

"How much you have had to worry you," I said. "The blessings always came more thickly than the troubles," she answered brightly.

"You have found the silver lining to the cloud, then, I expect."

"That is it, ma'am, I have been a slow learner, but God has at length taught me to trust Him in the dark as well as in the light—when I cannot see the way as much as when I can."

"And you have found Him faithful that promised?" I asked. She looked up from her work as if surprised that I should ask such a question.

"I have found Him able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I can ask or think, for His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. No words of mine can tell what He has done for me," she answered simply.

"I do not wonder now that your neighbours give you the name of Heart's-ease," I said smiling.

"They seem to wonder why I am not worried and fretted and anxious as so many of them are. Poor things, I wish they would try my way."

"And what is your way?" I asked.

"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you;" when that is done, what is there left to worry about?"

"But people are not willing to do that," I said.

"I know it," she answered, "and I was not once, but I have learnt the better way now, and it is such comfort that I want to get every one else to try it."

"It does seem strange that people should be so willing to keep their burdens and their worries, when they might be so easily rid of them all," I remarked.

"That is what I tell them, ma'am. If they could only once realize the comfort there is in leaving everything with Him who knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him even, they would no longer wonder at the heart's-ease it brings to one."

"No, indeed, for the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him, and underneath are the everlasting arms," and with these words I bid her farewell, feeling she was indeed one who through deep waters had come into a fuller possession than many, of the "peace that passeth all understanding," the only sure foundation for the tranquillity and restfulness of mind, which was so truly Heart's-ease and having nothing to trouble her, because she had cast it all upon Him, the result was—

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

HE GIVETH MORE GRACE.

That is good news. I do not know that I ever heard better. His giving great grace at first does not exhaust His loving kindness. It is rather a pledge that He will go on to do still more abundantly. We marvel to see a noble and virtuous prince marrying a poor damsel. That is condescension. But we marvel not to find that after he marries her he treats her like a queen. The Lord loved us, even when we were lost; how much more shall we be blessed of Him when we have been accepted in the Beloved! I know no stronger or fairer reasoning than that.

Even a little grace is a great thing. It is so rich and valuable that God never puts it into any but vessels of mercy. It is so excellent that whoever has grace has the promise of glory, if I understand the prophet, (Psalm lxxiv. 1.) Grace leads to glory as certainly as sin leads to misery.

The apostle says the Lord gives grace to the humble. The proud refuse grace. They think they are good enough, and can do without it. It is with empty pitchers that we must draw water from the wells of salvation. The Lord knoweth the proud afar off. The reason why those who have grace have not more grace is, because they do not sufficiently humble themselves under the might hand of God. O, poor humanity!

The grace we have to-day is seldom, if ever enough for to-morrow. We, therefore, need a constant increase. Fresh supplies of food are daily needed by the healthy labourer. It is a great thing for a saint to gain one victory. That shows him that, by God's grace, he can overcome. But David's slaying of the lion and the bear did not make him victorious over Goliath. It was God who gave him the victory in each case. Himself said so. But his experience as a shepherd-boy encouraged him when he met the pride of Philistia.

One of our great errors is that we are satisfied with a little. God warns us on this point. "I am the

Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "I have done great things for you already; look to me, and I will do more for you. We are not straitened in God, but in our own compassions. O that our hearts were enlarged! We need full salvation, and it is provided. Let us come and drink abundantly.

He gives more grace when we need it. Dying grace is not given to the living. To fight well is often our highest duty. To exult in God through Christ, will be a blessed privilege indeed; but the spoils come after the battle. Harvest is preceded by ploughing and sowing. Peace will come soon enough, and will last long enough.

But let us never rest satisfied with past attainments. The secret of Paul's great growth is told us by himself: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Jesus Christ. . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Wellington did not think his work done till after the affair at Waterloo. Our work will not be done till we get our crown.

We need, and to the last shall need more grace. Whatever convinces us of our need is good for us, and it is a great thing to know that we are poor, if we only may lay hold of the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is a blessed thing to know our misery, if we are but led to find solace in Christ. None ever gets the linen white and clean who esteems his own righteousness as anything but filthy rags.

We may confidently trust Him for more grace, because He sincerely offers it, because He says He will give it, because He knows we need it, because He has given it to millions, and because He has given us some already, and that is a pledge of more. For when did He ever begin to build, and find Himself unable to finish? When did He ever bid us ask in vain? He never mocks any soul that cries to Him for mercy while life lasts.

"He giveth more grace." Then I will praise Him, love Him, trust Him, give Him all my heart, and all my confidence.—*Dr. W. S. Plumer.*

PAYING THE MINISTER AT FUNERALS.

Perhaps in no one matter is more injustice done to ministers of the gospel, than in that of asking them to bury our dead, or officiate at funerals without compensation, especially, when such service is rendered by one who is not the pastor of the family for whom service is rendered. No person or family would expect the undertaker, the sexton, or the liveryman, to furnish their services for nothing; and yet we fear that in many cases it is far from the thought of the bereaved family to compensate the officiating clergyman, be he their own clergyman or a stranger.

This ought not so to be. What would you think of the couple asking a minister to unite them in marriage without some kind of a fee being presented? And yet the same parties, perhaps, may call in the minister of their church—if they have one—or a neighbouring minister, to perform a ceremony far more taxing upon his time, energies and sympathies, and fail to offer the least compensation.

These same persons are far from thinking they are doing an injustice. The fault lies in the habit or custom of the thing, and duty in the premises being so imperfectly understood. The fault, we think, often lies with the ministry itself; in not instructing their people in this important matter, or rather with the Church at large in not bringing the subject up for discussion. It may also lie with the religious press, in failing to instruct the public; or again, our consistories or church officers may fail to educate the people as to duty in this important, and to a minister, this most delicate matter.

The writer knows a church which has a resolution of consistory that, whenever a funeral service is performed within their congregation by a minister other than their own (or when their church is without a minister), the family receiving the service shall be requested to compensate the clergyman; or if the family be poor, then the church shall pay the amount they have fixed upon from the "poor fund"—and we believe the plan a just one; for in this as in all other matters of the ministry "the labourer is worthy of his hire," and many will only need to know what duty is, to do it cheerfully.—*By an Elder, in Sower and Gospel Field.*

THE SABBATH.

The fifty-two Sabbaths of rest, with which the year is interspersed, are like patches of verdure watered by ever-springing fountains, that dot the inhospitable wilderness and invite its fainting travellers to exhilaration and repose. O! precious day!—the workman's jubilee—the shield of servitude—the antidote of weariness. How it smooths the brow of care. How it brightens the countenance of gloom. How it braves the enervated limbs of labour. How it revives the drooping spirit. How it gives wings to the clogged affections and aspirations of the soul. How it lifts the groveller from his low pursuits and fills him with a noble self-respect.

Companions of labour! Have you ever attempted to compute the value of the Sabbath, even in this lowest of its uses, as a provision of rest for the body? O! glorious Sabbath, almoner and nurse of health. We, the children of toil, flee to the shadow of thy protection. Thou standest beside us like some guardian spirit, casting over us the shield of thine excellency, enfolding our jaded powers in Thy sustaining arms, and saying to the encroaching tide of human selfishness: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. May Thy bulwarks, notwithstanding all hostile assaults, stand strong among us as the everlasting hills and be in all coming ages for a refuge and a covert to the children of men."

A really sanctified Sabbath throughout the world would present one of the most interesting spectacles that could be witnessed on earth.

Look forth on a Sabbath morning when all is peaceful and quiet, as God designed the Sabbath to be, and behold! the delectable representation of the Sabbath—rest! Then every sound would breathe softer; every tint gleam brighter; every scene would appear fresher, and we might read in every softened feature of nature the sweet tranquility of Sabbath—rest. The gates of the Temple of Mammon are shut and the gods of silver and gold are forsaken by their week-day devotees.

The chiming bells, sounding alike across country and towns, are calling upon all men to cut the cords of their earth-bound thoughts and low cares and go up to worship at the footstool of Jehovah.—*A. Printer, Prize Essay on the Sabbath.*

RELIGIOUS OBSTRUCTIVES.

Our Presbyterian system affords many opportunities for cultivating the spirit of active devotion to Christ, but, in a multitude of cases, these opportunities are neglected. And too often Presbyteries set the example. We hardly know a sadder spectacle than that of a large Presbytery occupying its time in considering the great question, "How not to do it." There are brethren that have a marvellous fertility in treating that question. They can ring the changes on it wonderfully. Some new method of activity has been brought into operation in their neighbourhood; it is new, therefore unconstitutional; and they cannot rest till they have repudiated and denounced it. There is something intensely saddening in the thought of men; able and good men in their way, signalling their life—if the word signalling may be used of anything so poor—by applying the drag and pulling the bridle against their more active and enterprising brethren. We remember once, in travelling along a Highland road, observing a heap of old shoes at the foot of a steep declivity; and on asking how they came there, we were informed that the driver of the public coach was in the habit, each morning as he set out, of nailing an old shoe on the face of the drag attached to the hind wheel, and then, when he came to the bottom of the hill, pulling it off, and consigning it to the heap. We know men whose whole public life would be fitly represented by such an ignoble heap—men who, deeming that the world's salvation depends on keeping things going in the old fashion, have delivered speech upon speech, year after year, for the purpose of obstructing the onward movements of the day! And all the while without any conception of the poverty of the *role* they have chosen, or the pitiable policy of stopping those who take a more vivid view than themselves of the needs of the world and the duty of the Church!—*Catholic Presbyterian.*

THE Corea has a population of from twelve to fifteen millions, who have never yet had any portion of the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue.