

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### PEACE!

When little annoyances seem to be multiplied and mingled; when one little irritation follows another; when the failings and faults of those around us seem to be increasing, and their virtues failing; when little vexations like little files are rasping away at the fine nerves of keen sensibility, and grating like sharp saws on the very marrow of our feelings—oh, then, how unspeakable the privilege of being kept in perfect peace! These things will happen. They are in the same world that we are; often in the same circle of social action. Often in our homes even; and we must meet them. How is it with us in such cases? Do we writhe inwardly and smart with concealed torture; or do our tried feelings, like overstrained guitar strings, snap in the tension, and hot feelings and hasty words escape us, like the sharp twangs of the broken strings? Is not one or the other of these conditions too generally ours? Do we realize that neither of them need be?

"Jesus, plant and root in me  
All the mind that was in Thee;  
Settled peace I then shall find;  
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

"Anger I no more shall feel—  
Always even, always still;  
Meekly on my God reclined;  
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

"I shall suffer and fulfill  
All my Father's gracious will;  
Be in all alike resigned;  
Jesus' is a noble mind.

"When 'tis deeply rooted here  
Perfect love shall cast out fear;  
Fear doth servile spirits bind;  
Jesus' is a noble mind.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." (Phil. ii. 5.) Bishop Hamline testifies: "I often feel like a burning bush as I sit in the conference room. While good-natured jokes were around me, I was calm and solemn as eternity. It neither tried my patience nor disturbed my sobriety. And I am willing that all the world should know it. He has sprinkled me and I am clean; from all my filthiness and from all my idols He has cleansed me."

### THE INGRAFTED WORD.

I think I cannot better convey the idea to you than by stating it in a way that will be interesting to the young people. A gardener who wants to grow nothing but the best of apples would first make a proper selection of the seed; and the man who manages the nursery does not leave the seeds to manage themselves. The seed of the apple is carefully put into the ground, and is the beginning of a young tree. The seed, if let alone after it comes above the ground, will bear an inferior, sour, bitter, and natural kind of fruit. In order to bring forth good fruit, when the young tree has reached a certain stage, its top is cut off, and a tender sprig is selected with great care from a well-known good apple-tree, and is fastened to the stock, it being joined with such care that complete adhesion is the result. Now the stock grows down into the ground, and the sprig that is ingrafted grows up and is the tree. It is a wonderful fact bearing upon the course of nature that only trees of the same kind can be grafted in this way. Now, what follows all this process of ingrafting? The stock has its natural qualities, but the blossom and fruit is of the same kind as the sire from which the graft was taken.

Something like this occurs to the believer. There is our ordinary nature, dead in trespasses and in sin. We have many good natural virtues because they come to us naturally. We possess many of the casual features of Him in whose likeness we are made. But it is by nature a fallen likeness. Therefore, let us cut the top off and take a bud of the right kind, graft it upon the top or join it into us; make it a dominant part of our existence to bring forth blossoms; and, in order that we may do so, let us receive with meekness the ingrafted Word which is able to save the soul. The old Adam will still link us to the earth, but the new Adam that is ingrafted into us will link us to heaven. He who does that is consciously and deliberately the subject of the ingrafting process. When a truth is sown into the spirit, the spirit reaps life everlasting.—*Dr. John Hall.*

### OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.

Over against the treasury this day  
The Master silent sits; whilst, unaware  
Of that celestial presence still and fair,  
The people pass or pause upon their way.

And some go laden with His treasures sweet,  
And dressed in costly robes of His device  
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,  
Which bear no token to the Master's feet.

And some pass, gayly singing, to and fro.  
And cast a careless gift before His face  
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,  
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim;  
They touch his shining vesture as they pass,  
But see not—even darkly through a glass—  
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair  
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell  
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,  
As one by one we pass him unaware?

For this He who, on an awful day,  
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread  
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,  
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay!

O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown  
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?  
Or shall we now embrace his cross, and give  
Ourselves, and all we have, to Him alone?

—*London Christian.*

### THE KING'S MESSAGE.

"Good morning, Brother B."

"Good morning; we are having fine weather to-day!"

"Yes; such a Sabbath morning as this, it seems as though all nature welcomed the 'sweet day of rest.' How is it you are not going my way?"

"Oh well, I don't feel like going to church to-day."

"I am afraid you will be the loser."

"It may be so. The truth is, I think our minister is a little dull."

"Don't you think he preaches the truth?"

"Well, yes, there is no doubt about that; why, Mr. P. told me yesterday he did not think there was another man within twenty miles that could write a sermon equal to the one we had last Sabbath. But then, I like to see a man move around in the pulpit. If his hair was darker, and beard heavier, and he weighed about fifty pounds more, I should like to look at him better."

"I am reminded of what my boy asked this morning. After listening to the account of Elijah's being fed by the ravens, he said: 'Please tell me about the raven.' I asked if he remembered seeing the crow which John shot and hung in the cornfield. I supposed the raven was something like the crow."

"He said: 'Oh, I should like a prettier bird to feed me. Wouldn't a peacock be nice?'"

"I thought how natural for Elijah to have said, 'The bread and flesh are good, but I should like a little savory meat, and then the raven is an unclean bird. I must be fed by a dove, the emblem of purity.' So I turned back and read the fourth verse, where God said, 'I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.'"

"I see it now, friend A. I will go along with you to church."

"I am right glad to have you. Let us go, expecting a message from the King through His ambassador."

### SUFFERING.

God does nothing imperfectly. When He gives peace it is perfect peace. When He sends trials, they are trials which are every way fitted to their work of chastisement and perfecting. If we wince and writhe under our severe and peculiar afflictions with the thought that we could have endured more easily any other trial than just this one, coming at just this time, and in just this way; if, indeed, we are tempted to cry out in agony of spirit: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger;" in that very writhing and outcry, we have testimony to the fidelity of God, to the promises of His Word: "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Of course your trial is the severest you could

possibly bear. It has been divinely measured for you to that very end. Its very power is proof of God's loving watch and care for you. Only He who made the heart, and knows the way to its inmost recesses, could plan such trials for the heart:

No screw, no pincer, can  
Into a piece of timber work and wind,  
As God's afflictions into man  
When He a torture has designed.

They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts,  
And fall like rheums upon the tenderest parts.

### BREAKING DOWN.

Working for God is often painful as well as humbling. It entails suffering, and we are fitted for it by suffering. Why is this? Because the suffering brings us into closer fellowship with our Lord, who was the man of sorrows; because it brings us into sympathy with our brethren suffering all around us; because it humbles us. Do you know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the filling us; it is the emptying us. It is not the edifying us; it is the pulling us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument of edification is the pick-axe. He must break us down, down, down, and whatever He gives us to do for His service, He will first of all show us that we are not able to do it.

In our armies, when a man is wounded, they take him at once out of the ranks and put him in the rear to take care of him. He is not fit for the fighting till his wounds are healed.

Not so in the Lord's army. There the faint are in the heat of battle, and the wounded lead the vanguard. Look at the history of the Church, and you will see that most, if not all, of those whom God has employed in a signal manner for His glory have been, in one way or another, among the most afflicted of men, either in heart or in body, sometimes in both. Therefore, do not be afraid of suffering. Do not think that suffering interferes with service. On the contrary, it helps it on. When, therefore, we offer our prayers to God, and ask Him to take us and make us, don't let us forget to put up another petition between these two, and ask Him also to break us. That is a short and comprehensive prayer, "Take me! break me! make me!" God answering that prayer can do something with us.—*Theodore Monod.*

### THE OVER-WORK OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"To have as much work to do as one can do, and a little more," has been given as the best recipe for cheerfulness and contentment; but while readily concurring in the first part of the sentiment, we cannot but suggest that it might be, perchance, that very "little more" which is at the root of half the ill-health, pale faces, and fractious nerves of the present day. It is that last drop in the already full cup, that last straw on the already well laden back, which is too much, just one degree too much for the sorely pressed men and women who are fighting in the fight of life, and it is that over plus from which they ought if they can to abstain. They will not see it. Each allows that in the case of another that other's duty in the matter is plain enough; but for himself or herself—and then follow excuses, arguments, and obstinacy not to be shaken. Everybody, it would seem, must attempt something over and above what he or she can possibly accomplish; everybody must drain a little more out of their worrying, feverish brains than can be yielded consistently with only wholesome effort or energy: everybody must fly at game beyond their reach, if only it be within their sight.—*Good Words.*

### IT DOESN'T PAY.

Sabbath desecration is proving to be not profitable. At Coney Island, where the Lord's Day is utterly disregarded, it has been difficult to obtain competent and responsible men to conduct the hotels, because they do not pay, or pay so little as to make no adequate return for the work and worry expended. The restaurants in the same locality change hands pretty much every season, because they too, "don't pay." The stock of the railways leading to the island has only a nominal price, because it is earning nothing. In this city the Sunday opening of the Exhibition of Water Colours was a disappointment in the matter of revenue. In Cincinnati the demoralization resulting from the desecration of the Sabbath was one of the prime causes of the recent riot.—*Christian Intelligencer.*