

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

RESTING IN GOD.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest,
Thou canst stand;
Child-like proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear
In His love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearst sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt Him not.
Always has the daylight broken,
Always has He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day—
Know His love for thee provideth
Good, alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

EFFORT AND FAITH.

A Tuscan coastguard reported to his government that there had been a lamentable shipwreck on the coast, and he said: "Notwithstanding that I lent to the crew on board the ship every assistance possible by means of my speaking trumpet, I regret to say that a number of bodies were washed upon the shore next morning, dead."

Very wonderful, was it not? And yet this is the kind of assistance which many who profess the faith lend to the people. They have yielded them the assistance which many who profess the faith lend to the people. They have yielded them the assistance of rhetoric, flowers of speech, and poetical quotations, and yet men have persisted in impenitence. There has been no real care for souls. The sermon was preached, but the people were not prayed for in secret. The people were not hunted for as men search for precious things. They were not wept over; they were not in very deed cared about. After all, it was the speaking trumpet's help and nothing else. But our faith makes us abundant in good works. If you are doing all you possibly can for Christ, endeavour to do yet more. I believe a Christian man is generally right when he is trying to do more than he can; and when he goes still further beyond that point, he will be even more nearly right. There are scarcely any bounds to the possibility of service. Many a man who is now doing little, might, with the same exertion, do twice as much by wise arrangement and courageous enterprise. For instance, in our country town a sermon delivered on the village green would, in all probability, be worth twenty sermons preached in the chapel; and in London a sermon delivered to a crowd in a public hall or theatre may accomplish ten times as much good as if it had fallen on the accomplished ears of our regular auditors. We need, like the apostle, to launch out into the deep, or our nets will never enclose a great multitude of fishes. If we had but the pluck to come out of our hiding place and face the foe, we should soon achieve immense success. We need far more faith in the Holy Ghost. He will bless us if we cast ourselves entirely upon Him. —*Spurgeon.*

THE THRONE OF WOMAN.

The well-being of society rests on our homes, and what are their foundation stones but woman's care and devotion? A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." The love we experienced for domestic blessings increases faith in an infinite goodness, and is a foretaste of a better world to come.

Our homes, as one well observes, are the support of the Government and the Church, and all the associations that give blessings and vitality to social existence are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distance may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. Be she of high or low degree—in single blessedness or double—she is recreant to her duty if she sits with folded hands and empty head and heart, and frowns on all claims to her benevolence or efforts for the welfare of others. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some parent to care for, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. "To whom much is given, of them much will be required." That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison. At home does woman appear in her true glory; in the inner sanctuary of home life can she be most like those who walk above "in soft, white light" and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PEW.

Many a good man in the pulpit is saddened and discouraged by the fault-finding of the pew. This carping of the hearer sometimes extends to almost everything connected with the pastor. His sermons are usually first attacked. They are didactic and uninteresting in matter and cold in delivery. This petulance of speech never takes into consideration the drain made upon the minister's resources, by the preparation each week of two discourses, the numerous drafts each week upon his time and sympathies by the multiplicity of matters that require his attention not only among his own flock, but in his relation to the Church at large and to the world. Comparatively few hearers seem to comprehend that the rush and pressure of the present age affect the minister in his sphere of labour quite as much as the occupant of any pew in the scenes of his daily life. It requires time for reading, study, research, meditation away from worldly care and bustle to formulate even one sermon a week, that will meet the demands of this exacting age. But to find a few hours for this preparation-work for a sermon any week is often a problem whose solution puzzles the ingenuity of many a pastor. How much more difficult the question when two sermons must be in readiness for each Sabbath, and several addresses must be delivered during the week. The impossibility of accomplishing such a task has been felt by men of great ability in an age when the exactions of the pew were comparatively gentle, and the quietude of the study was comparatively lengthy and interrupted. Bishop Andrews, no weakling in intellect and no idler in the vineyard, was accustomed to say when speaking of these trials of the ministry: "When I preach twice on Sunday, I have to prate once." Brethren of the pew, be considerate. Your pastor's godly life is his best sermon.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

GO AFTER MEN.

The preacher must not sit down and wait for men to come to him, like a physician for patients, or a dentist for men to have their teeth extracted; but must go after them, and take them as he finds them.

An eminent American pastor said a few years ago that his church was "dying of respectability." May not this be the case with many of our churches? It will not do for the preacher, in these busy, whirling, rushing, practical days of ours, when nearly every man

is doing his own reading and thinking, to wrap himself up in his clerical coat and white cravat and expect the world to run after him, or blindly believe all he says. He must impress himself upon men by the power that is in him, and they must feel that he is one of them, and in sympathy with them.

Says Dr. Austin Phelps: "It may be that we are living in an abnormal current of social changes. It may be that we are passing through a period of transition in history in which one sea is pouring itself through a narrow channel into another, like Erie into Ontario. Niagara, therefore, may be the fit emblem of our modern life. We may be approaching very near to the last times. The world may be moving with a rush which is its ultimate momentum. But one of the first principles of Christianity is to take men as it finds them, and where it finds them, and then and there adjust itself to them." Its mission is to do for men all that it can do under the disadvantages which its or any other invincible fact creates. A Christian pulpit can not wait for men to come into a state in which they can receive its ministrations gracefully, tastefully, in a scholarly way, or even contemptuously and candidly. Least of all, has the pulpit any right to refuse to be received in any other way.

CHRIST BESIDE US.

Once I remember being told in my childhood the old story of a prince who appeared among the daughters of men, beautiful and trustful, and there won his bride by the charms of his gentleness and love; but when he came to tell the maiden of his lineage and his home, he had to reveal to her that he dwelt far away in the centre of the underworld; there his father was king, and the place was splendid, beyond what imagination could paint in a picture; but the path that led to it was unknown to souls of human birth; the entrance to even the beginning of it was beneath the waves of the ocean; she must simply put her hand in his with wifely trust and plunge off the cliff into the waters; it would be a hard moment of suffering, fear, perhaps; in an instant more they would rise through the billows, and then they would see the radiant towers of the royal residence, shining in jewels, and kindled with light that was not of the sun or stars.

Just so, whatever the vast and beautiful hereafter may be, it seems to me that there must always be this placing of every soul's hand in the hand of Christ, as on the day of its "first espousals" unto Him. He has told us of His "Father's house with many mansions." I do not see any way in which we can escape the silent, solemn plunge into the ocean which flows all around the world. It is a sunless passage, but very swift; Christ is just beside us, and the palace of rest and hope is shining beyond.—*Dr. C. Robinson.*

MORNING BIBLE READING.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the household are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried by taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained, a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our comfort by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.

RECENT advices from the Petchaburi (Siam) mission field are quite encouraging. On the last Sunday in April seven adults united with the Presbyterian Church at Bangabock, and on the first Sunday in May, a large accession of membership was expected at Pochalay; also about fifty enquirers after religion throughout the region in which Dr. Sturge practices.