

five consolations. These expressions are very common, but very dangerous and very unkind. Such criticisms wound the preacher's heart like lance-thrusts, and become the *secrets of failure*, especially when persisted in by the prominent members of the Church, who themselves are prone to forget their responsibilities, and are thinking the meetings by thickening the murmurs.

Make yourself the confiding friend of your pastor by acting the brother toward him. Visit him, whether he visits you or not, and you will never have reason to complain of his social qualifications. Cheer him out of his despondency, if you should ever chance to find him in such an unhappy condition. Turn toward him the bright side of the picture, and the sunlight of your converted soul, blended with his own, will change everything into brilliance. When any trouble arises in the sphere of his duty, and you know it, pray for him, and take his hand, and, looking in his face, offer to bear part of his burden, and thus lighten the weary heart and bless your own. Rather than complain, let your language be, in dark days, "Come, brother, these clouds will soon be gone. Never mind. All the brighter after they rise away. I'll stand by you, pray for you, speak good words for you, and do my part in setting things to rights." What strength, what love, what glory in language like this in hours of temptation and trial! Let any pious minister, however ordinary his talent, only be surrounded by a circle of friends who talk so and do so, and he will be almost omnipotent in upbuilding the Redeemer's kingdom. He will become a marvel of success in soul winning in the pulpit, in the sick-room, among young and old, rich and poor, all the time and everywhere. Then the work of the Lord will prosper in his hands when you give him your confidence, your influence, and your prayers.

If you have hitherto been holding your pastor off arms-length, or have snubbed him off from sight and hearing altogether, resolve today to try the better way of love and goodwill, and whoever for the future may continue or be sent to labor with you in the Gospel, sustain him from this hour, and you will stand robed and crowned by his side at God's right hand forever when troublous times are ended. Encourage your minister.—*Independent.*

A Chat about the Flies.

THE "Indian Summer" is come. I have sometimes had grave doubts whether this Indian Summer was not a myth, or a pleasant tradition handed down from some distant day when as yet the plumed and painted chiefs of the land had not quite vanished from the woods. But here it is, fleecing the crystal firmament with silver clouds, and breathing balmy air from the sweet South, and saying to the sick and tainted woods,

"Ye have faded too soon. I bring for you again golden sunlight and grateful dews. Awake and pat on thy healthful bloom." And the moon is up in the heavens, serene and still and beautiful, and shining so bright that her intense splendor has quenched a multitude of the stars, and only a few here and there hang out their lustrous lamps. This night is so shadowy pale, so still and solemn, that it seems the ghost of day. But this Indian Summer is the last brief visit of a friend—a kind and loving one—who must perforce depart and go upon a long journey. His goods are packed up, and his chariot is at the door. Very soon the grim clouds will be scowling across the sky, and the rough and gurdy winds sweeping the dead leaves from the trees. The birch is yellow, the maple is blushing crimson; they are dying in their glory; and ere another month is gone, the blast will be singing through their naked branches. Yet the stout and stubborn pine, with his sober green, will keep us company all the year through. Let us be thankful for that. But every joy that man possesses has to be paid for, and here again appear our old enemies the flies. They seemed a few days ago to have been all knocked on the head, and bagged, and carried away to some mysterious gulf of darkness; but here they come again in busy crowds, tripping on the table with active feet and sharp-set wings, daring you to approach them. If I had met this fellow who is perched on my knuckle, six days ago, I could have mastered him, but he has got a new lease of life now, and recovered all his lost faculties, and he is away singing past my ear with a triumphant hum. One thing is certain in this universe, that no creature which lives in it, whether in the air, the earth, or in the deeps of Ocean, lives in vain. It is a link in the infinite chain of causes. The Poet Laureat puts the truth in his own beautiful way:—

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

We sometimes wonder what can be the use of these myriads of flies which fill our dwellings and keep our life in a fever of vexation, sticking on our brow, our nose, our ears, our hands, pecking with their long proboscis at the tough outer cuticle, and determined to tap us and have a dram of warm liquor out of our veins. By the bye, the flies of Scotland never suck one—never think of making their living in this way. They are sober, decent, industrious flies, who pursue peaceful avocations, and are innocent of human blood. It is in the Fall of the year that the blood-sucking propensity of our Nova Scotian fly is fully developed, and the reason would seem to be, that as the temperature of the air begins to decline, they begin to feel the advantage of warm and stimulating food, and, possessing apparatus to provide them-