

Pastor and People.

I'M HURRIED, CHILD.

"Oh, mother, look, I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell why
There was no butter! O, do see its wings!
I never, never saw such pretty things—
All streaked and spotted with blue and brown and gold,
Where is its home when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said in absent accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought you had gone down stairs,
Then dolly was afraid, an' so I said:
'Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.'
When doll's are 'traid do yo', s'pose He can hear?"
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled;
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—
The sun has left, and won't you, by and by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?
And then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?
"Too much to do! Hush, hush, you drive me wild,
I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow:
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are little'er than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A big clock! Oh, big as it can be
For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite;
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill,
She sits at leisure, questioning God's will.
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!
Is heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge my light?
O, life! O, God! I must discover why
The time drags by."

O, mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thine own, and miss thy right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questionings you are
But entertaining angels unaware;
The richest gifts are gathered by the way
For darkest day.

TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH.

The following testimonies to the power of the word of God are suited to strengthen the faith of Christians, especially such as labour in the Gospel. Similar experiences come to multitudes, and should not be withholden. A gentleman engaged in manufacturing in a neighbouring town says: "I was absorbed in business, giving to it nearly all my time and thoughts. With me it was 'this one thing I do.' One day our minister preached an earnest sermon on the text, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? The Spirit of God brought home that searching question to my heart, so that I had to face it, and seriously consider my life in the light of it. I saw that while I was so eagerly grasping after the world I was neglecting the great salvation, and it became clear to me, as never before, that *my soul was lost*. What to do I could not tell, for I thought I had been doing all in my power. For many days I was in darkness and distress, which I kept to myself. I was ashamed to acknowledge it, even to my minister. One day I got into conversation with a friend, who I believed was a true Christian, and I opened my mind to him. To my surprise he told me, simply and confidently, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!' explaining that Christ had wrought out a perfect salvation, and I would get the benefit of it if I only put faith in Him. It seemed so simple that I could hardly think it sufficient, but I knew it was just what the Bible said, and my friend's confidence in it from his own experience helped me to trust in it too. I soon found peace and new life by faith in Christ, and have been living for Him ever since. And I believe that Christians may and should help each other."

Not long ago in our own prayer meeting in the King Street Presbyterian Church, we were talking together over the lesson of the Exodus of the Israelites. When it came to God's message to the distressed Israelites hemmed in by the Egyptians, the mountains and the sea, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," an old man rose and

said. "When I came to this country first I heard a sermon on these words by a young man from college which impressed them upon my mind at the time, but amid the cares and toils of backwoods life I soon forgot them, and they didn't come back for years. The early settlers had great hardships, not only in clearing the land of stumps and stones, making roads through the forests and swamps, and bringing supplies long distances, but these were sometimes greatly increased by failure of crops perhaps for successive seasons. The effect was very depressing. The stoutest heart and strongest faith were sometimes sorely tried and ready to give up the struggle. One spring day, in just such a case, I was ploughing a stumpy field with a yoke of oxen. The roots and stones were so troublesome, and the steers were *so slow*, that when I stopped to turn at the end of the land, I sat down and fairly shed tears, as I thought, 'one more bad crop and we are completely ruined—I might as well give up the attempt at once,' but suddenly, like a flash, the word of the Lord came to my mind, 'Go forward,' with all the wonderful story of help that followed, and I jumped up and at it again, confident that God would not fail me, and He never has." In reply to the leader's question, "What was it that brought that text to our brother's mind at the right moment?" the answer was given, "The Holy Spirit." This was beyond a doubt correct. He also prompted the old man to tell his story for the edification of others, as well as the honour of God's word. And I shall just close this by saying, should He prompt any reader to bear like testimony to the value of the Holy Word as used by the Holy Spirit, we shall be glad to give them space in this column for any contribution to this department.

—Rev. W. M. Roger, M.A., London, in *Our Work*.

THE UPRISING OF VOLUNTEERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Over 2,000 young men and women in the colleges of this country have declared their desire as well as their willingness to go abroad as missionaries to the heathen. Some of these are from our own institutions in the South. But there are many other colleges not yet canvassed, and not a few young men and women whose college training is completed, with a great many other youthful believers not connected with any literary institution, are doubtless to be found who are, to use the language of this missionary pledge, "willing and desirous, God willing, to be foreign missionaries."

What a remarkable fact this is! What an uprising of zeal for the foreign propagation of the faith such as this era has never before witnessed! True, these missionary volunteers belong to some twenty different Christian Churches, and are in various stages of their preparatory training, so that not more than a few hundred can be expected to be ready in any one year. No doubt also many of them will never be permitted, in the providence of God, to carry their offer into execution. But it is more than probable that the places of such will be filled by others who have lately been led for the first time to consider this as a question, for them, of personal duty to the Master and His cause. All tokens seem to indicate, as it has been well said, that this is "just the advance wave of a flood tide."

But some professors in colleges and theological seminaries, and editors of religious papers, are more or less directly opposing this movement as a mere temporary burst of youthful enthusiasm. A writer in the *Missionary Review* says to such cautious souls: "If this thing be of God, ye cannot overthrow it—let it alone, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." There is no need of importing icebergs into the question of foreign missions for fear the spiritualistic temperature in the Church of the nineteenth century should become too hot. "A Church catholic that, with about 30,000,000 of evangelical Church members, can but find 5,000 labourers for the entire foreign field, and but \$10,000,000 per annum for the prosecution of missions, is in no danger of excess of devotion." The Church of our Lord, long apathetic and lethargic (as Dr. Arthur T. Pierson says), should awake to the fact that her present agencies and efforts are inadequate. To the young Christians of this day the world may yet be indebted, under God, for the universal proclamation of the Gospel. Let us stand still and see the salvation of God.

—*Southern Presbyterian*.

RULES FOR VISITORS AND TRAVELLERS.

IF RESIDING IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Never neglect your accustomed private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.
2. Never fail to attend some place of worship on the Lord's Day, unless prevented by such circumstances as you are sure will excuse you in the eye of God.
3. Never entertain invited company on the Lord's Day, and pay no visits, unless to the sick and needy, as acts of benevolence.
4. Never engage in anything, either on the Lord's or on any secular day, which will compromise your Christian consistency.
5. Seek to do good to the souls of your family and all others within your reach.
6. Always remember that you are to "stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

IF TRAVELLING.

1. Never, on any plea whatever, travel on the Lord's Day.
2. Make your arrangements to stop, if possible, in some place where you can enjoy suitable religious privileges.
3. If at a public house or watering place on the Lord's Day, do not mingle with indiscriminate company; keep your own room as much as possible, and be engaged in such a way as may make the day profitable to your soul and honourable to your God.
4. Every day find or make time for your private duties of reading, meditation, self-examination and prayer.
5. Carry tracts and good books with you to read, distribute or lend, according to circumstances.
6. Seek opportunities to do good to the souls of those into whose society you may fall.
7. Never, by deed or conversation, appear to be ashamed of your religious profession.
8. Remember you are to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Let me entreat you to read these items of advice over and over again, and recur to them in every time of temptation. They are the affectionate warning of one who knows the danger of your situation, and whose heart's desire and prayer to God it is, that you may maintain your Christian integrity, honour God, live in obedience to His will and enjoy the peace which can alone spring from a conscience void of offence, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart.—*Dr Bedell*.

BRIGHT SUMMER SERVICE.

The summer brings us some sultry Sabbaths, and while they are trying in any place, they seem to be especially so in the churches. The pastors are likely to complain, and the good people to admit, that the congregations are "sinfully sleepy," and the pulpit work of the season is hard to perform. Sometimes it is alleged, as by way of counter influence, that the pew work is no less difficult. Perhaps there is more of this dulness, sinking down to torpor, in country churches, where, because surrounding influences are so agreeable and the people are usually devout, we should expect but little of it. In that church on the hill, the trees standing pleasantly all around it—its windows wide open, the pews not full and the breezes playing through it—certainly nobody will be drowsy there. And yet there, almost more than any place else, the exemplary elder will nod and waver, the book will drop from the hands of his neighbour, the fan will slowly cease and sink upon the lap of the perspiring mother, and even the youth, able to either work or picnic the six secular days without a sign of weariness, surrender to the spell that seems to creep over all their associates. It is all against the morning's wish and determination—against the pungent influences, also, of cloves, peppers, nudgings, pinchings and other antidotes and kinds of self-mortification—and it is followed by the "I was so ashamed of myself!" that constitutes part of the subsequent reflection. We are familiar with the explanations of it—the change from the active work of the week, close confinement in the church, too much breakfast, heavy clothing, dull preaching, spiritless singing and other things of a like nature. And they all have something in them; nevertheless they ought to be overcome. Even the sluggish sermon should be made impossible by the eager demand for a bright earnest one that appears in the active, expectant faces of the worshippers. A pastor likes to see his people at church, and when there beckoning to him to do his best for their benefit.—*United Presbyterian*.