

## FELLOWSHIP.

I remember a time, said a friend of the Editor, when I was in the West, I got broke in a strange town. I was looking for work, and I went to a hotel to get a room. I told the proprietor I had no money, but I would leave my overcoat as security. The next morning was very cold, and when I started out to look for work, he called me back, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said: "Boy, your face looks good; take your coat, I know you will succeed and will be back to-night." I never forgot the feeling of that hand to this day.

The following lines by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled fellowship, brought back to my friend's mind how a boy felt when in the situation described:

## FELLOWSHIP.

When a man aint' got a cent, and he is feeling  
kind of blue,  
And the clouds hang dark and heavy, and won't  
let the sunshine through,  
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a fellow  
just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort  
of way.

It makes a man feel queerish, it makes the tear-  
drop start,  
And you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of  
the heart;  
You can't look up and meet his eyes, you don't  
know what to say,  
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly  
sort of way.

O the world's a curious compound, with its  
honey and its gall,  
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good  
world after all,  
And a good God must have made it, leastways  
that is what I say,  
When a hand is on your shoulder in a friendly  
sort of way.

The above contains a world of suggestion to every Christian worker for there are those all about us who may not be broke for money, but they are for spiritual blessings and comforts, which alone give earthly comforts their real value. The touch of sympathetic fellowship may be a great factor in bringing men to Christ.

## Personals.

We are sorry to learn that Brethren Chas. True and Wm. London, of Woodstock, are in poor health.

Inspector Colpitts left at the Press office yesterday a jar of maple honey made on 18th January, the sap taken that day from a maple tree in his garden, an extraordinary happening in this country at this time of year.—*Woodstock Press*.

Some folks will even get sweetness out of January if they are given a good chance.

Sister Margaret Golding of Woodstock will spend the remainder of the winter with friends at Millville.

Brother Edward Higgins, of Fort Fairfield, made a trip to Florida recently. Northern people have little need of seeking a warmer climate this winter so far.

Mr. Geo. R. Burt has gone to Norfolk, Va., to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Paul M. Taylor.

## A PASTOR'S REFLECTIONS.

Twelve years ago I left the Theological Seminary at Lebanon and became pastor of two small country churches. May 12 was my last Sunday as the pastor of a church, as I have accepted a commission appointing me to a chaplaincy in the United States army. Half of these years were spent in Tennessee and half in California. I have been pastor of a church every day of the time. Only one short vacation has interrupted my pastoral activity during these years. And only one slight sickness has kept me from my pulpit on Sunday.

I doubt if many of our pastors have ever crowded more of work, sermon and visitation into twelve years. While acting as pastor all the time, I have engaged in about a hundred special revival meetings for other pastors. I have conducted over four hundred funerals and married over three hundred couples. I have never filled one of the bigger churches of the denomination, but I have had the best churches. The old saying that a preacher has a hard time has had no verification in my experience. I never hoped, even in my most buoyant mood, for a life so full of happiness and good things. I want to testify that the pastor's life is the fullest of joy possible. My Heavenly Father has verified every promise made to care for his minister and servant. Out of these experiences were I to offer any suggestions how to enjoy a pastoral relation, I think that I would mention four things for a special emphasis.

I would say, first, the presence of the pastor should breathe an atmosphere of happiness and hopefulness. The pastor is to bear burdens for others and not to make burdens. If he happens to have the dumps, better stay away from people till they are gone. Be cheerful in every public appearance.

And in the second place I would say be most attentive to children and the aged. In my last two pastorates I have had several aged friends and selected one day in the week to visit them. I recall one dear old lady, eighty years old, whose husband went home to God after they had lived together fifty years. He died on Saturday, and that was her sad day in the week. Every Saturday for two years I called to see her unless I was unavoidably hindered. It was one of the benedictions of my pastorate. She looked forward to it with eagerness. I think nothing drew me to that church so much as my care of the aged and attention to the children.

Again, I would suggest, make yourself as largely useful to just as many people as possible. I know that the pastor is no "pack-horse," as I heard a brother say once. But I think Paul expressed it about right when he said, "ourselves your servants for Christ's sake."

And my final suggestion seems awfully prosaic and simple—so much so that it will be brushed aside. But it is just this—in preaching stick to the Bible. I am sure the masses of the common people are caring little for sermons about ethics, sociology and philosophy and criticism. I have always found the keenest attention comes in a Bible illustration and to quote God's word coerces an assent of mind that no other authority can secure. I have preached for results, and as I have preached I have expected results. Sunday after Sunday I have called penitents and invited people into the church. I have often been taken by surprise at the coming of some from whom I anticipated no such stand. Every sermon ought to

bring results and invitations should be given.

I leave the pastorate with reluctance. To me it has been delightful. The friendships formed will be worn in my heart always. I have found my brother ministers courteous and generous in every relation. I honor the ministers of our church as men of God, for I have found them such in all relations as a rule. In taking up the work of army chaplain I am still a minister and preacher of the gospel. I shall preach every Sunday just the same and conduct two or three midweek services instead of one. I retain membership in presbytery and expect to keep in vital touch with my church life.—*Selected*.

## UNMOVED BY EVIL TIDINGS.

That is a sweet and reassuring promise of the Psalmist that "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Of all the ages of the world, this age is one in which is needed the bracing and tonic of such a promise. Everything is in commotion. Evil is predicted on every hand. The most venerable and sacred of institutions are boldly assailed and opposition was never more insolent and defiant. Sometimes it seems enough to intimidate the stoutest hearts. Only such as are anchored really and truly by a conscious experience of saving and sanctifying grace are proof against fear and weakness. We need only the old time power and the old time faith and experience of grace to triumph. Dr. J. H. Jowett in the Continent gives expression to a great truth in the following:

"Such trust in the Lord will redeem us from all our fears. It will give the soul a serene fixedness which will deliver it from all possibility of panic. It will not be feverish in the noontide. It will not be chilled in the night. It will remain calm and quiet when circumstances become boisterous and turbulent. Even when menace looms on the horizon there will be no paralyzing dread. God will be felt to be near, and His presence despoils every menace of its sting, and enables the soul to meet its morrows with quiet confidence. Now this serene and courageous mind is surely needed in our own day. Our age is full of changes and unrest. I am not afraid of the disturbance. Personally I regard it as the workings of the spiritual leaven. The widespread ferment is of God. Everywhere there is movement. Established things are being shaken. Venerable customs are being tested and tried. Unexpected presences appear on the hill almost every day, and many men are afraid and their hearts are sinking in pessimistic forebodings. They fear evil tidings, and every new visitor startles them as he knocks at their door. We need to get to the central things. Secondary shelters are of little or no avail. We need a profound experimental knowledge of the power of God's grace. We must have an experience that no new setting of circumstances can ever shake. We must know God as a vital, vitalizing presence, whose work in our hearts can never be gainsaid. It is only an experience of grace that can enrich the trust that gives serenity. The man whose heart is resting in the Lord can watch events like a man who is watching the sunrise.—*Herald of Holiness*.

G. Leonard Cronkhite, one of the most genial and highly respected citizens of Carleton county, died at his home, Royalton, near Centerville, on the 26th inst., aged 84 years.