

Pastor and People.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.
HE LEADETH ME.

BY R. E. K.

He leadeth me; His way must be the best
Though it be hard and rough and full of care
He leadeth; and I trust Him for the rest
And quiet faith my weary heart shall bear,

Through all the trials which come thick upon
The life which He has promised still to guide,
Through all life's darkness till it reach the dawn
And find itself His promised love beside.

Oh, teach me, Father, that there is no tide
Of trouble sore whose end Thou dost not see;
Oh, keep me till the swelling wave subside
Whose wrath still bore me on to victory.

For God is love; and love must prompt the hand
Which leads thy children in the voiceless night,
On to the precincts of that lustrous land
Where God is seen; and faith is lost in sight
Ottawa, Jan. 16th, 1895.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.
THE FATHER'S HOUSE.
BY REV. J. S. HENDERSON.

What a matchless tenderness and sympathy there is in these comforting words of Jesus to his weak and sorrowful disciples:

"I go to prepare a place for you."

He was just entering the twilight of his own great sorrow and trial. All his life long He was the man of sorrows; it is true, but soon the sorrow is to reach a culmination, and the grief—the woe—the sin of a lost world is to be laid upon him. The last social meal has been eaten, the memorial supper has been instituted, the traitor has gone out on his dark errand, and the tragedy of the ages is about to be consummated. Behold the Saviour! calm and serene in face of the gathering gloom and forgetful of his own impending sorrow; His great heart goes out in love and sympathy towards his few and feeble disciples. They had much to make them sorrowful. Jesus had just warned them of His coming betrayal and pointed out one of the twelve, his own chosen follower, as the traitor. He, their Master and Lord, their best earthly friend and companion, was about to leave them, and His departure seemed to them the death-knell of all their hopes. In words of tender compassion and of joyful anticipation, he addresses them, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." They still believed in God, but their faith was weak. They still believed in Jesus as the Son of God, but they evidently failed to comprehend the true nature of his mission. They had listened to his wonderful words and seen his mighty works, and were convinced that He was Divine. They hailed Him as their King and the deliverer of their nation, but they stumbled at his voluntary humiliation, and the tragic death to which they were looking forward and which seemed indeed to them the end of all their cherished hopes. In these words so full of comfort and promise Jesus bids them look away from the darkness and mystery that are brooding over them, and fix their eyes upon the brightness of the coming glory, "In my Father's house are many mansions." What an infinitude of treasure is wrapped up in these words. It is the home of the Father, the Eternal, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent One—the kindest and most loving being in all the universe—the Father's house. In it there are mansions for the humblest, but no tenements. Blessed thought! But Jesus does not stop here. He not only assures them that there is such a home, but also that it is to be for them—their very own—and that He, their Master and friend, is to set it in order with His own loving hands. "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." Jesus tells them that their future home is to be a place, not a state merely, but a place—a local, material habitation. It is the Imperial City of the King of kings, His own peculiar abode. But Jesus is to prepare it, wonderful thought! Perfection is to be made better! Infinity is to be surpassed! The infinite heart and mind of the God-head is to empty itself in fitting up a home for the Redeemed! Nay, further, Jesus is to come again, not merely to go and come, but to come again. He is to come the second time, not in weakness and humiliation, but in glory and majesty. Still further, He is to receive them to Himself, and His abode is to be theirs. In His humiliation when He was despised and had not where to lay his head, they had followed Him; therefore in His exaltation, when He sits upon His throne, they are to sit down with Him in His kingdom. But this rich legacy of comfort and promise is not alone for the Disciples, but for all Christ's faithful followers in all ages. Oh, ye wanderers of earth tossed upon life's rough sea, Jesus bids you look away from the darkness and mystery that surrounds you and fix your eyes upon the heavenly land. Now you are in the midst of difficulty and distress and discouragement, of trial and temptation, and tumults of sorrow and suffering and sin, but despair not, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Jesus is preparing a place for you, and He is preparing you for the place. He now sits as the refiner and purifier, He is purging you from all dross, and finally you will emerge from the furnace with a lustre entirely worthy of the Divine artificer. Now is the sorrow, then will be the joy. "After the cross, the crown," the Father's house.

Hensall, Ont.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.
THE PROMISED SPIRIT.

BY W. W. S.

At one of the Crossley and Hunter meetings in St. Catharines, a few days ago, Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Thorold, gave an address on the Holy Spirit, in the course of which he gave the following beautiful illustration of the proof the disciples had that Jesus had got home to his glory, after he had disappeared from their view:

"My first charge," said Mr. Mitchell, "was in the county of Glengary, near the Ottawa, largely settled by Highland immigrants. At that time there was an heir wanted for the Chisholm estates, at Strath Glass, in Invernesshire. Many of that name and descent thought of the possibility of their establishing their claim to be 'The Chisholm' among others, a young man in Montreal, a clerk in a mercantile establishment. He came to our county, and questioned one and another of these old Gaelic people, about their recollections and knowledge of his more immediate forefathers; and patiently constructed link after link in his chain of evidence, spending months among them in this work. And he would tell these old people, 'If ever I come into my estates, I'll send you a present!' This he said to all who thus helped him.

"He disappeared from among them. They saw him no more. He had gone to Britain to prosecute his claims in the courts. These old people in Glengary often thought of the young man, and wondered 'if he had got his own?' but they knew nothing, and heard nothing. But after a time the presents came. And then they knew, and said among themselves, 'The Chisholm has got his own!' for here was the proof of it—the promised gifts had come!

"So when Jesus left His disciples. He was gone; they saw Him no more. But He promised that when He got home He would send them a gift: the gift of the Spirit. And they waited in expectancy for ten days; and when the glorious gift of the Holy Ghost came, on the day of Pentecost, then they knew that Jesus had got home; had got His crown; had got His kingdom; had got His throne—had 'got His own!' for here was the proof of it. the promised Spirit had come."

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years, but before doing so he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pasture manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and laborers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine, rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they then been idle? Some had. But larger numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with his neighbor. And a vast amount of labor, too, had been lost in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet. The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital expended according to his direction would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various but all reclaimable soil barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary! They were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well! they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other, "You know we have to bring the whole property to order." But they did not do it. Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no! the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that; but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labors of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather in by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves. They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants of their Lord?

Ah! I can't tell! You must ask Him that! I only know that the Master said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and 1,800 years after, they had not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one half of the world!—Mrs. Grattan Guinness.

THE STORY OF A TESTAMENT.

Inhabiting a beautiful valley at the foot of the Sufed Koh range, half-way between Bannu and Cabul, is the Afghan tribe Turis. Unlike their Sunni neighbors, they belong to the Sheik sect of Mohammedans, and so have always remained separate and apart from the surrounding tribes.

Eight years ago one of their leading men who had heard about Christianity and desired to know more, received a Pushtu Testament (Loewenthal's) through an officer on duty there, with whom he used occasionally to talk about religion. Then this officer left, and after a lapse of eight years, another officer in the district reported that the man had been diligently reading the book, and was converted to its teaching. That valley, having so far been untouched by the efforts of any mission, and the nearest missionary station being Bannu, the Bannu medical missionary undertook the journey, taking with him a supply of Bibles, Testaments, and religious books, in Arabic, Pushtu and Persian, as well as some medicines to insure a welcome.

For several days the guest of the owner of the Testament given eight years before, he was not a little pleased to notice the effect produced through that book on the man's life. Almost every day during those eight years he had read it diligently (as was attested by its well-worn appearance), and he confessed to having found in it the words of eternal life. The people of his village including their priests and influential men had been accustomed to gather in his house and hear him read and preach from the wonderful book. As a result many became anxious to read and search for themselves. "For," they said to me, "we see what an effect reading this book has had on his life. From being hard and tyrannical, he has become kind and forbearing and just, and we wish to read for ourselves to see how this has been brought about."

Hence many were the ready applicants for Bibles, and very eagerly and sincerely were many of them read by men who already had a fair idea of the great gospel truths through the preaching of this one man in a land far removed from missionary work, which preaching was an effect of the reading and study of the Holy Word, aided only by the teaching of the Holy Spirit—teaching for which the man had made it his habit to pray daily.

MANNERS WHEN AT CHURCH.

No, your manners in church are very bad. And shall I tell you to whom you are rude? To God Himself. You have no right to saunter lazily up the aisle in the house dedicated to Him.

You have no right to move about, arranging, stroking, and straightening your gown; your manners should be quiet and in good order.

You have no right, during the time the hymn is sung, to carefully observe the box seats and wraps of the congregation.

You have no right to discuss the sermon as you walk down the aisle. The preacher has done his best, and in the name of God, and you have no right to criticise him.

You wonder if you have committed these sins; and you do not believe you have. My dear, think it over, and you will find one or two may be laid at your door. Only little faults, only little rudenesses, but to the King of kings.

Young Men's Era. Every time we consent to sin the curtain drops and the war rays from heaven are cut off from our hearts. And then comes frost.