

Pastor and People.

The Story of Mr. Moody's Life.

HOW HE BECAME A PREACHER.

There is no other man living whose name is so often seen in the papers, so often repeated in public speech and private conversation, so gratefully remembered in so many prayers to heaven, as that of Mr. Moody. It is something new when there is nowhere in the world any ruler or any rascal who attracts so much attention as an unlettered lay preacher.

Mr. Moody is thirty-eight years old, a native of Northfield, Mass., a beautiful town in the Connecticut River Valley, where his good mother still resides. His father was a farmer, who died in middle age, leaving his widow a little property, and the care of nine young children.

A YOUNG STEAM ENGINE.

One condition on which the uncle gave the headstrong country boy a situation was that he should regularly attend the services and Sunday-school of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, of which Dr. Kirk was pastor. There he fell under the influence of a wise and faithful Sunday-school teacher.

Applying for admission to the Church after his conversion, the committee found their doctrinal catechism of Moody so unsatisfactory that they kept him waiting six months before they could make up their minds to receive him to membership.

It was not long before he was attracted to the thriving young city of Chicago. Finding a situation in one of its largest boot and shoe houses, he soon became one of the most successful salesmen in the establishment. It was his pride to foot up the largest sales of the day.

GIFT OF THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

which gave Farwell Hall its name. But the world has never known, it is doubtful whether Mr. Farwell knows himself, how many thousands more he has invested in his friend's work. A little incident will illustrate the characteristics of the two men and their friendship.

and quite a matter of course that the prayer meeting of four in York should be followed by prayer meetings of four thousand in London.

It was while recruiting for the regular Church Sunday-schools that Moody was seized with the idea of starting a school where the wild young Arabs of the street, who could not be coaxed into the well-dressed and well-behaved schools with which he had so far been associated, might be curbed and tamed with Gospel influences.

hired it, and started out to drum up a school. The gamins at first fought shy of him; but he filled his pockets with maple sugar, and with this new ammunition soon conquered an acquaintance. By day he sold boots and shoes, by night he scouted through the alleys, distributing maple sugar. It was a queer school at first; but it was a live one. Soon it outgrew the old saloon, and moved into a larger room over the North Market.

Moody believes that a man is never so poverty-stricken nor so sick that he needs anything else so much as he needs religion. But along with the Gospel he was always carrying relief for physical necessities, using his own money when he had any, and following it up with such funds as friends familiar with his labors from time to time gave to him.

DECLINES TO TAKE ANY MONEY.

that he does not need for immediate use. Moody and his pony were a familiar sight in Chicago streets in those days, and no man in the city was better known. He would start out of a Sunday morning on a recruiting expedition, and return to his school-room with the pony loaded down with young urchins, the last enlistments hanging on to the tail as they marched behind.

After the war he returned to his old life in Chicago. As its city missionary, and finally as its president, he did a wonderful work for the Young Men's Christian Association, of which there is no place here to speak, but of which Farwell Hall, a second time rebuilt, with its well-organized bureau of Christian work and its vigorous noon prayer-meeting, is a fitting monument.

Year by year he became more and more in demand for Sunday-school and Christian conventions. Called to all parts of the country, he was never absent from Chicago and his school over Sunday when he could avoid it.

OUR aim is not to preach nicely-arranged essays—we have to do with man's conscience—with heaven and hell—with God and salvation!

WHAT is it makes our heart go out after the children of God, after those whom we should never love, if we did not believe them to be the Lord's?—The love of Christ constrains.

One By One.

They are gathering homeward from every land, One by one. As their weary feet touch the shining strand, One by one. Their brows are encased in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments all laid down, And clothed in white raiment, they rest in the mead— Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead, One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife, One by one. Through the waters of death they enter life, One by one. To some are the floods of the river still As they ford their way to the heavenly hill; To others the waves run fiercely and wild, Yet all reach the home of the undecayed, One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river's side, One by one. We are nearer its waters each eventide, One by one. We can hear the noise and dash of the stream Now and again in our life's deep dream, Sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow, Sometimes in ripples the small waves go, One by one.

Jesus! Redeemer! we look to Thee, One by one. We lift our voices tremblingly, One by one. The waves of the river are dark and cold, We know not the spots where our feet may hold; Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight, Strengthen us, send us thy staff and the light, One by one.

Plant thou thy feet beside as we tread, One by one. On thee let us lean each drooping head, Let but thy mighty arm round us be twined, We'll cast all our cares and fears to the wind, Saviour! Redeemer! with thee in full view, Smilingly, gladly, shall we pass through, One by one.

On Choosing Pastors.

It is perfectly proper for churches, when making choice of their pastors, to "desire the best gifts." But it is worth while for them to bear in mind that while fine culture, a good presence, oratorical abilities, etc., are not at all inconsistent with other and higher qualifications for the pastoral office, and are qualities one likes his pastor to possess, there are other "gifts" than these (so to speak) external belongings, even more to be desired than they.

It is more needful to call attention to this matter occasionally, because there seems to be growing up, in large cities especially, a class of pulpit-platform orators whose ministrations are coveted, not so much for the solidity of their attainments and instructions, and weight of character which gives force to their speech, as for the nimble wit and sparkling brilliancy of their public performances.

Well, it is a fine thing to be able to gather large congregations, to attract the rich and worldly-minded to the house of God, and to secure the speedy payment of church debts, those grievous hindrances to spiritual growth and prosperity. Ministers who possess gifts enabling them to do these things are indeed an acquisition to any church, if, along with them, they have the higher power of winning men of every class, by word and example, to the service of their Saviour.

Besides, the expectation of prosperity based on such ministrations is sure to be disappointed in the end. Men cannot subsist forever on stimulants. The spiritual forces, as well as the physical, need solid food. Ten years of slow but substantial growth under the leadership of a plain, but sound and faithful pastor, will impart more real spiritual strength to a church, than a lifetime of listening to the intellectual corraucations of some of our brilliant pulpit orators, who are orators and nothing else.

Call to Prayer.

A brother beloved in the ministry, who is himself "a man of prayer," and whose ministry God has greatly blessed, sends us the following earnest call to prayer. May its stirring notes be heeded, and the blessing come:

"Arise and pray! Church of the living God, remember thy calling! To thy knees, to thy closet, and plead! Sleep not, rest not. Think of the Master, think of the saints in other days, think upon a dying world, think upon the blasphemies and growing strength of anti-christ, think upon the rent and bleeding Churches of Christ, think upon the glory of the promised kingdom; and O be stirred up to pray! How can prayerless saints and prayerless churches do the work of God upon the earth? Grudge not the time; grudge not hours of prayer each day. It is all too little for the mighty work—too little in these prayerless days and in such a prayerless world.

"Be in earnest for the time is short. Be unportunate for vast and eternal issues are at stake. Be believing, for the promise

is sure. The groanings that cannot be uttered, the strong crying and tears—these are the utterances of men who are bent upon the blessing. 'We will not let thee go except thou bless us.

"Meet together, hold fellowship with each other in the Lord. Stir up one another—fan the faint and flickering flame; for love is cold, and life is low, and faith is waxing feeble among the saints. O, look around you on every side, near and far, and call each one on his friend or brother to awake, arise, and pray! Yearn over a dying world; let rivers of waters run down your eyes for them that keep not Jehovah's law. Plead with God for it; there is much to be done in it, and for it before the Son of Man comes. Join the Psalmist, and say, 'How long? Join the afflicted widow, and say, 'How long? Join the souls under the altar, and say, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true?'

"Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

John.

John "the Divine," called in Scripture "the beloved disciple," and also "a son of thunder," was the son of Zebedee and Salome. His father was a fisherman, in all probability of Bethsaida, and, doubtless, in easy circumstances. It seems that John followed his father's occupation till he was called by Christ to be his disciple or apostle. At this time he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age. He was constantly with Christ till his ascension. He, with Peter and James, were with Christ at special times when the other apostles were not. John is said to have gone into Asia Minor as pastor of the seven churches; he resided, according to "the Fathers," chiefly at Ephesus, from which place he was banished to Patmos (A. D. 95), where he wrote the Apocalypse. After Domitian's death, and the accession of Nerva, he returned to Ephesus, where he died, about A. D. 100, aged about 100 years, in the third year of Trajan's reign. That the "beloved disciple" was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, before his exile, is stated on the authority of Tertullian alone. He wrote his Gospel between seventy and eighty-five, at Ephesus; but some say Patmos; others again at Patmos, but published at Ephesus. He wrote it chiefly for Christians, to confirm them in the doctrine of our Lord's divinity. His Gospel is called the "Supplemental Gospel."

The Horseback Preacher.

Under this title the United Presbyterian gives a delightful picture of the probationer spending his vacation in missionary work:

The licentiate felt himself under the care and direction of a Presbytery. Sent forth as a probationer, he accepted his appointments, and, on his horse, set out for a three or six months' or a year's journey. There was no waiting for the Saturday evening train, no hastening for the first on Monday morning, no hurrying back to spend the week in the study or with friends. From one appointment to another the journey was leisurely made, lodging with families who gave old-fashioned welcomes to ministers. The sick were visited, families in out of the way places were visited, communities where church privileges were rare were visited, and services held in a neighboring school-house were often the beginning of more regular services and of a congregation. Congregations remote from public means of travel were nourished and grew. Licentiates were missionaries, and probationers were in effect travelling pastors.

It is true there was not much opportunity for study and the writings of sermons, but there was never a better school for the knowledge of human nature, for the cultivation of needed sympathies, and for much important, practical training for the pastoral work. There has been no better means by which to secure suitable pastors for all our congregations, and for the supply of destitute fields.

After a summer spent thus the student returned to the seminary for the fourth term, built up in strength and enriched with varied experience, and entered upon his studies with a zest and profit unknown before. And at last left the seminary well prepared for any field to which the providence of God might lead him.

A Roman Catholic Boy's Testimony.

The following is the testimony of a Catholic boy in Chicago, who has found Jesus. He is about ten years old, and is a steadfast yet gentle soldier of the cross, amid much persecution: "I asked Jesus to wash all my sins away, and he did, and he gave me a new heart, and made me very happy. I think every one can love Jesus, if they want to. All you have to do is to pray to him to forgive you, and he will, and make you very happy. Some think that you can't have fun if you love Jesus. You won't have so much fun, but you will be happier."—Exchange.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Thomas McCrie, D.D., LL.D., at Edinburgh, Scotland. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas McCrie, author of the "Life of Knox," and was born in Edinburgh, 1798. He first settled as minister in Crieff, and was appointed in 1836 to supply his father's place in Edinburgh as minister of Davie Street Secession Church. He published a translation of Pascal's "Provincial Letters," "Sketches of Scottish Church History," "Life of Sir A. Agnew," and contributed to the "Witness the British and Foreign Evangelical Review, and other religious periodicals. A number of years ago, Dr. McCrie, along with a portion of the Original Secession Synod, joined the Free Church, and he was afterwards (in 1856) appointed Professor of Systematic Theology in the English Presbyterian College, London. In the same year he held the office of Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.

Random Readings.

Is not that wisdom that leaves nothing for a dying hour?

It belongs to the lily of the valley to be in the valley of humiliation.

A WHOLE-HEARTED sinner will never know anything of a full Christ.

In the light of the Spirit or adoption a man will see an evil he had no conception of.

"SAINT!" The lip curls, and they look down upon the man who uses it. Why do you not look down upon the Holy Ghost, who teach it?

"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool," and he that trusteth in his own conclusions is no better.

TEMPTATION rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.—Dr. W. M. Taylor.

MORALITY and outward decency are as the casket, which man is willing to give to God in many cases; but it is the jewel—the heart—that He requires. "My son, give me thine heart."

LAZINESS grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Judge Hale.

A SCOTCH elder, on learning from his minister that he proposed a series of lectures on Revelation, cautioned him: "I've no objection to ye taking a quiet trot through the seven churches, but for one sake drive canny among the seals and trunpots."

WHAT an unique and meaning expression was that of an Irish girl in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

NOR new truth only, but new life, is the word for the hour. The old words and old facts will shine with new meanings, if we but open our eyes. Nor will the man who loves the good be indifferent to the true. The pure in heart see, and light is sown for the righteous.

SINGING is worship. Singing grand! grand to whom? The sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite spirit. The praise that goes up from a hundred penitent hearts is more acceptable to God than the music of a hundred dead organ pipes.

LET me live and die with a prayer to the Son of God on my lips; and if I err, it will be with Stephen when full of the Holy Ghost, and with the whole Apostolic Church. Let me now and for ever be a worshipper of the Son of God; and if I err, it will be with all the angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

WE hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not affection, that it is far harder to keep our view of heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and, therefore, so full of reality to us another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition and its peculiar temptations, but we must endure it and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—Dr. Arnold.

IT is almost always so. The Lord's portion is the first to get lost. A gentleman who had promised to give to some good cause, possibly the Sunday school, excused himself on the ground that he had lately met with losses. You have heard of the Sunday school boy who lost the penny he had intended to give to the heathen, and not the one he had intended to spend for sugar plums.—Sunday School Times.

THERE is no piety in the world so good that it cannot be made better. That "highest type," of which we so often hear, will bear fraternal watching and ecclesiastical care; and the man who is enjoying it and giving it illustration ought to quote very frequently the words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." If we hear a man say, as we sometimes do, that he is perfect—beyond the reach of sin—of him we may be sure he is given up to the delusion of believing a lie, or that he is trying to deceive his brethren and the world.

SAYS a pastor. "I greatly enjoy the service of a ag in the house of the Lord where I worship. The members of the choir are all professed Christians; two of them are elders in the Church, another a deacon. They sing with the spirit and the understanding. I enjoyed hearing them as I sat in the pulpit to-day. There was no performance, no show. It was service, religious service, sanctuary service. I could hear every word. They pronounced the words with natural accent and distinct articulation, just as if they themselves understood and heeded them. Not a few of the congregation could and did join in the song and the whole house was filled with melody."

"THIS doctrine of sinless perfection is not to be rejected as though it were a thing simply impossible in itself, for nothing is too hard for the Lord, but because it is contrary to that method which He has chosen to proceed by. He has appointed that sanctification should be effected, and sin mortified, not at once completely, but by little and little; and doubtless He has wise reasons for it. Therefore, though we are to desire a growth in grace, we should at the same time acquiesce in His appointment, and not be discouraged or despond because we feel that conflict which His Word informs us will only terminate with our lives."—Newton.

HOWEVER early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour; and this wherever you are. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah-shammah, "the Lord has been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor.—Dr. James Hamilton.