

PEACE.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVESGAT.

Is this the peace of God, this strange,
sweet calm?

The weary day is at its zenith still;
Yet 'tis as if, beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening
psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed
away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with
gentle, soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely
bowed;
Around me cares and griefs in crushing
crowd;
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear, and gloom, and doubt in mighty
flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no strength to
meet,
Nor power to flee; my present, future,
past,
Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast,
In utter helplessness at Jesus' feet;
Then bent me to the storm, if such His
will,
He saw the winds and waves, and whis-
pered, "Peace, be still."

And there was calm. Oh Saviour, I have
proved
That thou to help—and save art really
near;
How else this quiet rest from grief and
fear,
And all distress? The cross is not re-
moved,
I must go forth to bear it as before;
But, leaning on Thy arm, I dread its
weight no more.

Is it, indeed, Thy peace? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just;
And therefore claim thy peace. But Thou
hast died,
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And knowing it, I come, and cast my
ill
on Thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin, but here is pardoning love with
Thee,
And all sufficient grace. Enough! And
now
I do not think or pray, I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know
that I am blest.

—Sunday Magazine.

CARRIE'S SCRAP-BOOK

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Carrie, in a
very doleful tone. Uncle Will, sitting
writing by the window, turned round
just in time to see a big tear drop off the
end of Carrie's nose.

"Why, what is the matter, little girl?"
said he.

"Oh, I'm so tired of lying here. I
wish my foot would ever get well. I
don't believe anybody ever had such a
hard time as I have," and another tear
looked very much as if it were going to
follow in the path of the first one.

"Never mind," said Uncle Will, cheer-
ily. "You know that your foot will be
well again in two or three months, and
then you can run and romp and have a
good time once more."

"That don't help me much now,"
grumbled Carrie.

Uncle Will considered. For two
weeks Carrie had been quite patient in
her corner on the sofa, but now she had
read her *Youth's Companion* and the
last two numbers of the *St. Nicholas*,
she had crocheted till she was tired, had
written a letter to grandma, and at last
had come to the conclusion that all the
interesting resources in the house were
exhausted and there was nothing left for
her to do. At last a bright thought
came into Uncle Will's head.

"How would you like to do something
to help some other sick person?" he
asked.

"How could I?" said Carrie, looking
up, rather amazed at the suggestion.

"I'll show you," said Uncle Will. He
laid down his pen and started off upstairs
to his own room, where Carrie heard him
rummaging around at a great rate. Pretty
soon he came down stairs again and
entered the sitting-room, bringing a
big square pasteboard box in one hand
and a bottle of mucilage in the other,
while an old blank-book was under his
arm.

"Now," said Uncle Will, sitting down
in a chair by Carrie's lounge, "I'll tell you
all about it. When I lived in the city
last winter, I used sometimes to go to the
Children's Hospital, where all the little
sick boys and girls who have no fathers
and mothers to take care of them are
nursed and made as happy as possible
by kind people. As I went through the
long wards, I used to see once in a while
a scrap-book full of pictures. You have
no idea how much the little sick children
seemed to enjoy looking at the pictures.
Sometimes they would ask one of the
nurses to tell them stories about some
picture that they admired most, and she
would sit down and make up all sorts of
funny stories for the amusement of her
little patients. Well, I thought it was
such a good idea that afterward I used to
save all the pictures that I found and I
kept them in this big box. But I never
have found time to make any scrap-
books; and now, if you think you would
like to do something for the sick chil-
dren, here is a chance."

So saying, Uncle Will opened his box
and showed it nearly full of all kinds of
scrap-pictures. Carrie was very much
interested in looking them over, and
wanted to begin pasting them into the
blank-book right away. So Uncle Will
rolled a little stand up to the lounge to
set the mucilage-bottle on, put the box
in Carrie's lap, and went back to his
writing. Such treasures as Carrie found
in that box! Queer, gay-coloured Chi-
nese ladies, with their fine fans, three or
four pictures representing the story of
little Red-Riding-Hood, pictures of
children playing; land apes, cats and
kittens, dogs, rabbits, goats, cows,—till
Carrie felt puzzled to know what to take
for her frontispiece, everything was so
pretty. At last, she decided to begin
her book with a picture of a little run-
away boy, whose face she admired very
much. The long afternoon wore silently
away, and Carrie still pasted in her pic-
tures and Uncle Will still wrote. At
last, about five o'clock, Uncle Will wiped
his pen, slipped his papers into his
writing-desk, shut it up and came over to
where Carrie was.

"How have you got on?" said he.

Carrie handed him her scrap-book,
which was about half full.

"Well, I guess you have worked hard
enough to enjoy supper," said Uncle
Will, "and I think that this book is
going to be a prettier one than any that
I saw at the hospital."

Carrie was too tired to work any more
after supper, but the next day she began
again and filled the scrap-book full. As
there were plenty of pictures left, she
thought she would make another book.
And, in short, she became so much in-
terested in her work that, in the course
of five or six weeks, she had made as
many scrap-books. But now she had
reached the bottom of Uncle Will's box, and
she was compelled to look around among
her own possessions for pictures.

Her aunt heard what she was doing,
and sent her a bundle of old magazines,
from which Carrie cut all the pictures.
Then it was wonderful how many scraps
there were around the house. Old peach
and pear and plum cans were soaked,
and the pictures of fruit taken from their
outsides. The cook saved the pictures
of grapes that came in the raisin-boxes, and
Tom, Carrie's cousin, even sacrificed his
collection of advertising cards for the
benefit of the Children's Hospital. A
roll of pictures of Bible scenes was dis-
covered; mother found some fashion

magazines, and father contributed some
old books to paste pictures into. A cir-
cus came to town, and the boy who car-
ried around the posters threw one into
Carrie's yard. On it was a fine picture of
a lion, who was instantly transferred to a
place of honour in the scrap-book. Uncle
Will suggested that Carrie should take
her box of water-colours and paint some
of her pictures so as to give her
scrap-books a more attractive appearance.
So she did as he said, and the books
were certainly very much improved.

At last, about Christmas time, the doc-
tor said Carrie's foot was so well that she
might try to walk. One of the first
journeys Carrie made was down to the
city, with Uncle Will, to the Children's
Hospital. Carrie took with her twelve
scrap-books, Uncle Will his flute and a
big package of candy for the little folks.

After the two visitors had gone
through the wards, and Carrie had dis-
tributed the candy and given the books
to the pale little children lying in the
bed, Uncle Will went to one end of the
long room and delighted them with some
music on his flute. Then they left the
hospital and went home again.

Carrie says that, thanks to Uncle
Will, she shall always know what to do
with all the scrap-pictures that she will
ever come across during her whole life.
—Mary Bamford, in *Watchman*.

PASTORAL CHANGES.

What is the reason that the tie be-
tween pastor and people is less strong
and binding now than in days gone
by? There can, we apprehend, be no
doubt of the fact, whatever explanation
may be given of it. Ministers, as well
as their hearers, seem to be fond of a
change. Formerly, when a minister
was settled, the appointment was un-
derstood to be *ad vitam aut culpam*.
If he fairly and conscientiously dis-
charged the duties of his office there
was no thought of his removal. It
was no uncommon thing for a clergy-
man to spend all his days in one
charge. Like the village preacher in
Goldsmith's exquisite poem,

"Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change
his place."

His attachment to his flock, and theirs
to him, was not merely a commercial
one, but rather like that which binds
those who are kindred by blood. The
bond between pastor and people was
one that could not be easily broken.
Now "we have changed all that."
We have heard it asserted that the
average duration now of a pastorate
of the Presbyterian Church is not
much longer than in those Churches
which have an itinerating ministry.
This may be an exaggeration; but it
is certain that there are not a few
Presbyterian clergymen who, even be-
fore reaching middle life, have made
several changes; and there are few
congregations which have not, in the
course of a single generation, made a
trial of the gifts of a succession of var-
ious ministers. In some congrega-
tions the people might salute their
clergyman with the address of an old
Scotchwoman to her newly inducted
pastor, "Ye needna be afraid o' deein'
here; nane of our ministers ever dee."

Whatever advantages may be con-
nected with frequent ministerial
changes, we are inclined to think that
those who have the best interests of
the Church at heart will agree with us
in saying that they are, on the whole,
to be deplored. The preacher's la-
bours are far more likely to avail for
good when he feels himself securely
and permanently attached to the peo-
ple of his charge. His feelings to-
wards them in such a case is that of
Paul: "My little children, of whom I
travail in birth again till Christ be
formed in you" Can this feeling be

much cherished where the tie is re-
garded merely as a temporary one,
liable at any moment to be rudely
sundered? There are, surely, who
will deny that it would be well if
Goldsmith's ideal were more frequent-
ly realized among the ministers of our
land:

"But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the
skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

His ready smile a parent's warmth express;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
dressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven."

What can be done to correct the un-
happy tendency which has, of late,
been developing itself in our midst; and
which, if not checked, will beget in our
Canadian Church such a state of af-
fairs as is now to be seen in the United
States, and is felt there to be a re-
proach and hindrance to the cause of
religion?

A contemporary, discussing the
translation of one of our ministers, re-
cently suggested that congregations
might attach their ministers more ef-
fectually by giving more liberal salar-
ies. The suggestion is worth consid-
ering. Yet we think there are other
reasons of more weight than the hope
of a larger stipend which incline cler-
gymen to seek for a new sphere of la-
bour.

Not rarely, we believe, ministers
are led to desire a change because
they are made uncomfortable in their
position by the meddling and interfer-
ence of a few unreasonable or domi-
neering members in their charge. We
have all heard of the miserly office-
bearer who said of his minister, "If
the Lord would only keep him hum-
ble, we'll keep him poor." Are they
not some in our modern churches who
are willing to undertake the first task
as well as the second, and keep their
minister humble as well as poor, with-
out seeking any intervention from
Providence at all? We are persuad-
ed that not a few have actually been
hindered from entering on the work of
the ministry, not from dread of pov-
erty, but just from a fear of the shocks
to which men of sensitive feeling and
independent spirit are, in that profes-
sion, very apt to be subjected. They
see the minister (and all connected
with him) too often taken for a target
into which any one can safely shoot
his arrows. His individuality is not re-
spected. Harmless tastes and pecu-
liarities must not be indulged. Some-
times he cannot safely venture to ex-
ercise his rights as a private citizen.
He must constantly live under the
oversight of a few busy-bodies who as-
sume the air of being his sole pay-
masters. If he cannot mould himself
into the form which they prescribe, he
will receive a hint that he is not suited
to that place, and perhaps he had bet-
ter go.

There is, in places, far more of this
kind of annoyance than many would
believe. Many ministers suffer from
such thorns in the flesh quite un-
known to the majority of their charge.
In some churches there are perhaps
two or three persons whose secret
glory it is that they "run the church;"
while their fellow-members perhaps
know nothing of the usurpation, until
the minister withdraws from a posi-
tion in which he cannot maintain his
own self-respect. Wm. C. Burns con-
soled a young missionary in China,
who was bewailing his trials there,
with the reflection that had he settled
in Scotland he might have had even