternoon, deacon."

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BOYD.

(The following tribute was paid by the Rev. Geo. Bruce, B.A., to the memory of the late Lieutenant-Governor Boyd, who was a member of Mr. Bruce's congregation, in a sermon preached on the occasion of his death.—Ed.)

His appointment to the high office of governor of the province of New Brunswick, which was received with such an expression of universal satisfaction and approval; the way in which he filled the place and used the opportunity and power of the high station during the brief time he occupied it; the manner of his death, so sudden, so unexpected; all this has served to reveal to the people at once the character and life of the man, its most loveable and really admirable qualities and their own deep and admiring affection for him as a man. It is safe to say that no appointment to the office could have been made which would have been received with more universal approbation, and the more people considered it the more profound and warm were the feelings of approval and delight that one so long and so closely identified with the best interests of the place, with its successes and its reverses, so fit to be one to embody its hopes and its aspirations should have been appointed to the office of lieutenant-governor.

With regard to our departed friend, I am glad to say that I am well assured that he was what he was from his living union with the Son of God, and that he did what of good he did through his faith in Christ and love of Him. From a very intimate acquaintance of over ten years I am satisfied without any doubt that the qualities of that life which have so deeply impressed so many men had their source in his trust in his Saviour. Surely it is something to know this. And if I may say a word here of that sacred thing, the secret of a soul's relation to its Redeemer, I may say this, that that relation was strong and vital with him, and that whilst he did not speak freely of the inner emotions of his breast, nor sympathize very much with the questions which divide men in the church of Christ, still in his being, in the very texture of his nature, the deep, strong faith of the church of his fathers was so woven that his character in its best and truest elements was but the confluence of the streams of spiritual life which flowed in his soul. Broad in his sympathies he saw and admired what he thought good in all bodies, but his attachment to his own church grew stronger and deeper day by day. O, how he loved this St. David's church! Last Sabbath morning when the week of prayer for the conversion of the world was before us at the request of the council of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, he said to one in a whisper as he left the church, "Aren't you proud you are a Presbyterian?" But while he was thus true to his own church and loved her with unceasing devotion, and while in his very being he bore the features of the character of the men and women who suffered and died for their faith upon the hills, and on the moors of Scotland and Ireland, he had a Christian sympathy which overflowed all walls and went out to every one who loved his Saviour.

POPULAR PREACHING.

When Mr. Moody was beginning his first series of meetings in London, a mighty throng of nearly twenty thousand people were gathered on that first night to hear what the man from America had to say. And he began by saying: "If I came here to speak concerning your great dramatist, or if I came to expound the constitution that is the supreme law of the wonderful land across the sea from which I come, then I should have no hope of holding this immense audience here night after night. But I am here to speak of Jesus Christ, the ever-interesting theme." And Mr. Moody was right. The only preaching that can be popular fifty-two weeks in the year, and year after year, is the preaching that tells the "old, old story."—*Homiletic Review.*

GLORIFYING GOD IN BUSINESS LIFE.

We are to glorify God in all our business relations. There is danger that we shall make an unwarrantable distinction between our business engagements and our religious obligations. They do not belong to different spheres of duty. We too often act as if Sundays and churches belong to God and week-days and business houses to the world, the flesh and the devil. There is a sense in which the house has been consecrated to God as peculiarly sacred; but there is also a sense in which every office and store may be consecrated to God. Religion is not for Sundays and churches alone; but it is for week days and business-houses as well. Religion sanctifies and glorifies every relation in life. If a man cannot take his religion into his business, he must have a bad business or a very poor religion. We all recognize the importance of what is known as "a call to the ministry"; the man who refuses to heed this call does so at his peril. But it must not be forgotten that every man is called to some form of ministry in the kingdom of our Lord.

The whole duty of everyone everywhere is to glorify God; and the exalted privilege of every man is to enjoy God forever. No man is excused from this great obligation because he refuses to confess Christ; this refusal but adds to his guilt. If you are engaged in an honest business for which you have qualifications and which you are conducting in a religious spirit, you may rest assured that God has called you into that business. By giving you ability to perform your work, God has set you apart to that duty; other business men may not have formally laid their hands upon your head, giving you ordination to that service, but tacitly they have given their approval, and God has given his blessing. This conception of our daily calling exalts and glorifies it; it makes the lowliest duty radiant with the glory of the loftiest motive. This conception of life and duty converts every office and store, every workshop and factory, every parlor and kitchen, into a sanctuary. It makes every counter and desk, every anvil and bench, a pulpit from which men and women may preach the Gospel of Christ and in which they are to glorify God. We are to find our opportunity to serve God not apart from, but within our daily vocation. Any other thought of secular service degrades it and dishonors God.—*Robert S. McArthur.*

SEMBLANCE AND REALITY.

The semblance of religion is often dearer to men than religion itself. As one saith, many a man has spent five hundred pounds upon a picture of a beggar, by Murillo, or a brigand by Salvator Rosa, who would not give a penny to a real beggar, and go out of their wits at the sight of a brigand. The picture of religion, outward name of it, men will give much to maintain; but the reality of religion—ah! that is quite a different thing. Many of our churches are surmounted with the cross in stone, but how few of the worshippers care to take up the cross of Christ daily and follow Him. We know religious men who are respected by the ungodly, not for their religion, but on account of some adventitious (or accidental) circumstances. It was not the religion itself they cared for. If you should take a bear in a cage into a town, men will pay their money to see it, but let it loose among them and they will pay twice as much to get rid of it. So sometimes if a religious man has gifts or ability, there are many who regard and admire him, but not for his religion. Let the religion itself come abroad in the daily actions of his life, and then straightway they begin to abhor him.

There is much false love to Jesus—much unhallowed profession. Let us remember, however, that the day is coming when all false profession will be destroyed. The fan in Christ's hand will leave none of the chaff remaining upon the wheat-heap, and the great fire will not suffer a single particle of dross to be unconsumed. Happy shall that man be whose faith was a real faith, whose repentance was sincere, whose obedience was true, who gave his heart, his whole heart, to the Master's cause!—*Spurgeon.*