

## Pastor and People.

### FOR JESUS' SAKE.

I do not ask for cloudless skies,  
For gain without a loss;  
I would not seek to wear the crown  
Before I bear the cross;  
But that the shine may follow shade,  
The smile may chase the tear.  
This prayer I make:  
For Jesus' sake;  
Be Thou forever near.

I do not ask to find a friend  
Before I prove my worth;  
Or sit among the mighty ones—  
The great uncrowned of earth;  
But that my tiny torch of light  
May neither dim nor wane.  
This prayer I make:  
For Jesus' sake  
Temper the wind and rain.

I do not ask unfathomed depths  
Of certitude to sound,  
Unending flows the flood of truth—  
An ocean without bound;  
But that each slowly sinking sun  
My cup abrim may find.  
This prayer I make:  
For Jesus' sake,  
Train Thou the willing mind.

I do not ask for treasured gold;  
While just before my eyes,  
In rags and pallid wretchedness,  
Walk heirs of Paradise;  
But that the little I can do  
May turn their gaze above,  
This prayer I make:  
For Jesus' sake,  
Give me a wreath of love.

I do not ask—O Father, dear I  
I would not ask for aught  
That lies outside Thy providence—  
The justice of Thy thought;  
But that the wonders of Thy will  
Perfecter Thou may'st see,  
This prayer I make:  
For Jesus' sake,  
Live Thine own life in me.

—Boston Journal.

### LESSON FROM THE REED.

The weak, unpretentious reed, living out its frail and quiet life at the water's edge, has become, under Christ's use of it, a sermon for trembling hearts and weak steps in all times. "The bruised reed He will not break." That feeble fluttering movement of the desire and confidence of the tired and weary heart toward Jesus is as tenderly welcomed and lovingly upheld as is the faint lisp of the helpless babe for mother's lullaby and keeping. Behind every purpose that in any degree lifts itself heavenward is the energizing power of the brooding Holy Ghost. The slightest movement of the will toward the right is fostered and sympathized with by the divine will. We tread no steps of honest, manly effort alone.

We need to keep this fact well in mind, lest the very feebleness of the beginning of a better purpose seem to mock us with its helplessness. Satan is on hand in all such experiences, loath to lose a prisoner, and suggesting every argument as to the uselessness of any attempt to better one's condition. But it is one of the solid facts of this every-day life that the Master Gardener, Jesus, walks about His garden day and night sheltering, invigorating and building up into strength every plant, though it lie as prone as the "bruised reed." The very fact of our weakness and insufficiency is of itself an argument and a cord that draws Him to our help. An honest cry of any heart to Jesus will bring Him instantly without any thought on His part either on our merit or demerit. He only asks this much, that it be from the heart; iniquity covered up, one face for Him and one for the devil, does not bring Him. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." But the faintest effort of the heart enslaved in sin to free itself from its chains is sure of the strong arm which the prophet saith should break every chain and set the captive free.

### HUMBLE PIETY.

Eloquence and enthusiasm have not done so much for Christianity as the modest virtues, uniform activity and patient prayers of thousands of Christians whose names are unknown. God forbid that I should undervalue great talents! Much rather would I thank God with all my heart because He has given to His Church in every age some men of great power—men who rise and tower like mountains in the landscapes above their fellowmen. These men are not only a shelter and a defence for other men, but they catch the first beams of the morning and send them down into the plains: the first showers from the clouds, and pour them into the valleys. Nevertheless, the Church owes more to signal piety than to their influence. Not the learning of the scholar, the reasoning of the philosopher, the eloquence of the orator, or the strains of the bard have done the most for the Christian Church. It ever has been, and it will continue to be, the holy lives, the earnest prayers, with the pure mind, lovely spirit and fervent devotions of humble Christians that will reform man and save the world. Christianity is God living in the human soul of man if God reigns there. The Church prospers according to the number and reality of individual con-

versions. God is honoured more in souls subdued and saved by grace than by great talents merely. Therefore let us do what we can to increase both, but more especially the feeble member's piety.

Life acts upon life. If we have not great gifts let us have great piety, that, while we are neither wise nor eloquent, we can and will be holy, for that is our native element and our Heavenly Father's design for all His children—holiness proportioned to our measure and adapted to the sphere of activity wherein we live that attracts by its simplicity and conquers by its beauty: holiness, mysterious in its origin, wonderful in its nature—nay, miraculous if we consider the changes it produces; but not less human, attainable and practicable. Yes; our lives should be imbued with this spirit of Christianity. It should be of a single, even tenor, a solemn unity, a sweet serenity, an untiring activity, zeal which does much but says little. Lives whose purity none can dispute—these are the things that do most for Christianity. These constitute the life, the acting life of the Church of God. These things have kept in the most trying times so many hearts for the Lord, and in the favoured times have greatly multiplied them. The feeble members are the most necessary for the world. They are the most mighty. The Christian is a member of society, and what he has he should use in and for society's good. Religion produces its effects in the human soul, in the daily life, in the Christian human Church. Mental gifts in the world—let these be sanctified by piety. Society, the Church, the world—all want this very piety. Do not keep it in the place of meditation, of inner life, of public worship, because it is profitable for all, it is suited to all persons, places and time. Then bring it out.—Rev. J. A. Brinkerworth.

### LIGHT.

Jesus says, "I am the Light of the world."

He is the Sun of Righteousness risen with healing in His wings: the bright and morning Star: a Light that shineth in a dark place, bringing the day-dawn; the Day Star arisen in our hearts. "In Him was life and the Life was the light of men." "He was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

He was the Light of the world in His words. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life. John viii. 12. I am come a Light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness. John xii. 46. I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. John xi. 25, 26. By these words Jesus has "brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel." They are the first rays of the rising Sun that begin to disperse the gloom of the grave. It is the early dawn that wakes the eye of faith and bids it look through the shadow of death and see the Light of the Life to come.

"Never man like this Man."

There comes one smitten with leprosy, kneeling, beseeching, and saying, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Without delay, Jesus replies, "I will; be thou clean." The darkness of disease is dispelled by the light of health.

Four friends bear a man stricken with palsy into His presence. Seeing their faith, He says to the sick man, "Son thy sins be forgiven thee." Certain cavilling scribes charge Him with blasphemy. Knowing their thoughts and to prove His power to forgive sin, He speaks the second time to the motionless paralytic, saying, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house." At once sensibility returns to his nerves, firmness to his joints, and strength to his muscles. He rises, takes up his bed, and goes to his house. The darkness of helplessness is turned into the light of strength.

Two blind men sit by the wayside. As He approaches them, they cry, "Son of David, have mercy on us!" Testing their faith, Jesus asks, "Believe ye that I can do this?" They say, "Yea, Lord." Then came the light giving words, "According to your faith be it unto you." At once their eyes are opened, light enters, and the wonders of vision are revealed. The darkness of blindness is dispelled by the light of day.

About the fourth watch in the night a little ship containing His disciples, in the midst of the Sea of Genesareth, tossed by the waves. Gazing through the darkness they see One coming towards them, walking on the water. They cry out with fear, "It is a spirit!" Jesus speaks to them saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." The darkness of danger is changed into the light of safety.

In sight of the Cross, with a full knowledge of its unspeakable agonies, having revealed to His disciples the fearful death that awaited Him, in full sympathy with their distress, and forgetful of Himself, He uttered these tender, parting words, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe ye also in Me; in My Father's House are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also. My peace I leave with you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The darkness of despair is changed to the light of hope.

His words were filled with light. They brought comfort to the sorrowing; they gave strength to the weak; they inspired the despairing with hope; they imparted confidence to the doubting; they restored health to the sick; they sent pardon to the sinning; they breathed life into the dying.

The same words that gave light to those who heard them have not been dimmed by intervening ages. They shine as brightly now as they did nearly two thousand years ago, and are as effectually driving darkness away from the minds and hearts of men to-day.

Reader, are you groping in the darkness of sin or sorrow? Turn your eyes to the words of Jesus and walk in their light.—Christian Leader.

### REVISING LIFE.

Is it not true that, sooner or later, there comes to most of us a time when life has to be revised? We get to see things in clearer lights, in more abiding relations. Hitherto we have proceeded upon temporal assumptions—theories of life which cannot stand the test of eternity. We have lived and planned as if this life were all, or at least as if this life were the principal thing. But suddenly—or it may be gradually—the true perspective opens before us. Immediate things are dwarfed and dwindle into insignificance; the everlasting verities break upon our vision like mountains out of a morning mist.

This life-crisis usually comes when one is emerging out of youth into manhood or womanhood. It is often preceded or accompanied by some painful or trying experience, and in itself at the first it is commonly a depressing experience. We speak of it as coming to look upon the serious side of life. Yet there is no great spiritual joy possible to one who fails to make this grand life-revision. We cannot keep the child-view of things always. It would not be natural. While we are young it is meet that we should speak and think as a child, but when we become men we must put away childish things. The great and impressive facts of life must be taken into the account; and so soon as we are able to contemplate them they will modify, and perhaps change altogether, our estimate of ourselves and our environments.

We may determine to make this revision of our life ourselves, or God will make it for us. There is a grim necessity in a man's maturer change of outlook. Strive as we may to keep the short-sighted and often foolish deals of youth, how few of us live after the pattern of our early dreams! Especially as regards our life-work, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the man meets life's necessity by doing that which never entered into his boyish plans. Usually it is somewhat more substantial, the work we are doing in our maturity, than that which we contemplated in our youth—better work, probably, as we realize before we finish it.

Occasionally, to be sure, a mature view of life is taken in youth—a view which needs no revision; but this is not often. Most of us have to put our early ideals away in sacred places, as we do rose-leaves and old letters and first sentiments. They are worth keeping because they were sweet and beautiful, like flowers; but like flowers, also, they could not last. The serious and abiding judgments of a mature mind displaced them. The time came when life ceased to be a romance and a dream. The realities took the place of the fancies, and life was adjusted according to its abiding principles.—Zion's Herald.

### A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

A girl in the house, to my mind, can wield a wonderful influence. I cannot conceive a more beautiful sight than the affection of a sister for her brother. A sister's love is one of the sweetest flowers planted by God in the heart of a girl. It is born of filial sympathy and confidence, and ripens into a spiritual love different from any other affection.

Powerful as is the influence of a mother, there have been innumerable cases where the presence of a sister's sweet and tender love, or the memory of a sister's holy affection, have been the saving grace of a brother's life. The sister's love in the home often formulates the brother's estimate of her sex. A sister can have a softening influence upon a brother where everything else fails. She raises his opinion of woman by her actions towards him.

A young man can be made pretty well what his sister chooses to make him. As he sees her in the home, so he judges the sisters of other brothers. She is often his standard whereby others are measured.

### HASTE.

If a man were to discover a blaze three inches long on the roof of his house, would he say: "Oh, it is no use to be in a hurry about extinguishing that little blaze"? If there were a heavy mortgage on his farm, and to-day were the last day of grace, and he were sure that his creditor would close in as soon as the time expired, would he go off for a week's vacation on an excursion? If, by mistake, I had taken a dose of poison, and were to be informed by the physician I would die in three hours, would I say: "Let us go to the fair or to the political rally"? Then, my friend, you have already taken the poison, and the Saviour offers the antidote to-day, but He may never offer it again.

### IT IS A MISTAKE

To try to cure catarrh by using local applications. Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It is not a disease of the man's nose, but of the man. Therefore, to effect a cure requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, expelling the taint which causes the disease, and imparting health.