

or more applicants as above, there may be a small number whose work in their present field is plainly done. The time has come for them to move on. And yet, if so, why has not the great Herod of the church so indicated, and made plain a way into another field? Do we really believe that we are 'under shepherds'? If so, then it is our duty to 'shepherd the flock of God' where the chief Shepherd has placed us until He plainly orders a change of field. But nowadays ambition, little differences, desire for larger salaries, discouragement and pure nervousness seem to be taken as indices of divine commands to take another flock—if we can get it.

"Suppose that thirty-nine of the forty above applicants should, each in his own place, sit down and counsel with God; renew his covenant vows; cast himself unreservedly on the Holy Ghost for guidance; wait, if need be, the full forty days for the endowment of power from on high; then call his session together and with them wait on God. What would be the result? I believe from my heart, that thirty-nine begging letters, so humiliating to the beggars, would be withdrawn. Each pastor would take up the watch-care of the old flock with renewed devotion, and great work for Jesus Christ would be done.

F. B. Meyer said at Northfield last summer: 'People need to be convicted for sanctification, as they must be convicted for justification; and unless you can do a sub-soil work at first, it is worse than useless to begin to talk about the filling with the Holy Ghost.' He also said: 'There is one other thing of great importance, and that is that none of you beloved ministers who have not experienced this filling with the Spirit, but have heard the teaching shall begin to talk about these things without first knowing the power of the life that ought to precede the words. Nothing is likely to hinder this movement so much as for men to use language without the personal experience in their own life.'

Here, I profoundly believe, lies the real solution of this vexed question. No ministerial bureau, or agency, or begging influence and applications from friends, can equal it. The pastor who is restless and unhappy in his present field, unless he has a clear call from God to leave it, will be just as unhappy in any other. Perhaps what he needs is 'conviction for sanctification.' The blessings and comforts of a lengthened pastorate are beyond computation. As one looks back upon it the joys are unspeakable. Yet one can see scores of instances where in great discouragement, or in the face of some trial, he was ready to surrender and seek another field. But the way was not clear, he held on prayerfully; the difficulty disappeared, and the mutual affection of pastor and people was all the stronger for the strain it had successfully resisted.

'Mr. Moody has issued a ringing call to the churches for special work during January. One sentence therein serves my purpose here: 'First, let us have a revival of righteousness among ourselves, and then open wide our churches to those whom we have so long neglected. . . . If every pastor will exert himself to spend and be spent in the Master's service at this special season, if every officer will give his sympathy and co-operation to the work, the church will have cause to remember January, 1897, both in time and through eternity.' This is the true ministerial unrest. Oh, that this kind may take the place of the other with 'the expulsive power of a new affection'."

Commenting on this article the Editor of the *Observer* says that Dr. Page hardly goes far enough when he suggests that thirty-nine out of forty applicants for the vacant pulpit in Kansas, each in his own place, sit down and counsel with God, renew his covenant vows, and seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Why should not all forty applicants do this thing? Is it to be supposed that the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls would commend one solitary applicant of the forty any more than he would another or all? Should not all the discontented or restless pastors pursue the same repentant course and withdraw their respective letters of application? Will any one of them do it? The one who does may well have the earnest consideration of the church in its reaching out for a new under shepherd. Much would be gained

if it were understood that no church or minister would henceforth pay attention to personal application for a pastorate. The Head of the church needs no such specious and unhallowed methods as are in vogue to insure for his flock the care of those who shall lead the sheep in green pastures and beside still waters.

It is pleasing for us to feel that the condition of offices spoken of by Dr. Page is much more general in the United States than in our Dominion yet may we not hope and pray that at no distant day the condition of affairs outlined by the *Observer* Editor may be universal throughout our beloved church.—AN ELDER ELDER.

A LIVING AND A LIFE.

The late Governor Russell was on one occasion called to give an address on "Practical Success" to a high-school class. One sentence in that address clings to the memory of those who heard him: "Remember that there is one thing better than making a living—making a life."

We might say that the epigram is worthy of Aurelius; but it would be more exact to say that it is the same lesson taught in the old question of the Teacher of Galilee: "What shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his own life?" This was his frequent lesson. He bade them take no care for what they should eat or drink or wear, because there were higher wants than these which occupy birds and beasts. It was the money-getting lives that sank to Gehenna, while the beggar Lazarus was taken to Abraham's bosom. It was the man increased in goods, building new barns, to whom the dread summons came.

Any one can make a living; it requires only labor. When made it is an ordinary achievement, not worth much. The living perishes day by day with the consumption of food. It only prolongs an existence which may be a worthless existence. It is all material, disrupted by processes of decay. It is bread, meat, shirt, sheet, shingles, wheels, nothing more, gone to-morrow or next year. Its best product is muscle to make more living, and brain wasted on yet more living. It is permeated with all the ugliness of selfishness.

But a life—that is all of greatness that we can conceive. A life, budding in an infant intelligence, developing into soul and character, transcending the conditions of circumstances in the mutability of time—the maturing will of that little child has in it a grandeur that no physical display of force can rival. Sanctified by love, guided by a high purpose, crowned with victory over all low impulses, and charged with power to scatter blessing everywhere. The life is more than meat, more than the mere living.

We hold Governor Russell in honor for repeating the old Galilean lesson. When he said it his hearers did not think of it as an oracle of religion; but it is none the less the very heart of the teaching of Jesus Christ.

OUR EXCUSES.

"Yes I am too tired to attend church to-day; I must rest." And the tired house-keeper sighs wearily at the thought of Sabbath service unattended as she reflects that she failed to prepare for the day on the previous afternoon. "Them that honor me I will honor."

"No, indeed, I am so fatigued I could not keep awake," says the young lady of society, and no wonder, for she was up with company until the early hours of Sabbath morning. She thinks ruefully of a broken Sabbath as her memory recalls the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"Pray do not ask me to go to church," says a visitor. "I have no dress elegant enough for a fashionable congregation. You must excuse me."

The young business man who rises late has no time for God's service, but spends the holy hours in reading the morning papers. The ringing of the church bells does not disturb his conscience.

We often seek excuses for absence from the sanctuary, and are relieved when one of sufficient importance presents itself. One church is too poor; another too fashionable; we cannot feel at home, or "We don't like the minister." Are these sufficient reasons for ignoring God's sanctuary? The heat, the cold, the stormy weather, a Sunday headache, the shabby dress and hat, the Sunday dinner complete the catalogue of our excuses.

Oh, poor, flimsy excuses. In that day when we are called to give an account of our earthly Sabbaths, will not the Lord turn a deaf ear to them all? What then will the record be?