

Parrot and People.

Sowing Among the Rocks.

"That no man take thy crown."

A wealthy Christian, who was free with his money but rather chary of his labour, was appointed to look after the poor of a certain district in the division of Church labour for the winter. At the end of a month he reported: "A hard field; all Catholics, who, while they hate us and the Gospel, accept our charity even if they have funds in the bank. I feel that I have been sowing among the rocks, and have lost all faith in the work."

"There was a great deal of hard truth in his words. Let us be as cautious as we will, our money and our labour will frequently be wasted on those who despise us and evade the gospel of love; who covet, while they do not need, our charity; who are hoarding money or giving it to build costly churches. But shall we therefore cease to do good to any? Shall we fold our hands and look quietly on while Satan defies God and builds up his own strong towers? Shall we neglect the needy, because of the wrong-doing of the deceivers among whom they dwell?"

Had this gentleman, who had "lost all faith in his mission work," known the secrets of one poor heart and life "among the rocks," he would have risen from his bed at night and gone with an arm and comfort to a dark, cold room in a house from which he had once turned away in disgust and discouragement.

In a lonely room at the top of this house, there sat at midnight a young mother watching her dying child. She was not the only watcher under that roof which sheltered so much of sin and sorrow. Their were wives watching with trembling hearts and pallid lips for the unsteady step of their husbands on the stairs. Their were mothers listening long and vainly for erring sons and daughters. There were men stealing hours from sleep, drinking and playing and quarrelling. The neighbours who had hearts of women, were wrapt in their own cares; those who had not, were sleeping as soundly as if death were not among them.

There was no light in that lonely room; there was no oil to fill the lamp. There was no fire in the stove, and no coal to make one. The moon in mercy shone in at the window, and lighted the poor mother at her work. The sick child cried, and reached out its thin white hand for milk. But it was frozen in the pail! The woman skimmed off the pearly crystals with her hand, poured the milk into the bottle, and then laid it in her bosom to give it warmth!

When the child had moistened its parched lips it fell into a troubled sleep; and as she watched it the mother prayed, or more properly, she talked to God. She had none else to talk to in this great, strange land; poor lonely heart!

"Oh Lord, God o' my fathers!" she cried, "I was an evil and ungrateful child when I left the love ye gave me in true and faithful hearts, and took up with false love, and forsook my blessed home with one who had no fear o' God afore his eyes. He promised to love, cherish and protect me; but he loves and cherishes only himself, and can't protect even that! Pity the soul o' him, Lord; but take me back to my mother, or shut me up in the grave away from sorrow and sin. Here's the darlin' baby, Father; the only thing that I have to love in this great, strange country; I give it to thee. I could not see it grow up among the wicked, or hear its red lips cursing God! Take it away to yourself, and then hold me up while I bear the punishment o' my sin agin my godly parents. Oh, well they knew that the lad, brought up in a false religion, and havin' no religion at all, would break the heart o' their darlin' child—and so he has—poor sinner! I've been a willful child, Lord, and forsaken thy love for an unworthy one, but thou seest the heart, and knows well that I love thee yet above all, and how my poor head under the rod! I thank thee for the peace that's in my soul, and for my joy in thy blessed will. Take the baby, afore it suffers more, to thine own lovin' arms, and bring the poor sinning father o' it to his senses, that his sin may be forgiven, and his soul saved, and I'll glorify thy name forever, when I'm safe with yourself and the angels. Amen."

God heard this simple prayer for the baby, and took it before the dawning of the day. And the young mother sat in the gray light, tearless beside her dead child, anxious—not as to how her own hunger should be satisfied—but how it should be buried out of her sight; for she was a stranger, and knew not where to go or whom to ask in reference to the solemn service.

And where was the father of the baby; the man who had wooed a virtuous child away from her Christian home? Alas! having broken the laws of the land many times, he had been at length arrested, and was paying the penalties of his crimes. She was more than alone, for she was shunned by her neighbors, even by those no better than he.

There were doubtless women in that great house who begged money and bread, and stored their earnings in the bank, or sunk them in great costly churches, but she was not one of them. She had neither fire nor light, nor food for herself, nor a coffin, nor a grave, for her child. Was there ever a case of more helpless and hopeless poverty and woe than hers.

As the sun rose and the people in the house began to stir, it was whispered that the child was dead. Women looked in and spoke a pitying word, and children came to gaze in wonder on the great mystery. One woman said, "The city will bury it for you;" another, with her hands on her lips, sighed, "That's the only job that the poor gets done for 'em with a good will and no grumblin'."

But the poor mother did not know where to find the city, nor of whom to ask this bitter charity. She sat as still as if made of marble, so overcome with weariness and want as hardly to realize the work before her.

By and by a woman with her heart

full of love for the sorrowful came to the house on an errand connected with her work; and a child on the stairway said to her, by way of telling news: "There's a dead baby up stairs."

This poor woman knew in her soul what was involved in these few words—that some poor mother's heart, whether a pure one or not, was in anguish. So, with the memory of a dear little dead face in her heart, she turned her steps, and with the little girl for a guide, soon stood before the childless mother.

She laid her hand upon her shoulder, and said in a tender voice: "Poor woman! I know how to pity you. I buried my only child long ago, and would have been alone ever since only for the presence of Christ. He can pity and help you, as he did me." Then the tears started from the burning eyes of the poor stranger, who, grasping her visitor's hand, kissed it, and cried: "Oh! do you know Christ? Sit down and talk to me about Him; before my heart breaks."

The mourner had found a friend indeed—a poor labouring woman, it is true, but one who had not "lost faith" in Christian work, even though much of it was among the rocks.

Having heard the poor mother's sad story, she returned to her tidy little home, in a better tenement house near by, made toast and tea, sent in a basket of coal and kindlings, and returned to comfort the stranger. She went as she had often done for other bereaved mothers, and made arrangements for the funeral—not this time from the bare attic, but from her own cheerful room. This done, she came back, dressed the pale baby in its little blue slip, put the poor place in order, left a dollar for the last week's rent; and then, ordering the few things there sent to her, she wrapped the little sleeper in a shawl and took it and its weeping mother to her home.

Think of this, Christian women, who never toil with your needle for a necessary dollar; who have fine homes, plenty of leisure and every luxury! Did every one of you, since bearing the name of Christ, do as much as this to lift the lead of anguish from one human heart? Well may we, born to an easier lot, bow our heads in shame before such a labourer in Christ's vineyard as was this woman.

This humble worker was the messenger of pardon and peace from the wounded Saviour to His wandering child. She fed her, she clothed her, she sheltered her; she brought her out of a dark spiritual prison, and she was rewarded in her soul, even here, by the words of him who never speaks in vain: "Ye did it unto me."

Through the efforts of this noble woman the poor stranger, who had no longer anything to hope for from her convict husband, and who could no longer influence him for good, was returned to her father's cot, where she was received with full forgiveness and wild tokens of joy. She had taken "the crown" of the man who had lost faith in his work.—The Congregationalist.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The ministers who have recently taken part in the revival movement in the northern and western districts of the metropolis, and who have rendered good service in the inquiry rooms, are now gathering in the harvest and reaping the just reward of their labours. In nearly all their churches at the prayer meetings and other services there are fair congregations, where before there used to be very partial attendances. A very large number of professors of religion have been brought together who before were isolated and lost among the struggling masses, and whose affection for religion and piety were being trampled down in the great rush for wealth. Now, however, that they have been brought together, many bonds of union and good fellowship have been created, and many are assisting each other in doing something to reform and improve those in the various circles in which they move. The improvement is seen most markedly among the working classes, very many of whom are now doing their best as Christian helpers in the cause. There is extreme regret both in the northern districts and at the West End that the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now lost to those places. All prejudice against the revivalists seem fast dying out. Mr. Moody recently said that when they first came to London there were men who wrote against them, and used the press to insert extracts of the increase of alleged cases of religious mania and alleged madness in towns they had previously visited. He had also been a great deal maligned. There was one thing he asked in common fairness, and that was that people would not speak of him by hearsay, but just speak of him as they found him, and if they did that there would not be so much evil talk.

The services at the Victoria Theatre continue to be very fully attended, and Major Cole, of Chicago, has become quite a favourite with the poorer class of people who frequent the services there. The great feature in the meetings at this place is, that the persons who attend seem without the slightest idea of religion, and are utterly ignorant of the Bible history. A great deal of good is being done by the children's services, which Major Cole has a special aptitude for, and he has hit upon a happy expedient of showing practical kindness. At some of these children's services as many as 5000 plants, such as geraniums, verbenas, and roses are provided, and each child is presented with one. These flowers and little kindnesses are sent into homes and into many a dingy crowded attic where neither flowers nor kindness have ever been before.

Last Sabbath closed the services by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the Bow Road Hall, and the entire services were closed on Tuesday. On Sabbath there were four services held—namely, a prayer meeting in the early morning, a service for Christian Workers later on, an afternoon service for Women, and an evening service for Men. Admission to the two last was by ticket. The first and second were well attended; the latter were thronged, the neighbourhood of the hall, from two to

eight p.m., almost without cessation, exhibiting a continuous stream of people flowing right and left of the building to its various entrances. Services were commenced on Sabbath at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, and these will be repeated every Sunday during this and the ensuing month, when Gospel addresses will be given by the Earl of Caven, Lord Ralstock, Mr. V. Blackwood, and Mr. Henry Varley.

On Tuesday night Messrs. Moody and Sankey bade farewell to the East-end of London, where, since Monday, the 6th of April, with a few intermissions, they had preached and sung daily to audiences varying in numbers from 2000 to 15,000 persons. These services were held in Bow Road Hall on Tuesday—the midday prayer meeting, a special afternoon service and the usual evening service, and, except for a short time in the afternoon, it may be said the building was not empty from morn till night. No sooner was one audience dismissed than another came to take its place, and, had the space permitted, it is probable half as many people again would have heard the closing services. Mr. Moody intimated that arrangements were to be made for continuing the Bow Road Hall evening services, with the help of well-known metropolitan and provincial preachers, and now and then the Jubilee Singers.

The new Hall in Camberwell, which has been named Waterloo Hall, was opened on Thursday afternoon, when the first service was held. There were about 700 present. A service was held in the evening. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and the Rev. Mr. Aitken, Liverpool, gave addresses.

The South London Local Committee having felt very strongly that greater care should be taken in admitting workers into the inquiry room, having asked Mr. Moody to refrain from giving any general invitations to Christians to go and assist in the after meetings; and at a meeting of the committee, Rev. G. K. Findl reported that Mr. Moody had agreed to do so, upon condition that the Local Committee were willing and able to undertake the entire charge of the work in the inquiry room. This announcement was received with great satisfaction, and it was unanimously resolved—"That the members of this General Committee, during the continuance of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services in the Waterloo Hall, engage to assist in the inquiry room not fewer than two evenings a week, and to procure one or two suitable ladies and gentlemen to take part in the same work; also to render as far as possible such assistance in the afternoon as may be required."

We understand that Mr. Moody has secured his passage, and will leave this country early next month.

Dr. Cumming, Crown Court, recently alluding to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, said he had been informed that Mr. Moody was about to leave London. He had done a work unprecedented for eighteen centuries. Having read the observations on prophecy which had been made by Mr. Moody on a previous Sunday evening, he said that he had been much struck with the coincidence between Mr. Moody's and his own teaching on the subject of prophecy, and he intended to devote two or three coming Sunday evenings to considering the substance of Mr. Moody's teaching on the point, and to lecturing on "Mr. Moody and his place in prophecy." Mr. Moody occupied a prominent place in the fulfilment of prophecy as he announced to thousands who had attended his services. The very fulfilments pointed out by Mr. Moody were identical with those set forth by himself in Exeter Hall to the people some years since. Though on that occasion he had received ridicule and sarcasm, yet it was admitted at the moment he was speaking that the events pointed out by him were rapidly coming to pass. They were on the verge of stupendous issues, and these were all indications that Christ's second advent was imminent.—Review.

The Power of Faith.

It was the faith of Moses that made him despise the riches of Egypt; the faith of Joshua that made him valiant; the faith of Joseph that made him chaste; Abraham's faith made him obedient; Mary Magdalene's faith made her penitent; and the faith of St. Paul made him travel so far and suffer so much till he became a prodigy both by zeal and patience. Faith is a catholicism, and cures all the distemperatures of the soul; "It overcomes the world" (saith St. John); "It works righteousness" (saith St. Paul); "It purifies the heart" (saith St. Peter); "It works miracles" (saith our blessed Saviour); miracles in grace always, as it did miracles in nature at its first publication; and whatsoever is good, if it be a grace, it is an act of faith; if it be a reward, it is the fruit of faith; so that as all the actions of man are but the productions of the soul, so are all the actions of the new man the effects of faith. For faith is the life of Christianity, and a good life is the life of faith.—Jeremy Taylor.

Dr. McCosh.

A recent number of the Leisure Hour, says the Belfast Witness, contains a lengthened biographical sketch of our former fellow-townsmen, Dr. McCosh. He was born, we are told, in 1811, in Ayrshire, on the classic banks of the Doon. His ancestors for generations back were respectable farmers, strongly attached to the Presbyterian Church, and true to the good cause in troublous times. Mr. McCosh was educated at the parish school, whence, at the age of thirteen, he proceeded to Glasgow University. Here he studied five years, and here his philosophical genius first showed itself. By and by he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he studied under Chalmers and Welsh. In 1835 he was licensed to preach the gospel by a Presbytery of the Established Church of Scotland, and in the same year was elected to the Abbey Church of Arbroath. From the first, he attached himself to the Evangelical party of the Church, and for the three years, during which he remained at Arbroath, he laboured hard in its service, in conjunction with such men as Guthrie, laen minister of the neighboring parish of Arbroath. In

1838, he was appointed minister of Brechin, in Forfarshire. Here he had a very large congregation, the communicants on the roll numbering 1,400. Both in Arbroath and Brechin he was known as a minister of great zeal and faithfulness, being especially distinguished for his attention to the young. In 1848, when the Disruption rent the Church of Scotland in twain, he cast in his lot with the Free Church, and during the early years of its existence he labored very earnestly in its behalf, going as a deputy to England to raise funds, and in other ways advancing its cause. In 1850 the "Method of the Divine Government" appeared, and soon brought its author into favorable notice. Its early success was largely promoted by Hugh Miller's review of it in the columns of our Scottish newspaper—The Witness. In 1851 Dr. McCosh was appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. His career here will never be forgotten by the students who had the good fortune to study under him. After residing sixteen years among us—years during which he lent his cordial aid to every philanthropic project which commended itself to his mind, and won the esteem of all classes—he was appointed in 1868 to the Principship of the College of New Jersey, to the great loss of Ulster, but to the unspeakable gain of our transatlantic cousins.

Power of a Hymn.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

Let me relate the tender tale this hymn will never fail to call to mind. Visiting in an adjoining State, a few years since, I listened to a sermon from a young student, who, in his great self-depreciation and outspoken yearnings for holiness himself, as well as power to present its claims to others, never dreamed that he was sowing the seeds of an awakening in a far distant town! Earnest, almost frenzied, in the grasping of his hand to the impenitent, striving to reach every heart present with the appeal, "Come, come to Jesus now, while there is room!" the rush that succeeded his impressive words was broken only by the voice of the speaker repeating half to himself, (as if unconsciously of the presence of many listeners):

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

But O! the triumphant emerging from the "show of the cross," to the claiming of the reward, as he exclaimed after the lines—

"The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free!
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me!"

Prophetic word! The cross he had borne for his sister's sake, long and patiently, (as those knew who know his private life,) was to be exchanged for a crown indeed; for death came that week and set him free! Truly, the words of eternal life had come to us from one almost within the gates! His appeal was carried to the class who had never before heard his name, and one thoughtful young girl receiving the message as from heaven, went home, and with penitential tears looked herself into her room, resolving not to come forth until she came as a redeemed soul. Her glowing face revealed the happy story before she could tell it herself, through her tears, at the prayer-meeting that evening. Her conversion was, through God's blessing, the means of many others.—Congregationalist.

A Minister at Shrewsbury.

In the latter part of the last century, a Christian minister at Shrewsbury was brought to the closing scenes of his life. He had long grieved over his apparent uselessness in the Church of Christ, and when seized with his last illness this regret was considerably increased. The thought planted thorns in his pillow, and embittered his dying moments. At this very period, two persons, entirely unacquainted with the feelings of the departing minister, applied for communion with the church he had long served, and attributed their conversion to God to his labors. A friend immediately hastened to communicate the intelligence to the venerable man, who listened to the statement with holy joy beaming in his countenance; and then, gathering up his feet into the bed, adopted the language of Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," and closed his eyes forever on earthly objects.—Christian Treasury.

A Story with a Moral.

There was once a lady who was an officer in a Woman's Christian Association. At the regular annual meeting she always came out with her written report. In it she bemoaned beautifully her own past short comings. With tears in her eyes, and pathos in her tones, she told us how differently she was resolved to live in the future, and how much more efficient as an officer she was determined to be. We listened, open-mouthed, while she declared poetically:

"I'll waste no more in idle dreams my life, my soul away;
I wake to know my better self, I wake to watch and pray;
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain I've lavished all too long;
Henceforth to nobler purposes I pledge myself, my song."

The rest of us, mere commonplace women, who had not risen to such lofty heights of resolution, looked at her in admiration, and as she walked among us we held aside our garments that her spotless robes might not suffer by contact with them. But what did she go and do about it? The society went on with the prosaic work of feeding, clothing, and teaching the poor, rescuing the tempted and fallen, finding homes for the friendless, and all the rest of its appropriate duties, but our officer never once came down from her serene heights to mingle with us till the next annual meeting, when she burst full-berthed upon the scene, radiant in all the glory of a brand-new set of resolutions, more poetically pathetic than the last. After a few years we learned how much they were good for. I think we elected a new officer.—Advocate.

Random Readings.

THERE is no lottery in the gospel. A HUMBLE man has no catalogue of little sins.

Men who never do wrong seldom do anything.

VALUE a good conscience more than the praise of men.

The children of God are often augmentatively wronged and spiritually right.

He never yet put out a dim candle that was lighted at the Sun of Righteousness.—Charnock.

REMEMBER, there are no difficulties with God! My family, my position, my peculiar temptations—a secret Atheism!

PERHAPS there is not a more costly gift of God to man than human sympathy; yet there are a thousand fine springs that man's hand cannot touch.

SEEN in the light of God's love, sins be compared. So different from He who things, who looks at them by adoption's night, is a near walk with God.

God has fixed upon the earth two gates which lead to heaven. He has placed them at the two extremities of life—one at its beginning, the other at its end. The first is that of innocency, the second that of repentance.—Saint Pierre.

ONE may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate; but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations between the creature and creator.—Webster.

WHAT father does not like his child to say "Abba?" what father would like his child to stand before him as a servant? what father does not like to hear from his child the confidence of a child? Is it not then for the glory of God that his spirit of adoption should be sought?

I HAVE seen such sin in the church that I have often been brought by it to a sickly state of mind. But when I have turned to the world, I have seen sin working there in such measures and forms that I have turned back again to the church, with more wisdom of mind and more affection to it. I see sin, however, nowhere put in such an odious appearance as in the church.

If Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Draper, &c., are not atheists, as some over-caudid religionists are fond of asserting, their theism is certainly an infinitesimal quantity, not worth disputing about. It is merely giving the name God to an eternal, unoriginated force, to a law that never had a lawgiver, or to a series of sequences that might have been anything else, and still called law, had things got into any other train.—Taylor Lewis.

The essence of true nobility is the neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a flower.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some bird, afar, haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

AROUS not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temperament, for when he is once contradicted his mind is barred against all light and information; argument, though ever so well grounded, provokes him, and makes him even afraid to be convinced of the truth.

The happiness of our lives depends, in great part, on the character of our surroundings. We have friends, money, good position, prospering circumstances, and there is, literally, nothing to trouble us. The friends may be fickle and turn into enemies, the riches make themselves wings and fly away, and all that was fortunate may be driven off. What then shall we do? Where then shall we find repose? Jesus tells the weary and heavy laden that in Him they can find rest. This we know, if we reach it, must be superior to all the joys of life, and, hence, far more than a compensation for all its losses.

How few persons have what is called a real symmetry of character. It seems as if every one ran to some mania or other, some extreme; rode some hobby; nourished some pet scheme. If anything can awaken one's admiration more than aught else, in the study of Christ as a man, it is that he was perfect as respects a well-balanced mind and will, in fact in his whole character. It was complete equipoise, and it is just here we are to strive to imitate him in our lives. A man is truly great that can attain to such a height of character.

Men do well to watch and fight against obvious and sounding sins. They are numerous. They are on every hand. They are dangerous. They are armed and are desperate. They swarm the ways of life. Not one vice, not one crime, not one temptation, and not one sin of which the word of God warns us, is to be lightly esteemed. They are to be watched, and, in armor, we are to be proof against them. But these are not our only dangers. Tens of thousands of men perish, not by the lion-like stroke of temptation, but by the insidious bite of the hidden serpent; not with roar and strength, but with subtle poison. More men are moth-eaten than lion-eaten in life. And it behooves us, at times, to give heed to these dangers of invisible and insidious little enemies.

The most common and most serious failures in life originate in a want of respect for little duties. While wondering for what particular service Providence designed us, and looking abroad in search of that, the small and prosaic duties lying all about us are neglected and ignored. That was a wise remark that a certain teacher made to his pupils: "Many men are troubled about what God meant them to do; but young gentlemen, my experience teaches me that God means very few of us to do anything in particular." Our lives will be the sum of numberless small duties, and will be successful or unsuccessful, noble or ignoble, in proportion as we are true or untrue to these.