

stantly increasing. There is something stimulating to both minister and congregation in the influx of new people. Next to the grace of God, nothing heals old congregational sores so fast as new blood. A growing population makes an easy field; a declining population is always a hard one. Hence the man who barely holds a congregation together in a community that is constantly falling off in its numbers and correspondingly declining in spirit may be doing much better work than one who adds hundreds to his communion roll where the population is going up by thousands and the people are crowding in upon him. One lesson that Christian people need very much to learn—ministers perhaps more than others—is to judge every worker by his opportunities. The tendency to worship success of a statistical kind is just as strong in the Church as in the world. Few men have enough grace and common sense to believe that a ragged missionary plodding across the prairies in Manitoba may be doing quite as good work as a fashionable preacher in Montreal or New York.

#### WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

Mr. A. retired late on Saturday night and rested poorly. When his wife woke him up on Sabbath morning telling him that it was very near church time he was all out of sorts. Two great problems present themselves to Mr. A.'s mind, demanding instant solution. The first was whether he should get up or not, and the second, whether he would go to church that morning, even if he did drag himself out of bed. Being a good man and anxious to set a good example to his family, he pulled himself together and made an effort. An effort was needed for Mr. A. was really very tired. When he assumed a perpendicular position and examined his watch he became reasonably certain that he must hurry if he intended to get to church in anything like time. When he began to hurry, his little boy came upstairs and told him that "Ma said if he did not hurry he would be late at church." Then he hurried some more. Presently Mrs. A. came to the foot of the stairs and called, "Hurry, pa, the first bell is ringing." Then he hurried still more. His razor pulled—it always does pull when one is in a hurry. There would have been no use in him telling anybody that day that he "never shaves on Sunday," for he had two or three well-defined marks on his chin. In the next important operation a button flew off his shirt—they always do fly off when one is in a hurry. His collar would not fit, nor his tie lie kindly—they never do when one has to hurry, especially on Sabbath. Having finished dressing, Mr. A. went down to breakfast. To put the matter mildly he was not in a devotional mood. Nobody could complain about the *length* of the prayer he offered before he came down. Breakfast did not im-

prove his mood. The steak was cold and the tea weak. The last bell began to ring before he was half done. The children were not ready for church and their mother was hurrying—in fact everybody was hurrying. There was no time for family worship. Mr. A. came to the foot of the stairs and shouted two or three times to those getting ready above: "Hurry up, the bell has stopped." His voice had not a very devotional ring and it did not help the devotional mood of those upstairs. At last the family got in motion and started on the half-trot towards the church. They were not in a devotional mood at the start, and a hot pace does not promote devotional feeling. They are late, of course. Standing at the door through the "long prayer" does not mend matters. Mrs. A. is one of those good souls that stand up for her church and minister under all circumstances and against any odds, and being on good terms with herself and her surroundings she manages to worship with a fair degree of comfort and profit. It is different with Mr. A. He is nervous, uncomfortable, fidgetty, and does not enjoy anything. He imagines everything about the church is going wrong. He is glad when the service is over. He thought the sermon three hours long—it was only forty minutes. He forgot his envelope and that riled him some more. On the way home he made this little speech to his wife: "Why on earth can't that stupid church officer keep the church at a right temperature. My feet were freezing all day and my head roasting. What did the choir sing that miserable rant for? I could not make head or tail of that sermon. It was too doctrinal, too practical, too long, *too, too, too, too, too*—*TOO* everything. We must have a new church-officer, a new choir, a new minister—the church is going to the bad."

The church was about as usual. The trouble was with or rather *in* Mr. A. He needed quiet, rest, sleep, fresh air, some good devotional reading and, perhaps—a blue pill.

Mr. B. held the theory that preparation for a pleasant and profitable Sabbath service must begin on Saturday. His rule was to stop work at the usual hour or earlier if possible and rest long and well on Saturday night. His family were not allowed to promenade late on Saturday evenings because they could lie long on Sabbath morning. His daughters were not permitted to run through the stores every Saturday night. On Sabbath morning the family breakfasted not quite so early as on other mornings, but in good time. There was no hurry nor bustle nor excitement. Family worship was a little longer than usual. Household duties being over the family sat down for "a good read." Mrs. B. got a little startled when she saw her husband taking his daily *Globe*. The good man was going to read Spurgeon's sermon. His eye may have rested just for a second on the "parliamentary proceedings" but he took it off im-