

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

AT THE DOOR.

This bright, beautiful day comes like a benediction. As I look up toward the welcome sun this thought comes into my mind; Yonder sun is ninety six millions of miles away. These rays of light have travelled all that stupendous distance, and yet I have only to drop the curtain of my eyelid and I am left in total darkness. There might as well be no sun as to have his rays shut out at the last instant from this little doorway of my eye. Even so has the Lord Jesus Christ come from His infinite, far away throne on His errand of mercy to a sinner's soul. That sinner has but to close up his heart's door and keep it bolted, and for him there might as well have been no Redeemer. Eternal life is refused, eternal death is chosen at that very spot, the door of the human heart.

When an anxious inquirer came into my study for conversation to day I reminded her of this illustration of all the bright and blessed sunlight of heaven being shut out by the drop of an eyelid. I said to her: The decisive battle for your salvation is to be waged right at the door of your heart. Just as the decisive conflict of Gettysburg turned upon the fifteen minutes' struggle at the stone wall on the last afternoon, so the destiny of your soul turns upon opening your heart's door to Jesus, or holding it barred against Him. Jesus has come all the way from heaven with the offer of eternal life. He is now knocking at the door; He has come to the door, but as a free agent you still keep Him outside. There is no salvation for you until He enters. Listen to the knock and the tender accents, "If thou wilt hear My voice and open to Me the door I will come in and sup with thee."

What I said to that earnest inquirer (for whom Jesus himself was inquiring with all his tender compassion), I would say to every one who honestly desires to be saved.

Your heart is a house with many rooms; one apartment is decorated for the occupancy of Pride; in another one Covetousness may keep its iron safe; on the walls of another perhaps Sensuality has hung some pictures that if Christ enter, must be pulled down. Unbelief has chilled and darkened the whole house. Satan has a mortgage on the whole of it, and by and by will foreclose it.

How much longer Jesus will consent to let thee shut Him out, my friend, no one can tell. Remember that He gives His last knocks. This one may be the last; and the next sound at the door may be the hand of death bursting in, despite all the puny bolts and bars. Then you may look out of the window and call with ever so loud and agonizing importunity for the Saviour and He will have vanished. When death gets possession probation is over. Your house will be left to you desolate.

Open, then, that door with eager haste. Welcome as a friend Him who will be your judge. It is only a moment's work if you are in earnest.

Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so sweet a guest;
Admit Him, and you won't expel,
For when He comes, He comes to dwell.

—Dr. Cuyler.

YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

In Yale College, a good many years ago, a quiet and by no means talkative young Christian became interested in the welfare of a classmate. This classmate had been trained in a godly family and was moral in life, but gave no evidence of heart-piety. The Christian student won his affection by many kindnesses, persuaded him to attend religious services, and finally to meet at his room the godly and zealous Professor Goodrich. The result was that the classmate was won. He decided to enter at once upon the service of Christ; he did so, and during the forty years that have since elapsed has wielded a wide influence for good. The moral is easy: young men can and should influence young men in the right direction.

In truth, there are none who have so much power over young men as their fellows. Sympathy in hopes, in feelings, in aspirations, makes their hearts susceptible to impression by one another. It is an immense power that is thus wielded, often for evil, sometimes for good. Young men are constantly alluring young men to ruin, and they have the same power to guide them to right ways and to heaven. They know the

dangers surrounding the period of early manhood, the temptations besetting youth on every side from within and from without; and knowing and feeling them, and knowing that they feel them in common, they are able to touch one another with the touch of a sympathy that is most potent.

If you have received the grace of God and been by Him enabled to overcome, set yourself to lead others to the same strong Helper. Set yourself to do this positively and actively, not content with the mere influence of your example. By a kindly friendliness you may get hold of a companion and ally him to yourself, and thus make him feel your example—make him come under its power. You may learn how he spends his evenings, and may help him to spend them profitably and pleasantly; you may take an interest in his amusements, his reading and business; you may get him into the Bible class or the Sunday school the young people's meeting and the church. In short, you can exert over him a positive, continuous influence, and all that you may lead him to a pure, honest, godly life. Just how this is to be done in each case must be decided by the circumstances of each case; the great point is that it be thought of and done.

Let our young men bear in mind this power given them, and use it faithfully as a talent to be improved, not buried, and many a young man will be saved who otherwise will go to ruin.—Forward.

THE DRY BONES. PZPKIEI VVVVII

The hand of God was on me,
The Spirit led me nigh
Unto a valley full of bones,
And they were very dry.
He caused me to pass by them,
As by a river give,
About these bones that were so dry,
Did I think they could live!

Lord God, thou knowest best,
I said, for me I cannot say.
Then prophesy thou son of man,
To these dry bones to-day;
And say, that I will raise them.
My voice these bones shall hear;
An army great of living men
Before thee shall appear.

And I will cover them with flesh,
With sinew, and with skin,
And breath upon them—though they're dead,
And they shall live again.
I did as He recommended;
And bid the winds to come
From the four corners of the earth,
And lo, the work was done.

Now say to them "My people
I brought thee from the grave,
And breathed upon thee life divine
My spirit to you gave;
And I will place you in your land,
According to my word.
The power, the work, the glory's mine,
I am the living God."

Oh, Lord, do thou again make known
Thy power and wondrous might,
And bring the heathen from afar
From darkness into light,
Do thou revive and quicken us,
Who have received thy word;
For we plead guilty to thy charge
Of deadness, too, O Lord.

St. Mary's, June 17th, 1883. MARGARET MOSCUP.

ROOTED IN CHRIST.

Those who live in our cities and towns can hardly realize the significance of this expression. For they know not the depth and the extent of the connection of the plant with the soil.

Yet it was but a few days ago that a farmer told us of roots of the cornstalk which he had seen. High water had washed away the side of a cornfield, and as he passed along the stream, he saw great bunches of such roots hanging in matted, intertwining masses. Some of the rootlets were twelve feet in length, and in number they were countless. Another farmer immediately remarked that even strawberry plants have roots six or eight feet long.

If such a length and such a number of roots be necessary to the best development of so small a thing as an ear of corn, or a handful of strawberries, what connection with Christ is necessary to the development of a perfect Christian character? How many tendrils of love must we put forth! how long must they be! how must they intertwine themselves with every act, and every parable, and every word of Christ! how must they drink in of the spirit of Christ

and carry it to our souls, to nourish us in piety and vigour!

As the plant, the leaves, the fruit cannot grow unless there be a plenty of roots and healthy ones, so the Christian cannot grow without being well rooted in Christ. But the reverse is also true. The roots will not do their work well, will not feed the stalks and branches unless the leaves do their part. In like manner it is our Christian activity in good works that makes the rootlets draw freely of the spirit of Christ. The idle Christian gets but little benefit of his union to the Lord. The man who is active in Christian work, draws largely from the Master's treasures of love, joy, and peace.—Christian Observer.

IT IS THE LORD!

Love is the best learner and sees quickest. Love had drawn John to lean upon the bosom of Jesus and there had gained for him that intimate acquaintance which made future recognition instinctive. As soon as the miraculous blessing appeared his first uprising thought was, It is the Lord!

So will it be with us if we love with the love of John. If we experience for ourselves or for our children some unusual bounty, increase of health, knowledge, reputation, influence or wealth—any marked success in a legitimate calling—even before we fully realize our enjoyment the recognition sanctifying all will overspread the heart, It is the Lord!

Nor must the blessing necessarily be either sudden or of overwhelming magnitude. We are as sure that the sun is the cause of the morning dawn as of the mid day splendour, and the father of the family is as sincere when in the morning he returns thanks for protection and refreshing slumber during the night as when with stronger emotion he calls upon the assembled household to praise God for signal deliverance from threatened clammy.

In the freshness of the early morning the singing bird perched on the topmost limb of the tree turns his breast to the sun, and the music of his song gushes forth spontaneously.

The Christian sings, too, when, with his face turned to Jesus, his heart grows warm with the rising beams of the Sun of Righteousness, he receives a blessing and says, "It is the Lord!"—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

DIRECT PRAYERS.

The late Dr. James Hamilton had a capital illustration of how general prayers and "oblique sermons" fail to satisfy the soul in the emergencies of life. A Scotchman who had but one prayer was asked by his wife to pray by the bedside of their dying child. The good man struck out on the old track and soon came to the usual petition for the Jews. As he went on with the time honoured quotation, "Lord, turn again the captivity of Zion," his wife broke in, saying, "Eh! man, you're aye drawn out for the Jews; but its our bairn that's deirin." Then, clasping her hands, she cried, "Lord help us or give us back our darling, if it be Thy holy will; and if he is to be taken, O take him to Thyself." That woman knew how to pray, which was more than her husband did. An "oblique sermon" is not a prayer. An audible meditation or a doctrinal dissertation is not a prayer. Telling the Lord a hundred things he knows better than we do is not a prayer. If persons who lead in prayers had as vivid a conception of what they want and as earnest a desire to get it as this old woman, would there be as many complaints about long prayers as we hear?

THE BROOK IN THE WAY.

The way is long and the weary feet drag themselves slowly onward beneath the glowing heat of a scorching sun. Still there is no sign of the journey's end and the traveller is nigh to fainting.

Lo! at a turn of the road he hears the murmuring sound of a brook! Surely that silver gleam, those rustled palms rising and standing sculptured against the sky can have only one meaning. Water, oh! thought of gladness; water, oh! pearl of pure delight, what music in its very name, when the pilgrim is perishing with thirst, choked with dust, and reduced almost to despair!

The Psalmist says with simple eloquence that "He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

What a picture for you and me and how true to our everyday needs! What a blessing that, if in the way,