

## THE USURER.

A USURER a princely fortune made,  
Though not by fraud or even tricks of trade;  
But—as he vox'd—because Heaven deigned to  
bless  
His honest toil and give him great success.  
Eager to show the gratitude that filled  
His swelling breast, he now began to build  
An almshouse, hoping that the Lord  
This pious undertaking would reward.  
When all was ready, in exultant mood,  
Viewing the goodly pile the usurer stood,  
Thinking how well the work of love would pay,  
A shrewd neighbour chanced to pass that  
day,  
A miser, who most ardently desired  
To hear his stately hospital admired,  
Saw in a tone of triumph asked his friend  
If it were large enough to suit the end.  
"Why not," was the reply; "it's nobly planned,  
A welcome refuge for a numerous band;  
But if you mean it as a home for all  
Whom you've made poor, the building's far too  
small!"

—From the German.

## SING.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CYLER.

I have just been attending several  
delightful revival meetings, conducted  
by the most earnest evangelical "school"  
of the Orthodox Quakers. The preach-  
ing was excellent; the prayers were fer-  
vent. The cross of Jesus Christ was the  
central object of attraction and  
power. But there was one great lack in  
the precious ointment of the services.  
There was no "service of song."  
Many a time there was a "gap" which  
nothing could so exactly fill as an out-  
burst of "All hail the power of Jesus'  
name!" or of

"Jesus! lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

It is unaccountable that a company  
of Christians who have learned so much  
of Christ, should never have discovered  
that they ought to "speak to one  
another" (or one with the other) in  
psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.  
God made us to sing, as truly as He  
made us to smile or to weep. The  
Creator puts this musical gift into man  
—not for life's revels, but for life's reli-  
gion; not to make sinners more jolly,  
but to make His saints more joyful.  
Like every natural gift, this one has  
been stolen by the devil, who not only  
sets the music for the house of revelry,  
but sometimes he has a finger in ar-  
ranging the music for the Sunday  
School and the sanctuary. It is bad  
enough that some Christian professors  
should turn their parlors into bull-  
rooms or drinking saloons, without  
turning God's temple into an opera  
house.

The Bible is our *Book of song*. It is  
not only our fountain of doctrine, but  
our fountain of devotion. Mark how  
much there is in it to sing! Out of its  
sixteen hundred chapters, about two  
hundred are mainly lyrical. Some of  
them are mere bird-gushes of melody.  
Others are "tender songs in the night"  
for God's children of sorrow. Others  
are spirit-rousing battle-hymns to be  
chantered by Christ's soldiers as they wind  
up their fortified steep, or hurl them-  
selves on the foe. Cromwell went into  
the fire-clouds of Worcester and Dunbar  
singing the war-psalm of David. Lati-  
mer mingled the sweet songs of victory  
with the crackling of the flames at the  
martyr's stake. The whole range of  
sacred music is in the Bible, from the  
magnificent Oratorio of the 14th Psalm,  
to the lark-like carol of the 46th. The  
sweetest of all is that plaintive nightin-  
gale, the 23rd Psalm. Through how  
many a dark, weary hour of trial hath  
she poured her celestial strain! To  
millions this has been a song in the  
valley of the death-shade—a prelude on  
earth to the "new song" in the Para-  
dise of God. For one thing is incones-  
table, and that is, that we shall sing it  
in heaven. Even our beloved brethren,  
the Quakers, had better take a few les-  
sons by way of rehearsal on this side of  
the pearly gates.

If God gives the gift of song, then all  
His redeemed children should exercise  
it. Let everything that hath breath  
praise the Lord.

This is a service never to be delegated  
to hired *provis*. It is a shining for a  
whole congregation to be sitting mute  
and praising the Lord by attorney in the  
music-loft. A genuine revival soon  
banishes this monstrous burlesque of  
devotion to its "own place."

Our Sunday schools are the true  
training schools for Church music.  
Therefore it is of prime importance that  
every child that has the gift of song  
should learn to use it. And it is of  
equal importance to sing the *right hymns*,  
and to the right music. There are  
hymns in some of our Sunday school  
collections which describe heaven as a  
Mussulman's paradise—a sort of cele-  
stial picnic in which angels and "houris"  
mingle under the green bowers. The  
Bible never sensualizes heaven. Nor  
should a profane hand stain its ineffable  
purity and holiness before the minds of  
our children.

Of all hymn-writers for children, old  
Isaac Watts is the king. His "Divine"  
and Moral Songs" stand yet unrivaled.  
In our day dear brother Bradbury wore  
the crown. What a leader of song he  
must be up in heaven! Next to him I  
place the author of that one perfect  
child-like hymn:

"Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
Should sound His praise abroad!"

But I am running into a discourse  
quite too voluminous for my good  
brother Wannamaker's columns. I end  
with the key note at the outset—sing!  
If the prayer-meeting grows languid—  
sing! If revival-joys fill the atmosphere—  
sing! If Satan tempts you to anger,  
lust, to despondency, to despair—sing!  
And whatever else you fail to teach the  
lambs of the flock in the Sunday school,  
don't fail, I entreat you, to teach them  
to sing.

Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For my Bible tells me so;  
Little ones to Him belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong.

—S.S. Times.

## A PRECEDENT.

The Presbytery of South Carolina has  
ordained to the work of the ministry  
Colonel R. A. Fair, a ruling elder.  
The *Central Presbyterian* calls the atten-  
tion of other Presbyteries to the act,  
and holds it up as deserving of imita-  
tion:—

Let the policy of our Church, which  
requires a full and thorough training in  
a literary and theological course be sus-  
tained in all ordinary cases. We have  
no idea of giving up the rule. But  
rules should be our servants, not our  
masters, and it would have been greatly  
to the advantage of the Presbyterian  
Church had it made the one now refer-  
red to more flexible so as to introduce  
into the full work of the ministry many  
excellent men such as Col. Fair, and  
even without all the advantages of edu-  
cation which he enjoyed. There are  
scattered over the whole Church broth-  
ers of approved piety, prudence, and  
zeal, who enjoy the entire confidence of  
all who know them, who well know the  
way of salvation from having long  
walked therein, men of a sound mind,  
thorough Presbyterians, and able to  
"endure hardness as good soldiers of  
Jesus Christ." Men, moreover, who,  
like Aaron, can "speak well," "apt to  
teach," having developed their gifts in  
a good degree in the Sabbath-school,  
the Bible class, and the prayer-meeting.  
We know there are such men to be  
found all over our Church. Now then  
we ask in all solemnity, why cannot the  
Presbyteries seek out a goodly number  
of such, and seeing they are somewhat  
advanced in years and are moreover  
already to so large an extent qualified  
for "the work of the ministry," why  
can they not be put into it, after a  
shorter course of special training than  
is required, and very properly indeed,  
of younger and less tried men? It is  
our firm conviction that such men  
would be to the Church what the wise  
man says a good wife is to her husband  
—they would "do us good and not evil  
all the days of our life."

There are places to be counted liter-  
ally by hundreds which the Presbyte-  
rian Church might have acceptably and  
successfully occupied, that have passed  
from our hands. While holding firmly  
to our rule as a general policy, it is  
simply absurd to say that no man is  
qualified to preach the Gospel ably and  
usefully unless he has gone through a  
certain routine of studies, for such a  
notion is contradicted by many and  
well known instances. More than  
thirty years ago, when it was proposed  
in the Presbytery of West Hanover to  
license a brother of eminent piety and  
good qualifications, it was opposed by  
an excellent and able member, the Rev.  
Mr. Stanton, of Prince Edward, on the  
ground that on one or two studies the  
prescribed course had not been pursued.  
In declaring his opposition he went so  
far as to say, that if Father Turner was  
before him under such circumstances,  
he would oppose his licensure. Dr.  
Baxter immediately arose and said,  
"Moderator, if Mr. Stanton would op-  
pose the licensure of a man like James  
Turner, it is because he never heard  
him preach. Ten such preachers as  
Father Turner would shake the king-  
dom of Satan over all the State of Vir-  
ginia." It is well known that this great  
preacher—one of the most remarkable  
of any age—had not passed through a  
regular and full course of study. He  
was, however, master of a purely Eng-  
lish style, and Dr. Archibald Alexan-  
der, who had heard Patrick Henry  
speak, was of the opinion that Mr. Tur-  
ner, judged by every proper test of  
eloquence, was fully his equal.

At a time when fields so numerous  
and "white unto the harvest" are open  
and demanding laborers, it might be a  
good work if our Presbyteries would  
search and see if the Lord has not other  
Col. Fairs for them to call into His ser-  
vice. With all that is encouraging in  
the increased number of young men  
who are coming forward, the eyes of  
the Church cannot be closed to the seri-  
ous fact that there is great struggle  
upon us to supply enough ministers to  
hold what we have, much more to be-  
come aggressive. No doubt the idea  
here presented would require in its  
practical operation a very careful pru-  
dence; but the same may be said of  
every plan of doing good that is worth  
anything.

## "OUR MINISTER DON'T DRAW."

I joined the church when I was six-  
teen years old, and I am now forty-six.  
And all that time we have been getting  
every few years, "a minister to draw  
us." We had Rev. Mr. Jones. He  
was a plain-looking, earnest man. He  
"drew" all the changeable population  
of our town. Nothing was more certain  
than that a new family coming to town  
took a pew in our church. But then  
ah! that "but then"—the old members  
fell off, and the salary and expenses fell  
behind, and at last we had to tell him  
he "did not draw," and let him go.

Then we had others, and at last Rev.  
Mr. Dixwell. He drew everybody for  
awhile. But he never explained repent-  
ance to men so little that anybody  
could get into heaven—and so Lawyer  
Snub did not take his pew; and he  
actually was so unwise as to say "hell-  
fire" without explaining that all the hell  
was in a man's thoughts before and  
after death—and Dr. Snuffire, Mr.  
Cuntoc, and Mr. Flathead left the con-  
gregation. To cap all, he preached on  
regeneration, and forgot to say that the  
beautiful thoughts a man has in walking  
in the cemetery Sunday afternoon,  
especially a sunshiny afternoon, was the  
best proof of a regenerate heart; and  
that Plato, Shakespeare, and Milton  
were all full of regenerate ideas—so Mr.  
Big-man and Mr. Self-conceit left the  
congregation. It is true these men  
were never good for much but to help  
pay the salary, and even that they did  
with grumbling. So, at the end of the  
year, when the balance of salary and  
church expenses came just a few hun-  
dred dollars short, it did seem to Mr.  
Cash-flint and Mr. Granite-slab that if  
we only had a minister that would draw  
every body, it would be so easy to raise  
money for the church.

Now, Mr. Editor, what shall we do?  
Shall we send him off, as we have thir-  
teen others in the last thirty years, and  
try and get "the right kind of man?"  
We want one who will preach a faithful,  
plain Gospel, and yet offend no one.  
We want a mild, patient gentleman; an  
orator, a quiet man, yet a man of char-  
acter, who will not endure sin; who is  
wide awake, and, yes—I may as well  
say it—a minister every way, and one  
who draws the salary and expenses, and  
the piety too. It is true we never yet  
had such a man, and don't know of one  
anywhere.

But, Mr. Editor, you know there ought  
to be lots of such men. Have we not  
endowed the theological seminaries, and  
don't we educate poor students for this  
very thing? What's the matter, that  
the seminaries don't turn out each year  
three hundred such noble young minis-  
ters? "Can't get them," do you say?  
"We expect too much." That's great  
comfort to us. I should be a pretty  
man to tell our church so.

Perhaps after all we had better have  
common sense, and raise our own ex-  
penses, and go on independently with  
the sound man we have. If in thirty  
years God has not given us a *drawing*  
man, and the seminaries don't give them,  
then perhaps He did not mean that the  
chief end of preaching the Gospel should  
be to draw cash and pay expenses. This  
puts the matter in a new light, and I  
will think of it before trying to stir up  
our people to turn off our faithful old  
pastor in order to get some "smart"  
young man who will "draw."

## THE SALARY IS NOT ALL.

"The salary is not all," rejoined a  
venerable ex-pastor, after listening to  
complaints of a young minister about  
the leanness of his salary. "After the  
first seven years of my ministry," con-  
tinued he, "my salary alone hardly  
supported my family. But I had a kind  
people; and in times of affliction—and  
on occasions once or twice a year—they  
would be pretty sure to send in what  
was necessary and comfortable. I loved  
them, and knew they loved me. Beside  
presents, I had various perquisites  
in marriage fees, sometimes for funeral  
services, and as school committee. Now  
and then I could write an article, for  
which compensation was made."

"But better than all, my labours  
were crowned with God's blessing. My  
sermons were more than appreciated.  
Many souls were converted, frequent ad-  
dition made to the Church. Every year  
I found my influence extending. My  
social position was pleasant. As my  
family increased, it took rank with the  
best families in town. I gave my sons  
and daughters as good an education as  
circumstances allowed; and then, as one  
after another left me, committed them  
to God's care; and, blessed be His  
name, He has taken good care of them.  
They are all gone from me. But cove-  
nant mercies have followed them. Of  
ten children, eight are already profess-  
ed disciples. My sons occupy useful  
and honoured stations in society and in  
the Church; my daughters are well  
married, and training up young fami-  
lies. And here I am; with but little,  
indeed, of this world's goods. Yet I am  
contented and happy; yes, I am rich—  
in my children, in the affections of my  
people, and in the consciousness of hav-  
ing served my generation according to  
my humble ability. I am full of the  
promises of the future.

SALARY IS NOT ALL."

## HOW TO MAKE THE COVETOUS GIVE.

Train them to it. It is the only way.  
You cannot go to the man and say,  
"Sir, here is an object which has the  
strongest claim on your liberality," and  
drive arguments into his head like driv-  
ing nails into a post, and crowd him in  
to a corner and force him to give. If  
he is a half man he will refuse you out-  
right, and if not, he will give now and  
dodge you the next time.

No more can you effect your purpose  
with ridicule. Did ridicule ever excite  
your benevolence? Does sarcasm awak-  
en your softer sympathies? Does pity  
come trundling out to the call of hard  
names, and hasten with tearful eyes to  
relieve the distressed?

A different treatment must harmon-  
ize the selfish; a treatment which re-  
cognizes how feeble is every germ of  
progress till developed by practice;  
which considers all that encouragement  
and experience alone can demonstrate  
the blessedness of giving.

Take your miser, and calculate how  
much he (not you—he) considers a lib-  
eral donation. Put off the sneer from  
your lips, and endeavour to find the  
little, shrivelled, dried up germ of hu-  
manity covered up somewhere in his  
heart. Talk its eyes open till it smiles,  
and may be weeps, and ask now for that  
liberal mite. It will make him tremble  
no doubt; but coax it out of him. If  
he refuses so much; take a half, a quar-  
ter, a single penny. Your object is not  
to get a big subscription, but a genuine  
and cheerful gift. Put it on such terms  
that he will be glad to give.

Now, if you have succeeded in getting  
him or her to give a real, cheerful gift  
for Christ, you may be sure the man is  
happy. You have raised him in his  
own eyes. It does him good for the  
nonce to think he has got so much  
blessedness so cheaply. Do no unde-  
ceive him; do not turn away in disgust  
at the miser's puny transport of bene-  
volence. Praise him; ply his conscience  
with a text of Scripture; try to make  
him feel just twice as happy at giving  
as he was before; make his face shine  
with goodness. It will be a new experi-  
ence in that man's life. He never was  
so happy. Next time you visit him—  
and do not put it off too long—he will  
be the more ready to hear your ap-  
peal. Still aim rather to excite in the  
heart the blessedness of giving than to  
secure a large donation. The large  
donation will come by and bye. Re-  
mind him of the pleasure and profit he  
received from his former gift. Tell him  
how much good it did. Work on his  
benevolence. The transport of benevo-  
lence is like a drowned man drawn out  
on land. Breathe into his mouth and  
nose, rub his hands and feet, start cir-  
culation. Now he is alive again, ask  
him for the second mite. Make the re-  
quest so small that he will be sure to  
give. Treat as before.

Find opportunity sometimes, when  
you do not want money, to tell him of  
the benefit he has done. Keep his in-  
terest alive. Renew the treatment from  
time to time till his benevolence becomes  
self-supporting. After that it will grow  
of itself. Your miser will be a philan-  
thropist.

But do not try the other way—solid  
arguments, ridicule, sarcasm, impati-  
ence. You will only harden his heart  
against the world, and shut it up till he  
cannot open it himself.—S. W. Presby-  
terian.

## THE DISCIPLINE OF DIFFICULTY.

"Who will roll away the stone from the sepulchre?"

God gives us difficulties in work the  
most sacred. Here was a difficulty; and  
Mary and her companions, in dealing  
with it, suggest the way in which we  
should deal with our difficulties.

Difficulties are not meant to prevent  
us going on with our work. There was  
the stone: they knew it was there; but  
they went on to the sepulchre. Diffi-  
culties like the weights on a clock, are  
not meant to paralyze, but to keep us  
going; and, further, they should be  
stepping-stones to higher things. The  
child at school is asked to master the  
difficulties of multiplication, not that he  
may be puzzled, but to enable him to  
go on to division.

Difficulties are meant to throw us on  
Divine assistance. And God helps us  
in two ways: 1. By removing the dif-  
ficulty when it is beyond our own power  
to do so. Here the stone was "very  
great;" but when they looked it was  
rolled away. Man's extremity is God's  
opportunity. Our difficulties would be  
halved if we did not anticipate them.  
2. Not so much by removing the diffi-  
culty as by giving us grace to bear it;  
not so much by lightening the burden,  
as by strengthening the bearer. "Re-  
move the thorn," prays the Apostle.  
The answer is not removal, but grace  
sufficient. Peter was not kept from  
Satan's temptation, but the Saviour  
prayed for him, and the disciple's faith  
did not finally fail. Only let us work

## MOTHERS' INFLUENCE.

It requires no very extensive study of  
biography to learn that it is of less con-  
sequence to any one what sort of father  
he may have had, than what sort of  
mother. It is indeed a popular impres-  
sion that the children of clever fathers  
are likely to exhibit the opposite quality.  
This I do not believe. It is so far  
as it results from the fact that men in  
public positions or numerous business  
are apt to neglect the oversight of their  
children. But it is a noteworthy fact  
eminent qualities in many almost  
always be traced to similar qualities in  
their mothers. Knowledge, it is true,  
is not hereditary, but training and cul-  
ture and high mental qualities are so,  
and I believe that the transmission is  
chiefly through the mother's side. Fur-  
ther, it is often to the girls rather than  
to the boys, and it frequently happens  
that if a selection were to be made as to  
the members of a family most deserving  
of an elaborate and costly education,  
the young women would be chosen rather  
than the young men. But leaving this  
physiological view, let us look at the  
purely educational. Imagine an edu-  
cated mother, training and moulding the  
powers of her children, giving to them  
in the years of infancy those gentle yet  
permanent tendencies which are of more  
account in the formation of character  
than any subsequent educational influ-  
ences, selecting for them the best in-  
structors, encouraging them in their  
difficulties, sympathizing with them in  
their successes, able to take an intelli-  
gent interest in their progress in litera-  
ture and science. How ennobling such  
an influence, how fruitful of good results,  
how certain to secure the warm and  
lasting gratitude of those who have re-  
ceived its benefits when they look back  
in futuro life on the paths of wisdom  
along which they have been led. What  
a contrast to this is the position of an  
untaught mother—studying her few su-  
perficial accomplishments of no account  
in the work of life, unable wisely to  
guide the rapidly-developing mental life  
of her children, bringing them up to  
repeat her own failures and errors, or  
perhaps to despise her as ignorant of  
what they must learn. Truly the art  
and profession of a mother is the noblest  
and most far-reaching of all, and she  
who would worthily discharge its duties  
must be content with no mean prepara-  
tion.—Principal Dawson, in "Leisure  
Hour."

## ALL LINKED TOGETHER.

We are sailing over the ocean in the  
same ship with a great multitude of the  
ignorant, and reckless, and profane.  
We have first-class tickets, and pace  
the upper-deck, with good fare and re-  
fined company. We are not inclined  
to be troubled with a ragged and unruly  
crowd below. An officer reports one  
night that there is a serious disturbance  
among the steerage passengers; some  
gentlemen from the cabin should go  
down and endeavour to soothe the angry  
passions, and win the combatants to  
peace and sobriety. The gentlemen  
decline: these quarrelsome creatures are  
down in the hold, and we have cabin  
tickets; our berths are comfortable—are  
all that we can desire. Your berths are  
good, gentlemen, and your tickets can-  
not be challenged; but if these fellows  
in the hold should scuttle the ship, what  
would your first-class tickets do for you?

The Lord who bought us has a mighty  
meaning in his word, "The poor ye  
have always with you"—a meaning for  
us as well as for the poor. This globe,  
floating through space, is like a ship on  
the sea. Some of us have comfortable  
berths and first-class tickets, but we sail  
in the same boat with a great multitude  
who are needy and uneasy, a great mul-  
titude whose aggregate discontent might  
any day explode if an accidental spark  
should fall on it.—Arnold.

## DON'T HURRY.

Believe in travelling on step by step;  
don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow  
and sure is better than fast and flimsy.  
Perseverance, by its daily gains, en-  
riches a man far more than fits and  
starts of fortunate speculation. Little  
fishes are sweet. Every day a thread  
makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick  
houses are built. We should creep be-  
fore we walk, walk before we run, and  
run before we ride. In getting rich, the  
more haste the less speed. Haste trips  
up its own heels. Don't give up a small  
business till you see that a larger one  
will pay you better. Even crumbs are  
bread. Better a little furniture than an  
empty house. In these hard times he  
who can sit on a stone and feed himself  
had better not move. A crust is hard  
fare, but none at all is harder. Don't  
jump out of the pan into the fire. Re-  
member many men have done well in  
very small shops. A little trade with  
profit is better than a great concern at  
a loss; a small fire that warms you is  
better than a large fire that burns you.  
A great deal of water can be got from a  
small pipe if the bucket is always there  
to catch it. Large hares may be caught  
in small woods. A sheep may fatten in