

selves while in the city in a creditable manner. Exactly what the old gentleman meant was not very apparent. The petition was very general in its terms. He may have been anxious that the members should keep out of the hands of the police. He may have been thinking about the theatre, or probably he referred to their social habits, and was anxious that they should acquit themselves with propriety in their temporary homes. Whatever he meant, the petition was comprehensive and covered the whole ground. Perhaps, indeed, the petition was needed.

The rural brethren, however, are not the only ones who need to be prayed for and admonished in regard to their deportment. Some young ministers, and perhaps an occasional one not very young, who labour in cities and towns, make themselves very offensive when they go into the country. If the rural brother needs to be prayed for in the city, the city or town brother may need some healthy admonition about his behaviour in the country. As he is probably not in a receptive mood the admonition must be very faithful and plain :

Dearly beloved brother, when you are invited by one of your rural brethren to speak at his tea-meeting or assist him at his Communion, if you can't go say so and be done with it. Don't cover two sheets of paper telling him of the number of pressing invitations you have for that day. It won't help him any to tell him that *even if it is true*, and if he is a gentleman, as most likely he is, a letter of that kind will lower you very much in his estimation. Gentlemen never boast of the number of their engagements, or tell of the immense demand made on their time and services. Never.

If you agree to go, don't go with the air of a man who owns all Canada and intends buying up the United States. The Prince of Wales visited Ireland the other day, and *you* certainly may visit your rural neighbour without putting on any top-lofty, patronizing airs. When he meets you at the station don't begin to tell him how very difficult it was for you to get away, how much you had to do at home, and how overwhelmingly important your engagements are. You don't carry the whole church on your shoulders. Your work is not any more important than any other man's work, and there is a remote possibility that the world might continue to revolve on its axis, and even revolve around the sun if you went across to the States.

Now that you are seated in the rural manse parlour and have been introduced to the rural brother's wife, don't turn round and say patronizingly to her : "*I suppose you have been in Toronto*," or Montreal, or Hamilton, or some other place, as the case may be. A large city or town is a fairly high pedestal. You are a small statue on that pedestal, but you need not on that account act rudely towards a lady in her own house. It is not at all necessary for you to say to her half-a-dozen times during the first half-hour that you

really do wonder how she can live out here. You need not remind her with a half-pitying, half-patronizing air that she cannot by any possibility have any society in the country. You probably don't know that there are a few women in this world who can read and think and work for Christ and take care of their families, and live happily without the inestimable privilege of looking at piles of brick and mortar every day. That woman in the rural manse may be a more refined lady than your wife ; she may have had a better education, she may be a better Christian, she may be acting her part in life every day very much better than you and your wife act yours. Ten years from the present that ruddy faced boy by her side may go down to Toronto and beat your boy badly at the University. Twenty years farther on, your boy may work for that boy at a few dollars per week. Now don't patronize that lady in the rural manse any more. Some of these rural manse ladies are the noblest women on this footstool.

Now we will assume that you have finished your meal—a very much better one than you usually get at home—you and the rural brother start for the church. If you drive don't pretend every minute that you are afraid the horse may run away. That may to you seem evidence of refinement and city manners, but it is not. Most gentlemen can manage a horse, and if you are too useless or too effeminate to drive a good roadster at a lively clip you need not try to palm off your effeminacy or awkwardness as evidence of high breeding. If you see any cows along the road, don't sniff and say you never could stand the smell of cattle. The rural brother may know that your father was a farmer and that in your young days you milked cows yourself, "watched gaps" in harvest, and performed various other duties among cattle that need not be mentioned. If you didn't many a better man did.

As you ride along to the church you need not tell the rural brother how many distinguished people are in your congregation. Probably the rural brother and everybody else know that some of these so-called distinguished people are no great credit to it. John Hall never talks about the number of big people in his church. His congregation raised last year \$135,000 for all purposes, which is about \$130,000 more than yours raised, but a man might spend a year with John Hall and never hear him allude to his big people or the amounts they raise. John Hall could shake a better sermon out of his sleeve at five minutes' notice than you could make in a year if your life depended on it : he can say more good things in ten minutes than you ever said in your life ; he has more influence for good in the world to-day than you could hope to acquire if you lived on this planet for a thousand years ; but John Hall never put on airs in a rural manse, nor wounded a rural brother's feelings by making ungentelemanly comparisons before him.