

Master and People.

"But."

BY REV. W. ORMISTON, D.D.

Naaman was the prime minister of a mighty monarch, the commander-in-chief of the armies of Syria, an illustrious and successful soldier, the favorite of his sovereign and the idol of the army. He was a man of consummate ability and unblemished reputation.

We have here a picture of human life. Naaman is a representative man. A shadow more or less heavy falls on every path, darkening even the brightest.

Look around; are there not many who are placed in most enviable circumstances? Surely they must be contented and happy, and so they would be.

There is one, who bears an honored name, a descendant of a noble family, and the owner of a large patrimonial estate. He has received a liberal education and all the culture which the institutions of his own country and foreign travel can bestow.

Another, blessed with bodily strength and mental vigor, has by years of unflagging industry and tireless energy acquired a fortune larger far than he had ever dreamed of in his boyish days.

Another, some dire disaster in commercial affairs, the utter failure of a promising speculation, or the discovery of fraud on the part of some trusted partner or agent, brings upon him sudden ruin.

Another has attained not only competence, but an assured position, and a place of high honour for intellectual and moral worth.

Another still has attained the summit of worldly prosperity; no disaster has ever befallen his fortunes, no friend has ever grieved him by desertion, nor foe maligned him with the voice of detraction.

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great, "But" though his home is beautiful and his heart is strong, both are sad. Again and again have infant voices been heard and hushed, within that home. One fair child after another has been carried forth and laid in their low cold beds, nor son nor daughter now remains.

Every condition of human life has its exceptions, every record of earthly happiness has a "But," whether falling health, or flying wealth, sore disappointment or cruel detraction, or any other form of earthly ill.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The evangelistic work continues to progress in all the places in and around London, not the slightest abatement of interest being discernible.

A second special service for children was given at the Opera House on Saturday afternoon, the preacher being the Rev. J. Robertson, of Edinburgh.

Mr. Archibald D. Brown was the preacher in Bow Road Hall on Sabbath evening, where also discourses were delivered on Sabbath afternoon and evening by Dr. W. P. Mackay, author of "Grace and Truth."

The Revs. William Haslam and Dr. Donald Fraser were the preachers on Sabbath in the same way at the Opera House, and Mr. Henry Drummond conducted similar services at the Victoria Theatre, New Cut, where the Rev. M. G. Pearse addressed a large audience on Saturday night.

On Sabbath afternoon and evening the meetings at Bow Road Hall were very crowded. At both Mr. Moody spoke thankfully of the faithful results of the two months' Islington Mission, and invited his hearers to follow him to the Haymarket Opera House, which he has occupied every night this week.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey having finished their labours in the North of London, and nearly completed them in the East-end, had now commenced their work in good earnest in the southern and western districts.

The mid-day prayer and Bible meetings continue to be held in the same place, and have large attendances.

A vast congregation assembled at the Agricultural Hall on Monday night to join in the fiftieth and last service held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey under that roof.

We believe it is Dr. Holland who has said in his own choice words that a conviction may slip into one's life as unconsciously as a cork within a bottle, and that thus it may no more form a part of the life than the cork of the bottle; only the presence of it is known by the searing of the liquid.

character of the faith which preserved one family alone amid all the households of the earth from perishing by water; and urged its honors to exhibit and enforce by their example, the like faith in their own families and households, against the still more terrible day of judgment by fire, for which the present world was reserved.

Should Christians Put on Mourning?

We have felt and thought much upon this question, and hardly know what answer to give. Long usage has made it the fashion, and Christians are not called on perhaps, to start a crusade against fashion.

Such duplicity as this argues both a defective caution and want of moral honesty, as well as great stupidity. It does not appear to have entered into the mind of those who were accessory to the mutilation of the Catechism that their act could not escape discovery and exposure, or that it partook of the nature of fraud.

From the Medical Journal: "Never wear mourning long unless you wish to become sad and sorrowful beyond what nature intended."

Family Religion.

"David returned to bless his household," so should every head of a family turn to his home when his day's work is done. "The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul," and there will be no light of gladness in your home without the favor of God.

When Whitfield was asked if a certain man was a Christian, he replied: "I do not know; I never lived with him." That affords a true test. If a man is a Christian, he is religious at home.

The time for devotion must be observed. The children may have their part in the service, and "the voice of rejoicing will be in the tabernacle of the righteous." "John Howard, the philanthropist, never neglected the duty of family prayer, though there was but one, and that one a servant, to join him; always declaring that where he had a tent God should have an altar."

Unconscious Skepticism.

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Science has no faith-begetting power. Therefore a Christian faith should not rest upon scholastic wisdom, but on the power of God renewing his heart.—Heubner.

The Romish Weathercock.

Mr Gladstone's controversy with the Vatican and its defenders has revealed among other things that Roman Catholics are capable of a faculty of subservience which is almost meretricious, and which is certainly incompatible with either manliness or ingenuousness.

In the Appendix to Mr Gladstone's second pamphlet, he quotes some information respecting a Roman Catholic book, known as Keenan's Catechism, which has been extensively used in Great Britain and America, and two copies of which, professing of the same addition, were lying before his informant.

"Q.—Must not Catholics believe the Pope in himself to be infallible?"

"A.—This is a Protestant invention; it is no article of the Catholic faith; no edict of his can oblige, under pain or heresy, unless it be received and enforced by the teaching body—that is, by the bishops of the Church."

It is low transpires, as Mr. Gladstone's informant shows, that "on the passing of the Vatican Decree, apparently while this very edition was passing through the press, the above crucial question and answer were quietly dropped out, though no intimation whatever was given that this vital alteration was made in the remainder of the edition."

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Lending to the Lord.

I am going to tell you a story about three little children whom I met not long ago. They showed me their little wooden savings-banks, which their sick father had made for them; for he was too poor to buy them tin ones, such as you sometimes see in the shop-windows, and as some, perhaps, have.

Some time after this I again visited the home of these children, and found one of the little savings-banks picked up empty. Inquiring what had become of the money, one of the children told me he had lent it away. I told them they should be careful to whom they loaned money, else they might never get it again.

"Don't you think, children, that we all might learn a lesson from the action of these little children? Some of us are not so poor as they, and yet do we do as much? They, like the widow, gave all; we give only a small part of what we have."

Ever Fruitful.

We hardly ever expect a season that shall be free from droughts. Earlier or later there is likely to be a time when the parched earth and slivering vegetation tell of the brassy heavens overhead, and when men are crying out for rain.

Random Readings.

WHAT a person has experienced within cannot be argued out.

BEAUTY without honesty is like prison kept in a box of gold.

MAKE friends with the bear, but keep hold of your hatchet.

THE darkest day of life is when we start to get a dollar shorter than by earning it.

To the mariner in the wild sea experience is everything. Only to have studied maps at school will prove of little account.

IT is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant, and imply to self-sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

THERE never was a hero in this world, there never was anyone that the human race conceived as royal, who had not suffered for others, who had not given himself in some sense for his fellow men.

If thou seeest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections. He that would rightly prize the man must read his whole story.—Quarles.

A WOMAN is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin, but no sooner.—Prof. Blackie.

PEACE does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.—Fenelon.

IT is related when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said, "Well Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's me—and he handed the money back. The man felt reprov'd, but in a moment he said, "Andew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus Christ."

WE need to labour with our minds and hearts, as well as with our hands, in order to develop what is within us, to make the most of our possibilities and to enable us to live nobly and worthily. We need a careful balancing of our duties and relations in life, and a due allotment of time and energy to each, that we may not develop into one-sided and unshapely characters, but attain the symmetry and beauty of true excellence.

There are blossoms that have budded, been blighted and languished that have perished, because they left the soil; but cover ye in another His wing who died upon the tree, An' gathers in his bosom helpless weans like you in the warl there's tribulation, in the warl there is weal; But the warl it is benno, for our Father made it so; Then briteen up your armour, an' be happy as ye gang, Though yer sky be aften clouded, it win' na be for lang.

ALL lower natures find their highest good in embellishments and seeking of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and along in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desire, the reflections of his upward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and sends a mock-heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighbourhood with the slim water weeds, and oozy bottom-glass, that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substances? Not! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death.—Colesridge.

TAKE detached parts of any absurd whatsoever, and you will make it absurd and inconsistent with itself. I do not confine this observation to human performances alone; it will apply to divine writings. An anecdote which I have heard exemplifies this observation. When Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms were usually sung in churches, a line was first read by the clerk; and then sung by the congregation. A sailor had stepped in and heard the clerk read this line: "The Lord will come, and he will not."—The sailor stared, and when the clerk read the next line: "Keep silence, but speak out"—the sailor left the church, thinking the people were not in their senses. This story may convey an idea of the treatment of the plan before you; for, although it contains sound sense when considered, yet, by the detached manner of connecting it, it appears highly absurd.

"You're impatient. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful, when injured; vain when flattered; proud when prospered; complaining when seemingly forsaken; unkind when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honor or ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are sediments of the old nature! Nay if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of grace."—Bishop Foster