

After God's Own Heart.

What calling can be higher than that of pastor—shepherd of the flock of Jesus Christ? To lead and feel and guard the immortal souls of the people, and lead them on at last into the heavenly fold. Oh pastor, an angel may well desire the glorious task.

To be a true pastor—what wisdom to guide, what strength of soul to bear the burdens of the people, what patience, long suffering and Christ-like love. How fearless to condemn sin, and yet how tireless to hold on to the sinner and bring him back to the fold.

How varied must be the gifts of the pastor. He must enter the home of the rich with dignity and look the great in the face as a man under authority from God. He must enter the home of the poor with a spirit of cheerfulness and brotherly love that will disarm all fear and give him a glad welcome. He must meet the strong as their equal, not of himself, but as the representative of his Lord. He must meet and handle with tender care, the weak, so that they will turn to him for help and guidance in their distress. He must have a brave soul, a tender heart, and a strong hand.

The pastor must guard against excitement or rashness; he must think before he speaks, and guard against favoritism or partiality. He must be shepherd of all the sheep, with special care for the most unworthy and stumbling sheep. He must know how to rebuke, not to kill, but to cure; to reprove so as not to drive souls from him, but to draw them to him. The pastor should know all of his flock, and, as far as possible, their natural bent and individual needs—touch them all, help them all, and bring them on the heavenly way.

The pastor ought to be a neat, clean man in dress and personal appearance. The human sheep do not want to follow a sloven, dirty man. He must dress respectably and appear at ease among the people, both within and without the church. He must cultivate habits of good taste in all things. The pastor's task is an endless one. His work will never be done until his dead hands lay on his breast. He may rise early and tramp until late, but there will be poor sheep yet waiting for his footsteps and voice.

Save us from a lazy, careless, vulgar pastor, full of jests, rude jokes and rough laughter.

The pastor ought to have a good home in which to rest his tired body, a comfortable study in which to read, think, prepare and pray. He ought not to be burdened with care for the support of his family, lest he be diverted from the care of his flock. House him comfortably, support him well and give him an opportunity to make full proof of his ministry. Give him sympathy and confidence and brotherly love. Stand by him and he will grow and become a power among men for good.

The pastor ought to be cleansed from all sin in the blood of Christ, and filled with the Holy Ghost. He ought to walk with God. He ought to be in close communion with Christ. All of his outward life ought to reveal the pure heart within. Oh, for pastors after God's own heart. They must bear with the people and lead them, prepare the way for revival, take care of the young converts, bear the brunt of the battle with unbelief and worldliness. Let us all pray for true pastors from the Lord, and then sustain them in their God-given work.—Rev. H. C. Morrison, Pentecost Herald.

Desiring the Best.

Longing is one of the sweet graces of the human soul. How often the emptiness of things about us, and the memory of better times that have passed, breed a longing in the soul. Longing for better days, longing for things that have passed, longing for friends that have passed on, longing to be better than we are, is but the expression of the deepest and strongest cravings of the heart.

When we thirst for God we naturally reflect upon the time when we enjoyed

His fullest and truest presence. When we long for God we long for the best in life. It is only the vision of God when the way is lonely and dark that can bring joy and peace to the soul. When the soul truly thirsts for God, nothing but God will truly satisfy it, nothing but Him who supplies the sources of being. When we come to know the help we get from God, when we realize Him as our God and our Redeemer, when we feel that in Him we live and move and have our being, we feel that He is necessary to our very being. We feel that without Him we cannot have abundant life. What a man longs for that a man really is. The soul that longs for and cleaves to God, God will cleave to that soul. We both hold and are up-held. Longing for the best things lifts us up. If we desire Christ Himself, He will satisfy us.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say, "Thank you," when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plain, papa and mamma taught you these two little words and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to "Thank you," when somebody passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindness without saying a word. "Where are my rubbers?" cried Jack, as he is about to start to school one rainy morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my rubbers alone!" "Here they are, Jack?" mamma said quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I set them beside the register to have them get nice and warm." And perhaps Jack says "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says, "Thank you."

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you," for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of these little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start in this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those two little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—Sel.

Couldn't Look Father in the Eyes.

Disobedience to parents is the first step in the downward path. A circus was in town, and the little boy stood watching the great tent curiously. A neighbor, coming up, said, "Hello, Johnny, going to the circus?"

"No, sir," answered Johnny: "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you the money to go," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them."

"Well, go in for once. I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," my father would give me the money if he thought it best; besides I've got twenty-five cents in my box, enough to go."

"I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. Your father needn't know it."

"I can't say the boy."

"Now, why?" asked the man.

"Cause," said Johnny, "after I'd been, I couldn't look father right in the eyes, but now I can."

The boy who will never do anything that would prevent him looking into his father's eyes will never be a rebel.—Sel.

The discovery that by faith Jesus saves us now by his power from all sin, has been an era in the spiritual life of thousands.—Dr. Agar Beet.

It is more difficult, and calls for higher energies of soul, to live a martyr than to die one.—Horace Mann.

Dr. Charles Cullis' Experience.

After being saved he says, "I found that I was not saved from fret and worry and impatience. Often a hasty word would escape me, which I would willingly have given my right hand to recall. The fact is, I had not yet learned that Christ must keep me or I could not be kept. I knew my need of being kept, but at first thought that it could only be met by a great vigilance in self-keeping, and a greater firmness in self-reliance and determination; but this failed me. Then I tried prayer for help in safe-keeping; I spent hours and hours upon my knees, with tears running down my cheeks praying that the Lord would help me overcome this; but my failures were just as frequent and as grievous as ever. Finally, one day, whilst repeating the Lord's Prayer, the petition, 'deliver us from evil' seemed instinct with a significance I had never before apprehended. The evil it refers to I had always until then supposed to be that which is external to us, and which comes upon us without our choice—accidents, diseases, losses and the like; but then I saw it to refer to evil in the heart, evil in the disposition, evil in the spirit. I saw that, like the petition, 'Let Thy kingdom come,' it related primarily to our inner life, not to our outward circumstances. Then this new light was sealed home to me by the Spirit in the words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.' I saw that the kingdom within is the Lord's and the power to set it up, and keep it up forever, is His also. Not the helping power to self-keeping, but the keeping power altogether. It flashed through my soul in a moment, 'Thine is the power,' and Lord I have been asking Thee to help me overcome this: Thine is the power to do it all; and when I saw this, I said with all my heart: 'Yea, Lord amen; so it is, Hallelujah! Praise God from whom all blessings flow!' With joy unspeakable in my soul I got up from my knees praising God for victory.

"Before this great and blessed lesson had been taught me I thought I knew what it would be worth if I could be kept. There was no price which could have been commanded by me, that I should have thought too great for it. Yet I must say that I knew comparatively nothing at all of its value. The power that keeps is a power that illumines, subdues, teaches, strengthens, upholds, guides, sweetens, enlivens, gives peace, and everything else that pertains to God's kingdom within."

Take a Drop.

JOHN R. MOTT.

"Come in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Irishman to another. "No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flaherty died."

"Well, what about Tim?"

He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He dropped his place, he dropped his coat and hat, he dropped his money; he dropped everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! But the worst is to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man. And the last time I saw him he was taking his last drop with a slipping noose around his neck. I have quit the dropping business, Mike. I have seen too many good fellows when whiskey had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter, and then they dropped into the grave. No runner can get a drop in me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."

The whiskey business is a lawless desperado. It tries to "get the drop" on boys and girls, on men and women, on politicians and officers. The train-robber presents his pistol with the demand, "Your money or your life." Rum gives no such alternative; its demand is, "Your money and your life."—Sel.

Living in the Sunshine.

Life, beauty, glory are in the light of the sun. Is there not something beautiful for us in the way some flowers always keep their faces turned up into the face of the sun? Why is it that some of us

seem to miss the gladness that should be in the life of every christian? How apt we are to forget to look up at our Light, and how apt to do and say things for which we are sorry afterward. Where our sunlight is there is the glory of beauty and the shine of love, but we fail to see, and the shadow falls. We need to let more of the sunshine of God's love within our lives. Every day we feel that longing, and we are never happy unless we feel that there is in us more and more of the beauty of love. There is but one way we may be sure the heaven-light is in our hearts, and that is by constantly looking up to Him who is Life and Light and Love.

Heart-Leakage.

BY G. W. WILLIS.

Recently a young lady in Warsaw, Ind., died of heart-leakage. By some mysterious means a point of a needle entered one of her hands and worked its way up through her arm into her shoulder, then into her chest, and last of all, slowly following an artery, it strangely pierced her heart, thus causing a leakage of blood, which resulted in a painful death. So it has been with many a christian whose spiritual heart has been pierced with worldliness, selfishness, sinful pleasure, unbelief and many other things, causing a leakage of love, life, grace, faith and truth, finally resulting in spiritual death.

"Therefore, let us give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip"—that is, leak out.

If the truth leaks out of our hearts, the spiritual life is also liable to leak out—leaving us only spiritual corpses or nominal professors.

Heart Purity.

Our discussions on the higher life will be confirmatory, defensive and corrective, in doctrine, experience and profession. The Word of God lays great stress on heart-purity. This thought breathes in every book of the Bible. It is a doctrine that is divinely inspired. Its glory and its beneficent effects are portrayed upon its pages. It should be the goal of the Christian's aspiration, pursuit and faith. No experience of the Christian life can be more helpful, more desirable, more precious and more certain of definite results. It is to be deplored that there is so little, comparatively speaking, of earnest, definite and persistent seeking after this grace, until it becomes a conscious and a glorious experience. As an experimental reality it will open up avenues of usefulness and reveal visions of our heritage in Christ the Lord through the Gospel, that will stimulate and actuate to more diligent effort in bringing others into the same blessed enjoyment. Heart purity is an essential in a full-orbed Christian character, in a symmetrical Christian experience, and in a rounded Christian life.

The Shepherd as a Door.

Dr. Campbell Morgan, in one of his addresses, told of a conversation he once had with George Adam Smith, Mr. Smith traveling in Syria, came upon a sheepfold one evening when the shepherd was driving in his flock for the night. The fold was an enclosing wall with a single opening through which the sheep passed. However, there was no evidence of door or gate. He asked the shepherd whether there were any wild beasts to fear. The shepherd told him that he had to guard constantly against them. "Doesn't this fold afford poor protection against them?" "No," "But there is no door to shut out dangerous enemies." "Oh," said the shepherd, "I am the door!" "What do you mean by that?" "I mean this; When my sheep are in for the night, I lie down in the open space, and no sheep goes out except over my prostrate body, and no wolf can enter without first passing me." What protection for the sheep of his flock when Christ is such a door!—Frank H. Given, Cincinnati.

Infection Easy.

"We easily catch an infectious disease from one another, but no man receiveth health from another's company." Too true. Evil communications inevitably corrupt good manners; but good communications do not so necessarily im-

prove evil manners. We more readily learn evil than good, and we are also more forcible in communicating sin than virtue. Both as to the giving out and the receiving, the aptness lies on the wrong side. What a proof of our natural depravity! What a change must grace work in us before we shall be fully like our Lord Jesus, who was incapable of being inoculated by sin, but abundantly able to communicate goodness; for healing virtue proceeded from Him. When shall we become disseminators of holiness by our very presence? When shall we dwell where every companion shall minister to our soul's health? Such a place Jesus is preparing for us, and thither He is bringing His redeemed ones.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The Love Divine.

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way;
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze it's day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground their blossoms red,
 Life that shall endless be.

—George Matheson.

The Little Gatterbox.

They call me little Catterbox,
My name is little May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And O, I have so many friends,
So many; and you see,
I can't help loving them, because
They every one love me.

I love my papa and mamma;
I love my sisters too;
And if you're very good,
I guess that I'll love you.

But I love God the best of 'all:
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

I think it is nice to live!
And yet if I should die,
The Lord would send his angels down
And take me to the sky.

A few evenings ago as we were passing through the Union Station in this city, we met a fine young man, son of a deceased Presbyterian minister, in company with his aged mother. Pausing to talk with him for a few moments, we asked: "Are you married yet?" "Oh, no," said he; and then, pointing to his mother with a touch of pride in his voice, he added: "This is my sweetheart." Somehow we suddenly felt things growing brighter all around us. Blessings on such a young man! God certainly has something good in store for him.—Christian Advocate.

Robert Burdett says: "How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing.' We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going or how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same thing over and over. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't' just once, that settles it."

A dear old Quaker lady who was asked what gave her such a lovely complexion and what cosmetic she used, replied sweetly, "I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness; and for the heart, love."—Sel.