

Pastor and People.

PRAY FOR ME.

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask
you,

But for something even more,
From the depths of your heart's pity let
it be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you whose robes of radiant white-
ness

Have been kept without a stain—
Of you, who, stung to death by serpent
Pleasure,

Found the healing angel, Pain;
Whether holy or forgiven you may be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, calm souls, whose wondering
pity

Looks at paths you never trod;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God;
And any need is greater even than you see—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children—for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best;
Fold your little hands together and ask
Jesus

That the weary may have rest;
That a bird caught in a net may be set
free—
Pray for me.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day;
I am standing on your door-step as a beg-
gar

Who will not be turned away;
And the charity you give my soul shall
be—
Pray for me.

"THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR."

The best commentary on this promise
is a series of cases in which it has
been notably fulfilled. Almost every
Christian can tell of such cases. But the
following one is given by Rev. David
Brown, D.D., in the Glasgow Christian
Leader:—

When I went to be assistant to
Rev. Edward Irving, London, in 1830, I
lived for the first year with Mr. James
Nisbet, bookseller and publisher, who was
an elder of his. After I had been some
time in the family, he told me the story
of his life, as follows: His father was a
soldier; but after the battle of Waterloo
he left the army, and took a small farm
from the Duke of Roxburgh, near Kelso,
his native place. After a year or two
the Duke wanted to enlarge his small
farms, and offered Nisbet his own one en-
larged; but as he had not money en-
ough to take it of that size, he was
allowed to keep it as it was. He was
a widower, with one son, and one day
he said to him, "Now, Jamie, this place
won't do for you. I have given you a
fair education, and you must go up to
London and try to get into some shop
or warehouse, and offer to do any work
they have to give you, till you work your
way on." He got into a West-India
house, and was employed to light the fires
and do other small jobs. He attended the
ministry of good Dr. Nichol, of Swallow-
street, Regent Quadrant, and under him
the grace of God entered the lad's heart.
When Saturday came he declined to light
the office fires on Sunday, as he would
not help others to do business on the
Lord's day. On his master insisting on
its being done, he gave up his situa-
tion. His wife remonstrated with him
on the folly of losing such a servant. He
would get plenty, no doubt, to take his
place, but they might rob his till. Better
give that lad better wages than lose one
so conscientious. "There's something in
that," he said, and determined to send
for the lad. But his wife resolved to
see him first. "I hope you're not going
to yield to your master," she said. "Cer-
tainly not," he replied. "Good," she said.
"I think he'll not insist upon it."

"Well, sir, what have you been doing
since you left this?" "Driving a bread
cart." "Oh, that's a mean occupation."
"No, sir; nothing is mean by which a
man can make a living with a good con-
science." "Will you come back if I get

another to light the office fires?" "If
you don't ask me to do it, I'm willing."
So he stayed on until he had saved a
small sum of money; and on thinking
what he could do for himself, he hit upon
a new kind of business. There were then
no religious book shops in London. Any
bookseller would order a religious book
for you, but they did not have them for
sale. So he took a small shop and ad-
vertised it as a shop for religious books.
And as this was something new, religious
people soon came to him; and as he had
a happy conversational turn (as I myself
soon found), he talked to them about the
books he kept, and what he knew about
their authors. The effect of this was to
increase the number of his customers. He
by-and-by married, and his wife stood be-
hind the counter while he talked. This
led to a step in advance. The London
Missionary Society wanted missionaries,
but could get no educated Christians to
offer themselves, and they had to take the
best Christian artisans they could get.
But these had to be educated, and a num-
ber of evangelical ministers undertook
this office. While in London, the best and
cheapest way was to board them with
some Christian family, and Nisbet was the
man they fixed on. With him and his
wife they had a happy home. At length
they were sent out to their several
spheres, and wrote, as instructed, to the
directors how they had got on, and what
reception they had had from the natives.
But as the directors met only one day
in the week, they were obliged to tell
them that they had no time for long let-
ters, and they must confine themselves to
what was most important. The poor fel-
lows didn't like this; but while they did
as they were bidden to the directors, they
poured out their whole hearts to the Nis-
bets, who they knew would read with in-
terest everything they wrote. These let-
ters Nisbet read to his customers, who
thirsted for missionary intelligence; and
this brought more business to him. But
at length he was brought to a stand.
One day he had a bill to pay of £30,
and he was short of money. He rose ear-
ly and went to prayer with his wife.
While on their knees, there came a ring
to the door. He went down, and on open-
ing it he found the Duchess of Beau-
fort's carriage at the door. "Mr. Nisbet,
I make a rule of paying my own bills,
and begin early. Yours is the first shop I
come to, and I want to pay my bill. Here
is the amount, £30." On going back to
his wife and throwing the money down,
he said, "Let us pray," and gave thanks
with all his heart. From that day he
never wanted.

PERFECT LOVE.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

The love which the apostle refers
to is our love of God. The phrase,
"Perfect love casteth out fear," explains
what he means by perfect love. It is a
love that has no doubt or dread in it,
but leans confidently on the bosom of the
Lord, trusts in the darkest hours with
unflinching confidence, and even on the
day of judgment will stand with boldness
amid the tumult and the wreck of a dis-
solving world, and claim its place in the
friendship of the Judge who sits upon the
throne.

During the late French war, a train
was carrying military dispatches from
Metz to the headquarters of the French
army. The Germans had just captured
Metz, and were marching rapidly to cut
off the French army. It was necessary
that the dispatches should reach the post
within an hour. The distance was sixty
or seventy miles. The road was rough;
the train consisted of a single coach and
locomotive; the speed was like a whirl-
wind, and the passengers, consisting of the
wife and child of the engineer, the bearer
of the dispatches, and a newspaper cor-
respondent, were hurled hither and thither
in the dashing, rushing train, like sail-
ors in a frightful storm.

To say that they were alarmed would
be little—they were in imminent and dead-
ly peril. Every moment threatened to
pitch the furious train over some embank-

ment or bridge. Rolling from side to side,
leaping at times in the air, rushing, roar-
ing on past stations where everything
made way for this whirlwind of desperate
speed and energy, the few people inside
held their breath in dismay, and often
cried out with terror as they dashed along.

But there was one person on that car
that knew nothing of their fears. It was
the little child of the engineer. Happy
as a bird amid all the excitement
around her, she laughed aloud in child-
ish glee and merriment as often as the
train would give some wild lurch and
hurl her over a seat; and, when they
looked at her in wonder, and her mother
asked her if she was not afraid, she look-
ed up and answered: Why, my father is
at the engine!"

A little later the engineer came through
the car to cheer up his trembling wife,
and as he entered with the great drops
of sweat rolling down his soot-stained
face, the little child leaped into his arms
and laid her head upon his bosom, as hap-
py and peaceful as if she was lying on
her little cot at home. What a picture
of the perfect love that casts out fear!
What a lesson for the children of the
Heavenly Father!

Look at your little, sleeping babe put-
ting its hand in yours and letting you
lead it where you will, and learn to
trust and love the Father that cannot
err, forget nor fail.

This is the remedy for every fear—
the fear of man, the fear of yourself,
the fear of Satan, the fear of death, the
fear of falling, the fear of the future.
Only love Him and rest in His love, and
you shall dwell safely and be quiet from
the fear of God.

And, oh, what a life ours would be
if we were fully saved from all
our fears! How many of our worst trou-
bles are those that never come! God
give us the perfect love that casteth out
fear!—Christian Alliance.

JOSEPH RABINOWITZ, THE DIS- TINGUISHED JEWISH CONVERT.

A cordial reception was recently given
in the Third Presbyterian Church to the
distinguished Russian, Joseph Rabinowitz.
His name is less known among us than
that of Tolstoi; but at home it is bless-
ed above that of the great author. For
Mr. Rabinowitz stands behind a movement
which has been described by careful crit-
ics, as the most real and significant
among the Jews towards Christianity
than has been since Christ was crucified.
About a dozen years ago he visited Pal-
estine as a lawyer and a philanthropist;
seeking to find, if he could, some refuge
and future for his persecuted brethren.
He could discover nothing that promised
their deliverance, and was deeply discour-
aged. While out on the Mt. of Olives one
day, lost in meditation, the thought
arose; can it be, that the man who was
crucified over there on Calvary, is the true
and only leader of Israel? And so firm-
ly did this question seize him that, re-
turning to his lodgings in the city, and
taking up a copy of the New Testament
which he brought along merely as a
guide-book of travel, he began to read,
if haply this inquiry might find answer.
There and then the Lord, "even Jesus,"
was revealed to him and he worshipped
Him as the Messiah. Returning to Rus-
sia, he greatly surprised those who had
known him, by telling the story of his
great change. He preached Jesus as the
only hope of Israel, and crowds came to
hear his story. Thousands came where
there was room for only hundreds. By and
by, because of opposition arising, he vis-
ited St. Petersburg, and applied to the
highest authority at the court of the
Czar, for permission to preach Christ
in Kishinow, Southern Russia. As there
were 60,000 Jews in residence there, the
field was great, and as he found "white to
the harvest." At first the lofty official
at the capital paid him slight respect;
but later he yielded this divinely honored
man of God what has not been given
to any man outside the orthodox Church—

permission to preach as he would. Through
the generosity of Christians in Scotland
a large audience-room was erected in Kis-
chenow; and there Mr. Rabinowitz has
seen wonders done in the name of Jesus
of Nazareth, the Son of God. In person
Mr. Rabinowitz appears to be sixty
years old. But when one hears his tor-
rents of speech, and sees the flash of his
eye, and notes the wealth of his imagina-
tion, and his wonderful power in handling
the Word of God, one thinks of him as a
young man of entirely unspent powers. His
visit to America, and Chicago, has been
brought about that he may lend a hand
in the Hebrew mission work, which is
being actively prosecuted in the World's
Fair city. A mighty stream of emigrant
Russian Jews has stopped in this great
city; and the hope is that Mr. Rabin-
owitz may contribute largely to the
redemption of these from the darkness
and death in which they are sunk, by a
few months of work with those who are
concerned for the conversion of the Jew
to Jesus. Professor H. M. Scott of the
Chicago Theological Seminary, and Mr.
William Blackstone have been the chief
supporters of this mission. At the re-
ception in the Third church, both of these
gentlemen, also Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Bos-
ton, and Rev. Dr. Withrow, the pastor,
spoke words of welcome. But the speech
of the evening was by Mr. Rabin-
owitz. Through broken English he pour-
ed a Christian believer's soul so as to make
words stand for sentences and sentences
for arguments. The deep piety of the
man promises results commensurate with
his intellectual powers. He is a lawyer-
preacher, aflame with the love of Christ.

BEYOND THE REACH OF SCIENCE.

High as man is placed above the
creatures around him, there is a higher
and far more exalted position within his
view; and the ways are infinite in which
he occupies his thoughts about the fears,
or hopes, or expectations of a future life.
I believe that the truth of the future
cannot be brought to his knowledge by
any exertion of his mental powers, how-
ever exalted they may be; that it is
made known to him by other teaching
than his own, and is received through
simple belief of the testimony given.
Let no one suppose for a moment that
the self-education I am about to com-
mend in respect to the things of this
life extends to any considerations of
the hope set before us, as if man by
reasoning could find out God. It
would be improper here to enter upon
this subject further than to claim an ab-
solute distinction between religious
and ordinary belief. I shall be re-
proached with the weakness of refusing
to apply those mental operations which
I think good in respect of high things
to the very highest. I am content to
bear the reproach. Yet even in earth-
ly matters, I believe that the invisible
things of Him from the creation of the
world are clearly seen, being understood
by the things that are made, even His
eternal power and Godhead; and I have
never seen anything incompatible be-
tween those things of man which can be
known by the spirit of man which is
within him, and those higher things con-
cerning his future which he cannot know
by that spirit.—Prof. Faraday.

Father Barry, the English delegate to
the Chicago Temperance Congress, writ-
ing to the Liverpool Catholic Times, and
speaking of Toronto, says: "We saw here
an admirable example of the benefits of
temperance. In that bright and genial
city, the law is on the side of temperance.
Saloons merely for drinking purposes do
not exist. Hotels are limited in number,
strictly watched, and held to guaran-
tees for their good behavior. Sunday
closing is rigidly enforced, and the houses
shut at seven on Saturday evening. The
population are sober, the churches well
attended, and the clergy feel that their
incessant toil for the good of their con-
gregations is not thrown away." That
is not bad from an Englishman.