

Pastor and People.

Ways of Doing Good.

"I am always being told to be of some use—to do good; but what good can I do? This is a question often put; not always, it must be owned, with actual intent to set to work; but to suggest, sometimes, that nothing is done, simply because nothing is practicable; but, we may well believe, also put sincerely by some who have true intentions if they could only see how to make a beginning.

Now, settle in your mind, dear friend, if you be an honest inquirer, that, whatever difficulties may appear, God wants you to do good. Read Hebrews xiii. 16, and think it over; "But to do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." "So, I am a priest, ordained to sacrifices; namely, the doing of good and communicating; and God, my God, will be well pleased with them; and He is in earnest about it; sees that I may forget it, and sets his 'N.B.' at it—'Forget not.'"

So you will say, if you know yourself to be, through faith in Jesus, of the holy priesthood.

Still the question recurs: "What can I do?" Much will depend on your age, sex, condition, advantages, the number and the kind of talents God has put into your hand. You must consider these, and lay out your capital to the best advantage. Let us mention some fields; and you can consider if there be any one of them you could cultivate.

Your own family. Are all its members godly? Have they all a place in the church? No? Then you have a work at your door. Pray; reflect; look for the side on which you can bring help. There is a child not receiving any teaching. There is a want of religious reading even for Sabbath-school. The child could be got to Sabbath-school. A good serial could be got to tempt the careless to read. There is no regular attendance at church, no seat in a church perhaps. Could you manage to get this arranged? There are servants in the house? Are they Christians? or do you know anything about them? Inquiry even might do good. Try always at home. A light is brightest to those who are closest to it.

Your relations, how is it with them? Are they Christians? All? Some are not, not even being approached. Can you approach them, with affection, gentleness, at the right time, and in the right way? Do you live so that they will respect you, and attach weight to what you say? Do you carry yourself so that they love you? You are the very person of all others perhaps to bring the truth to a cousin, an aunt, a nephew. Remember how Joseph provided bread for his brethren and their households, ill as they treated him! "Forget not."

Who lives next door? Are those neighbors to whom you bow on the steps, Christians? Have they a pastor? Do the children learn saving truth? When they are sick do you show them the gentle side of Christianity—that which it turns to the suffering? Do you offer any comfort in sorrow? They know you to be a Christian perhaps. They must wonder that you have no care for their souls. Perhaps they think your religion is only a form. You will be, and they will be, at the judgment day. What will there be to look back on of effort made for them?

In what congregation do you worship? Is the minister ever cast down? Are all the committees full and in good spirits? Is there any part of the work falling behind? Could you help it on? You have some place already. Do you fill it effectively? Do you really "take hold"? Are you doing your work with your might? "Forget not."

There are various "societies" around you. They find it hard to get working members of boards and committees. You would be amazed to learn how hard it is for some of them to get a quorum at meetings for business. They have "honorary members," and ornamental members, nominal members, and contributing members who give money and nothing else; and secretaries have great trouble to contrive for the faithful doing of the business. Could you aid? Do you help with your means? To be sure the societies are not all perfect; but they all do some, and many of them much good, that might not be done otherwise. "Forget not."

"Who are with you in the office?" Other young men do not fail to tell of the theatres, entertainments, and "sights" they enjoy. You have heard of their pleasures. Do you tell them with equal enthusiasm of yours? They tell of their "good times," advertise their haunts, and commend their entertainers. Do you? "Forget not."

But you are a lady. Well, how are the poor neighbors around you. Are there any girls likely to grow up without knowing the use of a needle? Sewing-schools, free, once a week, taught by ladies, and their tools with scissors and stitches rehelved by a pleasant hymn and a Scripture verse, and consecrated by a prayer—which perhaps the poor little girls never joined in at home—such have done great good. "Forget not."

Are there any rough boys around you, growing up in godlessness, getting ready for the penitentiary? A Christian lady is just the person to do some of them good. Her sex wins deference, except from the worst; and her gentleness softens them. Are there any poor, over-worked mothers near you, to whom life is perpetual, unrelieved toil? "Mothers' meetings" have done them good. They need not to be large—indeed a small meeting is often best, for you can get near their burdened hearts. They cannot go to church, or get dressed, or get their clothes settled—"for the children." There is a way of carrying the church, and the truth, and all the Christian charities to them. "Forget not."

Are there any near you, accessible to you, clearly going to ruin? There is your neighbor's son learning to drink. You saw him reeling the other evening. "Run, speak to that young man." A timely word may save him. The woman who waits on you is becoming entangled in a bad association. She is your sister—of you, I think—will you let her go unwarmed? "Forget not."

"Ah! but," you say, "It is so hard to do these things: it requires a sacrifice." Just so. The Lord knows that. He says so: "With such sacrifices God is well pleased." "Forget not."

"But I am not able to give out; and this needs constant giving out." Just so. He says that. "To do good and to communicate," to give of yours to others; to have fellowship with them, to go on their level to raise them to yours, to be like Him who stooped from the heights and purity of heaven to dwell among unbelieving, scoffing, persecuting foes, to do them good; to give His life for them, to be their sacrifice through which they might have atonement and life; to save such as you—to save you. This is what the Lord means when he says to you—may it ring in your ears and echo in your hearts evermore—"forget not."—Rev. John Hall, D.D., New York.

Sabbaths Abroad.—The Scottish Church.

We travelled from Glasgow to Balloch by rail, passing the fortified rock of Dunbarton Castle, and thence up the valley of Leven to Loch Lomond. Sailing up the Loch we saw Ben Lomond, now crowned with clouds settling into all the forms which beauty loves, now mist veiled, and again bathed in sunshine. From Luversnaid we drove to Stronachlachar, and so sailed down Loch Katrine with its lovely isles, thence through the Trossachs we traced Fitz James' course to Stirling Castle. From Stirling we were whirled through the Links of the Forth, and just as daylight was fading over the Castle, and Craigs, and Arthur's Seat, we were in Edinburgh again. Among kith and kin and old familiar faces the past seemed to be obliterated, but next morning brought with it a sense of the many changes—boys and girls are men and matrons now, and then the empty place and this crowd of strangers! The sad and the joyful mingle strangely, and yet we would not for untold money have missed either the sadness or the joy.

Inquiring as to the ministers of Edinburgh whom it was most desirable for strangers to hear, the name of Dr. McGregor was always mentioned first. Accordingly, on the morning of our first Sabbath in Edinburgh, we found our way to the West Church; but we did not hear the eloquent pastor; his place was supplied by the Rev. Mr. Adams, of St. David's, a new parish somewhere in the suburbs of the city. The sermon was a clear and somewhat impassioned presentation of the gospel, under which the large congregation seemed to be deeply affected. It was at this service that we noticed for the first time, in the Sabbath services, the outward tokens of that religious awakening which had passed over Scotland during the months preceding our visit. During the week it was advertised that Dr. McGregor would preach in his own church on the next Lord's day, and that special arrangements had been made for the accommodation of a large party of American tourists who were travelling under the care of Mr. Cook. We were in the church early, and watched to see if among the American travellers there were any familiar faces, but they were all strangers to us. The introductory psalm was rather indifferently sung, while the people were still thronging into the church, but the other devotional services were conducted with great solemnity. Dr. McGregor preached from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." (Amos 4. 12.) The discourse was obviously suggested by the sudden death of some member of the congregation. The preacher urged immediate preparation. We have no defined period placed in our own power, that we can arrange to serve the world first, and afterwards prepare for eternity. There is only one course, and that is the very next bend in the river of life may bring us to the eternal sea. The only true preparation is life preparation. The whole life with all its powers, its affections and services should be directed toward eternity; in this way life is redeemed from its vanity, it is no longer a mere pitiful struggle for the wealth or the pleasures of our own few mortal years, but it is elevated and expanded by being directed towards eternal realities, and its whole character is baptized with the mighty influences of eternity. As the only true preparation is a Christian life, this Christian life must have its ground in faith in Jesus Christ. There is no true preparation which does not begin with faith in Christ, and it advances with an increase of faith. There is no other entrance into the holiness of the Christian life save by a simple faith in Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; and all advances in obedience, faithfulness, and love, spring from its root of faith. Dr. McGregor does not possess the natural dignity of movement and manner which are so characteristic of Dr. Wallace; but he takes a strong grasp of his subject, and with his skillful analysis and pointed antithesis he is enabled with the soundest philosophy and the strongest reason to make such a topic as preparation for eternity intensely interesting and impressive. There were no hard words or involved sentences to perplex his hearers, but vigorous thoughts were expressed in simple phraseology; though in the very effort to be simple, there were occasional examples of roughness which marred the general effect. \* \* \*

We afterwards worshipped with the congregations of the Established Church in Oban, where the services were conducted by the Rev. Donald Macleod, of Stirling, whose sermon was addressed with singular power to the hearts and consciences of his hearers in the church at Firth in Orkney, and also in the Kirkwall Cathedral, and everywhere we were impressed by the large congregation and the evidences of progressive church life. The growth of religious life and power in this church in the last twenty years is very noticeable. Immediately before the Disruption, as it is called, of 1843, the pulpits of the Established Church of Scotland in the chief cities were occupied by a body of men who for learning, piety and eloquence have rarely if ever been equalled among the Scottish clergy. With Dr. Chalmers, though no longer a pastor, still devoting himself to evangelistic work, there were such men as Drs. Cunningham, Candlish, and Guthrie in Edinburgh, Mr. Arnot (now

of Edinburgh), and Dr. Buchanan in Glasgow, and Dr. A. D. Davidson, of Aberdeen. Nearly all the ministers in these cities went out with the Free Church, and in the city of Aberdeen not a single minister was left in the Established Church. For the next ten years the Church of Scotland struggled on, making comparatively little progress, while the Free and United Presbyterian churches were remarkably progressive during that decade. But there had come to the front in the Scottish Church such men as Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. Caird, Dr. Charteris, Dr. Macduff, and others like-minded, who were universally recognized as men of rare endowments, and dignified and valuable ministers. They were the chiefs of a new and popular party by whom the old moderates were superseded. A new interest was felt in missionary work and all the evidences of a revived and united church were soon manifest, so that it is not too much to say that this church is now fully abreast of the other Presbyterian churches of Scotland. The influence exerted by the recent revival of religion have fallen largely upon her congregations. Ministers have sought to adapt themselves to the popular wants, the old churches, which some years ago were nearly empty, are again crowded with worshippers, and new churches in large numbers have been built. These remarks, however, apply to the towns and cities, and to the Lowlands generally. In the rural districts of the Highlands the Free Church still maintains its ascendancy, and the parish churches are in many instances almost deserted.

REV. DAVID ENGLIS, D. D.

Kindness and Tact.

Many years ago, says a writer in a religious magazine, a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled round a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come up to him and placed his hand on his shoulder. They were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday.

And how did the minister deal with the boy? He might have said to him 'What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?' But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said 'Have you found all your marbles?' 'No,' said the boy, 'I haven't.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'I'll help you.' Whereupon he stooped down and began to look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked 'I liked to play marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I could beat you; but,' he added, 'I never played marbles on Sunday.' The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said, 'I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be. Will you come with me?' Said the boy, 'Where do you live?' 'In such a place,' was the answer. 'Why, that's the minister's house!' exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person. 'Yes,' said the man; 'I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me I think I can do you some good.' Said the boy, 'My hands are dirty, I can't go.' 'But,' said the minister, 'here's a pump—why not wash them?' Said the boy, 'I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time.' 'Well,' said the minister, 'if you'll wash, I'll pump.' He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped, and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, 'My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em.' The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy. Said the boy 'But it is clean.' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but it was made to be dirtied.' The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school. Twenty years after the minister was walking in a street of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, 'You don't remember me?' 'No,' said the minister, 'I don't.' 'Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?' 'Oh!' said the minister, 'I do remember.' 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness and wisdom—and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and what I am at the present day.'

Livingstone on the Slave Trade.

Since the death of Dr. Livingstone, his journals, which were brought to England, have been published, and make two large volumes full of most interesting information in regard to that portion of the interior of Africa, where he spent the last years of his life. An exchange says:

The principal feature of his journal is its unceasing protest against slavery. Scarcely has he landed at Zanzibar, that he begins upon this most unhappy subject. Scarcely a chapter in the whole of these two large volumes is free from some further references to it. Nor, on the whole, is it possible to wonder at Livingstone's indignation. He was perpetually meeting with caravans of slaves, and he had abundant opportunities of seeing the horrible and atrocious cruelties which accompany the accursed traffic. It is true that, as he tells us in the outset of the journal, "the Arabs are said to treat their slaves kindly," but this fact does not mitigate the horrors of the trade. They treat their slaves kindly

enough, it may be; but the sufferings of the unhappy wretches on their journey down from Lake Nyassa and the Shiro River, can hardly be exaggerated. It is, it would seem, by no means an uncommon event for the owner of a string of slaves to murder one poor encourager less autree; that is to say, being interpreted, the slave dealer, finding that one of his company is exhausted and unable to go farther on his journey toward the coast, shoots or stabs him, in order that the rest may be stimulated to greater exertions. Sometimes an even worse fate befalls the unhappy wretches. They have fallen into the hands of an improvident master, or of one who is careless of his food. Half way through the journey the food falls short; the slaves begin to die, and the chances of their reaching the coast in condition for sale become exceedingly slender. Some, perhaps, are killed off, but presently the food becomes so small in quantity that to give it to the slaves would be to risk the precious lives of the owners. Thereupon the latter make one last effort—they simply take the food and leave the slaves to shift for themselves. If they were able to move, this might not be an altogether deplorable fate, but as they are not abandoned until they are exhausted, and are left with the "slave-stock"—a heavy piece of wood notched and fastened to the neck—still upon them, they have very little chance of escaping from the wild beast whom the night sends to put them out of their misery. It will be to the eternal honor of Livingstone's memory that he did more than any other human being to abolish the infamous and degrading traffic. Though he has passed from the scenes of his labors, his works follow him, and ere long we may anticipate a suppression of this atrocious trade through the closing of the market for the supply of which it is kept up.

How Infants are Saved.

It is one of the glories of our blessed gospel that it takes the children under its warm and protecting wing, while every false religion disregards and undervalues them. The gospel declares that children receive the benefits of Christ's redemption.

If infants then are saved, how are they saved? They have never done evil, and yet they die. They are treated as Adam deserved to be treated, though they have not sinned as Adam sinned. Why do they die? It must be because they are sinners; and sinners they could only become by sinning in Adam, who acted not for himself merely, but for the race that was to follow. His fall was the fall of man, infants as well as adults. But "as the offence, so also is the free gift." As death was entailed by the guilt of Adam, so life is conferred by the obedience of Christ. Infants never did evil, and yet die; they never did good, and yet they are saved. Condemnation comes upon them from Adam, and justification from Christ. Their bodies return to dust, because Adam violated God's law; their souls are earned to glory, because Christ magnified that law and made it honorable. Infants first sinned in Adam, and became mortal; they were next "crucified with Christ," and consequently are "raised up with Him in heavenly places." Infants are thus placed between Adam and Christ, inheriting a taint from the former, and transferring that taint to the latter, who is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. They are connected with the first by natural descent, with the second by grace. They are lost in one, and saved in the other. The ground of safety for both adults and infants is the same; but as adults have differed from infants by their having added personal sin, so they must differ from infants in the mode of deliverance, by adding active faith—that faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.

Christ's righteousness would be transferred to adults if their unbelief and rejection of the gospel did not erect a positive barrier; but there can be no such barrier in the case of infants, and, therefore, that full tide of mercy, righteousness, and peace which is pouring down from heaven and seeking entrance into every man's heart, finding no such obstacle in the case of infants, fills their hearts with its fullness, and fits them for their glorious destiny. None shall be lost except those who reject the remedy. If infants under the law are partakers of Adam's fall, without any personal act may we not infer that under the gospel, without any personal act, they are partakers of the grace of Christ?

The beautiful epitaph that was once inscribed upon the slabs that covered the resting place of the bodies of four little children may well bring comfort, because of its truthfulness, to every bereaved parent:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!  
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie.  
Say, are they lost, or saved?  
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they lie here,  
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.  
Reason, ah! how depraved!  
Revere the Bible's sacred page; the knot's untied—  
They died, for Adam sinned; they live for Jesus died."

The olive thus blooms over the grave of every infant, and the palm waves in the land of every infant as it takes its place before the throne; and there out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Saviour's praise is perfected.—Joseph Saunders, D.D.

A MAN who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities; who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand; who defies fate, and if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

CHARACTER is of prime importance to the workers for Jesus. If his conduct is not approved by the conscience of those who seek to benefit, he will do them no good. Character is power far more than knowledge. It is so even in a worldly sense. A man may have foes who work hard to injure him, but if he can pursue an unswerving course of rectitude, he can well permit his "character to take charge of his reputation." "I would give ten thousand dollars for your character," said a dishonest dealer to one of sterling integrity, "because it would enable me to make double that amount of money."

Random Readings.

FAITH doth engraft a man, who is by nature a wild olive-branch, into Christ, as into the natural olive, and fetcheth sap from the root Christ, and therefore maketh the tree bring forth fruit in its kind; yea, faith fetcheth a supernatural efficacy from the death and life of Christ, by virtue whereof it metamorphoseth the heart of the believer, and createth and infuseth into him new principles of action; so that what a treasury of all graces Christ hath stored up in Him, faith draineth and draweth them out to those of a believer; being as a conduit-cock, that watereth all the herbs in the garden; yea, faith doth apply the blood of Christ to a believer's heart, and the blood of Christ hath in it not only a power to wash from the guilt of sin, but to cleanse and purge likewise from the power and stain of sin. And therefore, saith godly Hooker, if you would have grace, you must first of all get faith, and that will bring all the rest. Let faith go to Christ, and there is meekness, patience, humility, and wisdom, and faith will fetch all to the soul; therefore, saith he, you must not look for satisfaction till you come to Christ in vocation.—Thomas Boston.

If you would be converted and saved, labor to understand the necessity and true nature of conversion; for what, and from what, and to what, and by what it is that you must turn. Consider in what a lamentable condition you are till the hour of your conversion, that you may see it is not a state to be rested in. You are under the guilt of all the sins that ever you committed, and under the wrath of God, and the curse of His law; you are bond-slaves to the devil, and daily employed in his work, against the Lord, yourselves, and others; you are spiritually dead and deformed, as being void of the holy life, and nature, and image of the Lord. You are unfit for any holy work, and do nothing that is truly pleasing unto God. You are without any promise or assurance of His protection, and live in continual danger of his justice, not knowing what hour you may be snatched away to hell, and most certain to be damned if you die in that condition. And nothing short of conversion can prevent it. Whatever civilities, or amusements, or virtues are short of true conversion, will never procure the saving of your souls. Keep the true sense of this natural misery, and so of the necessity of conversion of your hearts.—Baxter.

WHILE we hear even hardened Pharaoh, under the dread of immediate destruction, not only consenting to let the Lord's people go, according to the utmost demands of Moses and Aaron, but even exhorting them to bless him also, we may know what, in general, to think of the confessions and pious language which are extorted from many wicked men, when death affrights them, which, being injudiciously attested as genuine repentance by some Christians and ministers, often give the encouragement to others to procrastinate, in the hope of being saved in the same manner.

The venerable Dr. Tynge says—and who knows better than he?—"A Christ-loving pastor will be always a child-loving pastor. The real victory over a young heart is a castle for your life. Pray for the young. Pray with them in language perfectly simple, in terms expressive. Lay aside your grandeur and be yourselves little children with them. They will cling to the knees which have bent with them before the throne. You can never have a happier ministry than this. And if you are truly faithful in it, you will get, in the affection and faithfulness of the young of your flock, a most abundant reward."

"It is a mistake to suppose that Sabbath-keeping is a thing merely of religious observance, or especially a tenet of some particular sect; on the contrary, the setting apart by the whole community of one day in seven wherein the thoughts of men and the physical activities shall be turned into another than their accustomed channel, is a thing pertaining as much to the law of nature as is the intervening of the nights between days."—Bishop on Criminal Law.

THE more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. Now, to pass from midnight into noon on the sudden, to be decrepit one minute and all spirit and activity the next, must be a most desirable change. To call this dying is an abuse of language.—Cuyler.

ONE of the great instruments of religion is prayer. We are commanded to ask in order to receive, and he must have but little sense of those good things which God daily bestows upon him, who refuses to give the tribute of a thankful heart. He must have slight notions of his own weakness and impotency who does not seek help from above.—Nelson's "Practices of True Devotion."

"I EXPECT," said a worthy Quaker, "to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or anything I can do for my fellow-men, let me do it now. Let me not neglect nor defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Do not require in others more perfection than in yourself; and do not be astonished at the diversity of imperfections; for imperfection is not greater merely because it is unusual. Behave like the bees—suck the honey from all flowers and herbs.—St. Francis de Sales.

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness," and the preacher who lays hold of it, bringing it within reach of struggling and despairing men, shall never lack hearers or rejoicing converts. If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble, for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so is beloved of none but itself. The voice of humanity is God's music, and the silence of humanity is God's rhetoric.

I WILL hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.—Ames.