

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### ABOUT BOYS.

Some one has said that every boy is, by nature, a little barbarian. Supposing it to be true, the difference between the ill-bred and the well-bred boy is so noticeable that we must conclude that he is quite capable, at least, of becoming civilized.

Not long ago I accepted an invitation to visit an old schoolmate who had five boys, whose ages ranged from four to fourteen. They were bright, wide-awake, and thoroughly boyish, but I was impressed at once with a well-bred air about them which made them very agreeable.

Of course they pried me with questions from morning till night, and wearied me sometimes with their noise; for how could boys exist and be quiet? But they were never rude or disrespectful, and the very youngest, if he chanced to jostle my chair in his play, or stepped upon my dress, would say, "Excuse me, aunty," as naturally as the older ones. If they rushed into the house to make some request of their mother, their hats came off as by instinct, and they were never caught saying "yes" or "no" or "what?" to those older than themselves. I watched them at meals, where good manners are pretty severely tested, even in grown people, and I found that there, as elsewhere, a few things were pleasantly but firmly insisted upon. Each one was taught to carry his food to his mouth with a fork or spoon, and not one left the table without asking to be excused, or thought of asking till his knife and fork were placed in order upon his plate and his napkin folded. Now I know, by sad experience, that it is not an easy matter to train the average boy to observe even such simple rules as these, but will it not pay in the end? When he reaches the age of young manhood will he not have cause for congratulation that he was not left to grow up awkward, uncultivated and ignorant of the rules of good breeding?

Two boys were walking home from school one day when they met a lady who bowed pleasantly to one of them.

"Who was that lady?" inquired the other boy.

"Oh! that was my mother," was the reply.

"Well! I think you're a funny boy to take off your hat to your mother," exclaimed the first speaker.

Funny or not, it indicated the difference in the training of the two lads.

No boy will take kindly to wearing a straight jacket, and it is better to insist upon a few things which are essential than to have a great many rules that are in danger of being constantly violated. Especially do we want to guard against making the boys feel uncomfortable at home. The family sitting-room, with its warm fire, cheery light, and ample table, around which they can gather with their books and games during the long winter evenings, should be to them the most attractive place in the world. Here will be found many an opportunity to teach them to be polite and kind to each other, and when they go out into the world they will not forget all the teaching, however little they may seem to heed it now.

One thing more, when a boy tries to do well, do not forget to commend him.—*Congregationalist*.

### THE EFFICIENCY OF THE CHURCH.

The "Christian Leader" gives the following synopsis of a paper read by the Rev. James Wells, of Pollockshields, at a recent Free Church Congress held at Dumfries, Scotland: The Church, he said, has always been most efficient when she was doing her supreme work, and spiritual efficiency is proved by the abundance of true Christian fruit. The end of Christ's Church is the salvation of men, to gather sinners into Christ's fold and build them up in every Christian grace. An efficient Church will foster education, humanize, refine, do something to secure civil liberty, stimulate men to be industrious, and secure for them the fruits of their industry—it will secure every interest that can be dear to the heart of an enlightened patriot. Prof. Humphry, at the British Association, said "the Scottish people were the finest people on the face of the earth, physically, mentally, and morally." Mr. Wells placed alongside that statement another by Froude, who says that "the Scottish Church has made the Scottish nation." He added that the soul is the man, all the rest is wrappings, garments, surroundings; and the Church of Christ has to do with the soul, and to secure its interests is to secure all

others. An efficient Church depends upon life, work, and power. A Church is efficient in so far as Christ's life throbs, pulsates, grows in it. A deficiency of Christian life explains the lack of efficiency in a Church. The Church is just ourselves and what we like to make it. What is needed is a more intense, pure, joyous—in a word, apostolic life. It must also be free from crotchets, hobbies, and eccentricities of doctrine, method, and practice. Along with a great religious profession it must also be strong on the side of the moralities and humanities, so as to be free from reproach. In regard to work, there must be devoted, active service in the religious instruction of the young, and bringing the influence of the members of the Church to bear on all classes of society. While a few men have exceptional power, all have some spiritual power over others if the right way is taken, and each is responsible for the use he makes of the power he has. This power is only found among those who are intensely evangelical; and Mr. Wells said his twenty-one years' experience had convinced him that those who lack this invariably lose power, heart, and hope. Along with this we must have a large stock of human sympathy, intense prayerfulness, and a spirit that enables each worker to say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

### "CERTAINLY I WILL BE WITH THEE."

Never, never so near,  
As in the time of tribulation;  
When men's hearts faint for fear,  
God is our help, our sure salvation.

Never, never so true,  
As when all else seems false and vain,  
When human friends are few,  
Christ can our faith and hope sustain.

Never, never so dear,  
As when our loved ones sink and die,  
We feel Him drawing near  
And saying, "Fear not—it is I."

Never so strong to save,  
As when we own our utter weakness,  
The humblest heart grows brave,  
That leans on Him in faith and meekness.

Saviour most true, most dear,  
May grace to all our souls be given,  
To know and feel Thee near,  
Until we see Thy face in heaven.

### CROSSES.

What the woof is to the warp, crosses are to character. Without the former, the latter is nothing but limp lines of thread without strength, without usefulness, without susceptibility of being made beautiful. But when crossed by the woof it becomes cloth fit for various uses, and capable of receiving a finish and an ornamentation which transforms it into a thing of beauty.

In like manner a man's character is limp, weak, unreliable, and unattractive until it has been subjected to many tests and trials. These, like the woof, cross and re-cross one's natural tendencies until resistance to evil begets strength, endurance, growth and moral beauty.

Why, then, should one fret against one's crosses? They are painful, vexatious, hard to be borne sometimes; but what are these ills, which are but for a moment, when compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory with which they are to be rewarded when the last one has been overcome? The brilliants in one's eternal crown will be the crosses of one's present life crystallized in the love and light of Heaven.—*Zion's Herald*.

### REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him, in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India and in story-books. "Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your busi-

ness. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and, with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath; "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulating plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a little stronger than the obstruction."

The elephant's name was whiskey.—*Christian Observer*.

### DIME NOVEL WORK.

Pernicious stories of the "dime novel" class continue to do their mischievous work. The latest recorded victim was a New London boy, aged fourteen, who shot himself during a period of mental aberration caused by reading dime novels. Parents who hear of such cases and fear for their own boys usually wish that someone would kill the writers and publishers of the vile trash that most boys read when they can get at it; but such wishes do not mend matters in the least, for there is no one to do the killing. The only antidote to the dime novel is good reading matter that is not prosy; there is plenty of it in the market, and fathers who do not see that their boys are well furnished with it have only themselves to blame if the youngsters are compelled to find their own literature for want of a paternal supply.—*New York Herald*.

### MADE MEET FOR SERVICE.

Plant me where Thou wilt in Thy garden and let me grow as Thou wilt. Thou wilt not let me fall of my highest end. The barley must suffer much from man. First it is cast into the earth that it may decay. Then when it is grown up and ripe it is cut and mown down. Then it is crushed and pressed. Just such a martyr is also linen or flax. It is plucked, steeped in water, beaten, hashed, spun, woven into linen, which is again torn and cut. Afterwards it is used to bind up wounds. Then it becomes lint, is laid under the pressing machines in the paper mill, and at last cut into bits to be used for writing. Thus man is prepared in God's furnace to be known and read of all men as His own child.—*Luther*.

### DOING BENEVOLENT WORK.

In doing benevolent work one loves to witness gratitude in those one benefits. Such recognition of kindness is to the charitable worker what a cup of cold water is to a thirsty labourer. But charitable work is not always, perhaps not generally, thus rewarded. Ingratitude is a common characteristic of those whose necessities are the fungi of their vices, and their ingratitude is apt to be as ice to one's charitable affections. Yet genuine charitable love will not freeze in the breath of ungrateful return, because it is of the nature of that love which led the Master to die for His enemies, and from which flows that wonderful long-suffering that moves Him to give this sinning world long space for repentance.

### DOING SOMETHING.

"I see in this world," says Rev. John Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second and add it to the first, I carry a point. If as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as this." These little things are what we can all do. Are you daily trying to do them?