

WANTED—A PASTOR.

BY H. M. G.

He must be young in years, in wisdom old;
His heart transmuting into purest gold;
Fervent in prayer, calm, earnest, modest meek,
Yet ever bold the gospel truth to speak.

Solenn, yet social; thoughtful, yet urbane,
His dignity most careful to maintain;
To suit the elders he must be "true blue,"
To please the young folks must be "jolly" too.

His preaching must be brilliant, yet profound;
Theology, the soundest of the sound;
Must prove his doctrine back from Paul to Moses,
Then down to Calvin, ere his sermon closes.

He must be trained in speaking extempore,
Yet ne'er repeat his phrases o'er and o'er;
And when we want a written sermon—then
Must wield a graceful and a practised pen.

While hurling forth the thunders of the law
With honeyed sweetness must be skilled "draw;"
Must be a potent instrument to use
In filling up a score of empty pews.

Must preach two rousing sermons every Sunday,
And feel the frother each succeeding Monday;
Must bring to every Wednesday evening meeting
A burdened heart, yet cheerful Christian greeting.

Prompt ever to suppress unchristian schemes,
Quick always to detect unlicensed "isms,"
He must reserve the hardest of his knocks
To hurl against the rank "unorthodox."

His heart replete with every saintly grace,
A holy calm must rest upon his face;
With soul exalted to the sacred skies
He must be planning to "economize."

And e'er he break to us the bread of life
He must be furnished with a comely wife.
For children he should thank the gracious Giver,
Yet not be burdened with too full a quiver.

J. Rev'rend Sir, this scrap should meet your eye
While looking for a pulpit, please apply:
For, *so to* coze, we'll confess to you
We're sore perplexed and know not what to do.

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she thought she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother, for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling. Why?"

"Did I ever see any kind face like mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh yes, dear."

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arms. Her arms trembled very much.

"Show me the old nurse, Floy, if you please."

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Paul closed his eyes with those words and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy, it is to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes. Yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody else but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here."

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that, who said 'Walter'?" he asked, and looked around. "Some one said 'Walter.' Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly, but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then; let him come up!" After a short pause

of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand and said "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipechin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

For an instant Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said placidly, "good-by! Walter, dear, good-by!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa!" he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-by!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now; how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining as I go!"

The golden ripple of the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death.

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.—Charles Dickens.

THE STUDY OF NATURE AS A MEANS OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

Some affirm that the study of natural science is fatal to the development of our higher emotions, and tends towards gross utilitarianism. But who can study the harmony existing in the works of Nature, the manifest order and design displayed in endless changes and variety, and the immutable laws which govern the physical world, without having his thoughts and aspirations lifted to Him who inhabits eternity, the Alpha and Omega? "The heavens declare the glory of God! Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge!"

Astronomy writes, in the motions of the stars, poetry more glowing than human pen ever produced. Botany leads us among the flowers, the most unpretending of which is arrayed in glory greater than that of Solomon and teaches Divine goodness and love to every thoughtful observer. Chemistry, unfolding to us wonderful and mysterious changes, excites not only emotions of beauty but of sublimity. And what shall we say of that marvellous agent, vital force which still eludes the analysis of the latest science? In autumn it withdraws its power and all Nature is clad in the habiliments of decay and death. In the spring time, with magic hand, it robes the earth in living beauty.

Adding, to a thorough knowledge of any one science which might be chosen as a particular field for research and study, a knowledge of the most important principles of the others, we have sufficient matter for the development of the most susceptible and retentive memory.

By constantly observing facts, drawing conclusions from them, and verifying these conclusions by observation or experiment, we form the habit of correct reasoning, and thus gain the same kind of discipline which geometry or any other abstract science affords. Nor is discipline alone the result of Nature as is often the case in absolute sciences. Nature rewards her students not only with discipline but with knowledge of the most practical, pleasurable and profitable.—Rhode Island Schoolmaster.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK.

REV. LAIRD COLLAR recently delivered a sermon in Chicago upon Conscience in Work, in the course of which he said:—

We have had enough stale phrases about capital and labor being interdependent and the laborer being worthy of his hire. But the truth is, meritorious work is everywhere, and especially in our land, readily appreciated and willingly compensated. It is not more work or less, that the world requires, but better. Fidelity will sell at a premium in any market of the world. I find in few men and few departments of labor the sanctified and holy aim to do one's best, but rather the demoralizing scheming to get the highest pay for the least labor. "Shirkings" should be the name of those unlawful and seditious movements we call "strikes." It is simply his attempt to change arbitrarily the eternal law of demand and supply, and to get more money for less work, when no more work is required; but the best workmen can command their own terms.

Unfaithfulness is the rule all round. I presume there are more, but I know of but one contractor and builder in this city, where we need so many, who puts religion into his work, and he is a man who never puts it upon exhibition in public places.

The mistresses complain of the treachery of servants; and there is enough of it, but not so much as their husbands deal out every day in their traffics with customers, in selling sugar or calicoes, or these ladies themselves in social intercourse with their lady friends.

We are rebuilding our city, and with an unprecedented opportunity for genius, our architects have brought no thought, no honest spirit to their work, and our capitalists have to substitute their money instead—and a miserable substitute it is. Of all the great buildings now going up there are not more than five in which there is one law of proportion observed or of beauty conformed to, or in which there is a single expression of spirit or distinct purpose. There are business blocks of five stories on which every window capping is exactly moulded or carved to match every other, and on a surface of thousands of square feet broken up into exact and set red brick and white lines, and our rich people passing along bless their souls in congratulation and say, "What splendid buildings!" A set of uneducated and untrained mechanics, without the least artistic spirit or technical culture, are the architects who are getting rich on the ignorance and stupidity of our capitalists. And younger architects of real spirit and education are distrusted as either inexperienced or adventurers. The man who contracts to build one's house must be watched at every driving of a nail lest he work the double harm of disloyalty to his own soul and faithlessness to his work.

I conclude it is not now demanded that the pulpit should longer dilate on the sanctity of individual opinion, but upon fidelity to duty—the enforcement and enactment of the dictates of the conscience in public trust and private enterprise.

When Darius, the first of the name, was on his death bed, his son Artaxerxes inquired of him by what policy he had governed the kingdom for nineteen years, as he wished to follow his example. "My son," said Darius, "be assured that if my reign has been blessed with greater success and peace than those of my predecessors it is because in all things I have honored the gods and done justice to every man."

The great Greek orator whose three speeches which remain to us are called "the Graces," though crowned with honors for the splendor of his oratory, was accused wrongfully of having been bribed to support the measures of Philip of Macedonia, was sorely aggrieved and said, "Integrity is to be preferred to eloquence."

It was a maxim of Alexander Severus, the Roman Emperor, that he who bought an office would sell, and he would never suffer any trust to be given except upon personal merit.

Devotion to truth and loyalty to principle must characterize the lowest as well as the highest duty! and to this end it is of first importance that at home our children be taught that virtue is better than gold, that honor is more than fine gold. Love of money is sweeping the stakes, and our children see that to this, and not to culture in the spiritual life and to high purpose and steadfast integrity, are we bending our energies. They feel that the father is eaten up of gold and the mother of cares and deceitfulness of fashion.

We must begin at the beginning, and, if need be, inspire our children with a nobility of soul that they shall esteem the wealth of this world with disdain, or at best as an accident, and not the aim, of life.

It is better now to make conscience firm than free, or the liberty that hath builded the great superstructure of State and society itself shall unceasingly foundations, and we shall be crushed beneath its broken and crumbling columns.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—DEAN STANLEY.

In one of his admirable letters from England, Dr. Cuyler records his impressions of Dean Stanley and the place in which he preaches in the following terms:—My last Sabbath in London was the warmest I have experienced here. I attended the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey—Dean Stanley having very kindly invited me to come to the Deanery and accompany his own family. This was an especially welcome favour, as it ensured me a good place for hearing, and the Dean's voice is not a strong one. The choir of the venerable Abbey and the adjoining transepts were perfectly thronged.—From the central seat assigned me in the choir I could look down the whole length of the magnificent nave, to the point where the statue of William Pitt stands, with commanding figure, above the western doorway. The rich light streamed in through the stained windows, and fell upon the statues of Mansfield, and Lord Palmerston, and the great Chatham; to the left was "Poet's Corner," with the graves of Campbell, Dickens, and Macaulay.

In the midst of all these mighty relics of the past, Stanley, the historian, stood in the small pulpit attached to one of the Gothic columns. It is as a historian, and not as a preacher, that Dean Stanley has won his wide celebrity. He wore his white surplice and a close velvet skull-cap, and looked much older than he really is. His text was, "The Lord magnified Solomon," and his theme was the "Uses of Greatness." The discourse was chaste, crisp, and vigorous in style, and as a dissertation on human greatness, was excellent. But of *Gospel* there was none; and the "faithful saying" found no place in a single line. I frankly told my kind friend the Dean how much I had longed to hear from him the grandeur of *Redemption* as the consummate crown of our Divine Saviour's "greatness." The Dean as frankly replied that "his rule is always to present one thing at a time; and while he agreed with me as to the importance of Christ's atoning death in the *Gospel* and in sacred history, he did not think it relevant even to allude to it in that sermon."

Even granting the sufficiency of this explanation, it still remains an undoubted truth that Dean Stanley, with all his genius and scholarship, is a latitudinarian in his theology, and seldom preaches the *core* of evangelical religion. He lacks the very thing which gives Spurgeon and Newman Hall their vast power in the pulpit; he lacks what I have been taught to hold as the "one thing needful" in the soul-saving work of Christ's ministry. As a historian, he stands foremost; in ecclesiastical scholarship he is unsurpassed; as a man he is genial, courteous, and most loveable; and to few men in Britain do I feel a more grateful affection for his many kindnesses than to the brilliant Dean of Westminster. Would that his impressive lips were touched anew with holy fire! And that the old Abbey rang again with the glorious truths once proclaimed from the "Jerusalem Chamber!"

"IT'S NOT ALL RIGHT."

The following, from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon, appears in the *Sword and Trowel* for July:

"All right" is as much John Bull's own word as "Go ahead" is the special voice of Cousin Jonathan. We hear it every day, and scarcely notice its cheerful significance; but the other morning the power of its negative fell very forcibly upon us. Asleep in the cabin of the good ship *Orion*, we were dreaming in a happy manner when a very emphatic voice startled us into thorough wakefulness by asserting most vigorously, "It is not all right." A sinking vessel, furious breakers, and bursting engines, like "battle, murder, and sudden death," all rushed before our mind. The hobgoblins which so much alarmed Bunyan's Pilgrim were all before us. When a man bears witness in the dead of night with a sonorous voice that "It is not all right," he is clothed with the power of a Jonah, and arouses all who hear him, whether it be a trio in a cabin or a crowd in a city.

We do not know a more sure and efficient method of chasing sleep from a landsman's eyes than by shouting in his ears, "It is not all right," at three o'clock in the morning, when he wakes up not in his own cosy bedroom, but in the little den wherein the steward has "cribbed, cabined, and confined" him. After all, there was more reason for fun than fear, for the prophetic voice proceeded from one of the companions of our voyage, who, so far from intending to warn us of some dread event, was himself hardly conscious of having spoken. Our friend was lying in the berth beneath us, and the boy coming in for the boots, which it was his office to clean, not knowing that any living being was in the aforesaid berth, had put his hand on our friend's leg, and leaned heavily thereon, while he groped on the floor for the shoes; the sudden

pressure made the sleeper spring up, much to the amazement of the boy, who very naturally cried out, "All right, sir," but received for answer a flat contradiction from a half-awakened passenger, "It is not all right." The explanation created a burst of laughter, but all chance of any more of "Tired nature's sweet restorer" was gone for that season. Many a day after the cry of "It's not all right" lingered with us, and we thought of the large amount of truth which it contained.

We entered the churches of a Popish city, and felt amid the mummeries and idolatries that "it was not all right." We thought of a Church at home, which has now become a Noah's ark, wherein the unclean beasts are herded by sevens, and the clean animals in twos only, and we reflected that "it was not all right." We remembered three or four Presbyterian Churches, in which no eye unaided by a Scotch microscope can detect a difference, and we heard loud voices raging against a hopeful union, and we thought "it was not all right." We considered the mournful fact that many English Nonconformists are removing all the old landmarks, and seeking out novel inventions, and we lamented that "it was not all right."

Then our mind passed in review the hundreds of self-righteous persons, lovers of pleasure, and neglecters of the *Gospel*, with whom "it is not all right." We picture the dying beds, the resurrection and the judgment, of the men with whom "it is not all right," and we felt that we had here a great text for a most impressive sermon; but, dear reader, we are not going to inflict a discourse upon you, and, therefore, we drop our pen, only adding one prayer, that none of us may have to exclaim at the last "It is not all right."

CHANGE OF DIET.

Many cases of illness, among both adults and children, are readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headaches, disordered stomachs, and many other attacks, are caused often by violating the rules of health laid down in the *May* number, and in consequence some part of the system is overloaded, or some of the organs are clogged. Omitting one, two or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest, and thus to gain strength, and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. Their practice of giving drugs to "clear the stomach," though it may afford the needed relief, always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good results, and yet does no injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner of Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you do for yourself when you have a turn of headache or other slight attack?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply.

"Well, if that will not do, what do you do then?"

"Go without my supper," was the answer.

"But if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves or use them in our families, for we know that starving is better, but we can not make our patients believe it."

Many cases of slight indisposition are made by a change of diet: thus, if a person suffers from constipation, and as the consequence has headache, slight attacks of fever or dyspepsia, the cause often may be removed by eating rye mush and molasses for breakfast, brown bread, baked apples, and other fruits, in cases of diarrhea, for dinner. Rice water, rice pudding, or jelly, will often remove the evil.

LONESOMENESS.

A mother, busy with her household cares, was obliged to go into an upper room, and leave two little ones alone for some time. So she gave them books and toys to amuse them. But, by and by, the house seemed to grow so still and lonesome, they began to feel afraid. So the eldest went to the foot of the staircase, and calling with a timid voice, said, "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling," said the mother, cheerily. "All right," said the little one, more to herself than to her mother. So she went back to her play for a time. After a while the question was repeated, with the same answer and the same result. Oh, how often in our loneliness and sadness, here in the world, we forget that God is over head! But we only send up our prayers to Him, we should not fail to get a comforting and quieting answer. "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." You need not fear in the darkest night, or the wildest storm, for God is still overhead. "As one whom his mother comforteth," so the Lord will comfort those sorrowing ones who flee to his bosom for rest.—Presbyterian.

Home should be made so true that the weary heart can turn toward it anywhere on the dusty highway of life, and receive strength.