

WAITING FOR RESULTS.

Perhaps the severest strain is put upon our faith by what we consider the provoking *delays* on the part of God. We work for results, expect results, and yet the results do not come. What pastor, what Sunday school teacher, what praying parent, has not had his or her faith sorely tried in this way over and over again? The trouble is, that we imagine that we can command the results, when we are no more responsible for them than a diligent farmer is for next weeks weather. He that observeth the clouds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the winds shall never reap, for what we entrust to God, you and I are not responsible. *He is our Trustee.* It is not my "lookout," but his, whether my honest endeavors succeed or be baffled.

Peter was not responsible for the number of sick people he should restore at Lydda, or of the dead he should raise at Jopda, or of converts that he should win at Caesarea. All that we are responsible for is unwearied, conscientious discharge of duty to its very uttermost; everything beyond that belongs to God. If he can wait for results, we can. I often think of the somewhat blunt but honest answer of the old nurse to the impatient mother who said to her, "Your medicine don't seem to make my dear child better," The nurse replied, "Yes it will; don't you worry. You just trust God; *He is tedious, but he's sure.*" The simple-hearted old body blurted out in her homely way what we ministers often feel, though we should hardly dare to phrase it as she did.

The pull at the oar of duty is often a long and tedious one. The flesh grows weary and the spirit faints when the waves smite the bow, and hinder our headway. Impatient and discouraged, we sometimes threaten to throw down the oars and "let her drift." But the voice of the Divine Helmsman utters the kind but strong rebuke, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" And before we are aware, the bow strikes the strand, and we are at the very land whither the Blessed Pilot was guiding us.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

TOO DEADLY FOR COMMON USE.

Tobacco, according to the following, kills both wives and flies. If it were destructive to vermin only it might be put to

a very good use, but it is altogether too deadly, when it kills off wives. When will Christian people learn that reason and religion have set up their warning signals against this vile stuff, and that these voices cannot be refused with impunity? Read the following;

"Not long since, I was walking in the city with celebrated physician. As we passed a house surrounded with every evidence of wealth and refinement, he spoke; "I have a patient in there an idolized wife, who is dying, and beyond all help, and none of them know what is the matter with her, and still her husband has killed her."

"'Why, doctor,' said I, 'what do you mean?"

"'I mean just this. Her husband is just literally steeped in tobacco until the insensible perspiration from his body has become a deadly poison, and his wife has absorbed enough of this, and had before I was called in, so that she will die.

"'At an establishment where they treat patients for the cure of the tobacco habit, a man just brought in was washed as clean as soap and water could make him, and then some flies were allowed to alight on him. In five minutes by the watch they were dead! There was poison enough in the perspiration that came out of the man washed as clean as possible, to kill them. You can imagine what it would be when he wasn't washed; perhaps, to spend hours each day in a warm bed with him.'—*T. B. Terry, in Albany Argus.*

What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or those of our dear ones. Present joys, present blessings, slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavour, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding trust in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home.—*Phillips Brooks.*