

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

Tiberias' waters kiss the beach,
And ripple on the shingly shore;
And form their gurglings into speech
To bless the world for evermore.

And, wandering where the wavelets meet,
I catch the echo of their song;
And while they murmur at my feet,
The long-gone years around me throng.

I see the fisher ply his oar,
I hear the rustle of the sail,
I see the skiff glide from the shore,
I watch the light of evening pale.

Fair Venus trims her silver lamp,
And sheds abroad her ray of love;
The night still deepens; shadows damp
And dusky o'er the waters move.

At length the sea begins to glow,
A golden pathway to the sun;
'Tis morn—the toilers homeward row,
No capture theirs, no bounty won.

Ah! fruitless task—ye night-worn men,
Take heart, for see I on yonder strand
He comes, unveiled to sight again,
Lord of the ocean and the land.

"Say, children, have ye any meat?"
The waves wake music at His word;
And press to lave His wounded feet;
The floods rejoice, and own their Lord.

"Launch out again unto the deep
Let down the nets and take a draught;
Why thus so near the shallows keep?
'Tis in the depths the fish are caught."

"'Tis night we've toiled, no gain have we;
Yet at Thy word we will obey."
Again they seek the open sea,
Anew the untangled net they lay.

And now the meshes bend beneath
The myriad forms that struggling rise
With glistening scales and gasping breath;
"It is the Lord!"—the loved one cries.

Oh Sea of Galilee, so well
Thou bid'st our troubled hearts be still;
Of Him, bright sea, thy waters tell,
A wealth so deep our net to fill.

MINNIE G. FRASER.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE SEEING EYE OF THE CHILD.

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

How wide is the range of vision! It takes in a wider sweep than any other sense. It has a magnificent sphere for the exercise of its powers: the far-reaching, glorious heavens above, the widespread, beautiful landscape below, and the human face divine. And these teem with wondrous things. We are not surprised that the saints cry out: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty." They see them. Is it not strange that this whole realm of glory may be open to the eye and yet not seen? The open eye is not always the seeing eye. The seeing eye is the eye with the soul sitting in it, taking note. And that is the nature of the eye in every little child. It is feeding its growing mind by the ministry of its eye. Seeing, and noting everything. Nothing passes before it in vain. It may not speak of everything, for the simple reason that its means of communication, words and phrases, are limited and not easily handled. Yet it sees, and notes, and thinks about them all. Long afterward the impressions will discover themselves in some form. What is seen is ever remembered. It is photographed and fixed forever upon the mind, and like the letters cut in the bark of a young tree, it grows and expands with the growth and strengthens with the strength. The earlier the vision the more room it finds to accommodate itself and imprint itself on the sensitive tablet of the memory. These earliest impressions are got in the home. The actions of the parents are the first open book the child reads; and that in their entire circle, toward themselves, toward the little ones and toward strangers. Everything is seen, the looks; the motion of the head and the hand, the whole bearing. The knee cannot be bowed in prayer, the face cannot be illumined with joy or grow dark with sadness, the eyes cannot pour out rivers of waters that run down the cheeks, the mouth cannot express contempt or kindliness, without being seen. The eyes of the children see each little change in those about them, and often are found mimicking it. What care should be taken of the every-day life, that flows on unconsciously, that nothing should enter into it of any hurtful tendency. Whatever is done before the child is regarded by him as sealed with approbation which may warrant its reproduction; consequently we

find it imitates. Bertel Thorwaldsen was on one occasion playing in the court, where his father, Gottschalk, was at work on the figure-head of a ship. Presently the little fellow ceased his play, and after observing his father for some time, he took up a piece of wood, and carved such an excellent representation of the head that the father was struck by this exhibition of talent, and at once placed his son at the Free School of Art, where the inborn genius of the lad rapidly developed. As it was with Thorwaldsen in this particular, so it is with all children in some degree in every other. They copy the lines of life set before them as accurately as they can, good and bad alike; the rage of stormy passion, or the smiles of sweet content; the open, honest utterance of thought, or the foolish and deceitful guises of unreality and untruth; the pleasant courteous carriage, or the blunt, boorish bearing; the ways of thoughtful people, or the course of unwise rashness. They pick up what they see before their eyes. Edmund Burke says very truly: "It is by imitation, far more than by precept, that we learn everything; and what we learn thus we acquire not only more effectually but more pleasantly." This forms our manners, our opinions, our lives." John Ruskin informs us that the real bias of his after-life was given to him by his father, who had a rare love of pictures. "Wherever," he says, "there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night; and in the reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England, not myself indeed at that age caring for the pictures, but much for castles and ruins, feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration." Dr. John Tyndall, some time ago, gave in a lecture delivered at the Birkbeck Institution, this pleasant autobiographical bit—it casts some light on his life: "Speaking of the opportune beneficence of Dr. Birkbeck's movement reminds me that, in the days of my youth personally and directly, I derived profit from that movement. In 1842 and thereafter, it was my privilege to be a member of the Preston Mechanics' Institution—to attend its lectures and to use its library. One experiment made in these lectures I have never forgotten—Surgeon Corliss, I think it was, who lectured on respiration, explaining among other things the changes produced by the passage of air through the lungs. What went in as free oxygen came out bound up in carbonic acid. To prove this he took a flask of lime-water, and, by means of a glass tube dipped into it, forced his breath through the water. The carbonic acid from the lungs seized upon the dissolved lime, converting it into carbonate of lime which, being practically insoluble, was precipitated. All this was predicted beforehand by the lecturer; but the delight with which I saw his prediction fulfilled, by the conversion of the limpid lime-water into a turbid mixture of chalk and water, remains with me, as a memory, to the present hour."

This is the common experience. Allan Cunningham tells us that John Opie, the painter, when he was ten years old, saw Mark Oates—an elder companion, afterward a captain of marines—draw a butterfly; he looked anxiously on, and exclaimed: "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." He took a pencil, tried, succeeded, and ran breathless home to tell his mother what he had done. Soon afterward he saw a picture of a farmyard in a house at Truro, where his father was at work; he looked and looked, went away—returned again and looked—seemed unwilling to be out of sight of this prodigy. For this forwardness his father—whose hand seems to have been ever ready in that way—gave him a sharp chastisement; but the lady of the house interposed, and indulged the boy with another look. On returning home he procured cloth and colours, and made a tolerable copy of the painting from memory alone. How long will the eye carry the picture that it sees? I have heard of the faces of murderers being found photographed on the eyes of the murdered man. How long does the image remain there? Much longer than sound lingers in the ear, perhaps; so that the impression on the memory is deeper and more vivid. No doubt it would be exceedingly difficult to give a just comparative value to each; both being so mighty in their influence, and so permanent in their impression.

Alfred Cookman, the devoted minister of the Gospel, whose last words: "Sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," have been woven into song, and married to music, and carry a consecrating energy into hundreds of hearts, had a noble father—whose wife was of a kindred spirit—and his life-motto was: "I must be a man of one work—dead to the world and alive to Christ."

The life Alfred saw was seized by him ardently. His mother says: "The tone of his mind had always a religious tendency, and before he was four years of age he imitated all the services of the Church. He would sometimes collect a crowd of coloured children around him, and in his childish way preach to them about the necessity of being good, and then they would go to heaven and live with Jesus; but if they were bad boys and girls they would go to hell, and be burned in a great hot fire."

Instances illustrative of the power of the seen over the heart and upon the life of the child might be greatly multiplied. The world is full of them. To this we are indebted for the imagery in our poets and the

stately periods of our prose writers. What the youthful eyes looked upon was food for the imagination to grow by, and the future artist (to build up his lofty rhyme and vigorous sentence with. A very large province of what is seen nurtures the intellectual nature; but a still larger province ministers to the moral nature. To the seeing eye, everything speaks; everything is a symbol, everything writes itself indelibly on the heart and on the memory. And under the force of reflection, like a leaf under the microscope, it unfolds itself with marvellous minuteness and power. The observed act or thing, therefore, becomes an educative force of no mean character, which makes the circumstances and conditions in the midst of which a child is reared a matter of great consequence. This cannot be thought of seriously without awakening a care for the life the child sees day by day; and a desire too that it may be pure, and elevating and good—such as it may imitate without loss, or encouragement of evil in it, such as it may rise up into with delight and joy. Would that our young people ever, and only, saw within the sacred precincts of the home the angel face of holiness (Acts vi. 15); the bent knee of prayer; the gracious smile of content and affection; the deft hands of industry, and all those beautiful attentions, each to the other, which bespeak a refined feeling and a cultivated moral taste! This luxurious loveliness and sweetness would so win upon them that unconsciously they would be drawn to a life of unspeakable grace.

THE PASTOR'S ADVOCATE.

There is now lying before me a little book, published about 200 years ago, part of which bears the title of "The Pastor's Advocate."

I should like to give lengthy extracts from this book, for its powerful arguments seem to me to be thoroughly unanswerable. Nay, I could wish it were reprinted *in extenso*, so that its sharp reproofs might prick the hearts of those who are careless of the welfare of God's ministers, and unconcerned about their own share of responsibility in the matter. But time and space forbid this indulgence; so I must content myself with one quotation, in which, as the author himself affirms, "there is much gold for little ore—words and matter close and sweetly couched":

"The maintenance of the legal ministry, allowed and appointed them by God Himself, was exceeding large and liberal; for beside all the tithes of corn, wine, oil, herbs, herds and flocks, they had forty-eight cities set forth for them, with the fields round about them, to the extent of 2,000 cubits every way. They had the first-fruits of wine, oil and wool, and in a large proportion, insomuch that he was held to be a man of an evil eye that gave less than the sixtieth part. They had the first-born of cattle, sheep, beeves and goats, and the price of the rest upon redemption; even the first-born of men must ransom themselves at five shekels a man. They had the oblations and vows of things dedicated to God. They had the "Temple" loaves, or cakes of shew-bread, and no small share in meat offerings, sin offerings, trespass offerings and heave offerings. Of sacrifices eucharistical they had the breast and shoulder, of others the shoulder and two cheeks. Yea, the very burnt offerings afforded them a *hide*. And besides all these, all the males were to appear before the Lord thrice a year; and no one of those which came up might appear empty-handed. In a word there were no less than twenty-four several sorts of gifts allotted to the priests of God's law, and though the Levites were by far the least of all the tribes, their revenues did exceed the possessions of any other tribe of the children of Israel. And can any reasonable man imagine that the same God, who was so bountiful in his provision for the legal ministry, should bear less respect to the evangelical, which is far more worthy and excellent than the other? And, therefore, St. Paul (1 Cor. ix. 13-14) doth justly argue from the maintenance of the one, a meet proportion for the fit sustentation of the other. Ministers, above all other men, should be honoured, respected and rewarded; ministers are our pastors, to feed us; they are God's husbandmen, to till His ground, and sow His seed; they are watchmen, appointed by God to give warning of ensuing danger; they are dispensers of the mystery of the Gospel and deliver to us what they receive from God; they are the stewards of God's House, to give to every man his portion of meat in due season. They are the light of the world, and not only shine forth by a holy life, but enlighten us also by their heavenly doctrine; they are the salt of the earth, to season us with wholesome instruction and exhortation; they are our captains, to fight God's battles against our spiritual adversaries, and our leaders, to instruct us in the warfare against sin. They are God's ambassadors, to declare His message to us, and they are workers together with God, in converting and saving our souls. Should not such as these be honoured, respected and rewarded? St. Paul's words are: 'Let them that labour in the Word and doctrine, if they rule well, be counted worthy of double honour.'

"Oh, that those whom it shall concern would hearken unto me, as they would have God another day hearken unto them."—*Mrs. Spurgeon.*