

Pastor and People.

For those Careful and Troubled about many Things.

"I am glad that you came in to-day. I asked the Lord to send you here this afternoon, because I was so lonely," said Mrs. Brent, one day, when I went in to see her.

"O, Mrs. Brent! I said, greatly shocked, "you don't ask the Lord to do such a trivial thing as that, do you?"

"Why not?" she said, placing one deformed hand over the other with great care, and looking at them instead of at me.

"O, because,—well, because—why, I don't know, really, only it does not seem quite proper," I replied, ashamed of my want of logic.

"I do not know why it is not the proper thing to do," she said, raising her calm blue eyes to mine.

"I have learned to ask for my manna; not only my spiritual food and the mental, but for whatever I need. I like to ask you, Father. I could not come to you," and she cast her eyes down at the helpless hands and limbs, and then the easy chair, from which she had not stepped unassisted for two years.

"I was very lonely to day. The old feeling of sadness and longing that used to come so often after my husband died came back to-day. Do not think I murmur; the deep peace is untroubled. I have been alone most of the time for a week, and I was afraid that I was growing mentally morbid. I wanted to see you. I had no one to send, and I asked that the Holy Spirit might influence you to come and stay with me a little while.

Jesus says, 'Cast your cares on Me'; 'Whatever ye ask . . . ye shall receive, if it is for His honor and glory. No good thing He withholdeth from us. I like to go to Him as my children used to come to me. When I want anything, I ask Him; when He gives, I thank Him.'"

"That is a beautiful faith to have; show me the way," and I sat on the hassock at her feet, full of enthusiastic desires, inspired by her words to possess the same faith. After a few minutes doubts came. There is no royal way for me into the kingdom. I have to fight, inch by inch, every step I gain.

"Do you really mean, Mrs. Brent, that you take everything in life to the Lord, and tell Him all about it?" I asked, anxious to get at the root of the experience.

"I try to do this. You think we ought to take only large burdens to the Lord," she said, smiling.

"Yes, I confess if you put my ideas into words that is nearly what I thought. If one lost a fortune or a friend, or was terribly tired in some way, I think such a load is of sufficient importance to ask the Lord to help us endure; but it has been my way to stumble along the best I could with the thousand and one vexatious things that annoy me in my daily life.

Sometimes when the children have kept me awake nights, I have thought over this matter and wished there was some way to take me over the rough as well as the smooth places in life. When I was a child, I would awake in the night and feel afraid. After a little while of tear and silence, I would say, hardly above a whisper, 'Mother!'

"What do you want, my dear?" always came back as soon as I spoke. "Nothing, mother, only I wanted to know if you were awake." "Yes, I'm awake and right here; now go to sleep again."

"And the few words from mother, the tone of her voice, soothed me, and I was immediately at rest. If I could only speak to the Lord in that way. I know that because we want to say, 'O, our Father,' that in that very desire we have the answer, 'Here my child; but He seems so far off. But then it is easy for some to believe.'"

"And I sighed as I thought that this peace and joy that comes with resting in Christ never would come to me.

"I don't know as it is easy for any one to believe; I think we all grope in the dark with lame hands of faith after truth. Perhaps what has troubled us most is the thought that our earthly cares were so many hindrances in the divine life. I believe that God gives us these very cares to help us up to heaven. You smile, and think that a paradox. Are they hindrances, my dear?"

"And the old lady put her hand on my head to smooth the hair that always needs smoothing, and I felt that she was at the same time breathing some sweet benediction.

"I always thought them to be hindrances," I replied; "yet I know that God gives us our work; and He would not put one unnecessary straw for us to step over in the upward path, so I suppose they ought to be a help; but tell me how I am anxious to begin a higher life."

"I think if you will take this for your daily text, 'All things are ordered by the counsel of God,' you will come up higher day by day, my child," said the old lady in a tone as sweet as a far-off strain of exquisite music.

"All things are ordered," I repeated; "and what are 'all things?'" I asked. "Does it mean the very things that happen? Why, yes; of course it does." I answered myself, as light came with the question. "Of course it is the next thing that happens all day long; not always important things or pleasant things; but whatever it is, it is ordered,—is desired, is planned and directed by God. My cook is to leave to-night, and at family prayers this morning, when my husband was asking God to bless the missionary, I did wish he would ask Him to bless me and send me a good cook; but the idea seemed so absurd that it almost made me smile. But you think that if that is the care that most troubles me, I have a right to take it to the Saviour, do you not?"

garments? And did you ever think that perhaps the blessed Christ-child even wore patched clothes, and when He was a boy felt badly about it? Perhaps he helped His mother about the housework, for He was the oldest child and His mother a widow. O, I am sure that He knows exactly how we feel in all the trying everyday affairs of life, and I am sure if you will tell Him everything that troubles you, thank Him for every pleasant thing,—in fact, make Him your soul's most familiar friend, you will find a peace that you never dreamed of finding on earth."

An "Object Lesson."

Last week, says the London Weekly Review, a select company of nearly a hundred, summoned by invitation, met in Stafford House by the permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, when the Rev. Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, Salop, exhibited and described a complete model of the Mosaic Tabernacle, on the scale of an inch to the cubit, together with full-sized models of the table of shewbread, the golden candlestick, the altar of incense, and the ark of the covenant. To these extremely interesting and beautiful objects were added facsimiles of the sacred robes of the High Priest of Israel, including not only those which he wore in the more ordinary services of the Tabernacle, but also the vestments in which he was wont to perform the great ceremonies on the great day of Atonement.

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and in a few brief sentences introduced Dr. Cranage. That gentleman, having offered prayer, at once proceeded to describe the objects before him. Attention was directed—1st. To the Sin Offering outside the camp of Israel on the ashes (Lev. iv. 12, compared with Luke xxiii. 33); 2nd. The Tabernacle itself, with its court, its sockets of silver, its pillars, and its four coverings, as described in Ex. xxvi. 1, 3rd. The Brazen Altar, on which were offered—(1) The Burnt Offering (Lev. vi.); (2) The Meat Offering (Lev. ii.); (3) The Trespass Offering (Lev. v.); 4th. The Laver (Ex. xxx. 18); 5th. The Golden Candlestick (Ex. xxv. 31, etc., compared with Rev. ii. 1); 6th. The Table of Showbread (Ex. xxv. 23, etc., compared with John vi. 31, etc.); 7th. The Altar of Incense (Ex. xxx. 1, etc., compared with Ps. cxli. 2); 8th. The Ark of the Covenant (Ex. xxx. 10, etc.).

It was almost startling to find oneself in the very presence, as it seemed, of the holy furniture of God's tent and dwelling-place in the wilderness, and to hear the tingling of the bells on the fringes of the High Priest's garments. The golden candlestick, with its seven branches, stands nine feet high, and the diameter between the extreme branches is six feet. It has been modelled strictly after the representation on the Arch of Titus, at Rome. The showbread table, with its twelve loaves of unleavened bread, and its double marginal crown, is not depicted on the triumphal monument of the siege of Jerusalem, any more than the altar of incense, and these have accordingly been restored by Dr. Cranage after the sacred text alone. As to the ark of the covenant, it was the glory of the earlier Temple, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar.

Of course Dr. Cranage's reproduction of the design in its Biblical dimensions is entirely based on the Scriptures. Certainly nothing can be more impressive than this sacred chest, with the mercy-seat and the overshadowing cherubs, unless perhaps we must except its mysterious contents—the two stone tables of the law in the native Hebrew text, the golden pot of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded.

Highly realistic, too, not to say dramatic, were the models of the High Priest, first in his habitual robes of office, and then in the special white array in which he entered into the Holy of Holies once for all every year—viz., on the Day of Atonement. If the former, dress, with its scarlet and blue and fine twined linen, the curious ephod or covering tunic—Dr. Cranage took two years to weave and embroider—with its bells and its pomegranates, is more bizarre, the severe simplicity and purity of the other, especially when we call to mind its propitiatory symbolism, seems after all immeasurably more impressive. The breastplate and its twelve gems, engraven with the Hebrew names of the twelve tribes; the turban and its encircling gold crown inscribed in the same sacred language, "Holiness to the Lord"; the girdle and all the other sacred paraphernalia, needing a volume for their elucidation, all these things present a tout ensemble which must be seen in order to be understood and appreciated. Dr. Cranage accompanied his lifelike descriptions with constant references to the evangelical symbolism of the Mosaic cultus. He enjoys the immense advantage of being a perfect enthusiast in his subject, and he kindles enthusiasm in his hearers, or perhaps we should rather say the spectators—for eyes go for more than ears in this case—of the marvels he undertakes to expound. None, we are sure, could have grudged him the cordial thanks which Lord Shaftesbury tendered him in the name of the no less deeply awed than interested assembly. At the close many of the guests at Stafford House lingered to inspect more closely Dr. Cranage's marvelous models, and to press that gentleman himself for further information.

Report clever specimens of editorial repartee are the following from two Chicago papers. The Interior quotes from the Standard (Baptist) and replies as follows: "We have seen Presbyterian ministers sprinkling infants, evidently as a regenerating process." Well, all we have to say is, that we wish those Presbyterian ministers, whoever they are, would whisk a few drops upon the editors of the Standard!" To which the Standard replies: "It is handsomely turned; but if any of those Presbyterian ministers visit us upon such a mission, we shall wish to see, before submitting to the process, some evidence beyond what appears anywhere in this immediate neighbourhood, that the said, 'regenerating process' is effectual."

(For the Traveller.)
Songs in the House of My Pilgrimage.

"BORROWED YET ALWAYS REJOICING."
But night is dark, the way is long,
Softly and wearily though I be,
Yet would I sing a joyous song,
To Thee, my Lord, to Thee

Bright are the seraphs round Thy throne,
Softly and pure their minstrelsy;
O, Jesus! lend me to my own,
The song I bring to Thee.

My life, my joy, my hope, Thy art,
My light, in darkness guiding me,
I can but sing with grateful heart,
To Thee, my life to Thee.

I thank Thee that on earth, even now
At night a song Thou givest me,
And would with love's spirit bow
One boon to ask of Thee.

No life, no power, no fame I crave,
No life from care or trouble free,
A heart devoted, loyal, brave,
Is all I ask of Thee.

So shall I sing, my fearless soul,
Steady and dark, though night may be,
Nor think the journey sad or long,
For Thy King, for love of Thee.

For thou art ever near to save,
Although Thy form I may not see,
As with the twelve upon the wave
Of storm-tossed Galilee.

And soon before Thee, face to face,
I'll raise the Song of Jubilee
With all the loved and ransomed race,
Ever, my Lord, to Thee.
New Edinburgh, Ont. C. I. O.

Why is It?

Let any one ask himself why it is that the influence of two contemporary teachers like St. Paul and Seneca has been so wonderfully different in the lapse of eighteen centuries? Lammartine preached to the multitudes who surged under his window in 1848, that whereas the *Dracopis Rouge* had only been carried around the *Champs de Mars*, the *Tricolor* had been the emblem of the glory of France to the ends of the earth. With somewhat greater sobriety we may say that while the details of Seneca are known only to a few scholars, all the doctrines of St. Paul have gone forth into all lands, and created therein an entire newness of life. On what principle can we rationally account for the vast difference in the area of persuasion or acceptance covered by the respective essays of the two men? Of course character tells immensely in the long run, and it is true that beside St. Paul's ideal of human character, as exhibited especially in chapter xiii. of his first letter to the Corinthians, the most rhetorical of Seneca's sentences are cold and pallid, though many of them are very splendid after a fashion, and curiously, while we read them, give us the sensation as if we were enjoying a good Latin translation of some passages of Emerson.

But the secret of St. Paul's influence is this—that he was not merely a moralist, but that his whole life from a given day bore witness to, and was the direct result of his recognition of a transcendent fact. He asks in one place, "Am I not an apostle—have I not seen the Lord?" and these words, which even the Tubingen writers accept as his, are the key to his history, and render his long career of devotion to the welfare of humanity a transparency; while, without the truth implied in them, the noblest and wisest life—always excepting that of St. Paul's Master—which is to be found, and no one may have it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfastidious domestic, or an inmate who keeps things disordered, or a house too small for convenience, or too small to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath school teacher finds it in unattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is north-east, lifts the storm signal. Another, a business partner who takes half half the profits, but does not help to earn them. These trials are more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and smashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing, it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got; grace to bear these things. Without it, we become cross, censorious, and irascible. We get in the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances to the category of the "all things work together for good." We see how much shorter thorns are than the spikes that struck through the palms of Christ's hands, and remembering that he had on his head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth, we shall be glorified with Him in heaven.

But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? The school of Christ has three classes of scholars; in the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience; in the second we learn how to make the sting positively pleasant; in the third class of this school we learn how even to rejoice in being stuck and wounded; but that is the end, and when we get to that we graduate into glory.

Preaching.

Some considerable experience has convinced us that on the human side of the subject thorough preparation is a grand, almost essential, prerequisite to success. Demosthenes said, "action, action, action," is the grandest essential to success in oratory. He is certainly high authority, and his sense justified him in giving an opinion which is entitled to great weight; but for all that, we like the opinion of Lord Brougham a great deal better. When his opinion was asked as to the essential requisite to successful oratory, he replied—not "action, action, action," gentlemen—but preparation, preparation, preparation. Now we know, that although Demosthenes attached so much importance to "action," that his "preparation" was most exhaustive and mature. He copied one of the great masters of Greek style eight times over to thoroughly imbue himself with the felicities and graces of the best Greek. He spent months in solitude and severe preparation. He had the best thought and the best language. Of course a graceful action contributed to a pleasing and successful rendering of his discourse. Thorough preparation is essential to thorough self-possession. Without self-possession no man is fully master of his resources. He goes into the fight not only half-disciplined, but only half-armed. The unprepared man hesitates, halts, and fears. His manner will be confused and awkward. In feeling about in the dark he is in great danger of losing his way, and in trying to find matters on the spur of the moment is apt to lose sight of manner, and the pleasing and winning proprieties of language. In short, as he has not done justice to the subject, he cannot do justice to himself.

Examples abundantly illustrate the power of thorough preparation. The great actors and actresses have only attempted the personation and presentation of a few characters from the creation of the dramatists; but they thoroughly studied these characters, were so familiar with their parts in the play that they could devote their great attention to manner, and hence their success. So with all great orators, their perfect familiarity with their subject gave perfect ease, and full liberty to attend to the details of manner. So it was also with the grand pulpit orators of the church in the generation past. These never in Israel moved from point to point; never attempted but in a slight degree the duties of the pastoral office. They were simply preachers. Generally speaking they had a comparatively small number of themes, but they were exhaustively studied and clearly comprehended. They learned to deliver their sermons with great ease, propriety, and power; listening thousands heard with heart-piercing conviction. Thousands of believers, wakening up to their lofty height of eternity, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

These examples illustrate the supreme importance and incalculable advantage of thorough preparation. The oil of the offerings was well beaten. So should the offerings presented to the Lord from the pulpit. Only thus can we do our great themes justice, and only thus cure those defects in ourselves which mar and hinder the efficiency of the word. According to the suggestion of the discipline, let us "make out what we take in hand," and the Bible command, "study to show ourselves workmen that need not be ashamed."—*Weekly Review*.

Syrian Women at a Well.

Well-water was called by the Hebrews "living water," and was held in more esteem than water drawn from cisterns. Those who have travelled in the Holy Land tell us that, on arriving at a well in the heat of the day, they commonly find it surrounded by flocks of sheep waiting to be watered. "I once saw such a scene," relates a traveller, "where half-naked, fierce-looking men were drawing up water in leather buckets. Flock after flock was brought up, watered, and sent away; and after all the men had ended their work, their women and girls brought forward their flocks and drew water for them. Thus it was with Jethro's daughters, when Moses stood up and aided them; and thus, no doubt, it would have been with Rachel, if Jacob had not rolled away the stone and watered the sheep.

We have frequently seen wells closed up with large stones, or the mouth plastered over with mortar. Such wells are resorted to till times of great need, when other sources of supply have failed. This may illustrate Zechariah xiii. 1: 'In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.'

In speaking of drawing living water from a well, we are reminded of that event in the life of our Lord when he spoke to the woman of Samaria by the well-side. In what a humble form He appeared! When He travelled, He walked; and when He rested, it was by the roadside, as a common peasant. When He spoke, it was not with the pride and prejudice of a Jew, but with the loving heart of one who had come to seek and to save the lost. With what faithful love He touched the sore of her heart, and He touched that He might heal it. He taught her the nature and source of His spiritual life. She believed His words, and then hastened to call others to come to the same fountain from which the thirst of her own soul had been quenched.

Let us also remember the Saviour's words:—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

That we may not complain of the present lot is view God's hand in all events; and that we may not be afraid of the future, let us view all events in God's hand.

GOOD-NIGHT is uttered by millions, day by day. Who shall say this night that they shall ever utter the words again? Death may come and still our voices ere another night may come.

Random Readings.

CHRISTIANITY sanctifies even our physical life. THANKSGIVING is good—thanks-living is better. It is possible to be doing something and yet be very idle. It is easier to fill the bolts than to force them when they are rusty. Be satisfied with planting and watering. If no crop ripen except it as God's will. You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

"SANK'S revival song, 'Ninety-and-Nine,' is good; but 'Old Hundred' is one better," says the *Boston Post*. SUFFER not business, company, or amusement, to interfere with the duties of secret, family, or social prayer.

HARVEST never comes to such as sow not; and so experience will not, unless you do what God has commanded. To be awakened, you need to know your own heart—to be saved, you need to know the heart of God and of Christ.

HOLD idleness to be the mother of sin; it holds robes thee of the good thou hast, and hides thee of what thou hast not. OUR conceptions of the life of holiness possible to us cannot be too high; the higher they are the higher will be our attainments.

MEN who would scruple to utter a lie, do not scruple to entertain a prejudice, forgetting that prejudice is a standing falsehood. GEORGE MACDONALD has joined the Anglican Church, though he will not refuse to preach in Non-conformist pulpits.

WHEN you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a small stock of it within.

THE answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given—the whole strength it has brought understood. FRANKNESS is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do what is right.

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts when we are surprised to find our prayers answered; instead of feeling sure they will be so, if they are only offered up in faith and awe in accord with the will of God.

THOSE whose faces are only seen and whose voices are only heard in seasons of religious revival are like those flowers that bloom in the morning and fade in the evening. They are not the evergreens of the Church.

DR. BROWNSON, proprietor of the *Catholic Review*, has had a remarkable religious history. At nineteen he was a Presbyterian, at twenty one he became a Universalist preacher, at twenty-five he gave himself to the work of labor reform. Next he was a Unitarian preacher. In 1836 he went to Boston, and started the Society for Christian Union and Progress, and developed into a Roman Catholic, in which faith he has continued.

MR. BECKER is disturbed because insolent persons send him postal cards containing insults, and he has appealed to the Government for protection. There is a law against the sort of wrong under which he suffers, but it cannot be enforced since post-masters do not know what the cards contain unless they read them, and this is a penal offence. He will have to bear his ill and increase his "inwardness" as he did under other trials; but no language can express the meanness of those who thus afflict him.

A LARGE part of the pleasure of life grows out of our friendships. No one is more to be commiserated than the friendless man. But it is the true friend who fulfills our hopes and meets our wants. He may lack in demonstration, he may not be so quick in responding to our wants, but his fidelity is the gem in his composition that makes him valuable above all others. When the dazzling complimenting, thrilling associates have all lifted up the heel against us, he will be sticking closer than a brother.—*United Presbyterian*.

MERCHANTS who live in large cities have often applied their wealth to useful purposes, and accomplished great good. They have built churches, founded hospitals, reared asylums, provided homes for destitute widows and helpless orphans, opened schools, collected public libraries, endowed colleges, started young men in business, encouraged artists, and embellished cemeteries. Some of our own countrymen have led the way in such acts of munificence. But men of kindred pursuits often differ. There are merchants devoid of all noble aims and generous deeds, whose coffers are never sufficiently full to satiate their avarice, who give nothing even when famine stalks abroad, who manipulate money into a deity. When they die, no object children of want will ever stand like so many weeping willows around about their graves.—*Southern Presbyterian Review*.

THOUSANDS of men and women breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; no one? None were true to their means of redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man, live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your words, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts of your living as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers*.