

Pastor and People.

WARNINGS.

By keeping our eyes open, and judging things upon Scriptural principles, we may often be forewarned in our dealings with certain characters. One man cannot see farther into a millstone than another, and yet shrewdness sees where the ordinary observer is in the dark. A prudent man with the fear of God before his eyes, is almost a prophet. Two or three instances are before our mind at this moment.

A gentleman went carefully into the stable where his horse was placed to bait, and he saw for himself that the proper feed of corn was in the manger. In a few minutes, time he was in the stable again, and the oats were gone. He taxed the hostler with taking them out, and remained while he saw his nag eat up his fair portion. How did he know that the hostler would steal the corn? He had heard him cursing, and therefore he knew that he would steal.

A friend met the deacon of a church in the street, a man whom he much esteemed. The aforesaid deacon begged the loan of £100, and the friend would have lent it to him with pleasure; but in the course of conversation the deacon observed, "Other people might rob you; but you know me as an old pilgrim. I am, I trust, quite past temptation." The money was refused, for the friend said to himself, "Past temptation? Past temptation? Why he must be quite ignorant of his own heart. He must surely be a hypocrite." And so he was. He knew that he was hopelessly involved even when he was seeking a loan from one who could not afford to lose the money; before that day was over he had failed. "Pride goeth before destruction." "A prating fool shall fall." His Bible had made our friend wise, and he was saved from loss.

A man who stood high in the city observed with great satisfaction that he had in a single morning cleared £30,000 by a speculation. A brother merchant remarked that he ought to feel very grateful to Providence for such good fortune, whereupon the successful merchant snapped his fingers and said, "Providence! pooh! that for Providence! I can do a deal better for myself than ever Providence can do for me." He who heard the observation walked away, and resolved never to deal with such a man again except upon cash principles, for he felt sure that a crash would come sooner or later. Great was the indignation of the man who stood high in the city when he was told, "If you and I are to have dealings, it must be on strictly ready-money terms." He was insulted; he would not endure it; he would go to another house. That other house welcomed his custom, and in due time it was repaid by losing many thousands.

A tradesman chose a shopman from seeing him pick up a pin; Rowland Hill would button up his coat when he heard a man swear, for he did not want to have his pocket picked; thus for good or for evil little things may be tests of character. To deal with persons who have no respect for the Sabbath is always risky; to marry a man who can repeat a lewd story is eminently perilous; to buy goods of tradesmen who are "really giving them away" is to invite deception; and to trust those who flatter you is to court delusion. Do you meet with one who tells you many of the secret faults of others? Mind that you show him none of your own which you would not wish to publish. Does he tell you what others have said of you? Then say nothing of others which you would not wish him to report; for as sure as you live he will repeat all that you say with additions. All dogs that fetch will carry.

By observing such things as these men may be saved from deceptions. The difference between one man and another in point of prudence arises from the fact that one man learns from his blunders and another does not. When we are once taken in by a person, we ought to take his measure so exactly that he will not be able to do it again. No mouse can be excused if it is caught twice by the same cat. Yet as long as the world stands there will remain some in it who can never see farther than the end of their own noses.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

WILLING TO SHOVEL.

To be willing to begin at the bottom is the open secret of being able to come out at the top. A few years ago a young man came to this country to take a position in a new enterprise in the Southwest. He was well bred, well educated, and he had the tastes of his birth and education. He reached the scene of his proposed labours, and found, to his dismay, that the enterprise was already bankrupt, and that he was penniless, homeless, and friendless in a strange land. He worked his way back to New York, and in midwinter found himself without money or friends in the great busy metropolis. He did not stop to measure the obstacles in his path; he simply set out to find work. He would have preferred the pen, but he was willing to take the shovel; and the shovel it was to be.

Passing down Fourth Avenue on a snowy morning, he found a crowd of men at work shoveling snow from the sidewalks about a well-known locality; he applied for a position in their ranks, got it, and went to work with a hearty good-will, as if shoveling were his vocation. Not long after, one of the owners of the property, a many-millionaire, passed along the street, saw the young man's face, was struck by its intelligence, and wondered what had brought him to such a pass. A day or two later, his business took him to the same locality again, and brought him face to face with the same man, still shoveling snow. He stopped, spoke to him, received a prompt and courteous answer, talked a few minutes for the sake of getting a few facts about his history, and then asked the young man to call at his office. That night the shovel era ended, and the next day, at the appointed time the young man was closeted with the millionaire. In one of the latter's many enterprises there was a vacant place, and the young man who was willing to shovel got it. It was a small place at a small salary, but he more than filled it; he filled it so well, indeed, that in a few months he was promoted, and at the end of three years he was at the head of the enterprise, at a large salary. He is there to-day, with the certainty that if he lives he will eventually fill a position second in importance to none in the field in which he is working. The story is all told in three words; willing to shovel.—*Christian Union.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

TRANSLATED BY D. M'G., BRANTFORD.

PROPIOR, DEUS, TE.

I.

Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!
Etsi gravis crux sit
Quae exaltat me,
Semper carmen erit,
Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!

II.

Etsi, velut errans,
Occaso sole,
Supra me tenebrae,
Lectus lapis;
Et in somniis sim
Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!

III.

Hic viam dirigas
Gradus ad coelum;
Omnia Tu mittis,
Gratia data;
Me allecturi angeli,
Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!

IV.

Tum mane cogitans
Laudes canam;
Ex mœrore discens,
Bethel struam;
Ut sim doloribus
Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!

V.

Aut si ala letante,
Coelos findo,
Omne sidus supra,
Sursum volo;
Semper carmen erit,
Propior, Deus, Te!
Propior Te!

THE GHETTO AT ROME.

There are few places in Rome of more interest than the Jewish quarter, the Ghetto. For nearly 2,000 years the sons and daughters of Israel have been confined by walls in a quarter of the city often flooded by the Tiber, and have been treated with cruelty by rulers both heathen and Christian. As early as the second century, B.C., Jews were in Rome. When Pompey took Jerusalem many Jews were brought to Rome as slaves. Caligula wished his statue to be erected in the Temple of Jerusalem. This, however, the Jews in Palestine opposed, and 30,000 of them were killed. From then until September 20th, 1870, when the Italian flag was hoisted over their houses, synagogues and schools, cruelty and degrading misery have been their daily lot. They were forced to attend in the portico of Octavia to add to the glory of Vespasian and Titus, the conquerors of their beloved Jerusalem. At the entrance to the Ghetto is the Church of St. Angelo in Pescheria to which the Jews were driven every Sabbath to hear sermons against themselves and their faith. Laws were enacted that crushed their spirit into the dust. The leading streets of the Ghetto, Via Rua and Via Fuimara, run parallel with the Tiber, and are con-

nected by many narrow lanes. Since 1870 many have emigrated, so that the Jewish population is reduced to 5,000. The streets are narrow and the houses squalid. Many families have only one room, in which six or eight persons eat, live and sleep. Most of the business is done at the doors in the street. There men, women and children busily toil at their trade all day long. I saw their busy fingers sorting heaps of rubbish that might have been collected from Jerusalem to Toronto—old lace, old boots, old brass and iron, and soldiers' cast-off coats, pots and pans and vessels of every shape, size and name under the sun. The street is full, and so is the room. Before and behind the door are mountains of rags.

Daily, from morn till night they ply the needle, the scissors and the hammer. What would be a hopeless task in the hands of a western mother, and be heart-breaking is done with apparent ease by the descendants of Rachel. Under their hands everything assumes a new form as if by magic. They are poor, but thrifty and diligent. In company with the late Rev. Dr. Philip, missionary for many years to the Jews in Rome, I visited the Ghetto frequently, and never saw a Jewish beggar in the whole district. They have five synagogues. On Friday evening at sunset, goods are taken down from the walls and door-posts on which they have been exposed for sale. The people washed and clean, go to worship Jehovah in their synagogues in Piazza Del Pianto, where Jewish ambassadors once lived, ere Jerusalem had fallen and the curse of heaven had been poured on it. They wish each other a good Sabbath, and in peace enjoy their evening meal, well earned after a hard day of toil. The best of their shops are poor. I saw much misery in their houses, and signs of it on their pale, care-worn faces, but never was I importuned for money. Their condition is greatly improved, and they are no longer treated with injustice and violence. The late King Victor Emmanuel they call their second Moses. Under the free flag of Italy there are some successful Jewish lawyers and merchants. For centuries the captive daughter of Zion has been in the dust. The heel of the oppressor has been on her neck. The cry of despair has gone up to Jehovah for eighteen centuries, from bleeding hearts in the Ghetto, and by the hand of the Mighty God they are free to-day.—*Voices From the Orient by Rev. G. Burnfield, B.D.*

A MODEL MINISTER.

"A young man!" is the cry as soon as the pulpit is declared vacant, but, though young, he must have a mature intellect and ripe experience. He must have all the flash of modern times, burning zeal, and masterful eloquence; but at the same time he must be noted for his prudence, calmness, and executive ability, so that he can rouse the enthusiasm of the congregation, and at the same time do all the work necessary to insure success. He must be willing to bear the blame of all mistakes made by the board of management; for who but he is the manager of the management? He must be "original" in his style and methods, and yet do everything in strict accord with the pre-conceived notions of his people. He must be noted for his depth of thought, and yet be able to engage in all light conversation of the social circle and tea meetings. He must be poor, in order that he may be humble. The congregation will ever say "Amen" to the prayer of the Scotch elder who asked the Lord to keep their minister humble, and they would do what they could themselves to keep him poor, and yet he must never be wanting in hospitality; his children must be well educated, and always appear well dressed. He must head the list in every charitable subscription, and never be known to be in debt. He must be a "good pastor," spending the most of his time in visiting, and yet be at home to receive the calls of respectable society. In preaching, his chief aim should be to "draw," as it is called, so that strangers will go in crowds to hear him, and thus to increase the contributions, to the great delight of the finance committee. He must be orthodox, preach short sermons, every one of which must include all the essential doctrines of the church. He must not neglect to make his discourses interesting with modern research, and spicy with modern controversy, and never conclude without calling attention to all the rules of a practical character necessary to a religious life. There is a small, but decreasing minority who think he should be a man of piety, but as the majority rule in all truly democratic countries, the church at large will not insist upon this latter qualification, but will not object to any piety he may have, so long as he does not make it offensive to our rich wordlings. If a man can be found who will be and do these few simple things required of him, the church will condescend to give him a call, promising to listen to him diligently, and grant him the usual support, primarily by their counsel, and secondarily by their means, though in the latter respect he must not expect more than they give one of their clerks, and be satisfied with considerably less than they pay one of their station overseers. If any one thinks this statement overdrawn, let him visit the people of some congregation looking for the "right man," inquire diligently until he discovers their ideal, and he will be surprised to find the half has not been