

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

BE THOROUGH.

The only evidence of repentance is thorough reformation. This takes hold both upon character and conduct; character as what we *are* and conduct as what we *do*. This amendment must be thorough and go to the roots, or it will be as evanescent as the morning dew. The shallow "conversions" that are so often trumpeted as the result of shallow, sensational preaching, end in very shallow and short-lived religion. That dark and dismal fount-head of the *heart* is not purified by the Spirit, and pretty soon the foul streams begin to trickle out again into the daily conduct. Bad habits are not pulled up. The sharp practices are soon resumed in business transactions or the young man soon drifts back into his convivial haunts; the unconquered bad temper begins to take fire and explode again; the covetous spirit gets hold again with a fresh grip; in short, the new emotion passes away; but it does not leave a *new man*. Christ has no hand in such conversions. They are a delusion; often an unmeasured curse. When Jesus is presented and pressed upon a sinner's acceptance, He must be presented as not only infinitely beautiful, tender, compassionate, and lovable, but as so infinitely holy that His eyes flash flame through everything *wrong*. The very bitterness of His sacrificial sufferings for us on the cross arose from the bitterness of the sin He died to atone.

One thought more. Genuine conversion demands *rough* amendment of conduct, and no exception must be made for what we call little sins. It is not every one who is sunk, like the "City of Brussels," by one tremendous holocaust through in an instant; small leaks, left unstopped, are equally fatal. Maclaren well says that "the worst and most fatal are often those small continuous vices which root underneath and honeycomb the soul. Many a man, who thinks himself a Christian, is in more danger from the daily commission, for example, of small pieces of sharp practice in his business than ever King David was at his worst. White ants pick a carcass clean sooner than a lion will."

There is a transcendent promise that accompanies such thorough amendment of character and life. "I will let you *dwell* in this place." This bespeaks peace and permanence under the benignant smile of God. This means room to root and to grow. A soul that is rooted into Christ will thrive like a tree planted by the rivers of water; the leaves shall never wither, and death will be only a transplanting into glory.—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

THE BIBLE'S INFLUENCE.

There are men who study philosophy, astronomy, geology, geography, and mathematics; but did you ever hear a man say, "I was an outcast, a wretched inebriate, a disgrace to my race, and a nuisance to the world, until I began to study mathematics, and learned the multiplication table, and then turned my attention to geology, got me a little hammer, and knocked off the corners of the rocks and studied the formation of the earth; but since that time I have been happy as the day is long; I feel like singing all the time, my soul is full of triumph and peace; and health and blessing have come to my desolate home once more?" Did you ever hear a man ascribe his redemption and salvation from intemperance and sin and vice to the multiplication table, or the science of mathematics or geology? But I can bring you, not one man, or two, or ten, but men by the thousands who will tell you, "I was wretched; I was lost; I broke my poor old mother's heart; I beggared my family; my wife was broken-hearted and dejected; my children fled from the sound of their father's footsteps; I was ruined, reckless, helpless, homeless, hopeless, until I heard the words of the Bible!" And he will tell you the very word which fastened on his soul. It may be it was, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" perhaps it was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" it may have been, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He can tell what that word entered his heart, he will tell you that hope has dawned upon his vision; that joy has inspired

his heart, and that his mouth is filled with grateful song. He will tell you that the blush of health has come back to his poor wife's faded cheek; that the old hats have vanished from the windows of his desolate home; that his rags have been exchanged for good clothes; that his children run to meet him when he comes; and there is bread on his table, fire on his hearth, and comfort in his dwelling. He will tell you all that, and he will tell you that this book has done the work. Now, this book is working just such miracles, and is doing it every day. If you have any other book that will do such work as this, bring it along. The work needs to be done; if you have the book that will do it, for heaven's sake bring it out. But for the present, while we are waiting for you, as we know this book *will* do the work, we propose to use it until we can get something better.—*H. L. Hastings*.

THE SUNDAY TRAIN.

Breaking the stillness of sacred hours,
Under the shadow of cross-tipped towers,
Deadening the sound of the Sabbath bell,
That the kind old story of rest doth tell,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Passing the graves of worn-out men,
And the open door of the drinker's den;
By the curling smoke of the brakeman's home,
And the proud and lofty state-house dome;
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Casting a cloud o'er sunlit panes,
Jarring the worship at holy fanes,
Whelming with noise the preacher's tones,
And the singing sweet of the little ones;
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Stealing the jewel of all the week,
Star to the home that lone doth seek,
Fying, a thief, with its precious spoil,
Taken from humble sons of toil,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Carrying gold to the rich and great,
None for the poor at Dives' gate,
Laden with many a broken vow,
Crushing out conscience lying low,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Calling together an idle crowd,
Dangering the way to the house of God;
Dropping the leaves of a upas-tree
O'er a land that Christian used to be,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Whistling at bolts from Sinai's brow,
Puffing at every age but now;
Snorting at country school and store,
Empty and still with closed door,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Scorning what science says is best,
Screaming at nature's cry for rest,
Over the Sabbath our land once saw,
And the broken stones of Jehovah law,
Over trestle and bridge and plain
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Seeing not how the red light waves,
Madly, blindly, it danger braves;
Yet greed for gain must give the track,
For the dear old Sabbath is coming back
Over trestle and bridge and plain,
Stopping forever the Sunday train.

—*Mary E. Dustin*.

CHRISTIAN GIVING WORSHIP.

It is the act of giving that expresses the sentiment of worship involved in the relation between us and God, as to the matter of worldly substance. But if the act of giving is induced by some other consideration, as a lecture, or a festival, or a frolic, then what should have been an act of worship is become an offence to God, just as the prayer, or the song of praise, or the observance of a sacrament, or the hearing of God's Word, which should have been an act of worship is become an offence to God, if the person engaging in these acts is induced thereto by a foreign consideration. The existence of doubt among the people as to whether giving is worship, taken in connection with the fact that the Church has long been teaching this doctrine, indicates inconsistency somewhere. I think one of these is the practice of collecting money for the Church by means of lectures, fairs and such like *side shows*. Another, I think, is the practice of holding up to the people as the *reason* for giving, the needs of

the Church or the preacher, instead of the people's own need of doing their duty in the matter of worshipping God with their substance. The needs of the Church determine the use that is to be made of the money given to God in worship. The *reason* for giving is not the Church's need, but the command of God to worship Him with our substance. The inspired rule is to give, not as the Church or the preacher has need, but as God has prospered you. The Church's need is the place which God's providence provides for the human agency to co-operate with the Divine in the work of building up His kingdom. It is the business of God to take care of the needs of the Church and of His people. It is our business to do what God has told us to do, and leave the rest with Him. We are to give to God according to what He has given us. "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—*North Carolina Presbyterian*.

LIVING IN HOPE.

What hope? The hope of perfect resemblance to Christ in heaven. But let us remember that this is awarded only to such as delight in spiritual things here. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." This is the day of His appearing. He invites us to look unto Him. Obeying Him, we become like Him in as real a sense as are the glorified in His immediate presence. We are now "the sons of God," though the future completeness of moral conformity baffles our power of conception. Still, the resemblance begins here; and "from glory to glory," even as by the Spirit of the Lord, we advance in likeness to Him.

A HOLY LIFE.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things: little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles; nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as those goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Bonar*.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is one on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair; and if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.

MOST men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and the happiness of a home.

THE remark we recently heard that "the Gospel should be run on business principles." How would it do to reverse it and say that business should be transacted on Gospel principles?

THE daughter at home, studying because her mind was given her to use, exercising her talents for their own sake, may be her weary father's brightest companion, her busy mother's intimate and restful friend, the confidential and adored comrade of her hobbled-hoy brothers, the loving counsellor of her little sisters, and the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. She need not go outside the four walls of her home for her career, nor let those four walls limit her sympathies or confine her usefulness.—*Harper's Bazar*.