

The Pastor and People.

No Room for Jesus.

O plodding life, crowded so full of earthly toil and care!

O busy brain, by night and day Working with patience rare,

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel In others' woes a share,

O sinful soul thus to debase The being God doth spare!

Least soon the bitter day shall come When vain will be thy prayer

Becher's Yale Lectures on Preaching.

THE DIVINE NATURE IN HUMAN CONDITIONS.

I shall speak this afternoon of the manifestations of the divine nature in human conditions.

Christ was a man of the people and never left them. He never went through the appointed priestly education.

His was a universal sympathy, not a sympathy like a cloud floating over a continent and raining alike on all things.

without thinking "that bush likes me?" So Christ's sympathy exhaled such sweetness to universal hearts.

Early in the life of our Saviour there was developed a great susceptibility to the sentiment of love.

It should be noticed, that the variety and many-sidedness of Christ's character made him the most attractive and fascinating man of his age.

Now, first, he who preaches Christ and fails to make him the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely does not preach Christ as Christ preached himself.

You must preach Christ in a doctrinal and systematic manner sometimes, perhaps, but the burden of your preaching must be to show that he is the Saviour of sinners.

Young gentlemen, it matters very little what success, what titles, emoluments or pleasures you get here.

As one sensibly remarks. Making a profession of religion is like enlisting in the army.

The Joy Set Before Us.

BY REV. THEODORE L. OULTER.

Our Divine and suffering Lord in the deepest anguish of Gethsemane and Calvary, had a "joy set before Him."

He foresaw a child of sin fleeing from under the just wrath of God. He hears that penitent's cry for mercy.

But we must multiply this one by myriads of millions. We must take into the estimate all the happy hours of all the holy lives that were born at Calvary's Cross.

With what bitter price bought He our ransom! But He shall be repaid when He beholds Heaven thronged with the trophies of His sufferings.

Here is a sweet lesson for every one of Christ's disciples. Life's daily crosses are to be borne with a constant forethought of the joys that are to come after.

Paul and Felix

We know how Paul would bring home the word on both sides. He would keep nothing back. He strikes with a will.

Felix is like a man chained to the ground in the middle of the Mont Conis tunnel. Above, below, and on either side he is shut in.

Felix trembled, and well he might. He has reached that point in spiritual experience on which the Philippian jailer stood when he "called for a light and sprang in trembling."

The Rich Man's Leavings.

A friend said to me that a good man he named, had died, and left \$150,000.

I held up my hands, and said, "What a pity!"

He looked surprised, and said "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," I replied, "for surely it is a pity when the man might have sent it on before him, that he should have left his \$150,000 behind him, for he will very likely never hear of it again."

"I remember," I said, by way of explanation, that some years ago, as I was travelling, I left my umbrella in the train; and when I found myself in the rain, I saw my umbrella, I said instinctively, and felt it too.

Keep Faith with the Little Ones.

Parents sometimes set very bad examples to their little ones, in the way of keeping their promises.

Some people wickedly teach their little ones to tell lies, by imposing on their infantile ignorance by talk of mythical black men, rats, dark holes, and terrific things generally.

To sum up the whole matter: If you want your children to be true, be utterly true, as in God's sight, yourselves.

Nobility of Christian Discipleship.

There is reason to fear that some young people in these times are kept back from the complete surrender of themselves to the teaching and will of Christ by some kind of dim thought that, after all, a real Christian discipleship, while no doubt it may be the safest, is yet not the grandest thing for a young person of a noble and aspiring disposition.

Say you could be a successful scientific explorer, carrying the lamp of discovery far into the realm of Nature's secrets, finding new properties and relations in matter, and then flashing your discoveries through the scientific world—What then? That would be very beautiful, and might be very beneficial, but would that be enough?

Or, again, say that you could be a poet; that you could write another epic like Milton; that you could describe like Shakespeare; that you could idealize common things like Wordsworth; that you could, like Burns, take one little Daisy of the field and immortalize it—if this were all, there would still be lacking something deeper and richer, and better, to pacify and purify the moral nature, and to meet the vast yearnings of the soul. A poet! The lives of most of us are prosaic enough.

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Service for God Rewarded.

There are many things we can do for God. We can publicly declare we are on His side, and show that we are in all appropriate ways. We can commend and disseminate His truth, support His worship, minister to the wants of His needy friends, lead sinners from the error of their ways to Him, reclaim the vicious, and advance the interests of His kingdom; and if we do so He will surely recompense us.

Veracity.

It strikes me that honesty is a thing which we should not too finely discuss with ourselves. It is one of those subtle, advanced elements that are not friendly to analysis.

It may not be unwise, however, to listen to its discussion by others; as I did the other day when Abraham put in a plea for the Frenchman's (and his own) method of saying "no," in order to hide the truth, and give the impression of "no," in preference to the Englishman's (and Isaac's) method of saying "yes" in a manner which equally hid the truth and gave the impression of "no."

The conversation was interesting. "Suppose," said Abraham, "I am asked an impertinent question which, to answer evasively, is to answer affirmatively—namely: according to the facts. Suppose not only that the person has no right to ask me the question, but, further, that great harm would be done to others if I should answer it according to the facts. Abraham, under these circumstances, would think he did well if he actually deceived his interrogator, without actually denying the facts. But I deal in a plain, straightforward manner with the difficulty, and Isaac calls me hard names."

"Furthermore," continued Abraham, "I have known Isaac to tell a lie when he thought he was telling the truth. For it is impossible to show things as they are, and, sometimes, telling what is called the truth, is simply giving currency to the most unfortunate falsehood."

That is a pretty fair statement of the case. I happen to know that Isaac would make little scruple at living a lie. On the other hand I know Abraham to be genuinely conscientious and to have a downright detestation of falsehood and deception.

And yet, though I do not like Isaac's way I cannot approve of Abraham's. In fact I am inclined to think that Jacob's views on this subject are more satisfactory than those of either of the others. They are not exactly a compromise, but they indicate a method lying between the two above noted; a method having in it I know not what strange mixture of frankness and obscurity. Really, however, I find myself quite at a loss to describe just the difference; or to report any easily adaptable example.

Only those, of course, who think themselves thoroughly honest can be startled by looking into the matter. There are a great many of us who are quite aware of a certain habit of evasion, that may never reach the point of downright deception; such of us will not be so extremely surprised, perhaps, at discovering the dangerous ground on which we have sometimes stood, but those of us who have a great deal of conscientiousness, and, in order to keep our mental powers in good working order, must not allow ourselves the luxury of dissimulation: we, I say may be startled in finding how often we have wanted in perfect fairness of front.

I said at the outset that it might not be well to enquire too curiously into these things. I mean that it may be best to trust to our instincts, if our instincts are not warped. For, really, one is in danger either of becoming morbid or becoming Jesuitical.

I know a young person one, who became morbid. He would never say "It is so," but—"I think it is so." Of course there were times when this sounded like idiocy; but he knew there was doubt about pretty much everything in the world, and he considered that he was merely consistent in embodying that doubt in relation to everything in the world about which he was asked a question. I need not say that life was very dreadful to this young person.

I know a young person who became Jesuitical. He began in analysis, and ended in bribery and corruption.

There is, however, one benefit to be derived from moral and psychological studies of this kind. If we are alive to our own shortcomings, we will not be likely to make such outcry at other people's. Dear Mr. Theological Controversialist; you say that the gentleman on the other side is not honest; that he dare not tell the world just what he believes. But are you, yourself, quite frank, my friend? Have you yourself, made your full confessor in print? Dare you say now, just where you suspect your own cogitations are carrying you? Amico mio! remember the house of glass and the dweller therein.—The Old Cabinet Scriber's for April.

Across the night of paganism philosophy dived on like the lantern fly of the tropics—light to itself and an ornament; but, alas! no more than an ornament of the surrounding darkness.—Coleridge.