

Pastor and People.

THE PEACEFUL LIFE.

The working life is the life of peace,
The words of the wise are golden;
And down the line of three hundred years
Comes the truth of these words grown olden.

Not the days that are passed amid songs and flowers
In dreamy active leisure;
But the days that are strong with stress of toil
Are those of the truest pleasure.

The eyes that look straight toward God and heaven,
Nor turn from the path of duty,
Are the eyes that see, in this changeful world,
The sights of the truest beauty.

Who lives for earth and to self alone
Must find its enjoyment shallow,
While he who lives for God and right
Finds something each day to hallow.

He who is bound by the yoke of love,
And regains his freedom never,
Has his perfect liberty here on earth,
And he shall be free forever.

O, life is short, and its skies sometimes
Are darkened with care and sorrow;
But the loyal hearted, the brave of soul,
Has always a glad to-morrow.

Then let us patiently bear the cross,
Our service and love confessing,
For the life of labour and faith and love
Is the only life of blessing.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

We must retrace our steps to illustrate another phase of "The Gospel Afloat." We had several Greeks among the passengers, returning from a short residence in Manchester or Liverpool, whither they had been to glean additional commercial experience. Two of them could speak English passably; the others commanded a little French, besides their own vernacular. For some days they kept aloof from the other passengers, not evidently from any dictates of modesty, for individuals more indifferent to social amenities I never saw. It was quite impossible, with any degree of comfort, to maintain conversation at table. They would talk together in their native tongue so loudly, with such outrageously violent gesticulation that, until they were taught that they were violating all social usage, we had neither peace nor comfort. I must confess this beginning did not improve my previous unfavourable opinion of the Greek character. A visit to the busy island of Syra, ten days in Constantinople, and a fortnight in Smyrna, brought me into constant contact with Greeks, and gave me some opportunity of studying their character; and though I am free to confess to the discovery of estimable traits of character, I never saw reason seriously to take exception to Byron's stinging testimony:

Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned.

At the outset of this narrative, I described the establishment of "family worship" in the saloon. For several evenings a grave difficulty presented itself, and caused us considerable annoyance. The Greeks created this difficulty. They would have nothing to do with our reading and prayer; but, occupying a table at the other side of the saloon, they would play their favourite game—backgammon. We had, therefore, unhappy elements intruding into our evening prayer; the rattling of the dice, the conversation and laughter of the players were most uncongenial accompaniments to our evening's worship. We had, of course, to remember that we had no more right to interfere with them than they had to disturb us; we had no right to impose restraint upon them. A welcome change was noticed after our service had been established a little over a week. During prayer the annoyance gave place to a reverent quiet. This partial recognition of the solemnity of our worship soon became complete, by the suspension, not only of their favourite game altogether, but also by the complete cessation of conversation. This gave us great satisfaction, especially so, when, a few evenings after, we found every Greek seated at the table round which we regularly met. We supplied them with Bibles, that they might take part in our evening read-

ing. For some time they sat without sharing in our reading, but, by and by, those who could read English not only read their verses, but joined others in suggesting questions concerning the portion read. It was especially noticed that anything touching the character or life of Christ called forth inquiring suggestions more than anything else. One had a New Testament in modern Greek, and very interesting the conversations became, embracing as they did, comparisons of words, various readings, etc.

Our evening service now included every passenger in the ship, besides the captain, who was often with us, and occasionally an under officer. The sight thus presented each evening was one never to be forgotten. Punctually at nine o'clock the candles would be placed upon the table, and we would assemble for prayer. We were a motley company—Greeks, an Armenian, a Maltese, English and Scotch, assembled around the throne of the "Father of us all." We represented, individually, more points of difference, probably, than of agreement; but these we sank at the throne of grace. The thought of "OUR FATHER" made us one. Many a dark and stormy night was made happy, peaceful and radiant by this united fellowship with God.

Our relations with the Greeks did not end here. Their uniting with us in our evening worship was followed by another, and yet more decided (because more public) step. We were singing at the "dog-watch" service for a few evenings, when I noticed one of our Greek friends timidly approaching us. He stood, half concealed by the mast, during the service, listening most attentively to the address. Subsequent evenings found three Greeks at every service—not spectators merely, but apparently worshippers. This continued for some evenings before a further evidence of progress manifested itself. All this time I had not interposed one word to any of them, beyond our ordinary intercourse. It seemed to me that a good work was in progress, and I feared that a premature word might hinder it. My attitude toward them was one of kindly, hopeful watchfulness.

Our ship had ploughed its way through the Cyclades group of the Archipelago, skirted Scio, Mitylene and Tenedos, and entered the Dardanelles. After obtaining pratique at Channak, where I first touched Turkish soil, and scrutinizing Abydos, of Byronic memory, we entered the Marmora. It was here that the mutual silence on religious subjects between the Greeks and myself was broken. Their journey was about to close, and our fellowship about to end. We were closely skirting the northern coast of the Marmora, on the evening previous to our arrival at Constantinople. It was after the fore-castle service, and previous to that in the saloon, when the two English-speaking Greeks accosted me, and desired half-an-hour's conversation. Arm in arm we walked along the saloon deck for more than an hour. It is impossible to reproduce their statement fully; its substance will suffice. They said they came to me, not only on their own behalf, but also in the name of the others, to make their statement. They candidly told me that they had considered the saloon service an encroachment upon the privileges of passengers, and had resented it accordingly. They were surprised that we did not expostulate. We were just as kind to them as we were before. They could not continue play under such conditions, and agreed to desist. Neutrality warmed into interest, and they joined us. They represented themselves to me as being much impressed by the sight of a "priest" (so they denominated me) taking an interest in the common seamen, preaching to them, and visiting them in their berths. Their representation of their own "priests" in this respect was not flattering. They took no interest in the "common people." The impression produced by that which every earnest worker for Christ would have done deepened into interest in the message delivered. They said I taught a very different character of Jesus Christ than they had been accustomed to. His character was just such an one as they should have expected that I would give. "You take an interest in neglected men, and you represent Christ as moving amongst and dying for such." This, in effect, was their testimony to the Gospel teaching afloat; it had impressed and surprised them greatly. I sought to follow up personally what had thus touched them, and the closing words of our conference roused in me profound gratitude to God. It was to this effect, and (as near as I can remember) in these words. "We

never saw the character of the Saviour as we do now; we never felt God so near. We shall never forget you. Pray for us, that we may not go back to our old, careless life, and lose that which we are taking home which we did not bring." In some such words, with many expressions of grateful appreciation, we parted for the night.

Early next morning we were steaming past Stamboul, each passenger revelling in the fairy panorama of which Byron wrote:

The European, with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus, high and hoar;
The Twelve Isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charmed the charming Mary Montague.

Rounding the Seraglio Point, with its white marble palace gleaming in the sunlight, we reached our anchorage in the Golden Horn. Amid the confusion attendant on arrival, we bade "good-bye" to the Greeks. As I gazed upon them in their caïque glancing up the Golden Horn toward their landing place, I prayed that the seed of truth which they carried away might grow into the maturity of Christian faith and character.—*Rev. W. Scott in Canadian Independent.*

HARMONY AT HOME.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.
2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we must not expect too much.
3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.
5. If from sickness, pain or infirmity, we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
6. Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness.
7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.
8. Take a cheerful view of every thing, and encourage hope.
9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants, and praise them when you can.
10. In all little pleasures which may occur, put self last.
11. Try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.—*Congregationalist.*

THE CUP OF SORROW.

On classic cups and vases we may have sometimes seen devices carved by the cunning hand of the sculptor. So around the cup of trial which God commends to the lips of suffering Christians are wreathed many comforting assurances. Here is one of them "All things work together for good to them that love God." Here is another like it: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Afflicted friend, turn thy cup of sorrow around, and thou wilt see engraved upon it those precious words. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Turn it again and read, "My grace is sufficient for thee." They are invisible to selfishness and blind unbelief. And God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears in order that they may read aright His commandments.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A FAITHFUL WITNESS.

An English Presbyterian missionary relates an interesting incident which occurred as he was halting for refreshments under a great tree on the boundaries of the Fukien province. He chanced to hear a Chinaman speaking with an unusually pleasant and impressive voice, and giving to the bystanders an account of the Christian religion. He did this as if uttering the deepest convictions of his own heart. The missionary afterward learned that this man had been a patient in one of the hospitals, and though not well, he was travelling toward his home, and on his way was preaching the Gospel which he had himself heard. How many such cases there may be we do not know, but it is interesting to find that at least some of those who are casually reached are becoming earnest promulgators of the truth they have heard.