

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CONSCIENTIOUS WORKERS.

The tendency of our times is to disregard old maxims. It is true, many of them, based on the experience of other people under very different conditions, are not applicable in our day. "Haste makes waste" may be true in the workshop, but the business man knows that "time is money," and it pays to be in a hurry when the market shews signs of a change.

The good old maxim that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is too often forgotten. "That is good enough for him, or for the money," is a poor excuse for a man to sacrifice his good name, and still worse to acquire careless habits. It has been said that while American workmen are better paid, better fed, better educated, and we may say, better behaved, than those of any country, they can beat the world in slighting their work and cheating their customers and employers. The shoemaker, who turns out one or two pairs of boots a week for customers, takes an honest pride in his work, and feels and knows that he is to be held personally responsible for every stitch he puts in. In a large factory, where the division of labour should make every man expert in his own branch, the workman often loses his identity and responsibility. He knows the customer cannot fall back on him, however imperfect his work. If it is only covered up so as to conceal it from the eye of his foreman he is safe. Probably this is doing much to encourage careless work. It is well known that ready-made clothing, boots, dresses, under-clothing, everything made in large quantities, is far cheaper than custom work, but alas! it is not so good.

There are many people in every land who like to be humbugged, while others have an equally strong passion for cheap wares, whether poor or good, and some one must supply this demand. The producers of such goods employ poor workmen at correspondingly poor wages, because they must make their profits out of their workmen. Five and ten cent stores are lowering the standard of production as well as the scale of wages.

It never pays to be a poor workman. If you are a young man, aim to do honest work, and, although your present employer may not be willing to pay any more for a well-made coat or a neatly-finished boot than he would for a botch, don't be discouraged. If you are a carpenter, make the best joint you can; if you are a machinist, see that every bolt and rivet is as firm as if your life depended on its properly fulfilling its duties. How carefully the aeronaut examines his balloon, the tight rope performer his rope, before he trusts his life to it. Would a shipbuilder take passage on a vessel of his own building if he knew that he had willfully neglected or slighted any essential part of her hull? Yet many a young mechanic has destroyed his own future and committed moral suicide by sending forth a poor piece of work. The old surgical professor's caution to a young medical student is not inapt here. Said he, "If you are ever called to set a broken leg, and your work is a failure, and the man becomes a cripple, you may be sure he will always come limping along just at the wrong time, when you are surrounded by your clients and friends. He is a walking advertisement of your incapacity."

Every manufacturer knows the value of a good reputation. There are names that will sell almost anything. Why do Burt's shoes bring a better price than those of other makers? Why does Squibb's ether bring a higher price than that of any one else? Why do Merk's chemicals have their own price list? Because they are known to be honestly prepared.

The path to fame by honest merit is a slow and tedious one. A manufacturer who is so careful about his products that he has to put a higher price on them than his less conscientious neighbour can sell for, may be repaid at first by small sales and smaller profits. It takes a long time to build up a reputation by excellence, but once acquired it is like the pearl of great price.

WOMAN'S TRUE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shews itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule, they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds,

but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of a member of the family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case. — *Nineteenth Century*.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone,
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to shew.

OUTSIDE VIEWS OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

Of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church the late distinguished Roman Catholic, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, wrote as follows: "Though it is my privilege to regard the authority exercised by the General Assembly as usurpation, still I must say, with every man acquainted with the mode in which it is organized, that for the purposes of popular and political government its structure is little inferior to that of Congress itself. It acts on the principle of a radiating centre, and is without equal or rival among the other denominations of the country."

As to the doctrines of Presbyterianism, embodied as they are in the Westminster Confession, the Rev. Dr. Curry, one of the ablest ministers of the Methodist Church, writes: "It is the clearest and most comprehensive system of doctrine ever formed—a comprehensive embodiment of nearly all the precious truths of the Gospel. Some of the best fruits of the Christian life, and the noblest specimens of Christian character, have been exhibited among those who have been, at least in theory, Calvinists."

And as to another aspect of Presbyterian faith and life, Froude, the historian, says: "When all else has failed . . . Calvinism has ever borne an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder, like flint, than to bend before violence or melt under enervating temptation."

As to the Revolution, Bancroft truly says: "The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, not from the Dutch of New York, not from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians."

Carlyle, speaking of Presbyterianism in Scotland, and referring to the noble outburst in St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh, followed by the sublime scene in Greyfriars churchyard, where men signed the old League and Covenant with their blood (acts and scenes which, in their remote consequences, took off the heads of Wentworth, Laud, and King Charles, and secured liberty for mankind), says: "The tumult in the High Church in Edinburgh spread into a uni-

versal battle a struggle over all these realms; and there came out, after fifty years' struggling, what we call the glorious Revolution, a Habeas Corpus Act, free Parliaments, and much else." And of this same attempt to enslave Scotland Macaulay writes: "To this step our country owes its freedom;" and Hallam says: "In its ultimate results it preserved the liberties and overthrew the monarchy of England."

FUNERAL SERMONS.

We are almost ready to offer the prayer, concerning them, of the Revolutionary preacher for kings: "May we have no more of them."

There may be exceptional cases where a sermon or oration may be quite fitting, in view of the death of one pre-eminently useful and prominent; but the inevitable sermon or long address at every funeral, we are glad to believe, is going more and more out of fashion. It is a great useless drain upon a minister's energy and power. It is no wonder a pastor in one of our cities who had attended sixty funerals in sixty days, went home and died.

There is great danger that a minister with strong sympathies, in deference to the sorrow of the bereaved, may be tempted in speaking of the dead to say what unconsciously to himself may undo the pulpit teaching of years. By eulogy of the dead more than one minister has been charged with preaching graceless men into heaven—sometimes not unjustly. Much of what is said on such occasions is as misplaced and, in its effect, as untruthful as many a tombstone inscription.

Impressions are made out of harmony with consistent maintenance of scriptural truth. To be silent concerning the impenitent dead were far wiser than the indiscriminate eulogy so common, even though such silence may offend and cause bitterness.

When a notoriously bad man dies his friends are generally strenuous for a "first-class funeral." They must have a sermon, and bring, dead, to church the man who never came when living.

Is it not time that a service so useless and burdensome should be done away and a more simple service of prayer and Scripture reading take the place? Or, if we must retain the address, may there not be wisely a more faithful and consistent discharge of the duty?

Far better were it to speak as one fearless preacher, who over the body of one slain by strong drink, warned the mourners of the frightful issue of intemperance, than another clergyman who at the funeral of a notoriously wicked young man, gave out his text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"Consistency is a jewel," even at funerals.

The solemn verities of time and eternity do not change, though sorrow's tears may blind men to their stern reality.—*N. O. Independent*.

THE MOTHER.

A good mother never grows old to a good son, nor does his love for her. Their relations to each other are not changed by the passing years. She is to the last his mother; and whatever he is to others, to her he is her boy. Biography is rich with illustrations of this truth, although the man whose mother is still spared to him need not go beyond his own experience to recognize its force. Here, for example, is gruff old Dr. Johnson, bearish and boorish in many things. When he is fifty years old, and his mother is ninety, he writes to her in tenderness: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I omitted to do well." How many men there are whom the world little thinks of as childlike, who could make these words their own, and set their hands to them with Johnson's closing assurance, "I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son." And the lion-hearted Luther, who seems better suited to hurl defiance at spiritual oppressors than to speak words of trustful affection to a kind hearted woman, turns from his religious warfare to write to his aged and dying mother: "I am deeply sorrowful that I cannot be with you in the flesh, as I fain would be. All your children pray for you."

John Quincy Adams' mother lived to be seventy-four, but he had not out-grown his sense of dependence upon her when she was taken away. "My mother was an angel upon earth," he wrote. "She was the real personification of female virtue, of piety, of charity, of ever active and never intermitting bene-