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How we can Help our Pastor.

[Read at the N. B. F. Y. P. Convention.]

Jesus spent three years in this sinful loveless earth; His feet trod the hills and valleys of Palestine as he went forth on His great mission of saving souls; His hands anointed the eyes of the blind, and brake bread for His hungry disciples; His voice taught the disciples and warned the people; His eyes were ready to see and His ears ready to hear the troubles of His children. He has gone to heaven; but before He went He committed the work to His disciples, and commanded them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, "cheering their hearts with that precious promise,—“Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

This work has been given to all of Christ's followers to do, but more especially to those whom God has thrust out into His ministry, and who have given their whole time and talent to save the lost. Jesus said, "as ye go preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The work of our pastor is to preach the gospel, and warn people of the danger there is in rejecting Christ. It is also, the pastor's work to feed, nourish and protect his flock, to be the shepherd of the sheep.

What a glorious work to be entrusted to any man the work of leading men into the fold of Christ, and feeding, protecting, and governing them after they are in. It is work that angels might well covet; but God has given to man the work of leading his brethren back to life.

I will discuss some of the ways in which we may help our pastor in his great work.

1st By bearing some of his burdens. You remember when Jethro came down to visit his son-in-law, Moses, he found him telling the people about God's statutes and laws, and settling all their difficulties. As soon as Jethro saw what Moses was doing, he told him that he was wearying himself out, and opened out a plan whereby he could put some of the work upon others. This he did; everything moved along smoothly, and Moses' strength was saved.

To-day we find pastors who are worn out and dying for the want of help, going along with the spiritual affairs of the church on one shoulder the financial affairs of the church on the other shoulder, and a lot of their people putting rubbish in their way. This should not be. God never intended that the pastor should do all the work, or he would never have organized the church. No one man can do everything.

Now what can we do? For one thing, we can take the financial burden off him. No pastor should be burdened with the financial affairs of the church. The young people throughout the world have shown during the past few years that they are well able to cope with financial affairs. The young people, with the rest of the church, should see that the finances are in a healthy condition, and thus lift one burden from the pastor's shoulders.

We can, also, walk a little ourselves, and not have him carrying us. We should not always remain as infants unable to walk, but should "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." We can keep in, or, at any rate, near the path. In my introduction I spoke of the pastor as a shepherd. We have all heard how sheep and lambs sometimes bother the shepherd by straying away from the flock. Just so do we often give anxiety to our pastor by straying from and straggling behind the flock. Let us strive to keep near our shepherd, and assist him by being obedient lambs.

These are many ways in which we may lighten our pastor's burdens by visiting the sick, by helping him make and carry out his plan of work, etc. There is always something that we can do to help along God's cause, and when we are doing this we are helping our pastor. I like the way in which Dr. Parkhurst puts this thought in one of his sermons. He says, "Perhaps you have a great mind, perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse, and can

glorify God and bless a sinner with that; but perhaps you have nothing in the world but a kind sweet smile. Then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles upon it. Remember that dewdrops glistening in the sun are just as beautiful as the rainbow."

By our prayers we may help him. How it helps a pastor to know that he has true, earnest brothers and sisters praying for him! How it cheers him to know that his little flock is holding up his hands by their prayers. The minister must get the spiritual power that moves men's hearts from God, and he needs our prayers, united with his own to enable him to get a bountiful supply. We can tell how much of the power which was in that discourse delivered by Peter on the day of Pentecost was the result of that powerful prayer-meeting, which preceded it? Let us pray more earnestly with and for our pastors.

A word of appreciation and encouragement will help. If your pastor has said anything that helped us, we should be willing to tell him so. If he, by God's help, has said some word which has enabled us to get nearer to Christ, it will help him if told about it. It will make him thank and praise God and feel that he is not working in vain. He will be encouraged to go forward, and do more for his master. Try it, dear young Christians, and see if it, does not work well.

Attendance at the services of the church helps him. An empty purse is a disagreeable thing; but most ministers can stand an empty purse better than they can stand empty pews during the preaching service or at the prayer meeting. It is disheartening and discouraging to our pastor when he has prepared a sermon for us, and then finds our seats vacant on the Sabbath. How can he help you by his sermon if you are dazing at home or driving about the country? We should feel that it is a part of our work to listen to the preaching of the gospel, and keep the pews filled in God's house. It is very disheartening to see the prayer meeting room empty; and how encouraging it is to see a large number out to prayer meeting. But there is something more to do besides going to the prayer meeting we should feel that we have a share in it, that it is our meeting, and be willing to do our part of the work cheerfully. Can any place on earth be colder than a cold prayer meeting? Think how the pastor feels in such a meeting. When each one of God's children does as He wants, there is no cold prayer meeting.

The pastor has a right to expect the co-operation of his Young People. The church should be a co-operative and mutual aid society. The pastor needs our help, quite as much as we need his. Consult him often, and ask his advice about the best ways of helping along the church and God's cause. Remember, that what is the pastor's work is yours also.

Practice the "golden rule" towards him. How many church scandals would be saved if church members used their pastors as they themselves would like to be used. Do not expect too much from him. He cannot always preach an A-1 sermon any more than you can always sing, talk or work well. He is not perfect, and is liable to err. We should not be too ready to censure him. Do not magnify his faults and belittle his virtues. If you see or hear anything wrong about him, do not publish it upon the housetops; but use him as you would wish him to use you.

By our lives we may help him. When he knows that he has a number of earnest, faithful ones standing by his side, he feels that he can labor successfully, and fight the devil right in his strongholds.

Much more might be said on this subject, but I have said enough, and leave it to others, who are far able, to discuss it.

HARRY M. MANZER.

Waiting for His Return.

B. Fay Mills tells the following: A friend of mine told me of a young man who left his home in a Wisconsin town and went to Milwaukee to spend a day or two. From there he wrote back to his father, saying that he was going off to other places and that he did not know when he would return, but that the father might look for him until he came. The old man went down to meet the next train that rolled into the station; and when my friend visited the place four years later, the first object he saw, as he alighted from the train, was the old man standing by the corner of the station, waiting to see if his son would not return. He had met every train that had come to that station for four years. And when, seven years later, my friend again visited that town, again did his eyes first fall upon the old man, his hair now whiter than before, and his form bent with age and disappointment, with his eager eyes looking toward the train to see if his long-expected son might not come.

He had met every train that had come into that station for eleven years, and my friend said that, as he was alighting from the train, he noticed a man in the train who seemed to show great agitation, and that when this man stepped out upon the platform the old father staggered forward from his accustomed place, and cried, "He has come! He has come!" and, putting his arms around his wandering son, gave thanks to God for his return.

That waiting father had unexpressed joy in welcoming back to home and hearthstone the son of his love. His anxiety for the wandering son had been intense. Day and night he had thought of him and wondered why he did not return to his father's house. And the son, when he had got tired of being away among strangers, was mightily glad to get back and receive his father's blessing.

O wandering sinner! why don't you return to your Father's house? Are you not tired of living such a life as you are pursuing? Go to your Father, who has long waited for you, and he will give you a royal welcome. *Indiana Baptist.*

The Silent Partners.

The preacher gets all the glory. He goes to Conference. He makes a report. His name is in the newspapers. He is in the eye of the public. When there is hardship and self-denial and danger, he is hero, who bears it all. And when he dies, his eulogy is pronounced, and his life is written to perpetuate his memory. This is all right. All honour to the faithful itinerant. No words can paint too brightly the record of his life, and no gratitude of his fellowmen exceed the merit of the service he has rendered. But what about the faithful wife? She stays at home. Her name is not seen in the Mirrors. She gets no glory. No eager, admiring pen traces the uneventful record of her life. She has been the silent partner of the itinerant's toil. But, though silent, none the less worthy of praise. How many preachers owe their success to good wives will never be known on earth. They have sacrificed all for the love of Christ. They bear hardship like good soldiers, cheerfully accepting all the toil and inconvenience of the itinerancy, that their husbands may preach the Gospel. Shareers of our toils with no part in our "glory," they deserve the admiration and gratitude of the Church as no others can. All honour to the brave, true, noble women who follow the humble fortunes of the itinerant preachers, the silent partners of their ministry. They shall not lose their reward.

Farrar's Mother.

My mother's habit, says Archdeacon Farrar, was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for one hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength which enabled her to fulfil all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettishness which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighbourhoods. As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed; I never heard her speak one word of anger or calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon the manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshing and purifying waters. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night, and make it beautiful."

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a child-like humility at the starting post.—*Coleridge.*

"I noticed, also, that your superintendent did not say a word during the entire service."

"He can't," replied the teacher; "he is dumb! We elected him because he couldn't talk, and we have plenty of time now to study the lesson, which our school thinks is the most important thing. The last superintendent talked the school nearly to death."—*Sunday-school Review of Reviews.*

A Son of God.

Henry M. Stanley tells that once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only, "I am a son of God; I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station when they stopped they found the gun waiting them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all villainy, and theft, and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, "I am a son of God; I would not steal."—*The Christian.*

Giving Joy to a Child.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to put into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. The carnation has long since withered; but now it blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

I want to feel a holy aptitude to give my heart to God, and to walk in his ways; I do believe I shall go to heaven if I have heaven in my heart now.—*Anon.*

There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a child-like humility at the starting post.—*Coleridge.*

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

A Commissioner in B. R.

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WILLIAM ANDREW, Commissioner in B. R., Balmoral, Man.

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P. S.—Reference, by permission of the Editor of this Paper, who has two of the Organs in his Church. McM. & Co

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