

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

WHAT LOT LOST IN SODOM.

After picturing at some length the career of Lot in Sodom, his wonderful prosperity and popularity, and shrewd, worldly foresight, as the world would call it, Mr. Moody makes the following estimate of his losses:

Now just take an inventory of what that man lost. He lost twenty years of time. We don't find that he did any good down there at all; he didn't get one Sodomite out. These worldly Christians that we talk about having an influence over the world—where is it? I would like to see it. Will you tell me where there is a worldly Christian who has let down in the start in order to reach men; where are the men he has reached? He is the man that suffers. Not one man won to God in all those twenty years by Lot. He lost all his property; everything he took to Sodom—he lost it all; he lost his family all but his two daughters, and they were so stained by the sin of Sodom that they soon fell into an awful sin; and the last thing we see of Lot is on the mountain side, and he has fallen into that sin and becomes the father of the Moabites and Amalekites, that afterwards were the enemies of God and His Church. What a dark picture; it is the end of a poor backslider; the end of a man that went to Sodom, and lived for Sodom, and had to take Sodom's judgment.

Ah, my friends, what a contrast between the end of Lot and the end of Daniel, or of Elijah, or John the Baptist, or any of those men who stood true to God. How their names shine now upon the pages of history, and how their light comes down through the centuries. But look at Lot. What a wreck!

And yet this is the man whom the world calls successful while he is living. I will venture to say if you had gone down to Sodom twenty-four hours before destruction came upon that city they would have told you he was the most successful man in all the city. Ah, there is many a man to-day who is just following the footsteps of Lot, seeking to get wealth, seeking to get position in this world, setting aside the God of Abraham, setting aside the God of the Bible, and trampling the prayers of their mothers and fathers under their feet. They say, "Give me wealth, and I will give you everything else." Shall we not learn the lesson? Shall we not profit by the life of Lot? I believe that is what these lives are recorded for.

Fathers, let me ask this question to-night: What are your sons? Where are your children now? Come—let the question come home to each one of you—where are they? And if they have gone astray, who is to blame? Who is to blame?

I heard not long ago of a young man who came home a number of times drunk, and the servants told the father of it, and he says: "Well, I will sit up to-night, and will see." And he sat up until past midnight, and then he heard some one trying to get the night-key in, and he listened and listened, and it was a long time before he got that night-key in; and the father went and stood in the hall, and when his boy came in he saw that he was drunk, and he ordered him out of the house; and he says: "Don't you ever shew yourself here again; I will not have you coming to my house and disgracing me." But after the son had been gone a little while the father couldn't sleep, and he got to thinking that he was the first one that put temptation in the way of that boy. He had liquor upon his own table, and he says, "Well, now, I am to blame." And he got out of bed and dressed himself, and went out upon the streets and asked a policeman if he had seen this young man, and he hunted for hours, and at last he found his drunken son and he brought him home; and when he became sober, he says, "My son, I am more to blame than you are;" and he wept over him, and asked his boy to forgive him, and he says, "Now let us try to lead different lives." And the father set that boy an example and saved him. There is many a man who has just ruined his own sons; who has taken them in the way of temptation, and they have gone astray. Oh, may God shew us, as fathers, to-day the importance of living rightly before our children; and if we are doing anything—any business that is dishonourable—in order to make money for our children, better a thousand times for us to leave them a clean record, a clean character, than to leave them millions of money that we have not got honestly. I tell you we got to have a good deal shrewder and smarter children than we have at

the present time to keep the money that has been gathered dishonestly. I tell you the child don't live that can hold it, and it is a good deal better to leave them less and live with God, and leave them a good, clean character, such as Daniel left in Babylon, than it is to take them down to Sodom and live as Lot did, and have judgment come upon them, perhaps, after we are dead and gone."

THE PAGEANT ON TIME'S RIVER.

Down the mysterious river Time
What pageant strange is gliding,
In summer's heat nor winter's rime
One moment still abiding!

Sorrow and Joy, and Love and Hate,
On its dark tide are boating—
Gay Pleasure's skiff skims on elate,
Pale Want's can scarce keep floating.

Art, Science, Trade, Religion rear
Proud vessels as for ever—
White temples, halls, and domes appear,
That move with the moving river.

In the gardens of floating palaces
Rich sculptured forms are glancing;
On the plasters of floating galleries
Fair frescoes are entrancing.

Sounds the minstrel's lyre through the bannered hall,
Renowned in song and story;
Yet oft will the sudden tempest fall,
And whelm the floating glory.

Sweet Childhood singing, wreathed with flowers,
Sails on with Hope and Wonder,
Life's Rapids far off sporting showers,
With music in their thunder!

Beauty and Genius, Valour, Youth,
In varied craft are sailing;
But ever and anon, in truth,
Some sink midst bitter wailing.

Faith, with Repentance at her beck,
Is down the river going,
While true Prayer kneeleth on the deck,
The stars above her glowing.

Of Church and State the greatest, least,
In yacht, or yawl, or wherry,
The king, the churl, the judge, the priest—
All float down sad or merry,

With here a nuptial song and shout
From barge with silken awning,
And there a splash from a corpse thrown out,
At noon, or night, or dawning.

Malice and Envy, Lust and Fear,
With dynamite are stealing,
Worth, Innocence, and Justice near
Firebrands and death concealing.

With muffled oar the Assassin moves,
In haste before to-morrow
To slay the Chief the people loves,
And drown the land in sorrow.

A nation's wealth on the river rolls—
Nay more, the whole world's treasure,
A convoy of immortal souls
For endless woe or pleasure.

In shade or shine, by night and day,
The vast fleet on careereth,
To music sad, or music gay,
While sun or moon appeareth.

What power its onward course can stay?
Or check the attraction given
By that resistless magnet's sway—
The Judgment-Throne of Heaven?

No power the progress can command
Of that strange rushing river,
Until the Angel forth shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on land,
Lifting to heaven his holy hand,
And swear by Him who lives forever,
That flow no longer will Time's river.

Paris, Ontario.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

REASON AND FAITH.

"Reason and faith," says one of our old divines with the quaintness characteristic of his day, "resemble the two sons of the patriarch. Reason is the first-born, but faith inherits the blessing." The image is ingenious and the antithesis striking, but nevertheless the sentiment is far from just. It is hardly right to represent faith as younger than reason, the fact undoubtedly being that human beings trust and believe long before they reason or know. The truth is, that both reason and faith are coeval with the nature of man, and were designed to dwell in his heart together. They are, and ever were, and in such creatures as ourselves must be, reciprocally complementary; neither

can exclude the other. It is impossible to exercise an acceptable faith without reason for so exercising it—that is, without exercising reason while we exercise faith—as it is to apprehend by our reason, exclusive of faith, all the truths on which we are compelled daily to act, whether in relation to this world or in the next. Neither is it right to represent either of them as failing of the promised heritage, except as both may fail alike by perversion from their true end, and depravation of their genuine nature; for if to the faith of which the New Testament speaks so much a peculiar blessing is promised, it is evident from that same volume that it is not a faith without reason, any more than a "faith without works," which is commanded by the author of Christianity. And this is sufficiently proved by the injunction "to be ready to give a reason for the hope," and therefore for faith, "which is in you."

If therefore we were to imitate the quaintness of the old divine on whose dictum we have been commenting, we should rather compare reason and faith to the two trusty spies, "faithful amongst the faithless," who confirmed each other's report of "that good land which flowed with milk and honey," and to both of whom the promise of a rich inheritance there was given, and in due time amply redeemed. Or rather, if we might be permitted to pursue the same vein a little further, and throw over our shoulder for a moment that mantle of allegory which none but Bunyan could wear long and wear gracefully, we would represent reason and faith as twin-born—the one in form and feature the image of manly beauty, the other of feminine grace and loveliness, but to each of whom alas! is allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sighless orbs, as she lifts them toward heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand, in mutual love, the brother and sister pursue their way through a world on which day breaks and night falls alternately. By day the eyes of reason are the guide of faith, and by night the ear of faith is the guide of reason.—Henry Rogers.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THE PROVERBS.

The writer of these lines, in looking back over the teachings of his early life, desires to record the fact that to no one thing is he more indebted than to the memorizing, when a child, of some of the excellent instructions in the book of "Proverbs." On Sabbath afternoon it was the custom of a beloved mother to have us repeat after her one of these Proverbs until we were familiar with it, and could recite it after her without the mistake of a word. The Sabbath following, before learning the new verse, those already committed were again repeated, and thus quite a number of these admirable counsels to the young were treasured up in the storehouse of memory. In due season they entered into the very being of our life. They had more to do with the formation of thought and feeling, of sentiment and act, than all other reading and books combined. They powerfully restrained from wrong-doing and wonderfully incited to all good. We recall an instance of this. Shortly after leaving home, when in the new and trying scenes of college life—just on the point of being carried away by the temptations of godless associates—the timely caution of the proverb was recalled to our mind: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." At once the spell of evil was broken, and we escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.

Not a few of these "proverbs" related to others, and to the treatment and bearing that should be manifested towards them. Thus: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Respect for the aged was the consequence of the early inculcation of this sentiment, and a strong desire of being helpful to such persons manifested itself in practical efforts for their comfort and relief. The proverb, "A good man is merciful to his beast," led to kindness to all dumb animals, and to nameless efforts for their welfare. "Remove not the ancient landmark," again and again led to a life-long effort to protect others in their legal rights as regards property, and happiness to the wronged and helpless was often the result.

One of these proverbs, especially, was of the greatest personal benefit to the writer, and we mention it to refute the idea that the Proverbs are not "spiritual," and do not deserve the attention of Christian