HRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Delty keeps a carriage, Bo do 1; She has dapple grays to draw it, None have I; With my blue-ayed loughing baby, - Trandling by, -I bide his face, lest she should see The chernb boy, and cavy me. Her fine husband has white fingers, Mine has not: He rould give his bride a palace-Mine a cot; Hers come home beneath the starlight-No'er cares she; Mine comes home in the purple twilight, Kisses me, And prays that He who turns life's sends, Vill hold his loved ones in his hands. Mes. Lofty bes ber lowels, so have I; She wears hers upon her bosom -In ilde I; She will leave here at death's portal By-and-by: I shall bear my treasure with me When I die. For I have love and she has gold; She counts her wealth-mine can't be told. She has those that love her station, None have I; But I have one true heart beside me Glad am I; I'd not change it for a kingdom, No, not I; God will weight it in his balance, By-and-by; And the difference define Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

OLD GREYFRIARS, EDINBURGH.

It is eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, and I have come to Old Greyfriars to join in a Presbyterian service, and to hear Dr. Robert Wallace, the successor of Dr. Robert Lee, who will be known to my readers as emphatically the broadest of the Broad Church rehool in Scotland. It is now about time for the congregation to assemble, and people come dropping in by twos and threes, not by any means in the streams which frequently inundate the Presbyterian churches, and withal with a carelessness and even nonchalance which does not impress one with a conviction of their religious devotion. There is no fear, this morning at least, of a crowden assemblage, such as would make the precaution of requesting strangers to wait in the lobby a work of necessity and mercy. By the time that Dr. Wallace has entered and scated himself in his rostrum at the other end, the church can scarcely be said to be half full. It is not by any means an unpleasing building. It is occupied by three wide rows of pows facing eastward, and at the west end of the centre row, immediately under the organ, in a raised sort of box, which I confess I at first assigned to the bailies or town councillors, or some equally potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, but which I soon discovered was set apart for the reception of the choir. At the east end is situated a somewhat similar though more imposing erection, partaking of the nature of a jury box, in which the minister sits and conducts the service, and behind which is what one may term a rather nent apology for a reredos, ornamented on one side by the Lord's Prayer, and an introductory and accompanying verse of Scripture, and on the other side by the Beautitudes, both painted in sufficiently bright and glowing colours. Above the 'reredos" is a fine five-light window, which in common with the windows on each side of the building, is of painted glass. On the whole there is nothing but the absence of an "altar" or "communion table." to indicate that one is not in an Episcopalian Ohurch; and when one subsides into one's pew, and takes up from the ledge in front a copy of the Order of Service for Presbyterians, compiled by the old minister of Grevfriars, on the model, evidently, of our own glorious liturgy, the resemblance becomes even more complete and striking. If I may be permitted to criticise the bearing of my fellow-worshippers, I should say there is the service; and they permit themselves, I think, a freedom of talking which happily does not prevail, at least to any noticeable extent, in Episcopalian places of worship. In the demeanour of the minister himself there is nothing to desiderate in the way of decorum. Dr. Wallace enters quietly, sits down quietly, and when he rises quietly the congregation rise with hum, and he proceeds to read out, in a gruff voice, the sentence from Scripture with which, in mutation of our Common Prayer Book, Dr. Lee begins his Service of Prayer and Praise. Then follows a short exhortation, in emula-tion of our own "Dearly beloved brethren;" and the congregation, though not the minister, kneel down to prayer. This is prayer No. 1, and it is divided like "all Gaul," into three parts, each part being followed by n few responses taken chiefly from the Psalms. The "Amen" at the end is sung, not ruonotoned, by the choir, who alone seem to give the responses; and the minister proceeds to give out Psalms xxxvi. and lxxvii. from the Prayer Book version, which are sung by the choir in the same time and with the same accentuation to winch we are ourselves accustomed. It is true that they consider it correct to drawl out the last few words to a portentious length; and I confess I find myself in too close proximity to the leading and sentonan bass to be altogether delighted with their musical performance. But considering the choir is Presbyterion, and compared of male and male voc. 1. in surprise dering of the Psalms should be accompanied with so much taste and feeling. It is different, however, when we come to the me trical Psalm and metrical Paraphrase; but before they make their appearance, the minister has read out the second chapter of Haggni as the Lesson from the Old Testameut, and the foarteenth chapter of Revel utions as the Lesson from the New Testament; and we have had prayer No. 2, di

vided this time into four separate parts, and

concluded by the Lord's prayer, after which, Psalm 1. and lavi, in the muetrical version.

are sun in the terribly slow and herribly monotonous manner which generally com-monds itself to the Presbyterian mind.

This, it seems, is the point at which the sermon obtrudes itself. Not only is he wanting in the charm of aloquence, without which it is impossible for a man-to be a-great preacher, but he has all that hardness of mind and feeling that he attributes, rightly or wrongly, to the early Christians, and his best sermons are remarkable, I imagine, less for the originality of their thought and illustration, than for the plausible skill with which he endeavours to reconcile the "latest" scientific theories with his own theistic conception of religion. Certainly they are sadly wanting in spiritual forcour, and it occurs to me, as a curious commentory upon the general character of Dr. Wallace's pulpit deliverances, that in the secmon to which I have just listened there has been less a sermon than a sort of moral homily; less a discourse full of faith and fervour than a practical address from a shrowd and clever man, with a keen eye to the main chance in this state of existence ac well as in the world to come. Granting, indeed, that Dr. Wallace's raind is chiefly distinguished for its eminently practical and logical faculty, which would better have fitted him for any other career than that which he has chosen, I should say that the minister of Old Greyfriars has obtained what influence he has purely by force of his wonderfully effectual self-assertion, and by the strength of his be-lief in the infallibility of Dr. Wallace. He gives me, indeed, so much the impression of believing in nothing else whatever that I feel it would be hard to deprive him of believing in himself, however much I may doubt the soundness of the basis on which he rests his faith. But I have not yet done with the service at Greyfriars. We have with the service at Greyfriars. We have yet to listen to prayer No. 3; this time in six divisions, with a few responses dutifully uttered by the choir, and then the preacher hits his hands and pronounces the benediction. The congregation kneel for a second or two in silent prayer, and a few minutes later Old Greytriars is deserted, save by two or three respectable individuals who nct as vergers .- Scottish Guardian.

DRAWING THE BOW AT A VEN-TURE.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

Every faithful pastor who would win souls to Jesus must adopt Lincoln's maxim and "keep pegging away." He knoweth not whether this shall prosper or that; but he must leave no sensible method untried and no needful truth unpreached. If he goes into the pulpit with his quiver full of God's arrows of truth, he cannot predict the fate of a single arrow. Some will fall idle to the ground; some will strike the very persons for whom, in his own ignorance, he had least intended them; truths aimed at professed Christians will often wound and convict the unconverted. On a violently stormy Sabbath 1 once preached to an hundred people, all strangers to me; and on the supposition that none but devout people would come to church through such a storm, I preached a discourse which was prepared for Christians mainly. And yet two unconverted persons were convicted and brought to Christ through that sermon. What can we spiritual archers do, then, but fill our quivers with the sharpest arrows we can find, and then draw the bow at a ven-

Even in our personal interviews with individuals we are driven to the same method. We address a close, faithful conversation or a letter to some one whom we hope to reach; but, as they tell us that even in sanguinary battles not more than one bullet i. fifty hits its man, so our talk or our letter proves to be a wasted ball. But perhaps the next conversation or written appeal hit the mark. Let me group together a few experiences I have had in this matter of drawing the bow at a venture.

During the first year of my ministry in Hitle in their demeanour to indicate that N——I called on a gentleman of wealth in they are in the House of God. So far as I my congregation, whom I had not yet sucmy congregation, whom I had not yet succan notice, they do not engage in private ceeded in getting acquainted with and prayer before, although they do so after, whom I considered rather unapproachable. (We often misjudge people sadly in our first impressions.) I called upon him on a bitter winter's night, and an hour's talk by his fireside thawed us into a pleasant acquaintance. When he showed me to the door, the savage atmosphere bit so sharply that I said: "What a terrible night for the poor!" The gentleman replied, "Stop a moment;" and then, going after a roll of bank-bills, he handed them to me, and requested me to distribute them among the most desorving of the sick poor in our neighborhood. I did so, and then I said to mysolf: Suppose I try a kind word upon the worthy man's conscience. So I wrote him a warm letter of thanks in behalf of the poor whom he had befriended, and closed it with this simple question: "How is it that a man who is so kind to his fellowcreatures can be so unkind to his Saviour as to relase him his heart and his influence ?

Immediately came a cordial reply from the merchant, in which he said: "You are the first man who has spoken to me about iny soul in nearly twenty years. This must be the still small voice of the Spirit." He sought another interview at once, decided to give himself to the service of Christ, and is to-day one of the most honored of honevolent and useful members of the church among whom he resides. Certainty that bow was not drawn at a venture in vain. Lake a great many people in our congregations, he was waiting to be approached and material the sariou, and, the in the persons to whom I have ever addressed a plain word kindly, he received it without resent-We ministers often play the coward shamefully; but whon we do undertake todo our duty with any degree of courage or ndelity the Lord often surprises us with greater blessings of success than we really deserve.

In "meetings for inquiry" a pastor must

myself one night in a thronged prayer-meeting. The house was silent as the tomb; a strange splemnity overhung the assembly, so that every one who entered seemed to be awed in an instant. The Spirit of the Lord was in that place. An hour was spent in singing a few warm devotional hymns; in addressing a few words of earnest appeal to souls, and in listening to the prayer of two aged mon whose faltering words were interrupted by frequent sobs and ejaculations. When the benediction and cjaculations. was prenounced I made a vequest that all who desired spiritual conversation with me would remain. The whole assembly settled back again into their seats. No one left the house. I was a raw beginner-had never conducted an inquiry meeting in my life—and there was a "job" on any hands that must be managed as God might lead not been, so far as I can hear, a single re-ference to God our Almighty Father, or to that must be managed as God might lead our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It has me. Several before me had been very rereligious and, many of the company were total strangers. It was evident that a word must be spoken to all, and the bow be

drawn at a venture.

Near me sat a young lady, dressed in black, whom I had nover seen before. Approaching her respectfully, I said: "You are a stranger to me; but may I ask you if you have any hope in Christ?" burst into tears, and in her deep emotion her answer was not intelligible. With a kind word of council to submit herself at once to the Saviour, I left her. I learned, after the meeting, that she had been utterly thoughtless and seldom came near any church. At our next meeting I saw that same face, but sadder than before. Every evening that clouded, weeping face was there; but at the end of a fortnight she came with a lighted countenance, and said that she had yielded her heart to Jesus and was at peace. She soon became an humble, devoted member of the fold of Christ.

Further on in the mauiry meeting sat a timid and letiring young member of my congregation, whom I had never spoker She sat with her face covered, and did not utter one syllable. I addressed to her a few words of earnest entreaty to forsake sin and flee immediately to Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin. The next day a friend of hers told me that she had been a member of our church before I came to B-, and that she had been so "dumbfounded" at being addressed as an impeni-tent sinner that she had not opened her lins. I sent the necessary explanation, and thought no more about the stray shot that I had made. Nearly a month afterwards the same friend came to me and said: " I wish you would go and call on Miss Tand talk with her. She is in utter despair. Those words you spoke to her in that meeting, when you took her for an unconverted person, have troubled her terribly ever She fears that she never has been a true Christian. She is in such distress that we are afraid that she will lose her

I called immediately and found the un-happy young woman the picture of despair. She said sho had deceived others and had tried to deceive God, and there was no hope for her. As for coming to the communiontable again as a professed Christian, she would not dare to bring such a lie in her right hand. In the kindest manner I could I made the same entreaty that I had made at the enquiry meeting-viz., that she should give her heart straightway to the Redeemer. There is only one safe counsel to be given to all sinners, whether in the church or outside of the church, and that is unconditional submission to Christ. There are hundreds, too, who were never converted when they joined the Church; and, if a sudden jar could be given to their false and rotten hope, it might tumble in an instant. Every powerful work of grace in a congregation is apt to bring one or more mistaken professors to the cross of Christ for the first time. And it would be a blessed thing if scores of our churchmembers would throw away their present weak and rickety "hope" and dig down deeper for a better onc.

My young lady friend proved to be no ensy case to deal with. It was some time before she could be persuaded that there was any mery left for one who had been making a false profession and had so long been "doing despite to the spirit of grace."

But the wound which the stray arrow guided by infinite wisdom-had made was at length healed by Him who said: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." When I saw this young lady last, she was a consistent and peace ful Christian; but to her dying-day she will not be likely to forget that plain talk in the inquiry meeting.

During that revival in B--, and during every revival I have laboured in since, it has been common to hear how one person had been awakened by a tract handed or a word spoken "at a venture," and how some others had been reached by truths aimed at quite different individuals from themselves. A human hand sent the arrow, but a divine hand directed it to its mark. We often hear from our auditors: "Doctor, you preached right at me last Sabbath" "Did I? I am sure that I did not know that you were in the house." Oh! desponding minister of Christ, who shall dare to tell you that you are spending your life for nought, even though you may not see the immediate results of your spiritual archery? You may not hear any outery of the souls pierced by conviction. You may see no tears or hear no groan of the wounded spirit. You may never hear of them in this world. But in the "great day" you shall stand as one of God's appointed archers, with the trophies of a spiritual success about you; and stars may blaze in the coronet of your roward which are now unseen save by him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly.

But before closing these few reminiscences (which I might entance indefinitely) let me say one word in behalf of old-fashioned inquiry meetings. They are falling too much into desuctude. They have often been inismanaged or abused; but no more than preaching or Sabbath-school teaching have. No other agency affords a better opportunity for the pastor to meet just the very persons who want him and whom he wants. They are held, too, at the time and place com constantly draw his bow at a venture. He monly when those who are occupied during has but a few moments for each person, and the day with their secular work can catch he can only hope to lodge a single truth or a spare hour for religious conversation and two in each heart before him. At the very counsel. Such successful winners of souls beginning of the first revival I ever enjoyed as Dr. Nettleton, Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn,

Master in the inquiry meeting. It is often a tentative process on both sides that the results are often guided, too, by the spirit of God. If the how of Gospol truth is frequently drawn at a venture, the Divine Wisdom so directs the arrow that it "piorces through the joints of the harness."

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

I was turning in my mind, last evening, thoughts of my early experience; and there came up, particularly, a strain of remembrance connected with early sorrows caused by the loss of my children. I remem-ber, to-night, as well as I did at the time, the night that my eldest born son died. That was my first great sorrow. I remember the battle of hope and of fear; and I remember the victory of submission. The child revived in the night. I went to In-dianopolis (I lived on the edge of that city), and I shall never forget the amazing uplift of soul that I had, nor that one unspoken, universal thought of prayer which seemed to me to fill the whole hemisphere, for the life of my child. I think that if one ever came near throwing his soul out of his body, I did. And yet, before the morning dawned, the child had found a brighter world. This was a double sorrow, because I had given him up, and then taken him back again. Then came the sudden wronch.

It was in March; and there had just come up a great storm like that which we have just been passing through, and all the ground was covered with snow.

We went down to the graveyard with little Georgie, and waded through it in the snow. I got out of the carriage and took the little coffin in my arms, and walked knee-deep to the side of the grave; and looking in, I saw the winter down at the very bottom of it The coffin was lowered to its place, and I saw the snow-flakes follow it and cover it; and then the earth hid it from the winter.

If I should live a thousand years, I could not help shivering every time I thought of it. It seemed to me then as though I had not only lost my child, but buried him in eternal snows. It was very hard for faith or imagination to break through the physical aspect of things and find a brighter feeling.

Well, from that time to this, I do not suppose there has never been a snow-storm that, first or last, this picture and this experience did not come back to me.

I will not say how much good I have experienced from the sorrow; but I look back, and I think that from that time to this I have had more sympathy with those who lose children. I have a great sense of their inward loss and of their sorrow and in some respect of their helpless and hopeless sorrow. From that time I have had a very deep and enduring sympathy with suffering. And so, I do not know but that experience was a kind of ordination. It was a laying on of hands, at any rate— not on my head, as in customary ordina-tion, but on my heart. And I think I can say that probably no happiness which I should have derived from the life of that oldest son would, on the whole, have been at all equal to the benefit I would have reaped inwardly, and which others, through my ministry, have reaped from that great first sorrow of my life.

I have often thought since how much the sense of the child's look.has gone from me. I remember nothing of that. What I remember is the feeling that he excited in me, the kind of atmosphere that he created around about my heart and life, rather than any distinctive personality. In other words, there was a kind of spiritualization of the memory of itself. I have often thought, "When I see him, shall I know him? Has he been quiescent, dormant? I laid him away a little babe: shall I take him up such?" It is not possible. "Will he be a child to me then? When I meet him in heaven shall I find what I lost?" No, I think not—no more than the farmer finds what he loses when he sows the seed. Seed sprouted is not like seed planted. "Shall we, when we wake in the other life, find our friends just as we left them here " trow not. I hope not. I iing to appear in Zion and before God just as I am here in my percondity. It does not seem to me that we should expect to find on children, our companions or our friends, the same when we meet them in heaven that they were when they parted from us on earth. I think that all we should desire to find in them is that they should answer to our want in our then con dition, as they answered to our want when they were on earth—that they should be to us what they were, not identically, but equivalently; not exactly a babe for a babe, but a being who shall then warm our hearts, and fill them with the peculiar tenderness and love and gladness which they gave to us when they were with us in this world.

There are those who think they know and who tell us about, many things respecting the other life; and they strike me very much like the phantasmagoria produced by the magic lantern.

The image comes, and soon it is gone, and no one thanks of it as anything permanent. Men's ideas of the future are changing pictures, as it were, and there are some consolations connected with them : but I do not believe that it yet appears what we shall be. "Beloved now are we the sons of God." That I believe. We are God's children. And when John adds, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," when he declares that we do not know what the other life is to be to us or to ours, I believe him. If he did not know; if it was not clear to him who laid his head upon the Redeemer's bosom, and who was the ineffable apostle, how much less likely is it to be clear to us in our opaque and obscure positions on earth! "But we know that, when we shall appear, we shall appear with him, and shall be like him."

Now, if you ask me, "May we not let our thoughts play about this thing? and may we not dwell in imaginations which we ourselves create respecting them?" reply, that there is no objection to it. mother may go to heaven every night if she please, and knock at the gate, and ask in my munistry (the flavor of that honoy- Dr. Lyman Becchor, and Dr. Wisner have for her babe, and take it in her arms, and to the licaven of comb is still sweet on my tongue) I found wrought some of their best labours for the carry it among angels; only let her recol- Golf.—Colla Burleigh.

lect that it is the light of her imagination which is kinding this scene. Where is no harm in your walking with your companions in the spiritual world, and holding sweet counsel with them under such oircomstances. I do not find any objection to appealing to the saints. I do not pray to my mother as I do to my Saviour, be-cause I know that she has not the power that he has; but I call out to her and ask her questions. I talk with her in heaven as I would have talked with her on earth if I had been old enough. There is no harm in conversing with your friends in heaven, if you remember that you are sim-ply exercising your liberty of imagination; that you are not receiving a revelation. We are not to take our fantasies, however sweet and blessed they may be, as actuali-ties. But to a limited degree, and with a chastened mind and heart, I think we may avail ourselves or the contort of following in the shadowy spirit land those who have gone before us, and dwell with them in our thoughts there, in such a way that when we come back to our duties and burdens here, we shall come stronger, more hopeful,

and heavenly-minded.
Q. Do not you think that very often our submission in the circumstances which you have described is the result of utter helplessness, and not the result of higher wisdom, and a consciousness that all is right? I am frank to say that altogether eighteen years have passed since my child died, I have not seen the day when I would not have plucked her back again if I could; and I have wor dered if that grand test wore put to us by Chaist, how many of us would stand it.

Mr. BEECHER: That is a more question of facts. I cannot say. I have not made a statistical examination so as to know how often this submission is the result of helplessness. But what seems to me more important, is, that it makes no difference. When I go into my garden to pluck flowers, some break off easily, so that I can pick them with my fingers; and there are others that will not come off so easily, but have to be taken off with the seissors. It is not, however, the fault of the flowers. It is owing to their structure. They are so made as to come off hard. Some flowers have strings down the sides that are like hemp; and they cannot be picked off by the fingers alone. If it was meant to have them break off easily they were not made

Now, some persons yield, give up, easily, because they have the gift of insight—the light of the Holy Ghost. There are others who do not give up easily. They are not contumacious or rebellious: they are simply tenacious. Their nature is such that they hold on, and I do not think any worse of them for that.

Such tests applied to persons are, I think, very largely absurd. I think I could say that I would not bring back any of my children that have gone from me if I could; I do not consider that it is any grace in me to be able to say this; and I do not consider that it is any want of grace in you that you would call yours back. It was different with you from what it was with me. I have not been without children. You had concentrated your life in that one child, and your heart hungered for that one when it was gone. My affections have been distributed among many. And love is one of those things that multiplies. The more you give of it, the more you have to

Now, that you should error your child is right enough and fit enough. That experience is not blameworthy. You are no better and no worse for the test. Where I thought sorrow was excessive, where thought it was unnecessarily dealing with topics that aggravate, and absorbing strength which ought to be given to persons who are living, I should chide it; overmastering grief, where it raises up phantasmagoria which fill the mind with various distress, is to be corrected; but the going out after in love, the longing for, the wishing to re-call those that are gone, is, I think, within certain bounds, permissible. If there is anything I arsh and cruel in this world, it is for one to bring this est to a mother her empty crad ask her to bring her lacerated heart and rounded affection into submission to the steel-armed and chain-mailed exactitude of human theology.

When Christ was with the sisters, and their grief was clamorous, and they chode him because he did not come quicker, say ing that their brother would not have died if he had not tarried, he never noticed their complaints; in the largeness of his love for them, he let their murmurings go by as if there were but the wind; and he stood with them and wept. And I think that Christ to-day stands and weeps by the side of many and many a mourner whose grief is unconsolable, and his example on this occasion is worthy of imitation; for silence and tears are the best consolution which can be offered to those who are in deep distress. Henry Ward Peecher's Talk.

The least act of self-renunciation hallows for the moment all within its sphere.—Mar-

garet Fuller. If we keep the ledger of life with exact ness, we shall find the balance largely on the side of blessings.

We get at the outlines of things from what we read and hear, but the filling up

must be through our own experience. I cannot guide mysell, and yet would fain guide the world. Many a time I have made fine articles and rules and brought them to our Lord God to guide Him. But the good God has let me see in the end how all my mastering has cone to an ond.-Luther.

It's poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin.' We shall all on us be dead some time. I reckon—it ud be botter if folks ud make much on us before hand, in-stid o' beginnin' when we'er gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering last year's crop. -George Eliot.

To accomplish anything there must be definitness of aim. The temple is built stone by stone from foundation to turret, and and character is builded thought by thought from the foundation stone of material needs to the heaven of conscients oneness with