

Selected Articles.

I MOVE INTO THE LIGHT.

Out of the shadows that shroud the soul,
Out of the sea where the sad waves roll,
Far from the whirl of each mundane pole,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the region of cloud and rain,
Out of the cares that oppress the brain,
Out of the body of sin and pain,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the struggles of Church and State,
Out of the empire of pride and hate,
Up through the beautiful sapphire gate,
"I move into the light!"

Beyond the noise of creation's jars,
Higher than all the worlds and stars,
Higher than limits of reason's bars,
"I move into the light!"

We follow after those high spheres:
Notes of Thy rapture fall on our ears;
Out of our darkness, our sins, and fears,
"We move into the light!"

FERRIS, E. ADAMS, D. D.

A NIGHT ON MOUNT TABOR.

If I were asked which is the most beautiful of the hills of Palestine, there could be but one answer. Carmel, as it pushes out boldly into the sea, is grand and strong; great Hermon, lifting its broad shoulders against the sky, and covered with its crown of snow, is sublime; but Tabor is beautiful. Aside from its interesting historic associations the mountain is, in itself, a picturesque and romantic object. Symmetrically and gracefully rounded, like a cone or sugar loaf, it rises directly from the great plain of Esdraelon, some twelve or thirteen hundred feet in height, a conspicuous object from the whole region around. It is of limestone formation, and is thickly wooded on its northern and western sides with groves of oak and terebinth. The ascent is usually made from the north-western side, as the more accessible, but even there is difficult, and in some places dangerous.

Let us suppose ourselves at Tiberias, on the western shore of the sea of Galilee, just setting out in the early morning for a ride of five or six hours over the hills to Mount Tabor. The distance in a direct line is about fifteen miles, almost due west; but the distance to be traveled is, perhaps, sixteen or eighteen. Soon after leaving the town or city of Tiberias our path—for there are no roads in Palestine, only bridle paths—strikes across the hills to the west; but before we pass around the projecting shoulder of the cliff into the wady or water course beyond, let us turn and take one more look at the lake that lies below us. The sun is just rising, and its first beams, as they flash across the peaceful bosom of the lake, tinge its waters with a rosy glow as it lies calm at the foot of the hills, like a mirror of polished gold. We linger for a moment ere we pass on, for it is our last look, save from a distance, of the beautiful sea of Galilee. And now our path skirts the side of the mountains, gradually rising, until presently we come upon the lofty plateau of Hattin, where was fought a great battle between the Crusaders and the Saracens. Mount Hattin, with its horns, lies further to the right, conspicuous far and near. Tradition makes this the mount of beautitudes, and it is not improbable that it may have been.

The approach to Tabor is very fine. Our path winds through the groves of oak and terebinth, around the northern slope of the mountain, toward the west, and then, as we ascend, bending more toward the south until we reach, not far from the summit, a sort of rocky platform or terrace, directly above a little village at the foot of the mountain below, and from which point the whole plain of Esdraelon bursts at once upon the view as by enchantment. Nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the first view of the plain as seen from the terrace of which I spoke. Soft as a velvet carpet, with its rich and variegated colors, it stretches out afar to the south and west till it touches the distant hills of Samaria. It is not of uniform color, but broken up into patches or strips of red, white, or yellow, and green, according as the newly plowed, reddish earth, or the ripening grain, or the green grass meet the eye. An appearance very similar is presented from the summit of Mt. Holyoke, in western Massachusetts, as one looks down the Connecticut Valley, and the Hadley Meadows; although the view from Tabor is the more beautiful and the more extensive of the two.

But we are not yet at the summit, and must pass on. Our rocky path has become very steep and difficult, and we must look well to our steps.

On reaching the top of the mountain, I find the remains of a wall which formerly enclosed the entire area of the summit, with gateways, towers, and battlements, portions of which are still standing. It was once a strong fortress, and has been held as a military fortification by many different nations, for many centuries. It was inhabited, and probably fortified, by the original dwellers in Palestine before the time of Joshua and the Jews. It was held as a fortress in the time of Christ, and subsequently by the Romans. It was one of the strongholds of the Crusaders. Again and again it has been stormed, and captured and destroyed, and rebuilt. The whole summit of the mountain is full of the

runs of former buildings, and abounds in cisterns, many of which have escaped destruction, and contain a good supply of water. All the water used in building the Greek Convent which now stands on the site of the old convent of the early centuries was taken from one of these cisterns, discovered in digging the foundations of the new building. It supplied the builders for three years, during which almost no rain had fallen; and at the time of our visit was not yet exhausted.

The view from Mount Tabor is one of the most beautiful anywhere to be found. No spot in all Palestine compares with it except the hills of Nazareth, and travelers have never been able to decide which of the two is the most pleasing. The range of view is very wide. Let us climb this broken wall on the eastern side of the old fortifications and look out over the wide landscape before the sun goes down. Yonder to the north-west, stretching along the horizon as far off as you can see, is a line of silvery light. It is the Mediterranean. That mountain in the same direction is Carmel. Due west from where we stand, and only a few miles distant is the hill above Nazareth. Toward the northeast is visible a portion of the lake of Genesareth, which we have just left, and from that around to the south the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan. In the far north loom up the heights of Lebanon, with snow-capped Hermon crowning the whole, and nearer to us bold Hattin, with its horns. Between us and the Mediterranean lie the rich plains of Galilee, while to the south are the heights of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan fell in battle with the Philistines, and the little villages of Nain and Endor. To the one came the King of Israel, on the night before the fatal battle, to consult the witch; to the other came our Saviour, one day, and restored to life the widow's son. It was on the very summit where we now stand that Deborah and Barak assembled their forces the night before the great battle with Sisera. Down this steep declivity they rushed, at dawn, into the plain below; yonder they encountered the hosts of their enemies, and drove them headlong over the plain; yonder flows that river Bishon, which, swollen and impassable with the sudden rain, swept away and destroyed the mighty host.

But the shadows of evening are creeping over plain and hillside, and it is time for us to seek the shelter of our tents, which are pitched just outside the walls of the Greek convent. A night on Mt. Tabor is not to be forgotten. Not a sound breaks the deep stillness, save now and then the cry of a jackal, or the bark of some watch-dog from the village below is borne on the night-air.

Through the pure atmosphere the stars shine with peculiar brilliancy. Imagination is busy with the past. And as you fall asleep you fancy that you hear, in the deep stillness, the tread of the gathering host of Barak, as it creeps noiselessly up the mountain side to the place of rendezvous for the battle of the coming dawn.—*Lieut. J. Haren, D. D., in S. S. Teacher.*

IT WILL BE MASTER

I expect absolutely nothing of the man upon whom I see the marks of dissipation. Five years ago I remember to have made the acquaintance of a young man who had a pew in my church, and after I had known him a little while I used to wish that I could say something, but I hardly knew how. He was distant. His breath was not the most repelling thing to me. You know how it comes: you have seen it; a little fullness—getting a little full around the face, and a little fullness about the eyes; then a reddish appearance; then a florid aspect; then he passes from the reddish appearance into the florid, and from the florid into the purple—we have seen men purple. This young man is there now; he is in the purple stage. The next step is—death! The enemy has got the mastery of him. I never knew the man to whip. A great many have attacked this enemy in the firm conviction that "I have seen him slay others but I will be his master." O, how many are conquered! I know them and mark them. I see such young men almost every week, and converse with them about this matter of liquor drinking, and nine times out of ten they think they are safe.

I point out men who, twenty, fifteen or ten years ago, were moderate drinkers; but now liquor drinking has become their master. And you say, "I should think men would have more respect for themselves." So should I. But I simply prophesy, that if the habit is continued it beats you; it always has. That is its business. You are doing a thousand other things; but liquor has just one purpose; it is always on the lookout, always on the guard; it slumbers not, and sleeps not. It is like the coming of the snow flake, or the pointing of sculptor's chisel; it grows and multiplies; and multiplies, and grows. It is like sleep coming upon a man; a man never knows just the moment when he goes to sleep; and a man never knows just the day when liquor is his master. After a while he comes to acknowledge, like the miser "I am a slave."—*Robert Laird Collier.*

ESQUIMAUX IN LABRADOR.

After a three days' acquaintance, we found the natives quiet and well-behaved, honest in their dealings, of mild, gentle manners, always ready with a smile and a nod. They are remarkably intelligent, quick to learn, and far above the Indians in aptness and industry. They are taught to make boats, and there lay in the harbour a schooner of fifty tons, built and manned by Esquimaux. They also learn to read and write and sing. They seem to be good church goers, and are probably as free from vice, even of the grosser sorts, as their fellow-Christians in more favoured lands, who probably make greater pretensions to piety. But these people, so interesting to the students of fossil tribes whose remains are found in the shell-heaps and caves of the Old World, and to the anthropologist generally, are rapidly passing away, and before another century goes by, Labrador will probably be depopulated of its Esquimaux. They are even now partly dependent for their supplies on the kindness of their German friends, who in their care for their souls do not neglect the outer man. Consumption sweeps them away, about seventy having perished in the previous March from the colonies of Hopedale, Nain and Okkak—twenty-one alone having died at Hopedale, which numbers about two hundred souls. The wars between the Indians and Esquimaux have now ceased. Formerly the latter extended down to the straits of Belle-Isle, and four summers previous we saw the last full-blooded Esquimaux on the straits—the wife of an Englishman at Salmon Bay, at the mouth of Esquimaux River. She was a bold and skillful hunter, even more successful in shooting seals than the hunters in the neighbourhood, and a neat, capable housewife, withal.

In winter they go on lumbering trips, fifty miles up the rivers, bringing down logs fifty feet in length and twenty inches in diameter at the butt, a number of which were lying by the mission house. The girls and young women were, in some cases, quite pretty, with a neatly-turned foot, and an instep a queen would have been proud of. All seemed industrious, some filling orders for skin suits our party had given, or rubbing up their toys and other saleable articles for barter. The men do little more than hunt and fish; but I found that they were very observing, and, through a young man that spoke English, learned some important facts regarding the distribution of arctic animals. He said that the white bear was not unfrequently brought down from the north on the floe-ice, and was seen about the shore during the summer, while the black bear is common in shore.

Indeed, the flora and the fauna were here intensely arctic. On the hills and rocks about us was the little white sandwort, familiar to those rambling among the rocks of the summit of Mount Washington, with many other truly arctic forms, and the butterflies, moths and beetles that hovered over them, or ran among their leaves, were the most typical of arctic insects.

On showing our interpreter a book with the figures of the narwhal and walrus, we learned that one of the older men, when a boy, saw a narwhal off the harbour, indicating that that strange animal, now exclusively confined to the arctic seas, formerly ranged far to the southward, and may, during the glacial period, have been a New Englander. He also said that the walrus was never seen here. A century ago, however, the walrus lived along the Labrador shore, and our fishermen and whalers exterminated it from the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On showing him a picture of the lobster, he declared that both it and the common shore crab were not found north of Hamilton Inlet, where he had observed them. The sea-trout is taken here abundantly with the net. This seems to be a truly arctic fish. It was much more abundant than the salmon. The wolverine is not uncommon here. This was the border land between the arctic and boreal flora and fauna, the white bear disputing the proprietorship of the soil with the black, the arctic foxes outnumbering the red, and all the humbler forms of animal life being almost purely arctic, with a small percentage of more southern types. The climate is like that of Greenland, the scenic features of the land are thoroughly arctic, and the ice-laden sea of a temperature bordering on the freezing point, is frozen up fully six months in the year.

A voyage of two weeks from Boston or New York will bring one into these arctic surroundings. The summer days, when the sky is clear, are warm and delightful, the air is wonderfully invigorating, and a voyage to this coast often does wonders in restoring those afflicted with pulmonary diseases, as well as dyspeptics. When the summers are tolerably pleasant, and the coast free from fogs, yachting in these waters, though somewhat dangerous from the want of charts and pilots, is delightful, and our pleasure boats will doubtless often push their way up into these hyperborean regions. Curlew-shooting, reindeer hunts, a possible white bear, salmon-fishing, duck-shooting, and birds-nesting, will

entice them to explore the deep, awe-inspiring floods, the rapid rivers, and the rugged mountains of this picturesque and desolate coast.—*Appleton's Journal.*

HIS NATIVE TONGUE.

The other day, says the *Sunday School Times*, I was visiting a mission school, where most of the scholars were Germans. A plain man at my side was invited to address them. He rose, in stammering, broken English, began to talk. No impression was made. The boys shuffled with their feet, and the girls fidgeted, and the unhappy man went painfully on with his address. I was so full of sympathy with his embarrassment that I have not the least idea what it was about, nor had the children.

"Talk to them in German," said the superintendent.

What a change! The stammering tongue was loosed. The man's word came quick, terse, magnetic, leaping from his lips, and the school became at once attentive. They answered his questions—their faces responded—there was no more weariness.

He was speaking in his native tongue.

Friends, when we talk of the love of Jesus to sinners, are we speaking in our own or a strange language? O, if we love Him, we shall know how to speak, and the words will come swift as the words came when we talk in the tongue in which we were born.

THE ANCIENT RING.

A man who wished to buy a handsome ring went into a jeweller's in Paris and desired to see some. The jeweller showed him a very ancient gold ring, remarkably fine and curious on this account, that on the inside of it were two little lions' claws. The buyer, while looking at the others, was playing with this; at last he purchased another, and went away. But he had scarcely reached home, when first his hand, then his side, then his whole body, became numb and without feeling, as if he had had a stroke of the palsy; and it grew worse and worse till the physician, who came in haste, thought him dying. "You must somehow have taken poison," he said. The sick man protested that he had not. At length some one remembered this ring, and it was then discovered to be what used to be called a death ring, and which was often employed in those wicked Italian States three or four hundred years ago. If a man hated another, and desired to murder him, he would present him with one of them. In the inside was a drop of deadly poison, and a very small hole out of which it would not make its way except it was squeezed. When the poor man was wearing it, the murderer would come and snake his hand violently, the lion's claws would give his finger a scratch, and in a few hours he was a dead man. Now see why I told you this story. For four hundred years this ring had kept its poison, and at the end of that time it was strong enough almost to kill the man who had unintentionally scratched his finger with the claw; for he was only saved by great skill on the part of the physician, and by the strongest medicines. I thought, when I read this story, how like this poison was to sin. You commit a sin now, and for the present forget it; and perhaps ten or twelve years hence the wound you then, so to speak, gave yourself, may break out again, and that more dangerously than ever. And the greatest danger of all is lest the thoughts of sins committed, and the pleasure we had in committing them, should come back upon us in the hour of death.—*Dr. J. McNeal.*

VARIETY IN THE PRAYERS.

A point to which we wish to make special reference, is the impropriety of the one who leads in the first prayer, embracing the whole range of subjects for which prayer is offered, so that all the succeeding prayers will only be a repetition of what has gone before. This is often done, not only by the members of the Church, but also by the pastor. And the length of the first prayer, and the repetitions of those which follow, do much to explain why so many prayer-meetings are such uninteresting and dull affairs.

Each prayer should be short, and should, for the most part, be confined to a single line of thought. Then there will be a sufficient variety, and a deliverance from the "vain repetitions" inflicted on so many prayer-meetings, and which make them utterly unprofitable. Indeed, if the prayer-meeting is to be attractive and useful, there must be a good deal of variety in the prayers, in the hymns, in the addresses, and in the order of exercises. A stereotyped form will soon chill the life out of all kinds of social worship. As a general rule, familiar hymns and tunes, expressive of lively emotion, should be selected; and there ought to be a good deal of singing. A dull hymn, a lifeless tune, long and repetitious prayers, and a scattering, pointless address, will soon make a prayer-meeting a place not desired by any one.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

PRAYERS FOR DONALD GRANT.

In the Highlands of Scotland, punctuality at public worship is reckoned among the cardinal virtues. The people for generations have been trained to reverence God's day and His house, so that it is considered not only wrong, but also disreputable, to lounge at home, or to stroll over heath and burn, while others are honouring God in the sanctuary.

There lived in this region, some years since, an honest farmer, yeoman Donald Grant. He was very wise for this world; and while professing better things, he gave all his strength and energy to his six days' toil, so that when the Sabbath came he was unfit for the service of the sanctuary. One in the season of barley harvest, when farm help was scarce, Donald so over-wrought himself on Saturday, that his seat in the "auld kirk" was empty the next day. He remained at home to recruit his powers for a fresh campaign on Monday. Some wag in the parish knowing Donald's besetting sin, and fearing the effect of his example on others, resolved to nip the delinquency in the bud, and took the case into his own hands.

In the afternoon, when the pastor entered the pulpit, he found a note in which was written: "The prayers of this church are requested for Donald Grant." The minister was taken by surprise, not having heard of his illness, but remembered, as also did the people when the note was read, that his family pew was tenantless in the morning. After service, one asked another what ailed Donald Grant, but none could tell his neighbour; and all decided that some sudden illness had brought the request directly from the family.

The Sabbath passed, and Donald, refreshed by many hours of sleep, and by the sweet breeze and holy calm of his native hills, rose on Monday like a strong man to run a race. But scarcely had the sun begun to gem the dewy heather, when above the wetting of the sickle, he heard the stentorian voice of Sandy Graham, the village blacksmith.

"Hoot man, are ye at it this early, after the deathly illness o' yesterday?"

It was in vain that Donald protested he had never been better. Sandy declared he was out of his head and ought to be taken back to bed—he could see by the colour of his face there was a high fever on him!

While yet he was speaking, they were joined by Duncan McIver and Malcolm Sterling, two large hearted neighbours, coming to sympathize in Donald's affliction, and to proffer their aid in reaping his barley; and before any explanation could be made of the puzzling matter, the loving old minister, staff in hand, had arrived with the oil of consolation.

Donald persisted in saying he was never more hearty; when the pastor asked, "Why, then, mon, did ye forsake your seat in God's house, and implore the prayers of his people?"

"Aweel, aweel, then," replied Donald, in amazement, "I was awa' frae the kirk wi' the aching o' my limbs, frae the week's work, but I asked prayers o' no mon alive?"

The joke was perceived, and the pastor reminded Donald that the man who absented himself from God's house for no better reason than his ought to ask the prayers, if he did not!

Donald Grant lost more time in entertaining the many who came to inquire for him on Monday, than he had gained by resting on the Sabbath; but he learned a lesson he did not forget. The barley harvest never kept him at home again on the Sabbath.

Should it be taken for granted that sickness afflicted the families of all who absent themselves from our churches, we should have a long list of names to be prayed for.—*Central Presbyterian.*

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

Conversation about religious things is not necessarily irreligious; much of it is very religious. All such conversation about ministers, churches, and good men, that is dictated by suspicion, or envy, or jealousy, or rivalry, is selfish, and therefore irreligious. Religious conversation is that which is dictated by Christian charity. It is always reverent towards God, and loving towards all men.

Our duty to engage in such conversation is seen from the command, "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children," etc. And also from the command of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

As to the methods of personal religious conversation, we have not only a Divine command, but a Divine model, and may refer to the conversation of Nathan with David; of Philip with Nathaniel; of Philip with the Eunuch; of the Saviour with Nicodemus; also with the woman of Samaria; and also with the disciples journeying to Emmaus. All these were written for our examples, and are perfect models for our imitation.