

The Country Preacher.

The city pastor who is really a success is deserving of great admiration; and verily he generally gets it.

But the country pastor who is a success is also deserving of admiration, for he as well as the city pastor has his problems and hindrances.

The country church has limited financial resources; the pay of the country church is small, but even so, this is often due not to stinginess, but to real poverty of the congregation. And a fair support is so necessary to efficiency that many a country pastor becomes restless—and if so, the effect on his inner life and upon his sermons shows itself in ways which paralyze his influence for good. There are in Connecticut eighty-five Congregationalist pastors who get less than six hundred dollars and no house rent. It works out in unrest, discouragement, sourness, collision and—resignation.

But there is another side: There is the chance to study; to put behind mere fluency of speech—which is apt to become unendurable froth—the substance of real thought. Blessed is the man who improves his years in the country by making them days of tremendous energy in devouring, digesting, assimilating and organizing great thoughts from great books, and from sustained meditation.

The country pastor can get near his people. He can dig into their respect by his sound counsel. He can get the young fellow off to college. He can bring information to the whole circle.

There is such a chance for personal work in the country charge.

The country pastor has room. He has room to think, and room to grow. He has leisure to study and think and grow. He has opportunity to touch souls, one by one. The country pastor ought to be the most widely read man in the ministry, and the most cogent thinker. He has a chance to know himself, and by profound prayer to know his God.—Central Christian Advocate.

"Tis The Old Time Religion."

Yes! and if it is of the Lord it will never be anything else

Bishop Joyce said: "Living water tastes to a thirsty man whether out of a gold goblet, a silver mug or a gourd." No man is a stickler for the surroundings or the means, when he is thirsting.

"The water of life" is always the same. Why should we higgie over methods.

A gentleman gave as an excuse why he was not a Christian: "I do not know who has the right way. You Methodists have your way; Presbyterians their way; Baptists and Disciples another way. How can I know the right way?" We replied: Jesus said, "I am the way." If you mean that there are many methods by which to reach "the way," we agree with you. Methodists have their plan by which to reach salvation. Presbyterians and Baptists some different means. Yet all must reach Jesus Christ, "the way." When you get it "Tis the old time religion." It never changes. Methods and the manner of expression will change. Sin and its remedy, with their sad and happy results, never change. Why deny the quality of the living water because one vessel is a silver and the other a tin cup? "Tis the old time religion" if you have it, whether you cry, or shout, or make no demonstration over it. The fellow who gets soiled over the way the others acts about it, proves conclusively that he has not got "the old time religion."—Christian Standard.

Making A Great Speech.

"Mr. B—— is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored council.

"Oh, yes; Mr. B—— always makes a great speech. If you or I had occasion to announce that two and two are four, we'd be just fools enough to blurt it out. Not so Mr. B——. He would say: 'If by that particular rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two integers, we would find—I say it boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula before mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion that I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the other two integers would be four.'—Tid-Bits.

Yes, we have heard preachers who beat the above all "holier."

With Her Blessed Lord.

Written on reading of the translation of "Aunt Debbie" Goodspeed, which occurred at her home in Peniac, N. B. Nov. 16th 1908. She was counted among the author's choice friends, along with her devoted husband. These lines are affectionately dedicated to dear "Uncle Ben."

Not dead? Oh, no! Just gone before,
To the land beyond the sun!
Life's toils and troubles all are o'er,
The bliss of Heaven begun!

As soft as dews at eventide,
Calm as a tranquil sea,
She crossed the tide to the glory side,
With her blessed Lord to be!

The world will bicker on it's way,
The changing seasons come;
The rushing trains from day to day
Will thunder by the home;
The dreamy Nashwaak still will flow
To join the briny main;
But dear Aunt Debbie ne'er will know
Those pleasant scenes again.

The summer's sun will higher climb,
The grasses green will spring;
The bobolink in haying-time
His cheerful song will sing;
The interval, with herd's grass tall,
Will bend before the breeze;
And daisies, too, will rise and fall
Like billows on the seas.

The landscape still will stretch away,
With scenes of beauty rare,
The orchard trees will bloom in May,
And perfume all the air,

The bees will gather honey sweet,
And swarm before the door,
But dear Aunt Debbie's eye will greet
These cherished scenes no more.

The children cannot understand
Why grandma ne'er appears,
To smooth their cheeks with loving hand
And kiss away their tears;
And Alice weeps and Clarence mourns
A mother kind and true,
And Mary sobs as thought returns
Her girlhood days to view.

Dear Uncle Ben, how lonely now
The gliding moments seem;
Life's many years have weighed his brow,
And all seems like a dream;
How full of Heaven's bliss the years
That have so swiftly fled;
And how through all their joys and tears
The Hand of God has led.

And now he loves to take the track
To those bright early days,
And from the treasured past bring back
Love's shining golden rays;
Those days when first there sounded out
The glorious Gospel Word,
That stirred New Brunswick with its shout
Of cleansing through the blood!"

And then the scenes of holy joy,
With hundreds pressing on
To bid adieu to sin's alloy—
The wilderness forlorn;
And into Canaan's sunny land,
With milk and honey blest,
They enter at their Lord's command
And find that second rest."

And then again how oft return
Those sweet camp-meeting days,
When every heart with love did burn,
And swelled the Saviour's praise,
And when, like Deborah of old,
The sainted loved one stood,
And with a heart o'erflowing told
Of Jesus' cleansing blood!

Those blissful days are past and gone,
Yet sweet their memory clings;
And oft again to Uncle Ben
They come on angel wings;
And Beulah Camp and many a scene,
Where hearts are set aflame,
And dearer now by far to him
Than ere this parting came.

Oh yes, dear ones feel sad and lone!
How changed the old home seems!
Such sorrow ne'er it's walls have known,
Nor yet such golden dreams!
'Tis sad to part, but just before
What joys await the soul!
On Heaven's shore to part no more
While countless ages roll!

"We shall not sorrow," God hath said,
"As those who have no hope."
We do not mourn this saint as dead,
And like the heathen grope;
She's happy now in Paradise,
Where comes no grief or pain,
And waits the hour when love's sweet ties

Will ne'er be broke again.

So let us sing our hymns of praise,
Nor waver in the fight;
'Twill only be a few more days
Before the morning bright,
When we shall say to earth, "good-bye,"
And join the blood washed throng,
And sing with all the saints on high
The glad Redemption song!

—BY D. RAND PIERCE
Fitchburg, Mass.

The Deceitfulness of Riches.

DR. DANIEL STEELE.

This is a subject of great importance, inasmuch as it is declared by Christ to be destructive of the spiritual life which he inspires in the new birth. Wealth is defined as the possession of abundant means for the gratification of human desires. These may be summed up in one—the desire for happiness. "Get rich," says the tempter, "and you will be perfectly happy. You can gratify all your appetites, natural and artificial; also your desire for the beautiful by means of pictures, statuary, architecture; your desire for pleasure by travel in foreign lands; your desire for novel sensations, in yachts, automobiles and balloons; your desire for social distinction, because a full purse can wed a high title; vanity can be gratified by adorning your person with diamonds and costly array; love of power can be satisfied when many servants run at your call; and your barrel of money opened and freely scattered before election day is sure to obtain for you political office. If you tire of your partner in wedlock, gold will buy a divorce and enable you to take your pick in the matrimonial market. Oh, how happy you will be," says Wealth, "if you only possess me!" The song of this siren has deceived and ruined her millions.

Next to the extremely poor, who often go to bed hungry and are mocked by tantalizing dreams of tables loaded with abundant food, the rich as a class, especially the idle millionaires, are the most wretched. They lock up anxiety with their gold. They fear that their riches will take wings and fly away—wings of fire, flood, or fraud. They find that self-gratification is the road to wretchedness; that pleasures which looked so attractive are iridescent bubbles that break when grasped; that millions of money can neither bribe death or buy Heaven. When a money king dies, the common question is, "How much did he leave?" When Alexander, the world's conqueror, died, with all the treasures of the Orient in his chest, he ordered that his body should be carried from Babylon to its burial in Egypt with his hands outside of the coffin, that all the world might see that they were empty, and that he was going to a pauper's grave. No wonder that Marcus Aurelius, the pagan Roman Emperor, whose piety John Wesley highly admired, said: "Alexander and his groom, when dead, were both upon the same level, and ran the same chance of being scattered into atoms or absorbed in the soul of the universe." The madman of Macedon became sane at last. Alas! he learned the deceitfulness of riches when it was too late, as many have since his day. He found that he had played the part of a fool despite the fact that he had been educated by Aristotle, the greatest of the world's instructors. A greater teacher has warned the whole world of the greater difficulty with which the rich man will enter heaven—a harder task than the camel's passing through the needle's eye; yet all along the Christian ages multitudes, with the Bible in their hands, have given no heed to this warning, and are still repeating the folly, especially Americans of today. A few colossal fortunes, suddenly acquired, mostly in violation of the Golden Rule, have crazed millions of our young men with the determination to get rich quickly, hazarding the happiness of both this life and of that which is to come. At the bottom of this folly is a higher estimate of the material and transitory than of the spiritual and eternal, a downright disbelief of the words of Jesus Christ. How true is Wesley's note on the deceitfulness of riches: "Deceitful indeed! for they smile, and betray; kiss, and smite into hell. They put out the eyes, harden the heart, steal away all the life of God; fill the soul with pride, anger, love of the world; make men enemies to the whole cross of Christ! And all the time are

eagerly desired, and vehemently pursued, even by those who believe therein a God!" Yes—but what an insult—they also believe the god of gold is more worthy than the God of grace!

There are men so purse-proud as to imagine that the Almighty would be highly complimented if they would condescend to become Christians. There are weak and struggling churches that are praying for some rich man, on whom they may lean, to join their communion, and thus assure them future prosperity. The Lord deliver me from a one-man church! In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will become a church boss, a "Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence," and St. John adds, "receiveth not us." He wished to dictate to John the kind of preaching that was pleasing to him; he, perchance, wished him not to associate his vices, but to denounce the sins of the Jews, who had no friends in his social circle. In this way many a church has lost not only its aggressive power, but its moral purity, by yielding itself to the deceitfulness of riches.

But there are instances of signal prosperity following the discipline and excommunication of some vicious Dives. A Baptist preacher relates to me that in a feeble church of which he was pastor the largest contributor to his salary was a man notoriously living in violation of the seventh commandment. The church was opposed to his exclusion as ruinous, but he insisted that financial ruin was a less evil than moral and spiritual Dives was tried, found guilty, and expelled. The pastor, after starving a few months, found another settlement. But the poor church, now having no Dives to lean on, began to cry mightily to God. He answered in converting power. The out-cast Mr. Money-Bags was mightily convicted and gloriously reclaimed and admitted to the church, which, at his suggestion, recalled the faithful pastor who had shown a heroism superior to the fabled Hercules, who cleansed the Augean Stables. In the long run God and one will become a majority.—Zion's Herald, Milton, Mass.

"Perseverance."

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

This is connected with watching, "watching therein with all perseverance."

We are told to watch lest we fail to pray through the conflict and accomplish the victory of prayer. This was what the Lord meant when he said that "Man ought always to pray and not to faint." Literally, that men ought to "pray through." It has been well said that most prayers fail to receive their answer because the supplicants "left out the last half hour." It is the last step that wins the race. It is the last stroke that fells the tree. It is the last stone that crowns the walls and finishes the building. All else is lost if this be left undone. You may pray for hours and weeks, but if you lose the half hour, you have lost it all. It has been well said that the reason Elisha got the double portion of the Spirit was because he stuck to Elijah until he got it. Beloved, have you failed here? Oh, for the passion of God that prays through.—The Christian and Missionary Alliance.

The greatest foe to prohibition is not the organized liquor traffic, but the everlasting croaker, the weak brother always disheartening and discouraging others; together with the old party saint who is so absolutely good that he never smelled whiskey and never went into a saloon, but has so voted that his party has kept the saloon open seven days in the week, law or no law.—Vanguard.

Professor Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, calls attention to the remarkable freedom from drunkenness found in the Jewish race. In the ordinary insane asylum, he says 55 per cent of the inmates owe their condition to alcoholism, while in the Jewish asylum at Amsterdam he could not find one case of such origin.

Colonel Richard Pilkington, the largest employer of labor in Lancashire, England, in his will disposing of \$4,000,000, forbade his heirs part of the estates to anybody for the purpose of dispensing intoxicating liquors.

"No lazy man is ever too busy to bother a busy one."

A Diamond in the Rough.

Adam was the only man who ever lived who was not once a boy.

And everybody knows that he turned out badly.

A boy once said that the reason why Adam was never a little baby was because "there wasn't anybody to nurse him."

Boys are the stuff you make men of. Girls are worth as much.

There is no such thing in the world as "a good for nothing boy," or a "good for nothing girl."

They sometimes look rough—so do diamonds before they are ground.

But it pays to find them,

And it pays to grind them.

A diamond in the rough,
Is a diamond—sure enough,
For, before it ever sparkles
It is made of diamond stuff.

Of course, some one must find it,
Or it never will be found,
And then some one must grind it,
Or it never will be ground.

But when it's found, and when it's ground
And when it's burnished bright,
That diamond's everlastingly
Just flashing out its light.

O! Teacher in the Sunday School,
Don't say "I've done enough,"
That "worst boy" in your Sunday school,
A diamond in the rough.

Perhaps you think he's "grinding" you?
And, possibly your right,
But may be you need grinding,
To burnish you up bright.

—S. S. Advocate.

HARTLAND N. B. Dec. 14th, 1908.

Dear Friends,—This evening, Dec. 10th quite a number of the friends met here and gave us a donation we spent a very pleasant and profitable time together and the gifts and cash are deeply appreciated by us.

The Lord is blessing us in the work and we are having a happy time in his service among the people on this circuit and are doing all we can to get souls saved.

Last evening's service was blessedly owned of God and souls were much helped.

The weather has been pretty cold here. Some one said one time it was 20% below zero. It has been some years since we have experienced the cold of winter, but, save slight colds, we all are doing well.

I know many are earnestly praying for the work in Africa but will not all especially remember Brother and Sister Keirstead during this, their hot summer time. Please bear them up continually that they may be preserved in health and kept from all evil. Also continue to remember the young Christian men who have to go away in the towns to work that they may be kept amid their temptations.

Since we left 25 more have been added to the church there and all are doing well. Beloved let us be ready to help them all we can as our work is extending rapidly on all sides and we are fully able to possess the land or that part of it that God wants us to take.

Sincerely yours in Jesus,
MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

"Many a man has a conspicuous failure in his maturity because he was not willing to be an inconspicuous toiler in his immaturity. Do not try to build a six-story house on a three-story foundation."

The man who is not giving the Lord any of his money, has not given Him much of His heart.—Sel.

The importation of all liquor into the German colonies in Africa, is entirely prohibited. What a pity that Christian America cannot prohibit it in her capitol, her territories and insular possessions!—Christian Standard.

The Canadian government has announced that no liquor will be allowed along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. The reason given, "To save the expense of police force." What a comment on the liquor business!

"If we would have God hear what we say to him in prayer, we must be ready to hear what he says to us in his Word."