

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

Forsake me not; though fast the night is falling
And shadows gather in the darkened sky,
I cannot fear, when Thou, oh God art calling,
I cannot fall when Thy kind arms are nigh.
Stay Thou with me I be Thou my refuge ever,
My strength, my all—whatever be my lot!
Oh, bless me with Thy gracious love forever
And in the gloom of night, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, in time of tribulation,
Be Thou my rock and fortress in despair;
Oh, fill my burdened soul with Thy salvation
And pour Thy Spirit's balm on all my care.
Though sorrows break my heart, oh gracious Father!
Thy rod and staff can comfort my distress;
Though grief oppress, and heavy tears drop gather,
Thy pitying love can bring me sweet redress.

Forsake me not; breathe Thou into my being
The very breath of heaven, from above;
Unseal mine eyes, that I, Thy goodness seeing,
May know and feel Thy deep, Thy boundless love.
In storm or calm, be Thou, oh God, beside me,
That I, Thy child, may never be forgot;
Thro' shade or sun, by day or night-time guide me
Thro' all my journey—oh, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, dear God; though I forget Thee
And trusting to myself go blindly on;
Oh, bring me back to Thee again and let me
In meekness know my boasted strength is gone;
And if I falter waiting for the morning,
Then let Thy grace my ev'ry need supply,
What matter, if I have its rich adorning,
Though neither gold or precious gems have I?

Forsake me not; I need Thee ev'ry minute;
I trust Thee, want Thee, love Thee, God of all!
Thro' life with all its destined changes in it
Be near me, watch me, help me, lest I fall!
And when I reach death's dim, o'er-shadowed river,
When life's poor gains and losses are forgot,
Divine Redeemer, Gracious Heavenly Giver,
Be Thou still near me! Oh, forsake me not!

—Interior.

RESPECT TO PARENTS.

In this fast age many young persons do not show proper respect to their parents. A short time since, I read in a Boston paper, of a young lawyer in Dorchester, Mass., who was counsel on the opposite side of a case in court, in which his own mother was called to testify. While cross-examining her he displayed so much disrespect and heartlessness as to make his associates blush with shame for him.

Afterward seizing a letter of his mother's from his table, he thrust it insultingly in her face, saying, "Madam, do you know that hand-writing?" The poor mother looked into her son's face, and burst into tears as she exclaimed: "My son, who are you, and whose are you?" She was so overcome that she had to be carried out of the court-room. The spectators were so indignant with the young man for his cruel treatment of his old mother, that many said: "He deserved to be kicked into the street, and out of the profession which he disgraced." There seems to be something radically wrong in the way young people are brought up now-a-days.

Parents should not countenance the least disrespect shown by their children towards themselves; for it is from small beginnings that great offences grow; and they should teach them early the importance of strictly obeying the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," i. e., if they desire the love and respect of their children when they become older. Habits of disrespect are often formed in early childhood. Parents allow their children to be impatient, rude and insolent, and think: "They don't mean what they say, 'tis only their bad temper, they'll outgrow it by and by." But such bad habits should be conquered without loss of time.

A child should in no case be given a thing it cries for. I have seen a child, less than two years old, stamp its feet, shake its fists, and scream loudly if denied anything it wanted. The mother would give it what it wished for merely to stop its noise. Children brought up in that way rarely ever respect their parents, and it is not to be wondered at.

Respect to parents, I consider one of the cardinal virtues; and I hope my young readers will kindly take the following advice from an old lady: Never acquire the habit of calling your father "the old man," or your mother "the old woman." It sounds disrespectful; and if either should chance to hear you, he or she would be sorely grieved. A propos: Let me tell you a bit of a story.

One day a little boy seven years old, who had been out of doors where his father was planting, came into the house saying: "Papa told Mr. Blank the old woman wanted a plot of ground for a flower garden, and that she might have it for all he cared. He meant you, didn't he, grandma?"

Grandma could not answer the little boy, she was too wounded to speak. Her age was a little over sixty, yet she felt young at heart, and though she knew she was an old woman, it grieved her that her son, whom she had borne, and cherished so tenderly in infancy, had loved and watched over in childhood, and worked hard for his comfort in boyhood and early manhood, should so forget his duty as to speak slightly of his mother before his own little son.

I wonder if young people ever think they will grow old! The years passing so swiftly may place them in the position their parents now occupy, and they will look back with regret if forcibly reminded by their own children of the insulting manner in which they treat their parents now. I sincerely hope my young readers will think of this and remember that

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
While with patience we stand waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

—Golden Rule.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

There was a celebrated painter once, who was making a picture of Jesus in the midst of His twelve apostles. In arranging the picture he concluded to paint the apostles first, and not begin with their Master till he had finished them. As he went on with the picture, he tried to do the very best he could with each of the apostles. He took the greatest pains with their figures, their positions, their dress, and their faces. As he went on with his work he was very well pleased with it. After finishing the apostles, he began with the person of Jesus. He got on very well with this till he came to the head and face of our blessed Lord, then he laid down his brush and paused. He felt that the face of Jesus ought to be made to appear as much more beautiful than His disciples as the sun is more glorious than the stars. But how could he do this? He had tried so hard to make the disciples look well, that he felt he had no power left to make their Master appear as much superior to them as He ought to appear. And so he finished the person of Jesus all but the head, and then painted Him with a white mantle thrown over His head. He thought that when persons came to look at this painting, they would imagine what the face of Jesus ought to be better than he could represent it by painting.

And I feel very much as that painter did, when I come to speak about the person and presence of Jesus in heaven. All who love Jesus here on earth agree in saying that from what they know of Him now, He is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Then how will he appear when our eyes come to "see the King in His beauty," in heaven.—*Richard Newton, D.D.*

THE WEAKENED FOUNDATIONS.

In a article with the above heading in the *United Presbyterian*, Pittsburgh, the following is worthy of attention. We may expect to reap the harvest we have sown. Men have grown rich by speculations, and we give them honour. We see the manipulations of the market, and unprincipled men with power illegitimately gained making victims of the innocent to enrich themselves, and we have made feeble protest. We see gambling in every conceivable form going on around us without restraint. The police of the cities make occasional raids on the dens of these so-called professional gamblers, but pool-rooms are advertised and are thronged by our young men; exchanges, for speculative purposes, are established and the fluctuations of the market are hourly chronicled for the dealers in margins; banks advance money to men known to be engaged in such transactions; merchants foster the spirit, offering the chance of prizes, and customers buy in the hope of getting what they do not pay for. Conscience is paralyzed by the use of disreputable methods and the hope of large gains. Are we to be surprised when trusted officers of monied institutions catch the contagion and prove false to their trusts? We wink at all this until the crash comes. Then we open our eyes and wonder at the dishonesty and wrong-doing!

This unsettling of morals in business is much greater and more wide-spread than is generally supposed. Brokers can tell the infatuation of their customers. The common gambler with his cards in his hands, and his last dollar on the table, is not more under the evil spell than hundreds of our citizens who are regarded as honest and honourable men, many of whose names are on the church rolls, and whose homes are centres of refinement and ostensible benevolence.

Intemperance has been said to be our national vice; and the evil is enormous; the woe produced is unmeasurable. But along side of it, almost the equal of it in the centres of trade, in the number of its victims, and in the moral ruin it is working, is the spirit of gambling. The people are groaning under the the burdens it imposes upon legitimately invested capital and upon the prices of staple products; they are suffering from the continual uncertainty that thereby enters more and more into all departments of business; they see their very amusements perverted to the support of vice, and they find the foundation of confidence breaking up.

We must come back to the Word of God and conscience. There is a domain of right which must be sacredly kept. Character can be built only on the foundation of truth and the fear of God. Whatever destroys the reverent sense of God's presence and the consciousness of right before him must sooner or later bring disaster on individual and communities.

THE MIRACLE OF PENTECOST.

The wondrous outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost marked the birthday of the Christian Church, and Whitsunday was appointed to commemorate the miraculous event, and also to confirm the doctrine of the Spirit's presence and power in the regeneration of men. Thus, the new dispensation of the Spirit was ushered in by an astounding miracle manifested by "cloven tongues as of fire," and by "a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind," and endowing the apostles to speak in the strange tongues of the multitudes gathered at Jerusalem "out of every nation under heaven."

But this miracle of Pentecost is practically repeated in the regeneration of every soul that repents and believes in Christ, and is translated from the darkness of nature into the light and liberty of the Gospel. The gift of the Spirit is the heritage of the Church, and abides with her, and will be manifested with power and demonstration whenever the people of God put away the evil of their doings and unite in imploring His presence. Here is the promise with its condition:

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts. If I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."—*Lutheran Observer.*

WISDOM.

Heavenly wisdom creates heavenly utterance. There is something in preaching the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I long to get at. If we deal with divine realities we ought to feel them such, and then the people will in general feel with us, acknowledge the power that does wonders on the heart; while dry, formal, discussional preaching leaves the hearers just where it found them. Still, they who are thus favoured have need to be blessed with a deal of humility. We are too apt to be proud of that which is not our own. O! humility! humility! humility!—*Rowland Hill.*

TENDERNESS TOWARDS OTHERS.

Bear with each other's faults. Love one another, and help one another. Pity each other. Bear each other's burdens. We are all moving on a great march—a vaster assembly than ever moved through the wilderness of old—and when we stand revealed to Him, and He to us, and we to each other, we shall look back with unspeakable sorrow at the jars, and the discords and the uncharities of this mortal life; and for every sweet kindness, for every loving helpfulness, for every patience, and for every self-denial and self-sacrifice, we shall lift up thanks to Almighty God.