Zoetry.

The Work of Jesus.

As Sinuers saved, we leve to sing, As hinners saved, we love to sing,
Jesus died, Jesus died;
God's grace doth still salvation bring,
Jesus died, Jesus died.
To seek and save the lost He came; He glorified the Father's name; With joyful lips we spread His fame; Jeans died, Josus died.

Victorious over every foe, Josus rose, Jesus rose; Sin, Death, and Satan, all laid low, Jesus rose, Josus rose. In justice sluners He can save, Since for our sins Himself He gave; He left them buried in His grave; Jeaus roso, Jeaus rose.

He sent the Spirt from above-Jesus saves, Josus saves, The lost He finds with potient love-Johns saves, Jesus saves. The Spirit tells us Jesus died. That God in Him is glerified On Him we now rest satisfied; Josus saves, Jesus saves.

I nough prone each da, we are to roam,

Thre won desert pathways to our home, Josus guidos, Jesus guidos; As He is, so are we below, Hims. It may we more fully know, Thus onward in His footsteps go; Jesus guides, Jesus guides.

On high, our Advocate and Priest, Jesus lives, Jesus lives; Himself our life, our drink, our feast; Josus lives, Jesus lives; our everlasting Gain, Our hope until He come again, Then we with Him shall live and reign; Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

The Prayer of the Destitute.

Givo me a song and I will sing it.
Givo me a noffering, I will bring it;
Givo me an offering, I will bring it;
Givo me Thyself, and I will take Theo:
Withdraw Thyself, and I forsake Theo.
My hand lies fallow: Master till me.
My land lies fallow: Master till me.
My hand lies fallow: Master till me.
It plays the traitor: Master win me.
It tains; it dies: Put now life in me.
It signs for lunger: Come and feed me
It signs for lunger: Come and feed me
It is corrupt: O Lord, xenew me.
Bo ignorant. But Thou canst teach me.
Its sor diseased: Physican, heal me.
Exposed to danger. O conceal me.
It trembles: In thine arms enfold me.
Begins to sink: O Saviour, held me.
Is sinking fast: Have mercy on me.
So cold and dark: O shine upon me.
A poor lost sinner: O come and find me.
A prodigal: Will Thou receive me?
A beggar: O will Thou reslove me?
A backsilder: Do Thou restore me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A cheer me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A sher me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A sher me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A, ther me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A, there me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A, there me.
So there me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
So, there me.
So comfortless. Lord Jes.
A, there me.
A suppliant: Do not Thou rotuse me.
A suppliant: Do not Thou rotuse me.
Jesus, to Thou I call.
Jesus, bo Thou Ring of kin gs.

A Minister's Paradise.

The Parsonage was the dearest little cottage in the world. It had a sunny bay window, full of blossoming plants. It had broad, shaded verandas, quaint little balconies and towers, and sweet flowering vines clambering up over them all. A magnificent old elm reached its great, drooping arms lovingly over it, and there was a smooth, velvety grass plot, with here and there great masses of brilliant flowers. There was a rustic summer house, and vases and chairs scattered about under tall larches and maples. There was a great swing back of the house for the minister's children; and, oh! such a garden!
And this is the way it all came about. The

minister used to move once a year-sometimes oftener, for there was no parsonage, and the people said they could not afford to build one. They could not afford to pay much of a salary either—or they thought they could not, and the minister's wife was a poor little sad-faced woman, forever puzzling herself over the turning and making over of old garments, the darning and mending, and the contriving how to make a very little go a great way. It is a perfect mystery to this day, to all

the parish, how they ever happened to start up all at once and say, "Wo will have a parsonage." It would not be surprising if they found out sometime. How wonderfully God hears and answers the pitful cry of his faithful ones, and the weary, heartsore, mean, "How long, O Lord, how long?" brings a swift repose from heaven.

It came upon them all at once that if they should really set about it they could build a parsonage, though none of the people were rich. One man gave the lot, a fine one, next to the church. That fired up the zeal of a good mason, who said he would be responsible for the cellar and plastering. Then a good brother said he would give the sills, the joists, and the rafters. Another said, "I will cover them with clapboards."

"I will shingle the house."
"I will put in half the windows," said a "And I the other half," said another, a

widow.
"I will put blinds to them all." "I will build the chimneys," said a poor man, who was a mason.
"And will find the brick."

So they came up to the work with enthusiasm and great delight, and it was divided up so that even the poorest and the children could have a share, if it were only a

pound of nails, a hinge, or a door-knob.
Several plans and estimates were laid before the church, and they chose the very best and prottiest, even though the cost figured up alarmingly. Then they went to work with a will, and the house went up like magic. One good farmer ploughed up the ground, and others set out fruit-trees and shrubbery, for it was early spring-time. The young men sodded the little lawn, and the children came with their watering:pots

look crept over her worn face, and the remons grow better and better overy Sabbath. The ladies held festivals, and were exceedingly persistent in their efforts to earn money. Very many of them denito earn money. Very many of them deni-ed themselves the luxury of a new carpet or dress; old hats were "done ever," and the difference put into the general fund. There were little sacrifices and self-denials

There were little sacrifices and self-denials known only to God, but very precious in his sight, by which they were able to keep steadily on with the work.

Early in September they sent the minister and all his family off for a three weeks' vacation. When they returned, a large delegation of these happy people met them at the depot, and excerted them to their new home. Everybody was there. Hall and stairway, parlor, sitting-room, and every other room was full of smiling faces and happy hearts. What joyful welcomes, what hearty hand-shakes greeted the minister and all his family, as they crossed the threshold of their levely home. The ladies had furnished the parlor nicely, The ladies had furnished the parlor nicely, and one and another had hung the walls with pictures, and adorned the low mentel with pretty vases and dainty trifles. The old familiar furniture had been arranged to the best possible advantage. The pantry was well filled, and the cellar well stocked with vegetables, jars of butter, and cans of

fruit.
Oh! it was wonderful to see what those loving hearts and hands had accomplished and the blessing promised to the cheerful giver was already bestowed upon them. A bountiful feast was spread for all, and A bountiful feast was spread for an, and then the minister prayed—such a prayer!
—broken, tender, grateful, beseeching God to bless the dear people, and make them as happy in heart and life as they had ma'le him and his. Then, one by one, they went to their homes, and left the minister's family alone with their joy. They were too happy to sleep that night, and they prayed carnestly that the Holy Spirit might come down among them to bless and save every precious soul in that

community.

God heard and answered the prayer. The meetings of the church were crowded. New voices were heard asking the prayers of God's people. Confessions were made old strifes and feuds melted away, and left the sweetest spirit of charity and tender love in place of bitterness and hate.

how the minister preached and prayed! How carnestly he warned and entreated his flock to be a holy people children of the Highest! One by one they came, until scores of new born souls took up the song of praise and glory to God, and to the Lamb who had redeemed them. And best of all, the good work did not

cease. Loving hearts were quick to see and do whatever was needful to keep the beautiful parsonage in complete order. Whatever could add to its beauty or comfort was freely done.

The salary was increased and promptly paid, so the minster's heart was relieved from care and anxiety. So he gave him-self wholly to the Lord's work and it pros-

pered abundantly in his hands.

The minister's wife blossomed like a ross in the new atmosphere of love and kind-ness which surrounded her. It was delightful to hear her happy laugh, or the thrill of a merry song as she went about her beauti ful home, keeping it sunny and bright for her loved ones. She had efficient help in the kitchen, and a seamstress now and then to make up the boys' clothes and the little girls dresses. Long neglected accomplishments were brought to the light, and her soul grew fresh and strong and

glad again.
The children—bless them! how they enjoyed the beautiful home, and the possibility of new garments, a new book now and then, and other delightful things that they dreamed of, but had never expected to pos-sess. Robbie said it was joliy to be a min-ister after all, and he meant to be one himself when he was a man; but Roy, remembering good old Deacon Wheeler's sunny face and delightful visits, said he would be a derion, and go to Robbio's parsonage overy day with his pockets full of candy for the children, and a pail of strawberries and

cream for the minister's wife.
Oh! where is it—this paradise for ministers' wives? A as! this is only a dream of what might be, of what will be some time, for there are blessed tokens of it now and then-whisperings in the air, sweet prophecies of better things, that put new life into many a weary soul that would otherwise faint and fall by the way. Come quickly, blessed day, at our eyes may see it and our hearts receive the fullness of its joy.

Moral Heroism.

D'Aubigne records this circumstance of Luther: As he drow near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his Judges (the Diet of Worms) ho met a valiant knight, the colebrated George of Freundsburg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then, charging to the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the King of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and, shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, "Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee." A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind, remarks the historian of the Reio mation.

History furnishes many brilliant examples of moral heroism-examples that lift themselves up to the gaze of the world, growing brighter and brighter as the years roll on. The three Hebrew captives, who said to the king, "Be it known unto thee, O king I that we will not worship thy gods, nor fall I wan before the image which thou hast set up," will forever stand out upon the page of history for the admiration and encouragement of the good. When the Marquis of Montrose was sen-

tenced to death, the judge ordered that his to sprinkle it when the weather was dry.

All this time joyful thanksgivings were going up to heaven from the hearts of the minister and his wife. A bright hopeful kingdom: The Marquis heard the sentence of an action cultivators, and to bring them into incomplete the should be severed from his immediate use. And those advantages, all body, and hanged in the Tolbooth in Edinardor the bringing of the Gospal to bear upon the minister and his wife. A bright hopeful kingdom: The Marquis heard the sentence

with a grim smile of pride, and in defiance oried: "I wish I had flesh enough to be sent to every city of Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer,"

When Bishops Latimer and Bidley were chained to the stake, and the fazots were

chained to the stake, and the feats were lighted under their feet, Latimer said: "Be of good cheer, Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day, by God's grace, light up such a candle in England as, I trust, will never be put out." The prophetic shout of the martyr has found its fulfillment in the history of Protestant England.

But there are many unwritten illustrations of moral heroism quite as grand in their place and character as those that shine upon the page of history. How the pages of history. How many secret struggles with inward foes! How many temptations have been overcome! How many ovil passions have been curbed! How many proud spirits have been tamed! How many noble stands have been taken and held for the right and against the wrong by men whose history has never been, and never will be written, but whose reward is

suro l I said to a little boy the other day, "Why is it that you are so easily led astray by bad boys? Why don't you tell them they are doing wrong, and refuse to go with them 2"
"Because," said he, "they will laugh at me and call me a coward." Poor boy, he was a coward. How different the boy who attended school with a large patch on his knee. One of his school-fellows nick-named him "Old Patch." "Why don't you fight him," cried the boys. "I'd give it to him." "Oh!" answered the boy, "You don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of the rags. I honor my patch for her sake." Noble little man! He will make his mark in the world. His was a heroism scarcely equalled by Luther, or Latimer, or the Marquis of Montroso. I said to a little boy the other day, " Why or Latimer, or the Marquis of Montrose.

The world needs more such heroes. peed them in all the departments of life—in Church, in State; in public, in private.
We need them to forward the right and frown upon the wrong; to restrain evil and enthrone good impulses; to resist temptation, and to overcome the tempter; to breast the poisoned currents of popular sentiment; and to tower up as a lighthouse in the midst of the breakers, both to guide and warn others. The most pressing want of the present time is moral courage. O for men that cap stand the roar of lions and the smell of fire 1—Central Ch. Advocate.

The "Church" Conflict.

The Church Congress in this country substantially asks whether there is no com-mon ground upon which High and Low Churchmen—the artificial flowers of St. Albans and the tallow dip of Bishop Whipple's frontier cabin—can meet and agree. The attempt is landable, although its end is plain. The tendencies that divide the Church are not nominal, they are real. It is not a question of vestments merely nor of liturgies, but of thought and vital faith, that disturbs the Established Church in England, and the Episcopal Church in England, and the Episcopal Church in this country. The awakening human mind that inthe sixteenth contury shook every dogma of Rome, and gave a new impetus to the moral and political life of the world, is again shaking the accepted traditions of Christendom, as every Christian divine and scholar well knows. The tendency of the Episcopal Church is toward the extremes of more positive assent and more positive dissent. And it is more evident in that Church than in other Protestant sects, because among its clergy in England there are so many profound scholars and acute thinkers. Church Congress, thorefore, like the passage of the Public Worship Bill, marks a most interesting moment and movement—Harper's Weekly.

The Value of the Village Minister.

I tell you, men and women, the fact that in these neglected and deserted towns there lives such a man and a family about him, where God and his law and his name and his day are reverence, and proclaimed by deed as well as by word, is what we may count on as our closed hope for the future. The church rising in the village, its spire out-topping the highest trees, its horse-sheds and vestibules knitting the men and women and vestibules knitting the men and women into neighboriy kindness, its pulpit the last stronghold of piety—why, that very building is a protest, and an eloquent one, against Men who have no higher interest than sın. the value of their property are not worldlywise, even, if they do not see that for a holy man to speak within those walls, and go to and fro under those trees, and knit together all that is law-abiding, moral, and grand in that town, is the highest of all needs to ensure order and prosperity. And if that man is not dull; if he has a soul and is not afraid to let it out; if he has a mind and is not afraid to use it; if he be even awkward and ill-clothed, yet good, true, pure, man-loving, and God-fearing—there is a place for him.

Consider the boon that one educated minister is to a rural town, even from a lower side than I have hinted at. See what an advantage that, in a place from which the streams of young life are constantly flowing city-ward, there is a man of education, who can watch over the schools, inaugurate lec tures, buy and lend books, awaken an in-terest in good newspapers, foster the local history, and be the living contro of those interests which are patriotic and education-al. Then look at that side which was hinted at a few moments ago, the strength which such a man's presence gives to law and or-der; the rebuke which his very life is constantly giving to profanity, and brawling and drunkenness and impurity! Think how such a man naturally fosters quiet, the care of roads, the keeping up of neatness and beauty in buildings, the general good husbandry of the town. And if, as is often husbandry of the town. And if, as is often the case, he be fond of tilling the ground, what an aid his knowledge of books can be to him in receiving the best ideas of the age, and in giving limts as to improved varicties of fruits and grains. None qu'eker than he to soize the recorded experiences of able cultivators, and to tring them into

Quick as Wink.

Our notions of the value of time are alsother relative. Ordinarily a minute more or less is a matter of little moment. A would be passenger, who arrives at a rail-way station just in time to be too late, realizes that even a less interval them a minute may materially affect his calculations. To the timer of a closely-contested race, a sec-ond is important; it may be a quarter of a second may make all the difference between fair speed and the "fastest on record." the astronomical observer, a quarter of a second is a very long time, as an uncertainty of that amount might render worthless an observation which he can never hope to repeat, and for which he may have journeyed thousands of miles.

In some cases an interval so brief as that required for the movement which stands proverbially for instantaneous action may have a material effect on the accuracy of a calculation; indeed, it is at times not only necessary to know and make allowance for the time of movements as quick as winking, but to know aubstrutially how much quicker one man winks than another.

Though the movement of the cyclid is so

rapid that there is no apparent interruption of vision, the act really involves half a dozen distinct physical and mental operations, the duration of each of which can be closely measured. If the movement is reflective or involuntary, time is required for the transmission of the impelling sensation to the sensory centre, time for its reflection to the winking muscle, time to overcome the inertia of the muscle—the period of latent excitation, as it is called—and lastly, time for muscular contraction. That the sum of all these periods is something considerable can be roughly proved by counting the num-

can be roughly proved by counting the number of winks one can make in a second, or by timing the act by the ticking of a watch. The purely reflexive part of the act of winking has been ingoniously timed by Dr. Sigismund Exner, who chose this act as the one best adapted to enable him to determine the time required for a complete reflex action. His apparatus consisted of a very hight lever of straw, terminated at one end by a bristle which was applied to the cyclid, the other end being connected with the usual contrivances for exactly registering the beginning of muscular contraction. The stimulus was an electric spark, applied in two ways, by passing in front of the eye and thus acting on the optic nerve, or by exciting the nerve of sensation by striking directly on the cornea. He found the interval between the spark and the beginning of motion (that is, the time occupied in the transmission and reflection of the sensation, with the period of latent excitation in the with the period of latent excitation in the muscle) to vary, with the intensity of the stimulus, from about one-eighteenth to one-twenty fourth of a second, the stronger the spark the quicker the action. The period of latest excitation of muscle in man has never been precisely determined. Dr Exner estimated it at about a hundredth part of a second, which would reduce the time required for the purely reflexive part of the quired for the purely reflexive part of the act of winking to about one-twenty-second of a second for a weak impression, and onetwenty-seventh of a second for a stronger stimulus.

For a voluntary wink, a slightly longer time appears to be required, since a measurable interval is occupied in the act of velition.—Scientific American,

By the Wayside.

Two aged men entered a street-car a few days ago, in a neighbouring city. One of them, who was paralyzed, said in reply to a question of the other as to his welfare: "I have a very large interest in the next world." When asked, "How are you off for this world?" he replied pleasantly that he had enough to meet his wants while he lived, and then again he added, "But I have a very large interest in the next world." The conversation attracted the attention of other passengers, and one of them who nar-rated it, said that those words were ringing in his cars all the rest of the day. He could not get rid of the deep impression made by the singular earnestness and happiness of the old disciple.

Surely this is the beauty of old age, its

joy and blesse hees, the calm assurance of a portion beyond this life in "the inherit-

ance of saints in light."

Little too did the veteran think of the power of his reiterate 1 sentence upon the hearts of fellow travellers, who did not even ances of warm-hearted Christians are often the most eloquent lay preaching, both to unconverted people and to believers who happen to overhear them. Oar unconscious influences are frequently the best or the

worst that we exert.

But the best of all is when the pilgrim if o draws near its close, and when the staff and sandals are soon to be laid aside to feel that our best and largest "interests are in the next world." That treasure grows at more than compound interest. Its value increases as the vision of it widens like the firmament. These riches cannot "take to thomselves wings and fly away." It is a life interest for eternity, and faith only asserts its own divine prerogative, " while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen, for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

The old age which is brightened by this prospect cannot be the senile, sour, morese, unlovely thing that we sometimes see. But this is the beautiful, goldon suuset of the human Autumn. It has "the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." And this is the inventory which another old disciple once made for his fel low-Christians: "All things are yours; low-Christians: "All things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and yo are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Has the reader a share in this—" all things?"

When the patron of a living becomes a Roman Catholic in England the living reverte to the Crown and is filled by the lord chancellor. Lord Ripon was shrewd enough, however, to transfer to his wife before his conversion two livings of which he was the patron, and thus the property remains in the family.

The Natural Style of Public Speaking.

Writers on the art of speaking in public Writers on the art of speaking in public concur in recommending as a fundamental rule the maxim, "Be natural." Upon this, the question arises, What is a natural manner? Indistinct ideas and misundermanner? manner? Indistinct ideas and misunder-stendings seem to prevail upon the subject. "Key-note," who writes for the Ex-amner and Chromole, classes the rule with the "religious twaddle," with which he thinks the market is more than enough supplied, and suggests that if it were carsupplied, and suggests that it were carried out it would have to include all the personal, provincial, and national "twangs, tones, intones, and cadences," each of which is offensive to those persons who are accustomed to some other one.

accustomed to some other one.

The idea of the natural manner, properly understood, does not exclude culture. It does not imply that all peculiarities in speech or tone should be retained. On the contrary, it cells for careful culture, and the pruning of all special features likely to to be offensive to heavers, or which may tend to weaken the force with which the message is delivered. What is meant is, that the culture should be based upon nature and agree with it. ture and agree with it.

Landscape gardeners talk of their natural and artificial styles. They do not mean by the former term, wild woods with underbrush, lands encumbered with sink underbrush, lands encumbered with sink holes and jagged rocks, and producing briers and weeds; they mean, rather, woods trimmed and opened, grounds laid out in gentle Llopes; with here and there an appearance of roughness as a setting off, the whole arranged to resemble nature in her tairer moods. They distinguish this from the artificial style, in which grounds are the artificial style, in which grounds are laid out in forma' plants, shrubbery is trim-med into fantastic shapes, plantations are made of exotics, and the whole is made to look as unlike anything in nature as pos-

We regard the two manners in c atory as similarly related. In the natural manner, the speaker's inborn powers are trained so as to produce their best effect. His faults, the rude tenes of his voice, the impedi-ments of his speech, are restrained and overcome, so far as is possible. But all this culture is based upon gifts that he has manifested. No effort is made to contradict his inborn traits. His style is not molded into set forms, after the pattern of any other man, or by the conventional rules of any school. A natural demeaner in society is often commonded; when we speak of it we do not, however, refer to the bearing of a savage or of an untutored boor, but to that of one who has been subected to the discipline of civilization and

the schools.

Slovenliness is incompatible with the right natural manner. That which is worth care in attaining—a correct, foreible style of expression—is worth unremitting care and in keeping up. Slovenliness is the fruit of laziness and indifference. No one has thought of recommending them as desirable qualities in a specker. sirable qualities in a speaker.

Many persons are unfitted by nature from becoming public speakers. They lack some quality of language or utterance, or their efforts may be marred by some glaring tault. The examples of such persons have furnished all the arugments which are current against naturalness. Would you hold thom up, says the objector, as model speakers? No, we should either reject them as not speakers, or if for any reason we must accept them, we any reason we must neceopt them, we we should got along with them as best we could. The candidate for success in any art must furnish a foundation on which his culture can be built. If he has no traits capable of development, or if his traits are deformates, nothing can be done with him. Authorial culture will him. with him. Artificial culture will only produce a distortion.

The most effective orators, in the pulpit and out of it, have been those who have depended primarily on the gifts of nature. By this is the young preacher who has been drilled in the circuit more effective than the student just out from the theological seminary, but not yet out from seminary ideas. The political speaker capable of producing the strongest pression upon an audience of the common people are the mon of the West and South, whose only drilling has been upon the stump. Their method is in the strictest sen o natural, yet it is one that has been modified by the severest kind of culture. It is, however, entirely in nature's school. The young orator may be may be jeered at But if he has the stuff of a public speaker in him, he will study the causes of his failure and will learn to avoid them. He will perceive every sign of derision, and east out the feature which called it forth; that which evokes applause ho will treasure up and exhibit at every op-portunity. His whole life becomes a study in his art, and he becomes a perfect orator for the kind of audience he has to enter-

The man whose training has been entire ly in the school may indeed have learned much which will help him to become an orator. He may also have much that he will have to unlearn before he can become an effective speaker. No school training can be made as perfect but that it may still leave him lacking qualities which he can only gain by nature's schooling of experionce; nor can any amount of training supply the lack of an oratorical instinct. N. Y. Methodist.

Power in Sympathy.

Many a wife goes down to her grave a dulled and dispirited woman, simply because her good and faithful husband has lived by her side without talking to her. There have been days when one word of praise, or one word of simple good cheer, would have girded her up with new strength. She did not know, very likely, what she needed, or that she needed anything, but she drooped. Many a child grows up a hard, unimpressionable, unloving man or woman, simply from the uncheered silence in which the first ten years were passed. Very few fathers and mothers, perhaps, in society, habitually talk with their children. It is certain that this is one of worst of the shortcomings of our homes.