

Pastor and People.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me,
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
"O foolish souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true."

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow,
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow
And I thought I heard him say,
As he came along his way,
"O wandering souls! come near me
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

At last I stopped to listen;
His voice could not deceive me!
I saw his kind eye glisten,
So anxious to relieve me,
And I thought I heard him say,
As he went along his way,
"O dying souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly he kissed me,
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how he had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard him say,
As he went along his way,
"O precious souls! come near me,
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

Strange gladness seemed to move him
Wherever I did better;
And he coaxed me so to love him,
As if he was my debtor.
And I always heard him say,
As he went along his way,
"O precious souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

I thought his love would weaken,
As more and more he knew me,
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me
And I ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,
"O foolish souls! come near me,
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

Let us do then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus.
We shall ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,
"O wandering souls! come near me;
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true."

—Faber.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D., GALT, ONT.

It is not too much to say, that Bunyan's beautiful dream does not come enough into the hearts of godly men in our day! It does not haunt them and so it does not instruct them, and fill them with a great spiritual hunger for real advancement. Speak of it, and its bright, suggestive scenes all live again; but it needs this touch to make them live. This dream, with its rich and lovely picturings, painted with the sharp colouring of our simple Anglo-Saxon speech, and set in an atmosphere which only true genius can command, will never fade away. It will abide forever, to charm the soul and elevate the thought and ennoble the feeling of the followers of Christ. It is for the church an everlasting possession. And its teaching shall never become obsolete, because it is teaching the church always needs. No doubt, many may regard true teachings as too narrow, as not covering the entire field of human activity, as being too strictly puritanic. And there is something in that objection. Bunyan gives us too exclusively the religious side of life, if we may venture such a statement in view of the fact well understood everywhere to-day, that all man's life is religious. But he so represents the pilgrim's action as though he had nought else to care for or consider. And so, as Charles Kingsley has pointed out, Edmund Spenser, has given a more just conception of Christian life in his great allegory, "Faery Queene." It is the nineteenth century conception. He says, "In the great allegory of the anti-Puritanic party, man is considered as striving to do noble work in this world, not merely, as in 'The Pilgrim's Pro-

gress, to pass through it on his journey to some better world, in the former, therefore, the proper background is the world itself, in all its forms whether national or artificial, and in the latter the world is renounced and the only background is the heaven toward which man is journeying." This narrowness of Bunyan's conception no one will deny. It is the powerful, concentrated, puritanic conception, marking a strong and resolute revolt from a life of licentiousness and frivolity.

We need this, with its mighty emphasis, to counteract our sin which "doth so easily beset us," unbelief, and slipping into the life and ways of unbelievers. And we need to bring to the front its fundamental thought—progress. It is a reasonable and manful step to take, to come to the cross and look upon Christ and accept Him as our own sacrifice for sin. That is the first step in the life of godliness. Without that as a thoughtful and deliberate act, no other step, distinctively Christian, can be taken. That is the beginning, the setting out on a Christian course. But it is only the beginning, the whole of a life of faith and love and godliness lies beyond it. He has believed, now there is "the obedience of faith." He has received life, now he is to live as one who is alive unto God. He has been put in possession of a talent, now he is to trade with that talent. He has started to run, now he is to run the race set before him, looking unto Jesus. He is not to stand still; where life is, growth will be; and advancement and enlargement, in a word, progress!

Many a godly man is miserable and unhappy and an open sore of discontent, among even godly people, because he is not going forward. He ought to grow, but he does not, and a peevish, snarling, faultfinding temper takes possession of him. He sees good nowhere and in no one. He is all out of sorts himself and he does his best to make everyone he can influence like himself. A task, alas! that is often all too easy. He has fallen out of the circle of the heavenly harmonies and lies all broken and discordant. He gets no good out of Bible, prayer meeting or preaching. There comes to him only bitter reflections, severe condemnations and awful denunciations. He is the mark that every fiery arrow strikes. He is the object that every flash of lightning hits. He is the unfortunate one. The very happiness of others only increases his misery.

He is standing in a place that he ought to have left behind. He is not obeying the heavenly voices that cry, *forward!* FORWARD! If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above! Giving all diligence—mark the words—all diligence, add to your faith virtue, knowledge, self-control, etc! Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection: Such is the uniform teaching of the New Testament. We are informed that God's purpose is that we should be "conformed to the image of his Son." And we have exceeding great and precious promises given to us that by them we might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption of the world through lust.

We have also examples set before us to inspire us to effort, to win us to devotion, to fill us with enthusiasm. Paul cries, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Our Lord's watchword is akin to this, "Follow me."

Madan's poetic rendering of Micah's words, "Arise ye . . . this is not your rest," is ringing with the New Testament spirit and feeling:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun, moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above."

The progress which the Christian makes is one which begins within first. Heartwork first, then handwork. We are transformed by the renewing of our minds that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. With the heart man be-

lieveth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. When God draws us, and that He does by the cords of love gracious and tender considerations that take hold of our inner nature—then we run after Him. Obedience then is easy and delightful. We joy to do His will. And in this there is true and blissful freedom. We come in to the sweet consciousness that we are not slaves, but sons. Sons of God! Dr. Thomas Chalmers having been feasting for a time on the pure gospel delineated in "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," writes in his diary this brief but highly significant statement. "August 24—Finished the 'Marrow.' I feel a growing delight in the fulness and sufficiency of Christ. O my God, bring me nearer and nearer to Him." There we have laid bare the very roots of progress. In another part of his diary we have this heart-deep cry, "O Heavenly Father, convert my religion from a name to a principle. Bring all my thoughts and movements into a habitual reference to Thee. May I call on Thy name in deed and reality, that I may be saved." There we have the growing Christian.

Henry Alford, D.D., that beautiful soul loved and honored by all who had the joy of his acquaintance, records this in his journal when twenty-three years of age, attending Cambridge. "Reading aloud during our walks Isaac Walton's 'Life of Herbert.' I am determined by God's grace to be a follower of him, as he was of Christ." And in the same week, "I have been reading a review of the life of Felix Neff; many points to be imitated in it, particularly his entire devotedness to his work. O Lord, grant me the like."

These are the breathings of a devout and a progressive soul. The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher was wont to attend Episcopal service as a lad in Philadelphia. Being in the choir he was invited to join the church. His father, Lyman Beecher, visited him there and they conversed much about this matter. His father's advice was given in these words: "Tom, your mother loved the Episcopal Church. She was a good woman. The Episcopal Church is as good as any. Go there if you can do any good by going; I have no objection at all, *only whatever church you go to, be a Christian and work.*"

Work! Ah, vigorous health, good appetite, growth and every kind of usefulness as well as happiness come through work. So our loving Master says, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

We are pilgrims and strangers on the way home and our Christ-likeness is to be put on in doing the Master's will, and so we shall be armed against Giant Despair, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the terror of every lion along the way, and fitted to enjoy the Interpreter's House, the enchanted ground, the laud of Beulah, and go safely across the cold river to the fair palace of the King. And in addition to this, we shall have wrought such good along the way, that the world shall be the better for our being in it. And *we being dead shall yet continue to speak.*

A LESSON FROM A USEFUL LIFE.

On the first Sabbath morning of this month, a little before church bells were calling worshippers to the house of God, there entered into His eternal rest, from her own quietly home in Brick Church, N.J., one who has spent a long life of Christian usefulness and service. Happily such records are not so rare that they need to be especially noted, but sometimes, as in this case, there are features that have a value to illustrating truths too little appreciated.

The life just closed owed its earnestness and steadfastness in Christian character and service to the very wise action of her parents at a critical period of her youth, and this account is given with the thought that it may be useful by way of example.

Mrs. Juliana Bulkley was the widow of the late Dr. Henry D. Bulkley, for nearly a third of a century a leading New York physician. The home of her early life was at Rome, N.Y., and when she had availed herself of the advantages the place could give, her parents sent her to a school of high character in a distant city. Some time after she had left her home a new and stirring interest arose in the

town; that wonderful evangelist, the Rev. Charles G. Finney, visited it, moving its people deeply as he spoke of the things of God. As the interest increased Juliana's parents greatly regretted the absence of their young daughter from these influences.

She was a dutiful daughter, the kindest of sisters, but they knew she had not settled the question between God and her soul, and the more they thought of it, the more their anxiety increased. To bring her home for some time meant an interruption of her duties, a loss of standing, and possibly a serious injury to the effort at what was in those days a considerable sacrifice. Their anxiety for her religious interests, however, prevailed, and they had her return. She came with a young school friend as a companion, and little in sympathy with the great interest of the town, she determined to make it a lively and very pleasant winter vacation.

It was indeed to be so, but in a very different way from her anticipations, for the Holy Spirit brought her heart in penitence to the foot of the Cross, and she gave herself unreservedly to the crucified One. Those who recall the thorough, heart searching work so characteristic of the revivals President Finney conducted, will also remember the fruit they bore in steadfast and devoted lives.

All the first missionaries of one of the greatest works carried on by the American Board were converted under his ministrations. It was work which involved a complete surrender to Christ, and whether the convert entered upon a public service, or, like Mrs. Bulkley, served God in her home, church and neighborhood, it was a life "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Mrs. Bulkley and her family were for many years connected with the church of the late Dr. Crosby in New York, where she was active in the missions of the church, in the Sunday school, and the little prayer circles. When, after the death of her husband, she took up home in Brick Church, N.J., the church, the needy of the neighborhood, the hospital and the orphan asylum were constantly benefited by her good works as well as by her Christian walk and example.

She early had the satisfaction of seeing all her family (always strongly influenced by her) members of the fold of Christ. Her last few years were spent in feebleness and seclusion, but in unflinching trust in her divine Master, in whose arms at last she gently sank to rest.

In these days when the ambition of parents for the advantages of their children in material things so often far outweighs any anxiety for their soul's interest, does not this story of olden time come with a most useful lesson? Who can estimate the good resulting from the decision of those parents to seek for their child "first the kingdom of God," placing it before all other interests, an act which God blessed with a blessing that not only pervaded her whole life, but was shared by those about her. Let us not forget that "He is the rewarder of those who diligently seek Him," and especially that to those who seek to bring the young to Him His favor and reward is unbounded.—*New York Evangelist.*

Dr. Munroe Gibson, of London, has been lecturing at Birmingham, England, on the "Unity and Symmetry of the Bible." "Although the sacred volume," he said, "was a collection of the works of different writers, yet at the same time there was one continuous and progressive motion throughout the Bible. Following the course of thought, one could see as it were the building of a great bridge from one country to another. The workmen in the earlier parts of the work especially, had only the dimmest idea of what they were about, and of what was to follow, and they all built with far better effect than they knew. Each century seemed to be doing its work independently and sometimes in the most fragmentary and piecemeal fashion, and yet when all was done, the whole majestic arch suggested a single master mind."

The Empress of Germany is said to be a "living and earnest Christian in the deepest sense of the word." Such is the testimony of Count Bernstorff, who also says of the Empress that he "takes a hearty interest in religion."