OMISSION.

I might have said a word of cheer
  Before I let him go.
His weary visage haunts me yet;
  But how could I foreknow
The slighted chance would be the last
  To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings cannot send
  That word from earth to heaven.

I might have looked the love I felt;
  My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy and proud—
  He lacked the speech to plead.
But self is near, and self is strong,
  And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes
  And went, athirst, away.

I might have held in closer clasp
  The hand he laid in mine;
The pulsing warmth of my rich life
  Had been as generous wine,
Swelling a stream that, even then,
  Was ebbing faint and slow.
Mine might have been (God knows!) the art
  To stay the fatal blow.

Oh, word and look and clasp withheld!
  O brother-heart, now stilled!
Dear life, forever out of reach,
  I might have warmed and filled!
Talents misused and seasons lost,
  O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears
  As desert sands to rain!

Ah, friend! whose eyes today may look
  Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill
  Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like your Lord, in love,
  And lavish as His grace,
With light and dew and manna fall,
  For night comes on apace.

—Marion Harland, in *Congregationalist*.

"The Distinctive Pastoral Relation of the Minister to his People.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ENGLISH BAPTIST UNION.

By Rev. Lawrence G. Carter.

When one thinks of the almost overwhelming pressure, to body and brain, which the great and ever-increasing claims on the minister's time and thought exert, it is easy to see how, unless we be ever on the watch, these duties, commonly regarded as distinctively pastoral, may gradually be relegated to a secondary position, or perchance be swept entirely out of our work. None of us would willingly or willingly allow this to happen, yet so strong and swift is the tide of life in these days that, unless a man keeps the various phases of his work well in hand, something else will quickly crowd in to fill time and thought, and what is by far the most important, though the less obstrusive, may be forced aside. The Archbishop of York lately told his clergy that "there are some whose inclination is to occupy their minds and their time with great questions which affect the church at large, rather than with the details of pastoral work. From this high standpoint they read, they think and they preach, and it may be with much power. But something more is needed for the spiritual welfare of the flock. We must come down from the pulpit, we must stand on a level with our parishioners, we must make ourselves literally at home with them. It is then that they will understand us best, when we speak to them one by one and face to face." Our own experience proves that my theme is an intensely practical subject, and one well worthy the attention of this assembly. I proceed then to ask:

I.—*What is the relation of the minister to his people?*—A pastor is a "shepherd," one who feeds, leads, and cares for a flock. Custom has made "minister" the larger, while "pastor" is usually made to be the smaller, term, and that which covers only a small portion of our office and duty. This is, I think, a grave mistake. When we look not simply at the names but at that which they symbolize, we see that pastor, and not minister, would more fittingly express the whole of our office and duty. Mr. Spurgeon saw this, and he was known throughout the world (and loved to be so known) as Pastor Spurgeon. His students also *wisely* take that name as their distinctive title. *Wisely*, I say, for the whole relation we sustain to our people should be pastoral relation. The pastoral relation must inspire and control every function of ministerial life. There are certain of our duties which are discharged intermittently, *e. g.*, we are not always preaching, and (with all due deference to the archbishop) we do "sometimes come down from the pulpit," unless, alas! any of us are like Coleridge, who one day asked Charles Lamb the question, "Did you ever hear me preach?" to which Lamb made answer, "I never heard you do anything else." The wisest preachers, though always absorbing material for pulpit use, are by no means always preaching, for "The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright." So also is it with teaching. That duty is fittingly laid aside for a season, to be resumed at the proper time. But the pastoral relation must never be intermittent, it must be sustained in public and in private wherever we may be. It must go with us into our studies and exert its own peculiar influence upon the preparation of our sermons, then, perhaps, these will not so often float away into the cloudland of vague abstractions, but be charged with comfort and help to suffering, tired, and tempted souls. It must go with us into our pulpits, helping to shape our every utterance and making its presence felt in our very tones and accents. It must go with us into the prayer-meeting and prompt the petitions we present. It must be with us in Bible and all other classes, moulding our teaching to the needs of those whom we instruct. The pastoral relation must permeate the whole of our ministerial life and work—dominating the whole and enriching it with that spiritual tone which will prove that we are in sympathetic harmony with those for whom we live and labor. The answer I would give to the question with which we started is, The relation of the minister to his people is always a distinctively pastoral relation.

II. *How must the pastoral relation of the minister to his people be manifested?*—Is it not a fact that in the opinion of many persons the pastoral relation finds its most fitting—not to say its only proper—expression in what is called visitation? I would not even seem to undervalue this. I would rather emphasize its value and importance, for an occasional sight of the face of the sympathetic pastor in the workshop or the home is most helpful to those who are bearing the heat and the burden of every-day life. The mere tones of the voice of him who confronts them in God's house and ministers to them in holy things will be sufficient to change the current of their thought, and lift them, if but for an instant, above the strife, the turmoil and the conflict in which they must bear their part. Then, of course, one of the most important and beneficial parts of our work is visiting the sick and the mourners. What marvellous spiritual impulses we have gathered; what increased conviction of the sustaining power of our Lord and Saviour; and what rich illustrations of the potency of Divine grace have been gained as we stood or knelt by the couch of some patiently suffering saint! So whatever else we may forget or neglect we must not, we dare not (if it be but for our own sakes merely), forget or neglect to "visit the widows and orphans in their afflictions" and the sick and the troubled in their pain and their sorrow. The wise and judicious visitation of the people when occasion demands, not as a mere form, but as a real means of grace, is, I contend, *one* of the ways in which the pastoral relation should be manifested. But important though this unquestionably is, there are other ways in which pastoral care should expend itself. Our mutual improvement societies, our Bible and other classes, and more particularly our Christian bands and our societies of Christian endeavor, afford very large scope for the efficient manifestation of the pastoral relation. In these we come very near to the younger members of our church and congregation—nearer, perhaps, than we could come to them even in their homes. We get at them "one by one and face to face." We can speak to them and they can speak to us. Aye, and they can speak to others also about the Saviour whom they love; and, best of all, they are learning to speak to God Himself in audible prayer. And I venture to think that he is the truest pastor who so leads and feeds the members of His flock that, while he never ceases to care for them, yet he trains them to be largely independent of *his* care and to be dependent mainly upon *Him* who is the Good Shepherd of the sheep. Some years ago when travelling up country in Australia on a preaching tour with Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and Silas Mead, a good part of the journey we drove along a great central road. It was simply a broad strip of country half a mile wide, fenced in with wire on either side. It seemed a meaningless and useless waste of land. But when we were told that it was so planned in order that flocks and herds, going up and down the colony, might find food and rest by the way, then one understood what it meant, and could not but think that he who designed that road had somewhat of the pastor in him, for he cared for the flocks when outside the fold. So, however efficiently a minister may feed and care for the flock in the sheltered fold Sunday by Sunday, he is not in the full sense a pastor if he does not also care for the flock when it is outside the fold, struggling, oft times wearily and despondently, along the great wide road of daily business, conflict and temptation.

III.—*The spirit in which the pastoral relation of the minister to his people should be manifested.*—Our Lord said, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." The great truth that lies in the heart of that statement found its expression on Calvary's Cross, and the general truth contained therein found its expression every day and every hour of our Lord's earthly life and ministry. Every minute of His time, every faculty of His nature, all His affections, all His energy, and every fraction of His being, went out as a gift to men. We cannot give our lives as He gave His; still, in some feeble and far-off sense, it may be, it should be, our privilege to consecrate our whole being to the discharge of the duties of the office to which He has called us. That will mean *much* that I can only indicate and which can only be attained by us as we grow in unselfishness and cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice. No petty or sordid motives must be allowed to sway us; not from a mere sense of duty even, but in the same utterly unselfish and self-sacrificing spirit that our Lord manifested, must we maintain and manifest the pastoral relation to our people. It is a *relation*, not simply a function of our office. It is a spiritual affinity which, when at its best, is exquisitely delicate, tender, and pure, therefore can only be rightly maintained and expressed, not in mere mechanical ways, but by those means which are also exquisitely delicate, tender, and pure. It is a relation snapping instantly if we would make it bear the weight of aught that is material, earthy, or selfish, yet capable of knitting soul to soul by ties so strong that neither time nor eternity shall sever them. It is a *relation*, the product of an inner life, therefore not to be *set up* by mere mechanical means. It must grow. The mere acceptance of office never yet made a man a pastor. The true pastor, like the true poet, is "born, not made;" "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man (whether pope or bishop), but of God." The same wondrous Being, whose gracious influence called us out of spiritual death into newness of life, is He whom we evermore need, and must have, if we are to sustain aright the office we hold. When we have all given ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, consciously, completely, and gladly into His hands, to do with us what He sees best, we shall not require many rules to aid us in the right expression of our distinctive pastoral relation to our people, for "we shall be all taught of God."

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

It was then intimated that a brief opportunity would be given for discussion, but the Rev. Dr. Barrett, of Norwich, president of the Congregational Union, being now on the platform there were loud calls for him to speak.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys:

In a neat little calendar for 1894, sent by a friend from our native continent, there is set down for April 6th, an eclipse of the sun, which is pronounced "Invisible to America." April 6th was yesterday.

Yesterday morning about 8 o'clock, it became so dark that we rolled up the rustic screens which hung down from the eaves of the verandah to keep out the glare. I never saw India look so much like home before. Although the rays of the sun were shining down clear, without a cloud; yet there was not that usual glassy blaze which blinds the eye like lightning. The sky and earth were bathed in a grateful light as soft as one of the good old days at home.

By putting smoked spectacles together, until we had six thicknesses of smoked glass, we were able to look the sun in the face and see what had come to pass. Two-thirds of him was blotted out. All that was left of him, was a mere crescent strip like the new moon.

Good Hindus thought that a snake was swallowing the sun as the whale swallowed Jonah. Therefore they bathed and fasted till the awful serpent opened his horrid jaws and let the poor orb go. Before 11 o'clock the sun was shining down again in all his glory.

What was the cause of the eclipse?

Why could you not see it in America?

If it was 8 o'clock in the morning when we commenced to watch the eclipse, what time was it at your house?

The boys and girls in Canada may look out for a partial eclipse of the moon on the 14th and 15th of next September. The total eclipse of the sun, that will appear on Sept. 29th will not be visible to America. Some of us will have to tell you how it looks from India.

This is Hindu New Year's Day. Yesterday and the day before were great feast days. The people came in droves from far and near. The town was turned into one mammoth crazy picnic. Day and night has been hideous with their brawls.

Night before last I went down to the little white temple which was the centre of attraction. There were the surging crowds of all kinds of people, from the beggar with a squalid rag around his loins, to the proud ignoramus, decked in all the colors of the rainbow.

Around the temple boys and girls, men and women, were throwing handfuls of sweet potatoes upon the roof. As the vegetables rolled down again, they were caught by poor wretches kneeling in the sand, like dogs which "eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table." This throwing of potatoes upon the temple is worship. A boy threw a piece of sugar-cane. One corner of the temple was wet, as if a shower had fallen upon that alone and left the residue dry, like Gideon's fleece. The secret was soon out; for a girl came up with a black bowl in her hands and dashed the contents on the temple's dripping corner. Then a tottering old man came up and did the same. This was not water, but toddy, the juice of the toddy palm. It is intoxicating, and many a Telugu have we met staggering under its influence. This throwing of toddy on the temple is worship. The black backs of the crouching beggars were drenched with the liquor as it rolled down from the roof and made pools in the sand.

Here hidden in the crowd are two large, black earthen tubs of this toddy, frothing like yeast. When any would-be-worshipper wishes to throw toddy he buys a brimming bowl at this fountain. Here also is a basket of sweet potatoes for sale. These vendors of toddy, sugar-cane and potatoes reminds us of the sellers of "oxen, sheep and doves" in the court of a grander temple, long ago.

Come around to the front of the temple. If you steal a glance in through the door, and the crowd, and the rustic curtain, you may catch a glimpse of the tawdry face of the painted goddess over which all this fuss is being made. Here several men are leading up a wretched specimen of a buffalo. It is smeared all over with a sacred stuff called pasapoo. A poor old woman, led up by a young one, falls down before the beast with much ado and worships it. Many more also come, clasp their hands and worship this woe-begone, but innocent creature doomed to death before the goddess of this shrine. With their hands they dig a deep post-hole in the sand and stand up in it an Indian oar. Packing the sand about it solid, they drag up the dumb quadruped and lash it hard by the horns to the sacrificial stake.

The policemen clear the ground, beating back the crowd with clubs, until room is made for operations. As a prelude to the greater sacrifice, a sheep is led into the small court of the temple. It stands there as meekly as if it were about to be led to pasture. One man grasping the rope attached to the animal's horns held the head erect. Beside the sheep a sullen black man stood. The broad-axe that gleamed in his hand was the shape of a half moon, the concave side down. One blow, and the whole multitude shouted as one man. The executioner came forth holding aloft the dripping blade. Fortunate was the man who could reach and stain his finger on the crimson steel and smear the life-blood on his forehead.

While all this was going on, night had fallen. The torch-bearer appeared on the scene. The space in front of the temple was cleared again. The buffalo was worshiped. The headsman took his place. The multitude held its breath. When the beheaded buffalo came to the earth, there arose from the assembled heathen such a unanimous savage yell, as it seemed must shake the stars. Then like lions on their prey they fell upon the bleeding victim and plunging their hands into the vermilion rill, painted their foreheads with its meritorious tide. The coarseness any savagery of the whole affair make me unwilling at present to try to see much resemblance to the orderly and divinely authorized sacrifices of the chosen race. I fear sometimes that the Hindu idea is not so much to atone for deep-dyed sins as to glut the rage of a blood-thirsty goddess. I shall not fail to learn all I can about it, and when I come to understand better, I may try to explain,

Very truly yours,
L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, April 7, 1894.

Family Worship Among Baptists.

Some of our associations have endeavored the past few years to obtain statistics as to the number of families in the several churches which maintain family worship, with a view to promote among the people the observance of this important means of grace. The efforts in this direction have not been satisfactory. Most pastors, perhaps, feel it rather too delicate a thing to inquire of their members personally in reference to the matter, and if the knowledge sought is not obtained through the pastor it is not likely to be got through any other channel. So far as the statistics obtained indicate anything beyond the difficulty of obtaining them, it is that among our people at the present time there is a lamentable neglect of family worship. In order to ascertain the facts in reference to this matter among the families connected with his church, a pastor of one of the leading churches in the N. S. Central Association has issued to his people a pastoral letter. This letter it seems worth while to publish here in full both for the value of its contents and as a suggestion to other pastors who may think it well to pursue a similar course.

Pastor's Study,

Saturday, May 19th, 1894.

....

....

Our churches are asked to state in letters to the Association what proportion of their families maintain Family Worship. It was noticeable at the Association which met with us last year that the answers to this question were not at all satisfactory. In some cases no answer was attempted, because the facts were not known; in others, the answer given was little more than a mere guess; and in cases where definite and fairly accurate reply was made there appeared a decidedly insufficient use of this priceless means of grace.

Doubtless the question came to be asked from conviction that more attention to family religion was needed, and with the attendant hope that a knowledge of facts would beget measures for bringing about a better state of things in this regard.

To the Family Altar we are in no danger of attaching overmuch importance. Most benign indeed is its influence upon parents and children, upon guests and servants. By it a worldly spirit, which is ever pervasive and obtrusive, is held in check, and a stimulus imparted daily to every member of the household to "seek first the kingdom of God." Back to the Family Altar, many a one conspicuous for godliness, traces the inspiration of his faithful career. One such, whose life has been a blessing to the ends of the earth, tells us that in his early home no pressure of business, no coming or going, no joy or excitement was ever permitted to interfere with this exercise. "And never," he writes, "in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than when kneeling there under the humble roof of thatch and oaken wattles."

Frequently and fittingly are we exhorted to make much of public religious services,—to mingle in the worship of the Sabbath, in the Bible study of the Bible school, and in the prayers of the mid-week meeting; but alongside let there come the exhortation, that we allow no day to pass without having the household assemble to hear a message out of the Divine Book and to offer unto God thanksgiving and petition. Abundance of excuses for neglect of this may be found if sought, but not all excuses deemed valid of men are so regarded on High.

Your pastor is not yet aware how largely this duty and privilege is attended to or disregarded among his people. He hopes, however, to see improvement in this matter, as there is certainly room for it. Sad it is to think of children growing up in homes where there is no such thing as unitedly bowing down in gratitude and dependence before Jehovah, especially if the father or mother or both profess to be followers of Jesus Christ. Nothing that we can leave our children can at all compensate for a daily lack so serious as this.

A thoughtful consideration of this subject is tenderly urged upon every one to whom this pastoral epistle comes. If you maintain a Family Altar, then seek fresh grace for its effective continuance. If you once maintained it but have allowed the fires of devotion to die out, then have those fires rekindled without delay and kept burning ever after. If you have not set up such an Altar, do it now, hard though it be. The profit from it to yourself and others will far overtop all costs and much exceed your best expectations.

Upon the enclosed slip you find a question which you will do me the favor to answer and return before the close of the present month. Please do not take it for granted that I already know the answer in your particular case. Family Worship is sometimes neglected where most might think it sustained, and it is sometimes sustained where few would suppose. A reply to the inquiry is desired from every one, not only that we may be able to fill a blank in our letter to the Association, but that the pastor may better understand the condition and needs of his flock. And if by this pastoral letter, and the thought awakened at making reply, more than ever shall be made of Family Worship in some homes, while in other homes its observance shall be brought about, then large will be the individual and general good accruing therefrom.

Awaiting your response, and praying that God's richest gifts may be granted to you and your loved ones,

I remain, with ardent desire for your spiritual welfare,

Your affectionate pastor,
A. C. C.

Slip enclosed,

THIS IS DESIGNED FOR THE PASTOR ONLY.

Do you sustain Family Worship in your home?

Once a day or twice?..........................

If once, at what time?....................

Name..

Address..

Remarks:

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Japan has one of the best engineering schools in the world, and is beginning to manufacture creditable electrical machinery.

Miss Edith Hill, who has been remarkably successful in evangelistic work, was ordained, April 13, as pastor of the Baptist church at Pittsburg, Kan.

Petroleum, by a course of experiments made by the Prussian government, has proven a reliable scale preventer in steam boilers.

A comparison of the cost of gas and electric lighting in seven German cities shows that the latter is from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent higher.

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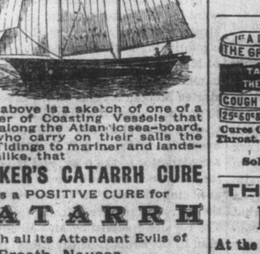

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A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Richard Birks, the well-known Druggist, 207 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

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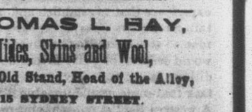

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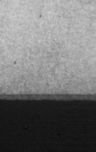

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