

## Pastor and People.

### INTO ALL THE WORLD.

To "all the world!" yes, loud and clear it soundeth  
That trumpet call, but Duty's clamant cry  
Hath ever stayed my steps, or turned me homewards  
To minister to loved ones that are nigh.

I backward look, and see the gracious Saviour,  
Oh! self-effacing love upon the tree!  
I hear the tender words, "Behold thy mother!"  
Thrice blest command! It is enough for me.

We know not that the loved disciple ever,  
Like Paul and Peter, journeyed far and wide  
To preach to "all the world"; instead, it seemeth  
He was a witness near that mother's side,

Until she passed beyond; but He, still biding,  
Beheld through prison night eternal day,  
And wrote some cheering letters to "the faithful,"  
Or "little children," as He loved to say.

I dare not dream of victories unnumbered,  
I may not lay great trophies at His feet,  
"The Lord hath need of thee," faint heart, despair not!  
That word hath power to make thy life complete.

*Pilgrim, in Christian Leader.*

### THE PLACE OF POWER.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

One of the most active and most pronounced tendencies of our nature is to seek power. It matters not how limited the sphere may be in which it is wielded; it is a choice gratification to us to have somewhat under our control. This being the case, and no one will readily dispute it, there must be in this disposition something right and good. Something in line with our original constitution and God's purpose. Else, why does it so persistently assert itself? It does not at all affect the case that it is now directed to improper ends and wrong objects—there is the tendency announcing in an unmistakable way our original constitution, that we were made to "have dominion;" to exercise authority and power. To gratify this craving of the nature of man has filled the ages of the world and the pages of history with blood and lamentations and woe. A gift wrongly used is an evil.

There is, however, a right use of the desire for power which is a desire to bless. To put men in possession of what they seek. God discovers the place of power, whence may go forth upon the heart and lives of men gracious, healing, helpful influences. And what is that? Where is that? It is the mercy seat, the throne of grace.

The place of power is the place of prayer, where the soul goes out and lays hold upon God, pleading His promises. There to the believing soul God reveals Himself and in faithfulness fulfils every word that He has spoken. There He charges the earthen vessel with divine might, and makes it a channel of grace. He does not say "Seek ye My face," in vain. He waits to be gracious. He fills the empty with good things, while the rich He sends empty away. He who asks, receives; he who seeks, finds, and to him that knocketh, it is opened. Well may Rev. H. Stowell sing:

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

The rule that applies to all our life is: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Prayer, then, is profitable in everything. We are well acquainted with its efficacy in the realm of religious life. It is a powerful factor there; an indispensable factor. And yet it is not appreciated as it ought to be, nor believed in as it ought to be, nor employed as it ought to be. How little prayer there is! and consequently how little power there is. Christian life is a negative rather than a positive force. Were there more believing prayer there would be more sense of God's presence and more realization of divine power.

William C. Burns writes in his diary, date November 1, 1839: "I spent the whole of this forenoon till half-past twelve in private with the Lord, and enjoyed more of his glorious presence, humbling and elevating my soul than I have had for some time past when alone. (O! for a day every week to spend in the secret of His presence!) At one o'clock I preached for the Senior Female Society in St. George's Church, to a congregation composed of the genteel society of Edinburgh. I was carried far above the conscious desire of the favour, and the conscious fear of man; and in preaching from Isa. xlii. 21, I felt much more of the presence of the Holy Ghost enlightening my mind in the knowledge of Christ, and melting my heart under a view of His glory and love than I have for some time enjoyed in public." Is not this the fulfilment of Matt. vi. 6, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly."

Captain Hedley Vicars gives us an illustration of the evil effects of neglecting prayer. It was his wont to read and pray in private every morning. This is his testimony: "I never enjoy any day that has not been commenced alone with God." On one occasion, while visiting Mr. and Mrs. Round at Birch Hall, Essex, he slept one morning later than usual, and went down to family prayers without having had time

for his private devotions, and afterwards, pressing this duty on his sister, he referred to this omission, saying: "My soul was the worse for it for nearly three weeks after." These instances type the experiences of men in the religious realm. But when we go beyond that, into the political realm, has prayer a place? Is it there a power? Is it recognized as an important factor? With godly men it is, and sometimes with others.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, on being made a member of Parliament, being a godly man, felt that this sphere was covered by the "everything," and so we find him saying: "Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares that surround me." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton knew the place of power.

An interesting incident is related by James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth* in connection with the drafting of the Constitution. Many formidable difficulties were encountered from the divergent sentiments and interests of different parts of the country as well as the larger and smaller States: Benjamin Franklin, who was one of the delegates from Pennsylvania (being then eighty-one years of age was so much distressed at the difficulties which arose and the prospect of failure that he proposed that the Convention, as all human means of obtaining agreement seemed to be useless,

#### SHOULD OPEN ITS MEETINGS WITH PRAYER

Mr. Bryce goes on to say "The suggestion, remarkable as coming from one so well known for his sceptical opinions, might have been adopted but for the fear that the outside public might thus learn how grave the position of affairs was. The original of Franklin's proposition, written in his own still firm and clear hand, with his note stating that only three or four agreed with him, is preserved in the State Department at Washington, where may be also seen the original draft of the condition, with the signatures of thirty-nine delegates." Benjamin Franklin knew the place of power. When "all human means" failed, then he would resort to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and who can turn them as the river of water. Why not begin with God? "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Forgetfulness of God brings much evil into the life. D'Aubigne of Geneva, attributes the success of Oliver Cromwell to his habit of prayer. He tells us that "every day of his life he retired to read the Scriptures and to pray." And that "he spent much time in prayer the night before the storming of Basing House." Cromwell's Ironsides were like himself, "men that had the fear of God," as Carlyle informs us, "and gradually lost all other fear." Hence, their victories. They knew the place of prayer which is the place of invincible might. Budgett of Bristol, whose business career began with the sale of a castoff horse shoe that he had picked up by the highway, who afterwards became a merchant prince, had a diet of divine worship every day in his establishment. Budgett knew the place of power. Sir T. F. Buxton, writing to his son who was at Trinity College, Cambridge, and who was at this particular time anxiously looking forward to his examinations, says: "But I have a piece of advice to give you with regard to the examination, which I am sure will if attended to, be of service; and if you remember it, and act upon it, it will be useful, whenever during your future life, you are about to engage in anything of more than usual importance, go to God in prayer; lay before him as before your wisest and best friend, your care, your burden, and your wishes; consult Him, ask His advice, entreat His aid, and commit yourself to Him; but ask especially, that there may be this restraint upon the efficiency of your prayers—that His will, and not your wishes may govern the result; that what you desire may be accomplished, provided He sees it to be best and not otherwise.

"The experience of my life is that events always go right when they are undertaken in the spirit of prayer. I have found assistance given and obstructions removed in a way that has convinced me that some secret power has been at work. . . . Depend upon it prayer is the best preparation you can have for your examination, and for everything else." So experience proves that prayer may reach "everything," it declares with strong emphasis that God's word is true.

From the throne of Grace "everything" is reached. And there the encouragement to ask is simply overwhelmingly great. Promises exceeding great and precious affecting "everything" are there awaiting the acceptance of a loving faith and the pleading of an earnest soul. Oh, why are we so weak, so poor, so miserable, so troubled and broken-hearted when we have a place of prayer, where Jesus says in His impressive way: "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give you."

#### LOOK LONG TO JESUS.

Take a good look at Jesus as often as you can. You expect soon to behold Him in open vision, but they who look most to Him here will see most glory in Him hereafter. In heaven some will see far deeper into Christ than others. The deeper you see into His grace now, the deeper will you see into His glory then, for glory is measured by grace.

Linger at the place of secret prayer. If you do not know just what to pray about, look to Jesus for Him to give you a prayer. Look to Him for your prayer and your faith. After you have opened all your heart to Him, take time to linger for His answer; to listen to marching orders: and should he choose not to speak, trust Him just the same, and take time to adore Him. Go away from your closet with the clear image of Jesus hanging in your mind.—*Dr. D. G. Watson.*

### THE POWER OF PRAISE.

To show the power of praise as an incentive to nobler effort, the reader need but recall the familiar story of Benjamin West. Left alone in the house with his baby brother, who was sleeping in a crib, the little fellow, taking pencil and paper, made a crude sketch of the sleeping babe. On his mother's return he showed her the picture. Delighted with the effort, imperfect as it was, she implanted a kiss of appreciation on the little boy's lips. That little act proved an inspiration in the boy's life. From step to step he pursued the art, until at last he became a master painter. And on one occasion, when asked by friends the secret of his success, West gave as his simple reply, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

### AN OPEN DOOR.

It was the morning of a busy week-day. The windows and the doors too—of a city church were open, and above the noise of waggons and carriages and the hum of trade, the notes of the organ rolled out, and for the moment a single clear voice filled the air. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it sang. A woman, magnificently dressed, with a wearied face, and a wandering, restless eye, was passing in her carriage. As the way was blocked she was forced to stop, and though she did not listen, she heard that voice, and caught the words of the singer. She sat erect—startled. "Nearer to God!" Why of course she meant some time to come nearer to Him—as she had been when a child. She was growing gray. Why not begin now to be done with folly?

How peaceful and quiet the church was; she could go in and pray; she could look into her life, into her soul, hold account with God. She pulled the check-string. The carriage stopped; the footman opened the door. She hesitated. How many receptions she had to go to to-day; and there were her spring gowns to design. "Drive on, William," she said. A hard-featured merchant also heard the words of the hymn as he hurried by. He had a disagreeable work before him that morning; a sharp financial game which would bring him in a vast sum. It was sharp even to the point of down-right cheating; it would ruin his partners; and in the main he had heretofore been a man of ordinary business honesty. A few years ago he was a church member, but of late life had been so crowded and hurried as to leave no time for thoughts of serious things. "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" Nearer? He had been going away from Him. "I will not make that bargain," he said, halting. "It is the trick of a thief, and I—I hope I am a Christian." But what an enormous profit it would pay! He hesitated a moment. Then he hurried on. In that brief time he had decided in favour of the profit.

A young fellow, his eyes red, and his face bloated from last night's debauch, was passing in the crowd as the familiar words sounded through the air. He stopped as if he had been struck a blow. His mother used to sing that in her old trembling voice. She kept near to God, too. "Why did I ever leave her?" he thought. "I am too weak a man to stand alone in this great city." He paused by the gate. Before his eyes rose a picture of the quiet old farmhouse; of his old mother and the wife and child whom he had deserted. They would welcome him back. But God? Could he come back to Him? He pushed open the gate and went in. Two days afterward he returned to his home and those who loved him. The merchant completed his bargain, and the lady her business, and as they passed the church again, a few hours later, a vague impression touched them of some open door awaiting entrance, some noble summons, some chance of escape to a higher life. But the church was closed, and the voice was silent. The roar of trade filled the busy street, and they went on their way. Who shall tell whither?

### LITTLE THINGS.

It is said that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double. It is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt has ever been made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place one hundred of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight; and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil, and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.