

"NOT IN VAIN."

11 Cor. xv. 58.

META E. B. THORNE.

"Not in vain," O weary sower,
Though as yet the furrowed field
Gives no hint of harvest beauty
And the plenty it shall yield.
Thou with faith the seed hast scattered
In the newly upturned soil,
With the increase He hath promised,
God shall guerdon all thy toil.

"Not in vain," for God hath spoken,
Ye who till His field of life
Trust that word which faileth never,
Falter not 'mid toil and strife.
'Neath the burdens that oppress you,
'Mid the darkness and the cold,
God, with rain and shine, shall give you
Harvest wealth a thousand-fold.

Be ye steadfast, O ye toilers,
In His work "abounding" still,
Through the drouth and heat of summer,
Through the winter's frost and chill.
Pilgrim-soldier, take good courage,
Faith the buckler of thy soul;
"Not in vain" the stress, the striving,
Thou shalt surely win the goal.

—Zion's Herald.

A FEW FAITHFUL ONES.

BY THE REV. J. A. CORMIE, B. A.

A cause that has one man faithfully upholding it will never die. Others may desert, but he will remain steadfast. The future may be overspread by a cloud that is black as night, but so long as one man remains faithful, there will always be a rift somewhere in it. He is better than a whole army of indifferent weaklings who throw up the fight at the first struggle.

I have in my mind a mission field that was actually kept in existence during its infancy by one man. There were others there, but they didn't care about the missionary's cause. They were not averse to having a missionary come to them and they would likely attend the services, but would not agree to bear any of the responsibilities of the little congregation. This one man took hold of it, and as he said himself a few years after, he made the thing go. At least he kept it going. The cause was dear to his heart. In the hearts of the others it had very little place at all. This man was chairman of the board of managers, and he was its secretary and treasurer, and for part of the time he was the entire board. When a Sunday-school was organized, he was the superintendent of it, because when the Sunday-school was in session the missionary was twenty or thirty miles away preaching at another appointment. He made the finances go and he made the Sunday-school go, and, as the missionary himself said, they really went. In the fall, when the missionary had to leave because he was sent to a more important field, this faithful man did not allow the services to cease. He started with the Sabbath school the next week after the missionary left, but it grew until all the young people and many of the older ones were to be seen at the sessions. And when another missionary came in the spring he found a good cause there.

A missionary was once sent as a pioneer to a new field. There were a number of points to be opened up and in all but one of these he had little difficulty completing an organization. But here he could not find a single man that was willing to lift his hand to help him. But one of the men had a wife, and she was

a faithful soul. When no one else would do anything she said she would. No schoolhouse was in the district yet, but her husband had built a fairly large shack. It was only of logs, with a mud roof, and it was all in one room, a curtain only dividing a sleeping place from what she called the living room. In this living room she persuaded her husband to arrange some planks on blocks from a spruce tree, which could be easily put in place and as easily removed after the services. Besides the invitation from the missionary the settlers all had one from her. At the first service they did not have an enormous congregation, but the settlers were all there. They were mostly young bachelors who had recently come to make their fortunes in Manitoba's soil, and likewise young men who were starting on a homestead. The most of the congregation walked, and where there were families they came in lumber wagons drawn by oxen. A few weeks later a Sunday-school was started. The missionary was superintendent, but his next appointment was fifteen miles away and he could only remain in the school for part of the time. He usually opened the school and then left her to conduct it. This was not very difficult, for there was only one teacher, and consequently only one class. At first, when the service was over, only the children remained for the school, while their elders spent the time outside, discussing the events of the past week and protecting themselves from the ravages of the mosquitoes. Later, when the mosquitoes became more merciless, the majority remained within. The missionary had to leave in the fall, and the regular services were discontinued. The Sabbath school, however, went on. One of the older men was persuaded to take the superintendent's place and another woman was pressed into service as a teacher. A Bible class seemed to grow out of it, and by the spring the superintendent was teacher of it. The missionary who came the next April had no difficulty effecting an organization there.

At one of the outlying points of a larger charge the schoolhouse had become too small for the congregation that worshipped in it. The missionary set his heart on a new church. The first difficulty that met him was the unwillingness of the majority to take any active part in the work. Who was going to lead them? The missionary did much, but he was only a missionary and was not omnipotent. This man and his wife took the work up and there stands in the settlement today a little church which is a monument to their faithfulness.

There are many missionaries working in the far-away places, battling with difficulties that the church often knows little of, who are doing great things for this land, and they deserve, in greater measure than they often receive, the appreciation and support of the church. But there ment to which they belong, who are laying the foundations of the church deep and on a rock. They have gladdened the heart of many a missionary, and have done much for the Kingdom of God. They are the very salt of the earth—God bless them!—*The Presbyterian*.

Let us devote ourselves anew to the service of good will. Let us resolve for the time to come, to be considerate to all the present and the absent; to be just to all; to be kindly affectioned to all.

THE EVANGELIST AND THE PASTOR: A PARABLE.

There are three babies in our house, and I am their mother. I do little else than take care of them. At the end of the long afternoon I give them their supper and put them to bed. During the evening I vibrate between the bedrooms to see that the temperature is correct, and all night long a cough or moan brings me to my feet. At daybreak I begin to wash and dress and feed. I watch to see that they are not exposed to draught, that they do not hurt themselves, and that they do not destroy the furniture. I must be calm and cheerful in my deportment, and entertain them in a way to develop their best qualities.

As the day wears on I become tired. The little one are tired, too, and their demands are numerous and varied. My enthusiasm has departed, and I am working on principle. There is a cry in my heart for appreciation and stimulus.

Now, there is a gentleman living in our house, who is known in the nursery as "Papa-man." At this juncture, the door is dashed open and "Papa-man" leaps into our midst. He has been out in the balmy air, rubbing his wits against others, and he is as fresh and sprightly as a trout.

My weary flock are electrified by his presence. They are weary no longer. Their eyes flash, their lips part, and they make a mad plunge for him.

He flashes over to the window, down to the lounge and around the rocking-horses, and the babies are all at his heels, shouting desperately. This lasts for several minutes, then they are each tossed in the air and enjoy other performances of a like nature.

I sit quietly looking on. I am not needed and am quite forgotten. But "Papa-man" has stayed as long as he can and leaves among restraining arms and heart-rending sobs and tears.

What am I to do? Shall I be jealous of this man? He has not lost sleep for them. He has not administered medicine, and made their clothing a special study. His nerves are not unstrung by their noises, and his mind perplexed by their moods. No, I feel as serene as ever as I soothe my ruffled flock. I know that he has neither the gumption nor the grace to do the work that I am doing.—*Mrs. Robert Watson, in The Presbyterian*.

MANLINESS IN RELIGION.

The pure high, broad manliness of Jesus is your model; a manliness at once modest and aggressive, serene and earnest, tender and fearless, gentle and powerful, full of sympathy, and full of searching thoroughness in dealing with sinners. We need more such manliness in the pulpit; it is the secret of power; it is the soul of eloquence. The cringing appeal for popularity, the hunger for approbation, the anxious looking for signs of sympathy, the cowardly compromising of truth—these things are so unmanly that they forfeit the receipt they covet. A gun is less heated when it fires a ball than when it fires a blank cartridge. Let your sermons have a steady aim, and let not one be a blank cartridge. With a brave, warm, human heart, come near to the men of all classes and conditions with the same gospel of love for all. Manly piety, speaking in brave, earnest, and cheerful tones in the pulpit, and moving in the district with looks and words and acts of love for all—the poor and the rich, the low and the high—that is the power which, under God, will solve social problems and remedy the evils caused, as Maurice expressed it,

by "unsocial Christians and un-Christian socialists."

A settled, clear, calm faith makes manly men. Such men are full of magnetic power; they command attention; they incarnate the truth, and so are in themselves the best of sermons. It was said of a great preacher: "His thought was not in his hands, but he was in the hand of his thought." That is the secret of effective earnestness; the man who is under the mastery and spell of the truth will bring others under the same mastery and spell. David Hume said of John Brown of Haddington: "That's the man for me; he means what he says; he speaks as if Jesus Christ were at his elbow." May every one of you so speak. Drummond said: "The one hope of science is more science." I believe that, but would add this: The only hope for religion is more religion. Only as our daily lives are benedictions to men can they be doxologies to God.—*Primitive Methodist*.

THROUGH SUFFERING.

The Emperor moth is perhaps the most magnificent of all species; yet it gets its beauty through suffering.

A student watching its struggles to get free from its cocoon, being sympathetic, sought to help the little creature to its liberty; but doing so the moth fell to the ground limp and helpless; its beauty absent and its possibilities blighted.

Left to itself, through its struggling the blood is forced into its gaudy wings; its strength develops; and it floats away in the sunlight a creature of beauty and gladness.

So, there are lives, which get their beauty through suffering and defeat; and as God designed the moth to suffer and be pained that it may have marvelous wings and strong flight, so He means to accomplish for us through our light affliction a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—*Geo. C. Howard*.

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