

—One of our correspondents tells us of a pleasant opening for a minister of moderate qualifications. The church certainly ought not to have to wait long for a pastor. Writes the correspondent: "We are about to lose our minister here, in ———. We have a large congregation and a beautiful church. From what I hear, the people will be very reasonable if the right candidate appears. We would like a man as eloquent as Rev. Dr. Taylor, as spiritual as Dr. John Hall, a little like Moody and Beecher, and somewhat like Jonathan Edwards. One side aisle of the church believes in the catechism and the other aisle does not. Down the middle aisle they believe in a minister who can fill up the gallery. If you know of any man like this, who has married an unscriptural angel (because feminine), won't you tell the man about our church—particularly if his father-in-law is wealthy."—*Homiletic Monthly*.

CLEANING LAMP-BURNERS—Kerosene oil is generally used for lights in the country, and the cleaning of lamp-chimneys is very tiresome, but must be attended to every day. The burners often get out of fix, and it is very vexatious to keep them in running order. When they get clogged, and wont turn up nor down, and are covered with soot and gum, do not throw them away, but take a little iron kettle, put in a pint of wood ashes and a quart of water; put in the burners and let them boil for five or ten minutes; take them out, and with a soft rag wash them clean, and dry them well. They are as good as new, and will do another six months. It is very little trouble to do it and saves much vexation. After one has tried it once she will not be apt to forget. Nice looking, clean lamps are ornamental, while a smoky chimney and bad-smelling burners are not agreeable.

—Do not sweep more than is necessary for cleanliness and health. Pick up all bits and loose threads, and it possible use a carpet-sweeper instead of a broom. With careful dusting and "picking up," a room can be kept clean longer than some folks suppose. If large rugs are used, let the floor around them be wiped with a damp cloth, and the rugs shaken once a month or so. Halls, passages and porches need generally daily sweeping.

—Why are people so impolite? Men, decently dressed, will often spit on the floors of our ferry boats and cars, to the annoyance and disgust of every decent gentleman. They will also smoke on the fronts of cars, where they know the smoke is carried through, almost suffocating to the ladies within. Look at our sidewalks many of which are saturated with tobacco spit, and tell us, are we not a vulgar and heathenish people?

—A letter in the *London Times*, written from Tientsin speaks of missionaries as "the true pioneers of civilization," and adds, "The day has gone by when English missionaries are snubbed by their own authorities." He states that a "new missionary interest is passing over China," and seems to appreciate the young men of the English universities who have recently gone out under the China Island mission.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good and benefit their fellows have little time for murmuring or complaint.

Poetry.

THE PASTOR'S REQUEST.

"PRAY FOR ME, AND LET NOTHING FLAG!"

Such was Mr. Spurgeon's closing sentence some time ago in writing to his flock from Mentone. It was read by a Cheshunt friend in the *Sword and the Trowel*, and is developed into the following verses:—

"PRAY FOR ME, AND LET NOTHING FLAG!"

They are the words of a hero, both earnest and brave,
Who, afraid lest his loved work should drag,
While his life, health, and strength to the Master he gave,
Said, "Pray for me, and let nothing flag!"

For years he has laboured, from youth to mid age,
And has never known what 'twas to lag;
And now to his people, like a bird from his cage,
Sings, "Pray for me, and let nothing flag!"

He has toiled and proved faithful, report good or ill,
Unmoved, like a storm-beaten crag!
Ever true to his Master, and to His work still,
Saying, "Pray for me, and let nothing flag!"

And now, worn with labour, and weary with pain,
At bay, like a sore-hunted stag,
He calls loud to his comrades, and begs them again,
"Pray for me, and let nothing flag!"

And such are the men who for Christ win the day—
Heroes whom nothing can gag;
For when weary in battle, and worn, they still say,
"Pray for me, and let nothing flag."

Then, God cheer our brother, and brighten his life!
With blessings—a plentiful bag!
And bless his brave sons and his dear suffering wife!
And bless HIM; and let nothing flag!

Nonconformist and Independent.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hope, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

—Golden Hours.