

Contributors and Correspondents

JOURNEYS IN THE HOLY LAND.

Continued.

I shall never forget my first walk in Jerusalem the morning after my arrival. It was a splendid day of brilliant sunshine and bright fresh air. I had to call on an acquaintance in the Damascus Hotel, so submitted to having a guide so far; after that I enjoyed a solitary ramble. However much I enjoyed my walks and rides with the two dear young people who were my usual companions, and also took such loving care of their old lady friend, I found a solitary walk, Bible in hand, the very best thing for taking in gradually and truly the wonderful fact that I was living in the very midst of the scenes of sacred story.

Leaving the mura, and going down the steps always crowded with market people, I turned to the right down the principal street in Jerusalem. The street of David it is called by Europeans. It boasts a pavement, and even a side-path for a short distance, but its width would be filled by one good sized carriage, and its pavement of round lime-stones polished by constant traffic, is of a slipperiness that makes walking over it quite a gymnastic exercise when the stones are wet. At the top of the street there are two or three shops with glass windows; further on, they are the ordinary open-fronted tin-stores of the east, in which the owner squats on the floor, surrounded by his goods, and the purchaser stands outside in the street while making his purchase, and any passer by who feels inclined to take an interest in the bargaining, stops and puts in his word without being considered rude or officious. When I reached Jerusalem in December, the winter season had hardly begun, and the few poor Jewish or Russian pilgrims did not add much to the loveliness of the streets. About Easter, if it is a good pilgrim season, a great change is seen, and numbers of Europeans and Americans with guides and dragomen are about in the town, but there is never very much of riding through it, the streets being so slippery that most people prefer a long round outside the walls to a shorter route through it.

Some of the streets are sort of covered in bazzars, very dark and dingy indeed. Through every part of the town long trains of donkeys and camels pass, bearing the produce of the country, or bales of goods that have been brought by sea to Jaffa. Camels laden with fire-wood were my particular aversion, for their loads are stuck on in such a manner as to spread out as wide as the street, and I have sometimes been glad to dive into any open shop or doorway near which I might be for safety, while a long train of camels passed slowly by, swaying their long necks from side to side, and seeming to look with supreme contempt on all around them. Whether I met them on road or street, I almost uniformly found their drivers utterly regardless as to what the loads caught against, or knocked over. Slipping and scrambling along over the rough pavement, I made my way down the long, narrow, steep streets to the present level of the ancient Tyropean valley. Though immensely above its old level, it is still deep down below the upper parts of Zion hill. Turning up it northward, I gained the Damascus Gate, and passing through it, turned eastward by a rough string track which goes all round the city, close to the walls. These walls generally cannot date beyond the time of the Saracens, but they look in many places as if they were built on the foundation of more ancient fortifications. In some places the rock appears beneath them scarping to increase their strength. There are now very few houses outside the walls near the Damascus gate, but from the debris of which the soil of the fields is mostly composed both here and on the part of the hill of Zion outside the walls, it is manifest that the city must anciently have extended very far beyond its present limits. Pursuing my way eastward, I came to the north-east corner of the wall, and there saw the deep gorge of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and beyond it rising steeply on the other side, the slope of Olivet. The whole was new, yet strangely familiar to me. I had read about it, and studied photographs of it, till in looking on the reality, I felt as if I had seen and known it all before. But no description, no picture can convey the vivid feeling brought to the heart by beholding the slopes of that hill where the Lord so often retired to pray, and by looking into that valley in whose depths lay that garden where angels in wondering awe looked on as they saw their King, their God, lying prostrate in an agony which only divinity could comprehend, under the weight of guilt and wrath which only an infinite being could sustain. No wonder that the angels desired to look into these things; but what can they think of those for whom the Lord thus groaned and agonized, and who having heard of this His great love, heed it not, and go on their way, careless as to whether they walk so as to please Him, who yet loved them so as to die for them? The Mount of Olives looked bare and desolate, like all the other heights around Jerusalem. A few olives are dotted here and there on terraces along its side, but its ancient name no longer describes it. These olives with their grey-green foliage do not do much to brighten the prospect, but they accord well with the melancholy associations of the land, as it lies in its desolation, and their curious gnarled trunks and branches have a quaint beauty of their own. On Olivet they are not numerous enough to give a clothed look to the rocky slopes. Looking down into the valley of Jehoshaphat as I passed along under the eastern wall of Jerusalem. It is as if there ought to be a stream there, but there is none now, whatever there may have been in ancient days. When there is water in the Kedron valley, it is further down quite to the south-east of the city. Once during the winter there was

a little torrent in the upper part of the plain but that was quite an unusual occurrence now-a-days. Passing on southward past the St. Stephen's Gate, I saw in the bottom of the gorge a tiny walled enclosure containing some cypresses and a few old olive trees. Then I knew that I saw what is called the garden of Gethsemane, but like so many of the so-called holy places there is nothing to establish its claim to a true identity. Indeed it is so close to the path that comes down from St. Stephen's Gate, and crossing a little old bridge divides into three ways to cross over Olivet, that it does not seem as if it ever could have been a place of retirement. Besides that, it is much too small to have admitted of our Lord first leaving the eight disciples to go apart with the chosen three, and then retiring a stone's throw even from those to bow alone before his Father, and drink the bitter cup of woe our sins had prepared for him. But, as I looked down into the gorge, I felt that the true spot where these awful events took place was somewhere within my view, and that was enough for me. Continuing on southward, I came to a part of the walls where the great stones and the solid workmanship tell of a much more venerable antiquity than in any part of the north wall. The eye soon detects the difference between the huge stones with a nicely cut smooth margin all round them, fitted together with wonderful nicety, and the more modern work which is but a sort of patchwork of large and small stones, with an occasional pillar stuck in with its round end projecting beyond the surface of the wall. Now I knew that I was at the north-east corner of the ancient temple area. Pursuing my way, I passed amid countless Mahomedan tombs, to the celebrated Godeon Gate of the temple enclosure, now walled up.

The ornamental arches over it are evidently not very ancient—as ancient goes in Palestine—but it is believed that they are raised on older foundations, and that there was originally an entrance to the temple at this place. A little way beyond the gate, one of the columns that protrude from a bit of patchwork wall, has a tradition attached to it, according to which, it is the place on which Mahomet will take his seat of power on the judgment day: for the Mahomedans agree with the Jews in believing that the valley of Jehoshaphat will be the scene of the last judgment. At last I reached the south-east corner of the wall. This was a spot I had been eager to see, for here, fifty feet deep under the present level of the soil, were found the huge stones which rest on the solid rock, and which, when discovered, still retained the mason's signs, painted on them by Phœnician workmen thousands of years ago. Even above ground at this corner, there are several courses of enormous stones, that it is believed are in their original position, and really composed part of the enclosure wall of the old temple area. I was very sorry that all the shafts sunk by the Palestine Exploration Society, by means of which they made such interesting discoveries as regards ancient Jerusalem, were closed up long before I reached the city. It was impossible to keep them open, not only from the opposition of the Mahomedan population to the work, but because of the nature of the soil, composed as it is of the debris of wrought stone in chips, and which large blocks occur, made the sinking and keeping open the shafts most difficult and dangerous. Looking across the valley of Jehoshaphat, I saw on the other side the whole slope of Olivet, here almost paved with the flat stones that cover the numerous Jewish graves, for, to a Jew, to be buried on the side of Olivet, is a privilege unspeakable. Here, too, I saw the old tombs that bear the names of A'salom, etc., etc., though from their style of architecture it is manifest that they do not deserve these names.

Directly across from where I stood, is the quaint looking village of S'loam, where the inhabitants live partly in ancient tombs carved in the rocks, partly in wretched tumble-down stone huts, that cling on to the precipitous face of the hill. They bear so evil a reputation, that I never ventured into the village, and even got scolded by my kind hosts for peering at the side of the Mount of Olives a little way above it. Where I stood at the south-east corner of the temple area, there is a narrow strip of ground between the wall and the steep slope down to the Kedron bed. In the days of our Lord this must have been not a slope, but a declivity, as steep as our Edinburgh Castle rock, for the soil of the slope is manifestly composed of the debris of buildings thrown down at the various destructions of the ancient city, and which have both filled up the bed of the Kedron, and formed these slopes of half soil and half rubbish between the wall and the gorge. This is the point where Josephus describes the gully depth which was almost terrible, when looked down at from the top of the lofty colonnades which surmounted the vast height of the wall; and this too, is the point which some suppose answers to the "pinnacone of the temple," where our Lord was conveyed to be tempted by the enemy of mankind.

Steep as the slope is even now, I was astonished to see a man engaged in ploughing it with a tiny pair of oxen. It would have been utterly impossible to plough up and down, but he carried his shallow furrows along the slope, which is at so steep an angle that I wondered how he and his small cattle did not tumble one over the other down to the bottom. Returning to St. Stephen's Gate, I went in at it, and found myself just beside the large tank or foss, called the Pool of Bethesda. Whether it be the real Pool of Bethesda is very doubtful! At present it is a mere receptacle for filth and rubbish, with which it is gradually being filled up; but, in one part I could see the smooth surface of the well-built wall, coated with the thick cement which made it impervious to water. We then hoped that soon more would be known about the Pool, as an English engineer, then in Jerusalem, had offered to have it cleared out and put in repair at his own expense, and it seemed just possible that the Turkish government might allow him to do them this favor, and to convert what was a perfect nuisance into a real benefit to the city, where the supply of good water so often runs short in the summer, but these hopes came to nothing.

Close to the pool, between it and the city wall, is one of the entrances to the enclosure round the great mosque. I stood and looked in with much interest on the place where our Lord must often have walked and taught. All seemed so quiet that I felt half tempted to go in. It was as well I did not, for I was told afterwards that even to stand and look in is sometimes considered too great a liberty by the bigoted Mahomedans, and people have been insulted for so doing. Nay, it is not so very long ago that a Turkish officer, who wore European clothing, there lost his life. He went in to worship, laid aside his weapons, and proceeded to wash at one of the fountains before praying. While thus engaged, he was fallen on by a mob of bigots, who mistook him for a Christian, and killed him with his own weapons, before he could explain or make them understand that he too was himself a Mahomedan. Going along down the street that leads from St. Stephen's Gate, I passed two more entrances to the mosque. I approached one of these by a narrow lane and archway that led to it. Some children seeing me turn up the lane, thought I was going to make my way into the sacred enclosure, and got quite into a state of excitement, shouting out many expressions which I felt sure were not meant as compliments. I could not answer, but I smiled to them, and went on to a stone bench under the archway, on which I sat down. Then when the little folks saw that I was not going to force my way in, they quieted down and left me in peace to admire the quiet enclosure, with the refreshing green of its grass. We in Scotland have no idea of how refreshing a thing a plot of simple grass looks to the eye, wearied with the glare of the white limestone, of which not only the buildings, but the rocks, and the very soil around Jerusalem is composed, dazzling the eyes under the brilliant sunshine.

A Scotch lady whom I met in Jerusalem was one day tempted by the peep of verdure through the archway of which I have spoken, and walked in within the forbidden enclosure, without having the least idea she was trespassing, for the gates constantly stand open, and men and women pass in and out, and across the area, as in an ordinary thoroughfare, and bands of children play boisterous games on the wide open space within. There was nothing to lead my countrywoman to suppose she was in a sacred place, and she walked boldly in. But soon she found herself surrounded by a troop of boys, who left their games to gather round her, shouting and screaming Arabic at the top of their voices. Of course she had not the least idea what they were saying, or why they looked at her so fiercely. When the boys found words useless, they began to take up stones, and the poor lady found herself in a most uncomfortable position. However, one boy more chivalrous than the others, came to her rescue, and putting his arms around her, kept the others off, and led her out of the sacred enclosure. Thus she got off safely, though in an utterly mystified state, for even then she did not know where she had been, or how she had offended her persecutors.

My second walk was devoted to seeing the other side of Jerusalem. Passing out at the south side of the city by Zion Gate, I went through the ploughed fields which testify to the minute accuracy of prophecy, down the steep slope of Zion to the valley or gorge of Hinnom, which, beginning on the west side of Jerusalem, turns round along the south, till it meets the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The bottom of the valley is one of the most fruitful spots around Jerusalem, having many fig and olive trees, and the lower rocks of the opposite Hill of Evil Counsel afford the first wild flowers of the season. There, even in December, I gathered a few lovely cyclamens and crocuses. I scrambled up by a half path half staircase in the rocks. I came to various old rock tombs. Some of them are inhabited, and most of them look as if they at times had fires lighted in them. They were the first cave tombs I had seen; and as I examined the niches, where of old the dead had been laid, I felt I got a much more clear idea of the tomb where our Lord was buried, than when, on the same day, I looked in the Church of the Sepulchre, on the marble and gilding, which are thought to honour the supposed place of His sepulture. From the top of the rocks above the valley of Hinnom, a very good view is obtained of the height of Zion and of the southern end of the Temple platform.

(To be continued.)

Pastor and People.

Preaching to the Masses.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY DR. TALMAH BEFORE DRW SEMINARY, MARCH 30.

What are "the masses?" In a village of five thousand "the masses" would take about four thousand five hundred, and so all through. The men who don't belong to "the masses" are the exceptions. What I understand by "the masses" is, the most of people? And in the cities the most of people are not under religious influences; and the great question is how to reach them. The Gospel is not a "swamp angel" which throws its shot five or six miles, but a sword, which you must clutch, and use at close quarters! The church is too far from the people. A lad stood at the gate of a park in Brooklyn, and a passing minister asked him if he went to church or Sunday-school, and got a negative answer. Said the Minister, "You ought to be a good boy, and go to church." "Ah!" replied the lad, "as poor chaps can't get no chance!" But the "great suffering class" they are the middle-class—the people who think themselves well-off if at the end of the year their income of perhaps \$1,000 has met their expenses. The rich can go to any church they like. For the very poor there are mission schools. But the middle-class can't afford to go to the rich church, and are too proud to go to the mission-school, and so they don't go anywhere.

I shall name some reasons why this class is not reached by our churches: 1. Intense denominationalism. I know of a man who declared he'd rather be a poor Presbyterian than a good anything else! The world feels that we are not so much after souls as after success for our own denomination, and hence regards our approach with the Gospel in our hand with suspicion. I have no sympathy for this denominationalism, it may be because I was born near the boundary-line of the denominations. 2. We adhere too much to the conventionalities and serve proprieties of the church. In architecture we have not made our churches attractive and comfortable, but angular and unsympathetic, until Christianity sits shivering under Gothic arches, and religion is laid out in state. And in our preaching we have said by our severe propriety, let the twelve hundred millions of the world perish, but don't spoil my patent leathers! 3. Stickling for technicalities. We have them in our own mind; but we must come before the people with their own vernacular. After we get into the ministry we spend the first ten years in getting the people to know how much we know; the next ten in getting them to know as much as we know, and then we find that none of us know anything as we ought! Our success in this line is sometimes about equal to that of the man who undertook to doctor his wife, and, after a careful study of her symptoms and his medical-book, came to the conclusion that she was threatened with diagnosis, which he found would be fatal! If I preach a sermon on justification and detail definitions of it as a forensic act, etc., etc., will people listen as eagerly, and come as near to understanding it as if I say, "You hide in Christ and God will let you off"? 4. Lack of sympathy. A plain man with worn-out coat and hat enters one of our churches. The usher, not really but figuratively, takes him by the collar and says, "Where're you going? You ought to go to the mission church." Another man enters with rich clothes and flashing jewels, and two ushers hasten to meet him. Once, up in New England, I saw a factory, and thought I'd like to look through it. At the entrance there was a notice "No Admittance." So of course I went in. At the next door the same notice, and of course I went through that door too. And at last I found it was a pin factory, where they were making fortunes out of little insignificant pins. And so when the masses come to the church they find on the door "No admittance," and when they get in they find us hammering out our little peculiarities—making pins! The church is like a hospital in which we should find a doctor keeping the flies off two or three interesting cases, and letting the rest die in their wounds on the great battle-field outside, for those who are ambitious to preach to the masses there are several needs. 1. A Holy recklessness. People know right away whether you are afraid of them or not, and men hate a coward. You've got a right to preach the Gospel, and don't need to apologize for doing it. There is a judgment seat in every man's heart. Appeal to that judgment seat, and you'll make men hear. They know they are sinners, and whether they like what you say or not they'll come again. Don't be afraid to tell the whole truth. For one who goes five will come. If a man goes off very mad he'll talk about it, and people will come to see if it is so. It is a capital thing to clean house about once a year. If you can't do men good in the church, preach them out of it. I cleaned out fifteen families by one sermon in Philadelphia. The most dangerous thing in the world for a minister of the Gospel is to get bad men close around him. 2. Tact. A young minister came to an old minister and told him how discouraged he was, for he had been preaching and preaching away, and still the people wouldn't repent. "Oh," said the old minister, "you don't know how to fish. When a man goes to catch fish he takes a fine line and small hook, and puts on a fly and drops it softly into the stream. But you take a weaver's beam and tie a cart rope to it, and attach a pothook, and baste it with a snapping turtle, and splash it into the stream, and then tell people to bite or be damned!" A wonderful work is done by simple men who study how to work, and who have good tact. An old evangelist by the name of Osborne stayed one night at my father's house. As we sat by the fire, he said to my father: "Are all your children Christians?" "Yes, all but De Witt." He didn't turn to look at me, but gazed into the fire, and quietly told the story of a lamb that was lost on the mountains in a stormy night. Everything in the fold was warm and comfortable, but the poor lamb perished in the cold. He didn't make any application. If he had I'd have been terribly mad. But I knew I was the lamb, and I couldn't get peace till I found Christ. Don't preach the terrors of the law as if you enjoyed it, but tenderly, and so as to show people that you feel that only God's grace saves you as well as others from perishing as a sinner. A man hot with zeal from a revival meeting met a person in a dark wood, and asked "Are you ready to die?" "Here's my purse, but spare my life," was the answer. In Christian work a great many people's fingers are all thumbs. 2. Naturalness of Manner.—Generally, what you can do easiest at first you can do best all through. As to the way of preaching, with notes or without them, every man must be a law unto himself. What you want is simply and improved naturalness. Away with the pulpit tone! A merchant is going you a pair of suspenders, and he talks about them so cheerfully and plausible that you are convinced they are the very best suspenders in the world, and are persuaded to buy them. That man asks you to come round to the weekly prayer meeting in his church, and you go. And then you hear him speak, but in such a funeral tone that you doubt if it can be the same man who talked so cheerfully to you about the suspenders. Why, his tone is inglorious enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. 4. The Spirit of all Prayer.—Nothing can stand before a young man who goes forth in the spirit of prayer. You must be wholly consecrated, for you can't lift your people higher than where you stand yourself.

1. Intense denominationalism. I know of a man who declared he'd rather be a poor Presbyterian than a good anything else! The world feels that we are not so much after souls as after success for our own denomination, and hence regards our approach with the Gospel in our hand with suspicion. I have no sympathy for this denominationalism, it may be because I was born near the boundary-line of the denominations. 2. We adhere too much to the conventionalities and serve proprieties of the church. In architecture we have not made our churches attractive and comfortable, but angular and unsympathetic, until Christianity sits shivering under Gothic arches, and religion is laid out in state. And in our preaching we have said by our severe propriety, let the twelve hundred millions of the world perish, but don't spoil my patent leathers! 3. Stickling for technicalities. We have them in our own mind; but we must come before the people with their own vernacular. After we get into the ministry we spend the first ten years in getting the people to know how much we know; the next ten in getting them to know as much as we know, and then we find that none of us know anything as we ought! Our success in this line is sometimes about equal to that of the man who undertook to doctor his wife, and, after a careful study of her symptoms and his medical-book, came to the conclusion that she was threatened with diagnosis, which he found would be fatal! If I preach a sermon on justification and detail definitions of it as a forensic act, etc., etc., will people listen as eagerly, and come as near to understanding it as if I say, "You hide in Christ and God will let you off"? 4. Lack of sympathy. A plain man with worn-out coat and hat enters one of our churches. The usher, not really but figuratively, takes him by the collar and says, "Where're you going? You ought to go to the mission church." Another man enters with rich clothes and flashing jewels, and two ushers hasten to meet him. Once, up in New England, I saw a factory, and thought I'd like to look through it. At the entrance there was a notice "No Admittance." So of course I went in. At the next door the same notice, and of course I went through that door too. And at last I found it was a pin factory, where they were making fortunes out of little insignificant pins. And so when the masses come to the church they find on the door "No admittance," and when they get in they find us hammering out our little peculiarities—making pins! The church is like a hospital in which we should find a doctor keeping the flies off two or three interesting cases, and letting the rest die in their wounds on the great battle-field outside, for those who are ambitious to preach to the masses there are several needs.

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You must make every service decisive for eternity, for if you preach to the masses you will all the time be addressing men who will hear you only that once. Preach to one man. I preach to the last man in the gallery, and then I know all those between will be sure to hear me. Have the feeling, awful though it may be, of the worth of that one soul. The most intense moment in the court room is when every ear is listening for the "guilty" or "not guilty" of the jury. So intense is the moment when man render verdict on themselves, and pronounce their own sentence after a sermon has been preached to them. The ministry has its trials, but it has its great joys. My ministry is to me one long rapture. I believe I would have been dead in any other work before now. It's healthy. Young man, trust in God and do the right.

Random Readings.

REMEMBER that it is not by your doings that God bestows largely. It is for his own name's sake that he does it.—Rev. A. C. Thompson.

It was the cry of a dying man whose life had been, and to say, poorly spent, "O, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!"

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—Fuller.

I WILL answer for it, the longer you read the Bible, the more you will like it; it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it, the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—Romaine.

MANY a blessed promise in the Bible would remain a sealed promise if the key of sorrow, or trial, or temptation were not sent to open its stores, and send warm to one's heart such words as "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid."—Maria Hare.

COMPARATIVELY few are destroyed by outrageous and flaming vices such as blasphemy, theft, drunkenness, or uncleanness; but crowds are perishing by that deadly smoke of indifference which casts its sliding clouds of carelessness around them, and sends them asleep into everlasting destruction.

PASSING along the road the other day, we thought we had found a very beautiful knife. On picking it up, it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So do we hear very beautiful sermons—well-written and well-read—but they are without a blade. They cut no cankers of sin, and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.

THE mind of Christ is the mind of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, and it is revealed in the Scriptures. Whosoever, then, wishes to know the mind of Christ need not climb on high and seek it from afar, but let him hold fast to the revealed Word. There he will learn what God means, and what he intends to do with us.

It is observable that the first promise is made to the poor in spirit, to beggars in spirit, for that is the proper signification of the Greek word; that is, such as have a spiritual sense of their own extreme emptiness, baseness, and misery, and are willing to receive life and pardon upon mere gift and free favor of God, as the poorest beggar receives an alms.—John Bunyan, 1655.

THOUGH life is short, we have much time. Great thoughts are born in a minute, and great works are done in an hour. In a brief life there is time to build houses, acquire extended possessions and by war, or statesmanship, to fill the world with a name. There is also time and space for reflection, on the part of every sinner who lives the Gospel. Who, if he fails to believe in Christ, will claim he had not time!

UNLESS wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for life beyond life.—Milton.

THE minister should preach as if he felt that although the congregation own the church, and have bought the pews, they have not bought him. His soul is worth no more than any other man's, but it is all he has, and he cannot be expected to sell for a salary. The terms are by no means equal. If the parishioner does not like the preaching, he can go elsewhere and get another pew, but the preacher cannot get another soul.—Chapin.

If you want a man to come and work for you and with you, in the name of the Lord of hosts, tell him the truth, to start with. If he does not come, you are not responsible. If he comes, knowing all the facts beforehand, he will, if he is a man, throw himself into the work with his whole heart, and what is better than all, you can ask the blessing of God on an undertaking that has in it no taint of fraud.—National Baptist.

ONCE remarked to a Doctor, your profession is much simpler than mine; that are but few diseases of the human system to cure, while our cases are infinite. He took down a book from the shelf and read me the names of thirty affections of our member, when I begged him to stop for fear that with such capabilities of dissection existence might not be possible at all. So he who thinks it an easy matter to conduct a Sunday-school will find an infinite number of maladies which attack the class that never dreamed of, and which he will be thrown on all the resources of his genius to cure.—Exchange.

Flores was the wild billow, dark was the night; Ours laboured heavily, foam glistened white; Mariners trembled, perils were nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace, it is I!"

Jesus, Deliverer! come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my voyaging over life's sea; Too, where the storm of death roars awfully; Whisper, O Truth of Truth, "Peace, it is I!" —St. Anselm