

from jurors to build a court house? The preacher's audience are asked to give liberal collections for various objects during the year. Would it not interfere slightly with the effect of the most brilliant effort ever made at the bar if the orator had to close his address by taking up a collection from the jurors on behalf of the Law Society or some other institution? When we find a lawyer whose jury voluntarily attend court, and who addresses them three times a week with a reasonable degree of interest for ten or fifteen years—who induces them to contribute towards his fees with a reasonable amount of liberality—who gets them to build and keep in repair a court house, and who asks a special collection from them at the close of every court, then we will admit that there is some analogy between the work of that lawyer and the work done by many of our ministers.

We have not alluded to the fact that the preacher has often to address his hearers on subjects that are most distasteful to them, while the lawyer is never put to any such serious disadvantage. Nor have we said anything about the fact that the faithful discharge of pastoral duty and the administration of discipline often put the preacher at a great disadvantage with some of his hearers. Enough, however, has been said to convince any reasonable man that the talk which we occasionally hear about superiority of lawyers over clergymen as public speakers is unmitigated rubbish. Law is a noble profession, and some of the most brilliant statesmen and purest patriots the world ever saw have been lawyers; and some of the best citizens Canada ever saw have been members of the bar.

We have no sympathy with the vulgar cry, about the dishonesty of lawyers, often raised by men who never saw as much money in their lives as many a lawyer could make by betraying his trust once. We have just as little sympathy, however, with the thoughtless ignoramus who goes away from listening to a first-class special spread himself for half an hour in good style under the stimulus of a hundred dollar fee, asking "why don't our ministers speak like that?" All lawyers are not "specials." There is only one Blake at the Equity bar, and there is perhaps not a common law lawyer in Ontario who has not his peer in some pulpit within a mile of him. As an effective speaker the average Presbyterian minister is head and shoulders over the average lawyer, and we cannot think of a locality in Ontario in which there is not a Presbyterian minister quite the equal, as a public speaker, if not greatly the superior of the best of his legal neighbours.

GOD'S UNFOLDINGS.

Sitting to-day in Christ's school (for that is an essential idea of His Church), let me say a few words to my fellow-scholars. The meek and the teachable will He guide in His way. There is room for us all in that spot where Mary sat—at the feet of Jesus. And the encouragement to us is: "Call unto me, and I will answer thee and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." This does not mean everything, even though our hearts may ache to find out many mysteries. The "secret things belong unto God." Over certain doors the inscription is affixed: "No admittance here." In heaven we may know these things even as we are known; but now they are wisely hidden from our eyes.

Yet our all-wise and loving God is constantly unfolding Himself to His earthly children. All scientific discovery is the passage from the unknown into the known; every truth discovered is a fresh unfolding of the Creator. Very slowly, very gradually is this progress effected. Centuries passed away before Galileo found out the rotation of the earth, and Newton the law of gravitation. Other generations must roll by before man learned enough about God's laws of electro-magnetism to fashion the ocean telegraph. Yet these laws were all in existence in the days of Noah and Abraham; only they had not yet been unfolded. I once spent a night on Mount Righi, and there was nothing visible for a rod from my window. But when the morning broke the icy crowns of the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn began to glitter in the early beams. They had been there all the night,

waiting for the unfoldings of the dawn. Even so have all God's laws of the material universe and all His purposes of redeeming mercy through Jesus Christ been in existence from the beginning. They only waited for the dayspring of discovery. And one of the most delightful occupations of a devout mind is to watch the unfoldings of God, and to drink in new truths as He gradually reveals them.

The more closely I study my Bible, the more I detect a steady progress of divine doctrine, from the first line of Genesis to the closing grandeur of the Apocalypse. That little altar of turf on which Abel lays his lamb points onward to Calvary. The whole Jewish dispensation goes on step by step until the Messiah comes. Then I find four sections of the Book which photograph the life of Jesus to me, each one presenting some particular view of my Saviour's face and footsteps, and miracles and teachings. Calvary and the resurrection only prepare the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit. Then comes the visible manifestation of the Gospel, in the conversion and organization of the Primitive Church. Peter's tongue, and Paul's brain, and John's heart, and Dorcas's needle all get into motion. These new converts require spiritual instruction, and the whole series of inspired epistles are produced. The man or the minister who asserts that the writings of the four evangelists are "Bible enough for him," and that the epistles of Paul are only excellent surplusage, but worthy of small attention, simply writes himself down an ignoramus. There is as veritable an unfolding of heavenly truth in the eighth chapter to the Romans as in the Sermon on the Mount. And when the laws of our spiritual life have been unfolded in the inspired epistles of Paul, John, Peter, and James, then the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse is unrolled, and we get a glimpse of Christ's final triumphs and the glory of his Celestial Kingdom. After John lays down his pen, History takes up hers, and carries us on through the martyrdoms of saints, and the councils, and the conflicts, and the Reformation period, and the inauguration of modern missions to the nations who sit in darkness. At the foot of every page she writes: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

In no direction do we behold more wonderful unfoldings of God than in what we call his Providence. This is a department of God's school in which we are learning fresh lessons every day. In Providence, divine wisdom is married to divine love. All things work together for good to them who love God and trust Him. The sceptic jeers at this; but the trusting Christian knows it from actual experience. It is often a dear-bought experience, for some of God's truths are knocked into us by hard blows, and some lessons are spelled out through eyes cleansed with tears. Our perverse mistake is that we demand that God shall explain himself at every step, instead of waiting for Him to unfold His intricate purposes at His own time and in His own way. Why A— is set up and good brother B— (who seems equally deserving) is cast down; why the only little crib in one Christian home is emptied by death, and the nursery in another home is full of happy voices; why one good enterprise prospers, and another one is wrecked—all such perplexing puzzles shake terribly the faith that is not well-grounded on the Rock.

To all these pitiable outcries the calm answer of our Heavenly Father is: "Be still, and know that I am God." "I lead the blind by a way that they know not." What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." These are the voices of love which come to us from behind the cloud. If we wait patiently, the cloud will break away or part asunder, and our eyes will behold the rainbow of mercy over-arching the throne. Twenty years ago I ascended Mount Washington by the old bridle-path, on a day of thick fog and storm. Over the slippery boulders we picked our toilsome way, unable to see anything but our sure-footed horse and our guide. A sulky company were we when we reached the "Tip-top House." But presently a strong wind swept away the banks of mist, and revealed the magnificent landscape from the mountain's base to the great wide sea.

As the wonderful vision unfolded itself to our delighted eyes, we could mark the pathway by which we had been led up to that mount of discovery. Tenfold more delightful was the outlook because we had gained it by such hard toil and it had been so long hidden from our sight.

That day's experience was a sermon to my soul. It taught me afresh just how a believer must leave God to order his footsteps, and how he must wait for God to unfold the hidden purposes of his love. Faith's stairways are steep and slippery. They can only be climbed by a sure foot and a steady hold on the Unseen Hand. In the hard clamber, we are often thrown down on our knees. Cry as loudly as we may in the driving mist for "more light," we do not receive any other answer than this: "Fear not! Only trust!" If we unloose our hold on God's hand for an instant, we go over the precipice. But the more tightly we cling, the steadier we walk; the more willing we are to be humbled, the more certain are we to get upward; the more crosses we bear for Christ, the lighter will be our hearts; and by and by we shall reach that gate of pearl the opening of which will unfold to us the everlasting flood of glory. These are among the thoughts which have come into my mind as I have sat to-day in Christ's school, while some of the scholars around me have been singing; but alas! some others are sobbing and weeping!—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neri:

A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the Saint. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said the Saint, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; you will then walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me."

Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey you, father, I will obey." Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered.

In a short time she returned anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah!" said the Saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps; pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied the Saint, "so it is with your words of slander, like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go and sin no more."

History does not tell if the lady was converted; but it is probable. It required a Saint to give the lesson; one should be a fool not to profit by it.

"OLD HUNDRED."

If it be true that Luther composed "Old Hundred," and if the worship of immortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration: "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now." The solemn strain carries us back to the time of the reformers, Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary in his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch—the