## Sunday Reabing.

Waiting on God. BY REV. J CLARK.

Wait, wait, my soul, on God-On God alone; With deepest reverence bow Before His throne.

Let not His altar fires Burn low or dim; Yet not in prayer alone Wait thou on Him.

His faintest, smallest word, With speed fulfil; This, this thy highest joy-To do His will.

Though angels bright and fair, His pleasure do, A weak, frail child of earth May serve Him too.

No work, when love constrains, Is e'er a task; More grace His love would give Would we but ask.

Each idle, vain excuse Cast thou aside; Do what thy Lord requires, Whate'er belide.

His state most glorious is; His laws most just; His every attribute Invites thy trust.

He asks no servile toil; Most kind is He; All, all who trust in Him Should gladsome be.

No harm o'ertakes the just; Fear naught but sin; The lowly, faithful soul Life's crown shall win.

Seek not some grander place, But, where thou art, With willing heart and hand, Do thou thy part.

Not thine may be the choice: Not here thy rest; Let God ordain for thee-He knoweth best.

Dream not thy life away; Each setting sun Should mark new victories gained, Fresh labours done.

Though grief, though loss be thine, With patience wait; Soon, soon thy feet shall reach His glory gate.

Heaven waits on thee; And all who wait on Him His face shall see. Nictaux, N. S. -London Baptist

Yes wait, my soul, on God;

Temptation. BY J. DENOVAN.

If the divine Man needed this severe moral training for the thorough development of His proper humanity, do not we? Hath not God predestinated beievers "to be conformed to the image of His Son ?"

Let not the child of God think Temptation a misfortune or calamity.

On the contrary, "Blessed" - yes blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life which Satan not excepted. " All things work God hath promised to them that love together for good." "I am persuaded Him." And "all things work together that neither death nor life, nor angels for good to them who love God: to them | nor principalities nor powers (compare who are the called according to His purt this with Eph. vi. 12) . . . nor pose"- the Devil himself among the any other creature shall be able (-they number. That old adversary and arch- will try their best)-to separate us from tempter is, I am sure, kept out of his prison (in which his written destiny is Jesus our Lord." again to be "shut up") for the express good. Were it not for the plausible lies he is ever insinuating they would not be so frequently forced to manifest their preference for the truth of God. all rationalistic arguments to the contrary notwithstanding; were it not for the beating, brushing and scrubbing he gives them, soon their spiritual armor would become as rust-eaten, ricketty and useless as Don Quixote's: the sinews of their soul becoming soft as a Sybarite's, their whole spiritual manhood would shrivel into the utter weakness and smallness of selfishness—the very opposite of what the heroic race of heaven ought to be. Were it not for those sudden storms "the prince of the power of the air" raises on the sea of life, the disciples would forget altogether the value of Jesus Christ in the vessel, and would begin to think that their safety and success depend entirely upon their own toiling in rowing. the gospel.

Nothing can be plainer than that this is the apostle Peter's opinion, (and he is an experimental authority upon Temptation), in these words he addresses to "the strangers scattered abread." " Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And this is certainly the opinion of James when he writes, " Count it all joy when ye fall into (-not go into, not fall before or fall under-) manifold temptations, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience; and let patience have (by this process) her perfect work that ye may be perfect and en ire, wanting nothing." In other words, Christian perfection is attainable only by our being kept painfully conscious of our imperfection. For example, long after he has perhaps thought he has gained the mastery over his carnal nature, a strong new temptation suddenly assails the believer; and what is the consequence? Although he may not yield to its power outwardly he certainly emerges from the trial sadly convinced at least that there still lurks in his nature corruption enough to ruin him torever, but for the pardoning mercy and sustaining power of the Most High -he emerges feeling the full force of the exhortations, "Be not high-minded, but fear," "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Toat is, from temptation he emerges a wiser,

yielding to the drawing of temptation it is proof indisputable of indwelling sin somewhere—of something which naturally responds to the allurement. The apostolic James assures us that "every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. And when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." This is the entire process of the production of sin and its consequences. And is not the potency of this process continually lurking within believers, although some times it may be in a latent, dormant state? And were there no other proof available, this itself is proof sufficient of how useful, nay how indispensable Temptation is in the sanctification of moral beings constituted as we are.

humbler, stronger man.

Temptation alone, with all the certainty of a chemical test, detects and demonstrates the presence of corruption, for every time the drawing power of lust toward forbidden objects is felt and successfully resisted the last must be weakened and the virtue whi h overcame it correspondingly strengthened. Every such struggle which issues in the triumph of virtue brings off the re-isting and dominating power of fith much increased in present strength, as well as in courage for future enterprises against sin.

To sum up:

1. Everything God permits or employs in the moral universe is useful, the love of God which is in Christ

2. Temptation is a sin and crime to: purpose of doing God's dear children the tempter, but not to the tempted, except in so far as his desires and acts respond to it.

> 3. Temptation, when successfully resisted, is to the tempted a priceless blessing. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." By the grace of God, Temptation constitutes the gymnastic apparatus by which the inner man is made healthy, tough, vigorous, robust, by which the growing child of God is trained in moral heroism-is drilled into the glorious military spiritual condition of Christ-like self-denial and self-control - is daily developed into the measure of the stature of perfect God-like manhood.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in lite.

We know our reasonings are right when they lead us to the obedience of

The Deacon' Week. BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sin. cerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did semetimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, a brawling noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory; yet on the hills around it there was a scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems, as well as hot iron; with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and athome; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and and rocky pasture for the mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse people from their sins, and make them believe on the Lord and follow his footsteps. To-day, no-a long time before to day-he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized, as he looked about When any believer feels an inward | him and foreboiled the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow

> So, with the sense of strength the minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some of the things of God, another fight. I do set by pie the most in this manner, that a succession of of anything. I was fetched up on pier prayer-meetings would not, perhaps, so as you might say. Our folks always had take 'topics,' as they are called for the spells, and unreliable as a weather-cock. is prayer for the temperance work. speech, in act, in indulgence of any for Sunday Schools; go and visit your washin' and all, and I come across that scholars, such of you as are teachers, to part where it says that the bodies of try to feel that they have living souls | Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost lowship meeting; we are cordially inat Bantam. Few of us can go twenty. five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day cultivating our brethren here, let us go and see those who have promoted breaches of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to words, 'All ye are brethren.'

" Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day, in our measure, what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger;" Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are the texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday, the church is to be prayed for. Let us then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great example, would have acted in Lord for the first time, sayin', 'Inasour places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us, that we of these, ye did it not unto me " have not taken upon us his name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one who will take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does but he reckoned you kinder looked reely. Seemed as though the Lord had made as follows: -332 Baptists, 216 Innot hear it anywhere else. Perhaps down on the mill hands. I'm awful glad you will find work that ye know not lying in your midst. And let all on Saturday evening meet here again and day's work done me good. I got a poor cho se one brother to relate his experi- opinion of Josiah Emmons, now, I tell ence of the week. You who are willing ve, but I learned more about the Lord's to try this method, please rise,"

Everybody rose except old Amos showed me." Tucker, who never stirred though his

him imploringly. He shook his grizzled | deacon had forgotten all external issues head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes, and it was sung with full

The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point that Archimedes longed for, and each one felt ready and strong enough to move a

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn-books for

the purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them: "Deacon Emmons, the lot has

"I'm sorry for 't," said the deacon, rising and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'nt got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

fallen on you."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want to know the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thickset man, with a shrewd, kindly face, and | cracklin's with frost. You'd better gray bair, who kept the village store, b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feeling had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I he: ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. - Monday I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me; the doctor says it ain't; but dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse! I knew it made me what other folks call nervous, but I call cross, before night comes; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me -not a good one, any way, so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I could not eat my breakfast without it. I know how to pity a man that loves liquor mor'n ever I did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop it if they'll try, for I've stopped, an I'm

a goin' to stay stopped. "Well, come to dinner, there was thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I it three times a day, and the doctor he's say this, I don't mean to have you go been talkin' and talkin' to me about home and vaguely endeavor to walk eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like straight in the old way; I want you to everything, and it makes me useless by prayer-meetings. For instance, Monday | An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was Try all that day to be temperate in readin' the Bible that morning while l was waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monkind that is hurtful to you. Tuesday is day, and wife was kind of set back with to save. Wednesday is a day for fel- Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they're vited to attend a meeting of this sort kept clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant burnt up good I called my wife." that has dyspepsy.

"But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and look ye! I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; are always havin' aches, and I was ye my conscience made music of me never sneer at a drinkin' man no more, when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see how it was. So that day's practice give out, but it learnt me a good deal more than I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday school as they ought, along back, but I was busy here a real chance to get to it."

tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fairly 'shamed of myself. Seemed as though I heard the much as ye did it not to one of the least

to me, before he came in from the shed says she:

"He's been a-sayin' that if folks practised what they preached, you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, you come."

"Brethering, so was I. I tell you that ways than a month of Sundays ever

wife pulled at him, and whispered to over Mr. Parkes's earnest face. The in coming so close to the heart of things, but the smile passed away as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself?"

"it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class nor took sech interest in 'em as I do to-day not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now, too."

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philury says, says she-

"Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence flat !"

"Well, the old Adam riz up then, had been a breakin' into my lots ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence and he won't make it bull strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to "Well, brethren," he said, "I dono his house and spoke up pretty free to why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty | him, when he looked up and says, says

deacon?'"

"I'd rather he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip be hind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day."

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons came around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n. and nothing else. I think more of him to day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practise with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty nine prayer meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it hain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down, and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my over me suddin that this was the day of I would say nothin', so I jest fetched in

a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minit.' I didn't mind that, for women had worked for an' waited on me twenty kind of feelin' to her. I went and her white face. She didn't say nothin', mercitul to me a sinner."-Ex. "Well, 'twould take the evenin' to she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before But 'twan't nothing to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the suller stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a Then another man's old mother says | goin' to die. 'Why, Josiar Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so

and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I had never thought they'd got right A smile he could not repress passed 'an reason to expect I'd do my part as dents and local preachers.

well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons's shortcomings than was real agreeable.

are in

the 1

the

his re

tion

rest

is sai

be so

who

with

ed to

comp

THE

'In

comp

tiona

cogn

brief

adop

bene

" Co

in th

appo

finan

to su

ing t

viou

exce

syste

at al

haps

colle

of th

all t

Som

nev

nel,

Mis

the

thus

mon

brac

and

fina

the

rais

lar

WOU

ficie

den

effic

cou

tha

the

tha

Fo

ing

vis

'Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cutering, but I did have sense not to tear around and use "Well, it's so," answered the deacon; sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas getting easy to practise after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some curt'in calico. I had a han some piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrapping of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I knew I did. It made me all of a tremble: There was I, a doorkeeper in the tents you'd better believe. That black bull of my God, as David says, really cheatia', and cheatin a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods; 'tain't thorough wove,' says I. So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times before I'd done sech mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and then all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg "'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

'So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin' and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang somehow I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n to convert her folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and fin'lly I said, says I, ' We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.

"No, you don't;' ses she, as quick, as a wink, 'I stay to home and mind my

'Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatory.

"' Look a here, deacon!' she snapped I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to besides. Now what are you comin' here to day for, I'd like to know, and talking so g ib about meetin'! Go to meetin'! I'll go and mouth to give him 'Jesse,' when it came | come just when I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this !' Why, she prayer for the family relation. I thought | come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was the kindlin's myself, and when the fire enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness "'Dear me, said she. 'I've got such | before. Then I went to another place just like that-I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went | jest agoin' to to say so, when I remem- and the man half drunk. He give it to another, and act as if, in our Master's out and did what I ought not to. I tell bered the tex' about not being bitter, me, too, and I don't wonder I'd never against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay | lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before considerable, and I said then I wouldn't | abed. I expect Emmy and me can get | in all these years. I'd said considerable the vittles to-day.' I declare she turned about the heathen in foreign parts, and over and give me sech a look; why it | give some little for to convert'em, and I struck right in. There was my wife, that | had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could odd years, 'most scar't because I spoke | hear Him say, 'These ye ought to have done, and not have left the other unfetched in the pail o' water she'd always | done.' I couldn't face another soul drawn herself, and then milked the cow. to day, my brethren; I come, and here When I come in Philury was up frying I be. I've been searched through and and there, and there didn't seem to be the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on through and found wantin.' God be

> Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund has had another year of prosperity, and the tact and sympathy of its originator and superintendent show that she has developed roast, and I heerd Joe up in the kitchen a genius for philanthropic work which is say to Emmy, . I do believe, Em, pa's quite extraordinary under the circumstances. The donations to the fund in 1883 amounted to £1,402 and 2,275 vol everlastin' pleasant and good natured I | umes of books. The expenditure was can't but think he's struck with death.' £1 410, while the number of books dis-"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down tributed was 11,351, or a total of 62,121 on them suller stairs and cried, I did volumes in eight years. The grants were turned and looked at me just as he did dependents, 310 Methodists, 163 Church at Peter. Why, there was my own of England clergymen, thirty-seven Preschildren never see me act real fatherly byterians, thirty-four missionaries, sixtyand pretty in all their lives. I'd growled one Evangelists, and two Moravians. The report will shortly be issued as a booklet by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. Many who apply are ineligible, but under certain conditions Mr. Spurgeon's Lectures are given to needy stu-