

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY ABOVE.

In Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, xii. 23, we have these words: "To the General Assembly," etc. No matter to whom it refers, whether to the "whole host of angels," or to the patriarchs, priests and prophets, as the first-born into the kingdom of Christ in grace and then in glory, it sufficeth to know that it will be a heavenly assembly—"when all of the ransomed Church of God will be saved to sin no more."

As I returned from the Assembly at Vicksburg, I had a few reflections like unto the following: What commendable zeal do the communities where the Assembly meets from year to year, manifest in entertaining the body of representative men, who form this highest court of our Church, by well-spread tables, comfortable couches, instructive and diverting excursions, etc. But in the Assembly above, this will not be needed; for all will then freely feast on the fruit of the tree of life, drink of the river of life, which flows from the throne of God, bask on its beautiful borders, and walk and talk with the white-robed ones who have washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb.

There the pleasures of communion will be endless. There will be the rest of recreation and the "rapture of repose." None there will seek the honour of being the worthy moderator of such an august earthly Assembly as yearly meets, but the Great Head of the Church will preside—He who has the right as the Grand Master of all assemblies. There will be no points of order, no "laying on the table," "postponement," "recommitting," "docketing," "calling the question," or "motion to adjourn;" for all of the great business matters appertaining to Christ's glorious kingdom will have been felicitously fixed. There will be no calling for the "yeas" and "nays" for there will be a holy unanimity of judgment.

There will be no protracted debate as to the necessity of an assistant-secretary of Home or Foreign Missions, for there will be "no sea" to traverse, in order to carry Christ and His cross to perishing heathen—Carey and Judson, Duff and Wilson, Elliot and Morrison, and all others who were faithful, and will be faithful unto death, will be at the glorious "Harvest Home," and their sheaves with them.

There will then be no native Greek or Jew from his own loved land, or returned missionary from the land of Sinim, or the land of the Rising Sun, or the Isles of the Sea, to stimulate the greater efforts in occupying the field which the greatest of all missionaries declared to be "the world."

There will be no tedious "trial cases" coming up by appeal or complaint, to interrupt other business and to sadden the soul, and the great Judge of all the earth will settle them at the great day of final assizes, when the throne is set, and the books are opened.

And lastly, the Assembly on high will be composed of male and female. The godly women (and oh, how many there will be) of all ages and nations will be there, and the children will all have gathered home, and fraternal relations will be established forever, and organic union of all God's children of every name will be eternally consummated. For they will come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and they will sit down, a sacramental host, with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, to be forever with the Lord.

God-speed the day when there will be but one General Assembly, and that one the one never to adjourn.—*Christian Observer.*

### WE SHALL GET HOME.

We shall get home; for oh, if we do not, what a lament there will be in heaven! Think of that. If the children do not come home, what mourning will be heard in the mansions above! Neither God nor good men could see the divine family broken and yet be happy. Every angel in heaven would feel a disappointment if one child of God was absent at the reading of the muster roll. Did they not rejoice over each sinner repenting? Their sympathetic joy was premature in our case if we perish by the way. But angels are not doomed to see their hopes frustrated, neither will the great Father find that He Himself was glad too soon. Heaven would be a desolate place if at its banquet some David's seat was empty! We cannot endure to imagine some member of the sacred family

missing, lost forever, cast into hell! It must not be, for in the land of absolute perfection there is

"No missing heir; no harp that lies unstrung,  
No vacant place those hallowed walls among."

We shall get home, for the great Father Himself will never rest until we do; and He that bought us with His precious blood will never be satisfied till all His redeemed shall stand around Him girt in their snow-white robes. If we had been on a pilgrimage with our families, and had reached home ourselves and then missed a dear child, what a stir there would be! I appeal to every father's heart; would you not tramp back every step of the road to seek your stray lamb? You would cry everywhere: "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" Well can I imagine our good Shepherd using the same words concerning any one of us if we did not get home, and asking everywhere: "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" He would not rest until He had found His chosen, His heart's delight. Did He rest the first time until He brought us home on His shoulders rejoicing? Would He rest a second time until He had folded us in Glory? No; He can never have full joy in His heart until all His ransomed are in the place where the many mansions be. "We shall get home."

Dear friends, we shall get home, I am sure we shall; and what a joy it will be! Think of the bliss of seeing our Father, our home, our Saviour, and all those who are dear to us for Jesus' sake. A venerable sister who saw me very busy the other day remarked that we shall have plenty of time to talk to each other in eternity. I do not quite see how there can be time when time shall be no more, but no doubt there will be a space and opportunity for the fullest communion with each other, and for much fellowship of united delight in the adorable person of our blessed Lord. I anticipate much felicity from fellowship with perfect saints above, since I have had so much pleasure in the society of imperfect saints below. Many have gone home from us of late, and we are all getting older; but let us not regret the fact, since the home above is being filled, and a perfect society is being formed which will last forever.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

### LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

Yes, leave it with Him,

The lilies all do,

And they grow.

They grow in the rain,

And they grow in the dew—

Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night;

They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light.

Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,

They need not your care,

As they grow.

Dropped down in the valley,

The field, anywhere—

There they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,

They grow clothed in glory, by heaven's own light;

Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed

And the ravens are fed

From His store;

But you who are loved,

And guarded and led,

How much more

Will he clothe you and feed you, and give you His care!

Then leave it with Him, He has everywhere

Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him;

'Tis more dear to His heart,

You will know,

Than the lilies that bloom,

Or the flowers that start

'Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,

You can leave it with Him, for you are His care—

You, you know.

### CONVERSATION.

In conversation, as in any other accomplishment, if one wishes to excel, it is necessary to keep in practice; but there are persons with whom it is so emphatically the "ruling passion," that they "practice" at all times and in all places. It is nearly impossible to attend a concert without being annoyed during the execution of some of the finest parts by the buzzing tongues of these amateur conversationalists. Even at parties and church sociables one is frequently subjected to the same disturbances, and it is no less annoying to the performers than to those who are trying to listen; and often it is equally unpleasant to the one

to whom the conversation is addressed. Some one has said that "it is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into conversation with a man, the first thing you consider is whether he wishes to hear you, or that you should hear him."

Narrow minded and conceited persons are seldom pleasant companions in conversation. Michael Angelo once wrote under a student's drawing, the word "*Amplius*"—wider—and he who wishes to become a genuine conversationalist must be constantly widening himself in heart and mind. Not only is necessary for him to have a fair knowledge of current literature and the leading events of the day, but he must have also thoughts and opinions, and that honesty that enables one to be at all times true to one's own convictions. Above all, he must cultivate that kindly tolerance and that wide sympathy with humanity that make one gentle and respectful toward the lowliest. "Bear this truth always in your mind," says Chesterfield, "that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any, but that nothing but your good sense and good qualities can make you beloved."—*Christian at Work.*

### IT IS YOUR TONGUE.

It is *your* tongue; it belongs to *you*, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbours' tongues may need care also, but that is their business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue. It needs watching. "It is an unruly evil"—watch it. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake.

It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts or blight hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends. Watch that tongue!

No one but you can take care of that tongue. You are its only ruler. Your neighbours may hate it, or fear it, or wish that they could bridle it, but they cannot do it. You have the power—watch that tongue.

That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again. It is "set on fire of hell." It burns up peace, blessing, reputation and hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, fearful eyes, and heavy hearts. "For he that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." Watch that tongue.

It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from brutes. It was bought with blood by the Son of God. He claims it as His. It should speak His praise; misemployed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend to it. Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue. "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." For every idle word we must give account in the day of judgment. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.—*Watch-Tower.*

### A FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in heaven; a friend who bore the image of the First-born so plainly, that you doubt not he has joined the Church of the First-born in heaven; a friend who fought so good a fight, and kept the faith so well, that you now can see him wear the crown of glory. It is not every one that overcometh. Some ran well, but have been hindered, and when you think how uphill is the road, and how many are the adversaries; how heavy, too, the encumbering weights; they are well off who have reached the goal. Some worldly men are thankful—and rightly thankful—if their friends have gone down with stainless names, to honoured graves. But this is poor cause for gratitude compared with yours, who have had friends that went up with white robes to immortal crowns. You yourselves have sometimes been thankful when, after days of eager waiting, and nights when the rioting tempest kept you anxiously wakeful, the telegraph announced the vessel home which conveyed your brother or your son. And afloat in this world's waters—embarked in that profession of which so many now make shipwreck—often beyond your eye—perhaps beyond your influence—with all the cross currents of interest and passion to contend with—with the great gulf-stream of worldly-mindedness bearing in on them, and winds of fierce temptation—the power of the air assailing; the best moment—for the moment which should supersede many vexing thoughts, as it answers many