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The Storm at Sea.

Often the scribes and Pharisees followed Jesus where He went, not because they loved Him, but because they wished to find fault with His teaching, and accuse Him before the people, for they were jealous of Him. At one time they even dared to take up stones to stone Him.

But no matter what they said of Jesus, the people still believed in their beloved Teacher,

Standing in such a boat, looking at such a multitude, and past them to the gardens and fields beyond, He told the parable of the sower and the seed which fell; some on stony ground, some by the wayside, some among thorns, and some on good ground.

Some of that multitude hardened their hearts against the loving message, others there were who went from the gathering with their hearts full of a new spirit that in after years

The Draught at Mount Hermon.

(W. E. Cule, in the 'Baptist Commonwealth'.)

There was no doubt about the fact that Mount Hermon was a chilly church. People who said so did not usually think of draughts, but of the social and spiritual atmosphere. The chapel building was very small, with seats of the old-fashioned, straight-backed variety, and the walls had been colored with the coldest kind of coloring. In the Big Seat you would find two or three deacons for whom 'old-fashioned' and 'straight-backed' would be the mildest adjectives that could suggest themselves. They were men of the small farmer class, with lives and ways alike as hard as nails, and with no thought of advance. If they had been asked, at the end of a forty years' diaconate, 'Stands Mount Hermon where it did?' They would have been proud to be able to reply, 'It does!'

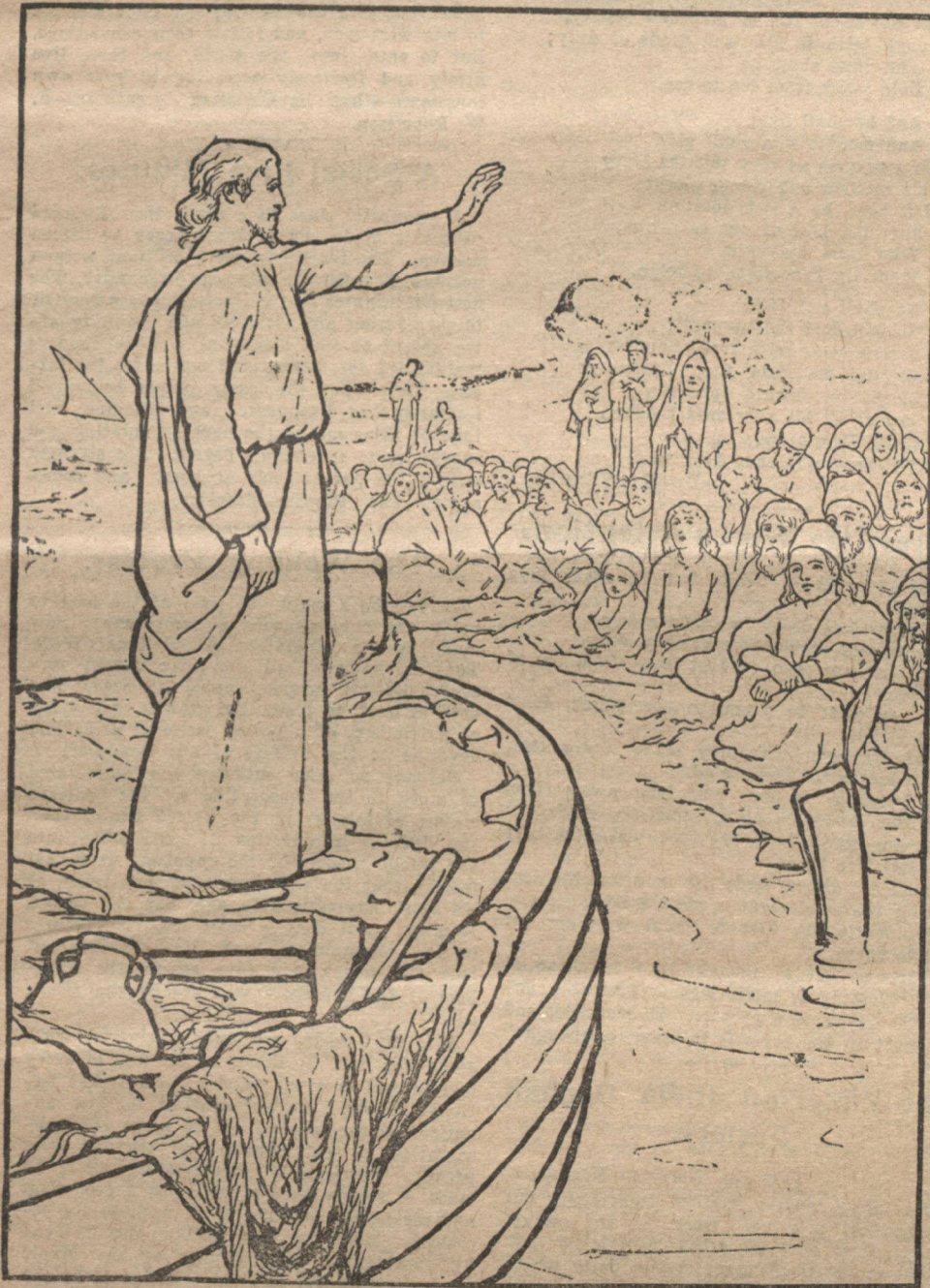
When health-seeking people discovered the village and began to flow in year by year, and when the population increased and new houses were built, one might have expected a change. But twelve years had passed without it, and the thirteenth was coming. New-comers dropped in and the collections improved a little; but the same person did not continue to come and come again. They said that after two circles Mount Hermon was altogether too stiff and cold for them; so the little chapel remained chilly and half empty, while those who might have filled it went to other places.

Such was the condition of things when Ernest Barnes undertook the pastorate. That was in April, just when the earliest of the annual visitors had begun to arrive. Mount Hermon had had pastors before, but only for a time. Young men from college had been willing to take it as a first charge, but had always accepted the next call afterwards, and had gone away with their enthusiasms chilled and with a life-lasting impression of the cold church and its straight-backed officers. There was no better prospect for the latest comer, and the chief question with the villagers was, 'How long will he stay?' In a couple of weeks he began to ask the same question himself.

He was a pale young man, with a thin face and reflective eyes—sleepy eyes, the deacons called them. He had failed to distinguish himself at college, and his course had closed with nothing better than a call from Mount Hermon. But he was sensitive, and the atmosphere found him at once. On the third Sunday, as he took his place in the pulpit, he looked around somewhat dolefully. The morning was raw, and not a single stranger had turned in. The deacons were there, and the whole place seemed as cold as they and as cheerless as the morning. 'What can I do?' he asked of himself. And there was no answer.

When he had given out the first hymn, he looked around again in the same way. It was then that he saw the door at the end of the left aisle open slowly. It opened for three or four inches, and then it closed again.

The pastor was disappointed. He had ex-



'SOMETIMES HE WOULD PREACH TO THEM ON THE SEA-SHORE.'

and came in crowds to hear Him. Down by the sea shore they would crowd around him, until they shut him in, and only a few could see Him and hear His voice. Then He would get the fishermen to push one of the boats lying on the beach a little way into the water and standing on it, He could look down and see everyone who was listening to Him, and they could look straight into His loving face.

bore fruits of loving service and courageous suffering for the Master.

We who cannot see Him as they did can still hearken to his voice, and as surely as they refused to hear or heard gladly, so surely must we make a definite decision. If we will not bear fruit for Christ we must be whether we will it or not, worse than useless, cumberers of the ground.—From 'Footsteps of the Master.'