

Pastor and People.

MAN'S CHIEF END.

Wealth is not the brightest object,
Which the sons of men can gain;
Pleasure never satisfieth
It is always mixed with pain.
Honour is an empty bubble;
Soon as grasped it fades from view,
All that earth can give is fleeting,
As the transient morning dew.

Is there then no worthy object,
Is there then no highest end,
Which we ought to set before us?
Yes, there is, my youthful friend;
There is wealth of boundless treasure,
There are joys that never die,
There are honours all unfading,
In the glorious world on high.

If we love the Lord our Maker,
If the Saviour is our friend,
We possess the noblest object,
We have gained the highest end.
If our hearts are turned to heaven,
We shall find our treasures there;
We shall taste the truest pleasure,
Radiant crowns of glory wear.

—Rev. Andrew J. Reynolds.

THE NURSERY HYMN.

In Scotland the twenty-third Psalm is a favourite with the children. Their small mouths become so accustomed to its quaint, uncouth versification that they relish it better than they would the smoothest jingles. So it is called the Nursery Psalm.

One of the English ladies who went to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers, found in a Scutari hospital a Highlander near death, and yet hard against God. She spoke to him, but he would make no answer. He even drew the sheet up over his head to keep her from speaking to him again.

The next time she went through that ward he saw her coming toward his cot, and he covered his face again. Seating herself beside the bed, she began to repeat, in a low, kind voice, the Nursery Psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

She noticed that before the psalm was finished his hand went up to his eyes under the sheet. The next time she came he was quite ready to listen to what she had to say of Jesus and His love. He gave his heart to the Lord, and five days later he died in great peace.

The Nursery Psalm was used to touch a chord that was not quite paralyzed by his bitter enmity against God. It was "mony a weary mile" from his mother's knee in the Highland cottage, where, with her loving hand on his bonny, bright head, she had taught him the dear old psalm, to the Crimea hospital where, a rough, hardened soldier, he lay dying; yet the mother's love, like Christ's tenderness, reached all the way, and drew him back to God.

Let us fill the minds of our children with Bible truth. Let us teach them to repeat our hymn. It will be laying up for them a store of good things against the famine years that may come. It will stand them in good stead in their hour of sore need.

They may not understand the great truth that they mouth with difficulty,—and who of us at our best can ever fathom the depths of meaning?—yet the memory of the "huge tenderness" of home and mother, which they comprehended no more than they did God's kindness, will "put full sense" into the homely words, making them

Manna to the weary soul,
And to the weary, rest.

This teaching will be a thousand thousand times better pabulum upon which to feed those whom we would have grow to become muscular Christians, than the trashy, empty stories with which the nursery books are usually full. Candies may quiet the clamour a little while, but the glucose and *terra alba* with which they are adulterated, ruin the child's digestion, destroy his appetite for better food and undermine his health. They who have the responsibility of launching upon life those who are to bear their name, and represent them before the world in the years to come, ought to ponder well these truths, seeking divine wisdom, and obeying carefully the command of God: "Teach them diligently to your children." Sunday school teachers are good in their way, and worthy of all honour; but they cannot fill a parent's place, or do a parent's duty.

If your child were going into danger, where you could not take care of him, you might quilt gold pieces into the lining of his garment, that he might not be without the means of support in shipwreck and among strangers. While we may, let us see to it that our children are thoroughly furnished with the Word of God.—*Jennie Fowler Willing.*

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST'S IMAGE.

There stood near the closed window of a city post office, calmly watching the final distribution of letters for the day, an aged man, well known and highly honoured in the community. It was not a mere chance that he spoke to us; rather it was a good providence that prompted him, for his

message was strengthening to the spirit. "I expect," said he, "a letter in this mail, which will inform me whether our daughter, the wife of a clergyman residing in a distant part of the country, is still alive." He spoke these words with a holy composure, yet with an inward struggle. The crowds were pressing on every side. The merry laugh of the youth rang out through the corridors of that building, and the tumult upon the wide avenue near at hand contrasted strangely with the suppressed emotions of his soul. The flush came and then quickly disappeared from his speaking face. As was natural, the heart spontaneously relieved itself by uttering these few words. While still in the flesh we all seek sympathy from such as have sympathy to offer.

"I have been," he continued, "with my Bible to-day. I have sought, not so much for comforting promises, as for truth that will help me to search my own heart. I long to have the spirit of submission and trust. I find myself deficient in these spiritual graces. But, after all, I came here from my home with a secret strength I scarcely have ever known before."

These words, spoken in a subdued tone, were more than enforced by silent tears and the holy, persuasive influence that one could not fail to recognize as the evidence of Christian trust. The lesson of the hour can never be forgotten. His search for the truth had not been for mere comfort, but for self-searching also. He saw that nothing was so desirable as conformity to Christ's image and humble submission to the Father's will. All through the hours which would have brought to so many torturing anxiety, he had been searching the Word of Life that his soul might become more and more a partaker of life eternal.

Are we sufficiently impressed with the lesson which this incident teaches us? The formation of a holy character needs something besides assuring promises. Heart-searching is also necessary; and this duty we can sometimes perform with greater thoroughness when the waves of sorrow are tumultuous about us, and the earthly props upon which we have been leaning are one by one removed from sight.

PRESERVE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

I am to speak of this moral claim to their confiscated lands by the Jesuits. This claim is now first made and granted by the docile Province of Quebec; but where is it to end? They have no better claim, moral and legal, than the Church of Rome has to compensation for the destruction of her abbeys, monasteries and cloisters, and the confiscation of their lands by nearly every State and country in Europe. Is the work of the Reformation by our fathers to be undone by the legislation of their sons? If so, let us at least know it; let us do it with our eyes open; let us plainly and publicly declare that the blows our fathers struck were wrong and cruel blows; let us come out boldly and say with Father Whelan, "their acts were deliberate social murders." But France is not prepared for this. By one stroke of the pen in 1790, on the second day of November, by the almost united voice of her National Assembly the vast properties of the Church of Rome were confiscated and taken possession of by the crown and people of France. At the time of the Reformation in England one fifth of the land belonged to the Church of Rome.

These in 1536 were confiscated and taken possession of by the crown. Monasteries and Abbey walls were torn down, the lead melted and their solid timbers sold. Those mitred lords of the abbeys no longer rode in state to Westminster, or had seat or voice in the Parliament of Old England. Is a moral and legal right to compensation to be set up in England? Are the abbeys and monasteries to be rebuilt, and are their mitred lords again to sit in parliament? If so, there is a good deal of work ahead of the nation and the Te Deum may yet be sung in Rome to celebrate the praises of the faithful Legislature of Quebec, who will be honoured for making the first act of compensation in this grand drama of pulling back the dial of civil and religious progress and undoing the work of the glorious Reformation! Is the work of Garibaldi to be undone in Rome, and is the temporal power, given by Pepin, king of France, to the Pope and his successors in the See of Rome, to be restored? The present pope is frantically appealing to the faithful all the world over for the restoration of his temporal power? If it be a right inherent to humanity that the people should have a voice in selecting their representatives and making their laws under which they live—if, in other words, a people are to be a free people, then the voice of these Papal States which stood by ballot thus: For dethronement of the Pope 40,805; against 46: I say the voice of the people should be held sacred, and it is a disgrace to Canada that a meeting should be held in Ottawa with the object of placing on these Italians a yoke which neither they or their fathers were able to bear. I say, perish the day when Canadians will join hands in placing a brave and free people in bondage, from which their treasures, blood and patriotism, have even in my own day made them free.

But let me come to a point that will surely have some force with Presbyterians. On the morning of the 25th of August, 1560, one-half of the lands of Scotland and more than half her wealth were in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Romish Hierarchy was supreme. In the evening of the same day the National Assembly of Scotland confiscated these lands and monies and the Presbyterian Church became the established religion of the Scottish nation and people. Is all this to be undone? Are these lands to be restored? Are the "rookeries" to be set up again? And are we to march back to the darkness and blood and woe of the period before the Reformation. Spirits of Wishart and Knox, spirits of the noble

army of martyrs inspire your sons to better and nobler deeds! But I hear my Canadian countrymen say, "We must not begin this work." The land is for the people. The earth He has given unto the children of men; and the riches that come therefrom, and not to a proud and intolerant priesthood. We must not barter our civil and religious liberty for the gains of party. Well have you really come to this? If so there is no hope for the country, and if not I see none but evil and only that continually. I believe the Acts of the Quebec Legislature to be illegal on two grounds. 1. They are referred to the Pope to ratify them, and a more presumptuous piece of legislation was never made under the British flag. 2. The Legislature of Quebec can not renew and put in force a charter dissolved by the Imperial Parliament. I hope the legality question will be tested. But this is by no means a sufficiency for us as a people. Let every one of you bring spades and picks and shovels, Reformers and Conservatives alike, and dig a deep, deep pit and there bury Party. I would not even erect a monument to his memory. Let us acknowledge that in the past we were charmed more by the name than the reality. Henceforward let us have men and measures. Let us unite for God and country, our altars and our homes. God will raise us up men like a Moses, a Joshua, or a Gideon. Men who aim at truth and righteousness will never want a leader. Let there be equal rights for all. Let every creed and race have the utmost freedom in keeping with our national rights and liberties. But we are a Protestant nation. These principles I hold to be our choice. They are, therefore, sacred to us. They are sacred by all the memories of our martyred forefathers, and we shall show ourselves to be unworthy sons indeed, if we barter them away at the bidding of Party for the sake of place and power. Let our swords be turned into pencils and in the polling booth let us unite to die to Party and save our country. Let the best elements in our old parties unite. Let all good and true men unite. Let every lover of his Church and country unite, and let us close our gates against the Jesuit foe, and let us make in all things for truth and righteousness and let us utter in heart and life the grand old prayer of John Knox, of sainted memory: "Arise, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be confounded; let them flee from Thy presence that hate Thy godly name. Give Thy servants strength to speak Thy word in boldness; and let all nations cleave to Thy true knowledge."—*Rev. Stuart Acheson, M.A.*

HER SILENCE SAVED ME.

"I remember," said a young man, "being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet and beautiful woman whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering her on religious subjects, and with the fool-hardiness of youth and recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objections that none but the fool who has said in his heart, 'There is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly goslings about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold and repeated my invendoes, occasionally glancing slyly toward the principal butt of my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; and she did not smile, did not look at me.

"Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking that she must refute something, that she would not surely hear her own faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The snickerers around me gradually began to glance toward her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, striving by my own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast-sinking courage.

"She still never spoke or smiled—scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stutter—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint—I was conquered.

"That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet angelic countenance of my mute accuser came up before me in the visions of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest till, some days after, I went to the home of the lady I had insulted and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mildly! how Christianly! how sweetly! I was subdued, melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, an humble Christian, and looked back to my miserable unbelief with horror.

"Her silence saved me. Had she answered with wrath, with sarcasm, with sneer, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering and more determined in my opposition. But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the word of an Omnipotent God."

"O, how often would it be better, if instead of vain argument of hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence!"

THE TRANSFORMED FRAGMENTS.

There is an old story of a great artist in coloured glass. He had designed a window for a grand cathedral, and selected for it some very choice material. After he had completed his work an apprentice gathered up the rejected fragments, and from them designed a wheel window in the same cathedral which was pronounced to be more lovely than the work of the great master, although but formed from his leavings. So our God can from the broken and rejected opportunities of our lives, as they appear to us, make some more precious work than we accomplish with the very best we have.