

RULING THE ROOST.

In the Methodist Recorder recently the Rev. Arthur Hoyle pays his respects in kindly but truthful fashion to the type of men who are ever trying to "rule the roost." He says: "I once had a collatgue who could not bear contradiction. He ruled the roost, as we say. In meetings he was ever the chairman, even when I was in the chair. He had a lordly habit, very impressive, and a temper not too accommodating. He rode over us with all his banners flying, even when we stood up against him. I got into the way of beating the cymbals to enjoy his prancing. Dear, good fellow he was, save for that one quality; we would have lovely times together when he was in his right mind." And as we read Brother Hoyle's shrewdly humorous remarks we thought we recognized the man, for we have all met him, in Conference, in district meeting, in the Official Board, and even in the home, the man who could not be content unless he was "monarch of all he surveyed." And yet the writer declares that he was "a dear, good fellow," and he had a lovely time with him "when he was in his right mind."

But then Mr. Hoyle goes on to explain this idiosyncrasy. In the case referred to the man had been a missionary, and Mr. Hoyle says, "I can see it is not good for a man to deal only with those of a lower race and a rudimentary civilization; the more he has a will to lift and aid his humble flock the more his will asserts itself. He has to will for ten thousand folk, and the will becomes mighty. There is no will but him; that will meets no resistance, and anon it will not brook any." But the writer then bethinks him that he has noticed the same thing in school-masters. "There is only one will in any school, and the school would not be a school were there two, or if the wills clashed." And so the schoolmaster also becomes an autocrat, and aims to lord it over everyone, whether inside or outside the school.

And under the old-fashioned methods of running a big business, where one man's will is the sole law for hundreds, or thousands, of men, the same imperious disposition manifests itself, and outside the business the man unconsciously aims to do exactly the same thing. He aims to be "boss" wherever he is.

And this spirit, whatever its source, is certain to arouse antagonism and to cause trouble both for the individual himself and for those who are compelled to associate with him. The dictator has had his day, and now when in church, or business, or States, he attempts to "boss" men, he is met by a spirit of rebellion which is certain sooner or later to break out into most vigorous opposition. The difficulty is that even when the dictator is right he is apt meet defeat, simply because people resent his dictatorship, and many a good man has had the bitter mortification of being defeated in a most wise and laudable endeavour, and of afterwards seeing that same scheme carried to a successful conclusion by someone who knew better how to handle men. The day of the "boss" has gone, and every wise man should recognize it.

There should be no "bosses." The world doesn't need them, and no man, be he

missionary, schoolmaster, or business manager, need develop this objectionable characteristic. The fact is that of two men working side by side and at similar tasks, one will develop this defect, while the other, although even more successful, will not develop it. It is never a strength, but a defect. The trouble lies not in the strong will, which can never be too strong, but in the failure to recognize the brotherhood and equality of those with whom we deal; in short, the lack of the spirit of Christ.

There is an error in the minds of many which confuses Christian activity with the Spirit of Christ, forgetting that a man may preach like Apollos, pray like a saint, give all he has in alms, and even surrender his body to be burned, and yet be lacking in the spirit of Christ. The spirit of Christ may or may not reveal itself along orthodox and customary lines, but it always puts "the other fellow" first. —The Christian Guardian.

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do,

I said, "You get somebody else—or, wait till I get thru."

I don't know how the Lord came out, but he seemed to get along—

But I felt kind o' sneakin' like—knewed I'd done God wrong—

One day I needed the Lord, needed him myself—needed him right away—

And he never answered me at all, but I could hear him say—

Down in my accusin' heart—"Nigger, I've got too much to do;

You get somebody else, or wait until I get thru."

Now, when the Lord he have a job for me, I never tries to shirk,

I drops what I have on hand and does the good Lord's work;

And my affairs can run along, or wait till I get thru.

Nobody else can do the job that God's marked out to you.

—Paul Dunbar.

REST IN THE LORD.

Rest in the Lord, my soul,
Commit to Him thy way.
What to thy sight seems dark as night,
To Him is bright as day.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;
He planned for thee thy life,
Brings fruit from rain and good from pain,
And peace and joy from strife.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;
This fretting weakens thee.
Why not be still? Accept His will;
Thou shalt His glory see.

—Selected.

"Oh, to be saved from myself, dear Lord;
Oh, that it might be no more I;
But Christ that lives in me.

This is my prayer, I am praying, blessed Saviour,

And my constant prayer shall be;
For a perfect consecration,
That shall make me more like thee."

—Selected.

STATEMENT OF NATIVE WORKERS' ACCOUNT TO DEC. 31, 1918.

Hartland, Jan. 4th, 1919.

Sept 30, 1918 To Bal. due H. C. S. as per

Statement Rev. S. A. B. £27 5 1

Dec. 31 Filita Hadebe 12 10

Samueli Marinbelo

(including corn for

famine) 11 16 0

Josefa Ngoza 3 0 0

Malo Mdiniso 1 10 0

Jostina Mkovi 1 10 0

Aloni Mkouza 7 19 0

Elizabeto Mehilo 1 8 5

Johan Sukazi 1 4 0

School expense 1 2 0

Dec. 21, 1918 By Cash \$209.88

from Rev. S. A. B. 42 19 4

Balance due H. C. S. £13 18 0

H. C. SANDERS.

Note—I made a remittance to Dr. Sanders for native workers on January 20th, which he should have received by this time.—S. A. B.

"If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,

And you know a tale whose mere telling aloud,

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day

In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,

Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

—Ford Times.

TENNYSON'S ESTIMATE OF CHRIST.

A visitor staying with the poet Tennyson, at his home on the Isle of Wight, one day ventured to ask him what he thought of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The two were walking in the garden when the question was asked. For a moment the poet made no reply, but seemed lost in reverie.

Then he stopped before a beautiful flower, every petal of which seemed to be drinking in the enlivening rays of sunlight, and said, as simply as a child:—"What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to me. He is the Sun of my soul." —Sel.

It has been said "the average intelligence of a local church can be known by the denominational literature that goes into the homes of the members." That is a very good test, and generally speaking, tells the truth in a nutshell.—Sel.