

The Pastor and People.

A Song of Three Words.

ONARE, LABORARE, ET CANTARE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm
Whose these blissful words may know,
A bold blithe-fronted face shall show,
And, shod with peace, shall safely go
Through war and wild alarm

First, are thy forward foot thou move,
And wield thine arm of might,
Lift up thy heart to Him above,
That all thy ways be right
To the prime source of life and power
Let thy soul live, even as a flower
That skyward climbs in sunny beam,
And seeks the genial light

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,
And in the toll have joy;
Great hardship with a willing smile,
And love the storm employ.
Thy glory thus the harsh to tame,
And by wise stroke and tobanic flame,
In God-like labors fruitful neme
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then 'mid the workshop's dusty din,
Where Titan steam hath sway,
Croon to thyself a song within,
Or pour the lusty lay;
Even as a bird that cheerily sings
In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,
But with full-breasted joyance flings
Its soul into the day.

For lofty things let others strive
With roll of vauntful drum,
Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,
Like bee with busy hum.
Chase not the bliss with wishful eyes
That ever lures and ever flies,
But in the present joy be wise,
And let the future come!

—John Stuart Blackie, in Good Words

All to the Glory of God.

A minister sat in his study, preparing a sermon on the words, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He thought on his theme till his soul glowed with a divine enthusiasm. He described a man rescued from sin and death by God's infinite grace, bearing the divine image, doing a divine work, exemplifying before men and angels the elevating, purifying power of true piety, revealing to others the sources of this divine power, lighting the flame of devotion on other altars, and thus glorifying God among men. He described this, not merely on the true work of a creature loyal to the Creator, but as the noblest employment to which men or angels can attain. At last, reaching the practical application, he paused to reflect, "First of all, myself, and the work which engages me this moment. Am I writing this sermon for the glory of God? Was any ambitious thought, any desire to win the praise of men crept in? Have I remembered him only in whose name I speak, and the immortal souls to whom I speak; or have I hoped to hear this and that intelligent hearer say, 'That was a fine discourse?' Have I thought of my reputation? Has any inferior motive secretly taken the place of the higher? Am I doing this 'to the glory of God?'"

Thus pausing, pen in hand, with heart uplifted, he applied the touchstone to his own case, and then completed his notes. When he preached it many felt the teaching power of divine truth faithfully proclaimed.

The day after the sermon those who heard were engaged in their several vocations. The legislator, dealing with important interests, which affected the welfare of a whole nation, stood up for justice and right regardless of the frowns of those whose selfish schemes he frustrated by his fidelity. "I will do it," said he, "to the glory of God." And the demagogue, whose plans were defeated by his firm adherence to the right, called him impracticable, and a fanatic; but deep down in their hearts they felt that a divine power lifted him above the reach of the sordid motives by which they were governed, and thus God was glorified in him.

The merchant was in his store dealing with a wealthy customer who was careless of the price of things. The goods had been examined and the price named, and the transaction was terminated. All at once, as if gently whispered in his ear, the words came to the merchant, "Do all to the glory of God." "Sir," said he to the buyer, "I have made a mistake; I named the price as it was a month ago. Within a few days these goods have fallen in value. I will charge you, therefore, twenty per cent less." And the buyer gave a glance of surprise, made a playful remark, and departed with his purchase. But, as he went his way, he walked slowly, and was thoughtful. He was saying to himself, "I wonder if it is really religion that makes some men so fair in their dealings." Thus God was glorified in him.

And over the hill, in a lonely field, a laboring man was digging a ditch. He stood in the mire, and his clothes were soiled with it. He was alone, and so he communed with his own heart. "All to the glory of God! What can I do to glorify him? If I had influence, I would use it for God. If I had money I would give liberally to good causes. But I must dig this ditch, work in this mud here alone. I can do nothing 'to the glory of God.' But he worked away steadily, industriously, and did an honest day's work. And when the farmer came to look at the field, he said to himself, "This man works as well when he is alone as when he knows that I am close at hand. I wonder if it is because he is religious that he does not need watching, like some others?" Thus even a ditch was dug "to the glory of God." Thus God was glorified in him.

And in the evening of the same day, a poor widow sat in her garret patching her boy's jacket. She, too, had heard the sermon. "Ah," said she to herself, "how gladly would I do something for the glory of God if it were in my power; but what can I do? It takes every moment of my

time to work for my children, and even I can hardly get food and clothing for them. I can do nothing. I must be content to let others have this joy, and win a brighter crown than lies within my reach." But those who saw her humble Christian life, said, "How carefully this mother trains her children. How regularly she comes to church with her boy, even if he does wear a patched jacket for want of a better one. What a treasure is a Christian mother!" Thus God was glorified even by poverty.—Rev. Dr. Crane, in S. S. Times.

Models of Prayer.

We have been interested in looking through the Scriptures for the purpose of comparing the prayers therein recorded with those which we hear from time to time in public, and we are astonished to see how they differ in point, expression, directness, and above all, in length, from those heard in those days in the Christian pulpit. It is not exaggeration to say that we have listened to a single prayer longer than the whole ten that we find in the Bible put together. The first is in Genesis xiv: 12-14, and contains one hundred and ten words, and it is not more than one minute in length. The next is in Exodus xxxii: 12-15, and contains one hundred and eleven words, and is not over a minute long. The third is in Joshua vii: 7-9, and contains ninety words. The fourth is in 2 Kings xix: 15, 16, the prayer of Hezekiah; it is composed of one hundred and thirty-four words, and two minutes would be ample time to repeat it. Another is found in Nehemiah i: 5-11, and is about two minutes in length; another is in 1 Kings viii: 12-13, an important dedicatory prayer, offered by Solomon himself, at the dedication of the temple, and it did not occupy more than six minutes; while that of Daniel ix: 11-19, was probably four minutes long. In the New Testament, the prayer of our Saviour (John xvii) is well known; it is contained in twenty-six verses and is five minutes long, while the model prayer—the Lord's Prayer—is far briefer still. Now here are ten prayers from those who certainly know how to pray, and they are all less than thirty-five minutes long, or an average of three minutes each; and yet we sometimes hear men pray thirty and forty minutes, and after wondering all over the moral universe, and wearying their fellow-worshippers with vain repetitions, utterly fail of the prime object of all public prayer—to lift up the hearts of men to commune with heaven. It must be an extraordinary occasion, equal at least to the dedication of the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem—an occasion that none of us shall ever see—to justify a prayer more than five minutes long. There are few "Oh's" and "Ah's" in these models. Their authors do not often say, "O Lord, Lord," but tenderly filially, directly, quietly, simply they ask the blessing they desire, as though they were children who knew that they were addressing One who was more willing to give them good gifts than they were to ask them at His hand.—Gospel Banner.

The Bunyan Statue at Bedford.

On the 8rd of June, Lady Augusta Stanley unveiled the statue of John Bunyan, presented to the town of Bedford by the Duke who bears that name. Business was suspended, the town was crowded with visitors, and gay with flags, and merry with bands of music. The statue, which is erected on St. Peter's Green, is nine feet high, and contains about two tons of bronze. On the Pedestal are scenes in relief from the "Pilgrim's Progress." The front represents the termination of the fight with Apollyon, and on the sides are the meeting of Christian with Eyangelat, and the burdened Pilgrim's release from his load and interview with the angelic messengers. At the back of the pedestal the following words are inscribed:—"It had eyes lifted up to Heaven; the best of books in his hand; the law of truth was written on his lips. It stood as if it pleaded with men." In the Corn Exchange there were several relics exhibited: Bunyan's will, found in his cottage at Elstow, yellow with age, dated Dec. 22, 1665, and with signature distinct; a page of a church record, written by Bunyan himself, stating in clear language and penmanship how certain brethren and sisters were called before the Church and admonished for various faults; ancient editions of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," in which on three separate pages Bunyan had in rude verse written his admiration of men who went to the flames; an old-fashioned pint mug used by Bunyan while a prisoner; the walking-stick which accompanied him on his itinerations; a quaint worm-eaten cabinet given to the "Bunyan Meeting" trustees by his great-granddaughter in 1802; and a small oak round table made from the wood of Bunyan's pulpit. Bunyan's cottage at Elstow has been restored; but original portions of the building still remain, and in the vestry of Bunyan's place of worship in Bedford the veritable arm-chair in which he sat.

While thousands of people were assembling round the statue, a procession was being formed at the Shire Hall, which marched through the town to St. Peter's Green, including the civic authorities, Members of Parliament, and ministers of various denominations. Lord Shaftesbury, Sir C. Reed and Baroness Burdett Coutts were unavoidably absent. In arriving at the statue, the Mayor took the chair, and was supported by Dean Stanley and the Rev. Drs. Brock, Stoughton, and Allon, &c. The Mayor, in a few preliminary remarks, reminded those assembled that it was about two hundred years ago that Bunyan was pursuing his work in Bedford and the neighborhood. Then his worship told how the Bedfordshire people appreciated Bunyan's labours; how he lived humbly about a mile from the spot where they were assembled; how, for twelve years he languished in the county prison. He then called upon Lady Augusta Stanley to unveil the statue. The band played the National Anthem, and the people cheered loudly when the bronze representation of Bunyan appeared. Dean Stanley being called upon to address the crowd said:—"The Mayor has called upon me to say a few words, and I shall obey him. The Mayor has done his work, the Duke of

Bedford has done his, the sculptor and artist have done theirs, and now I ask you to do yours in commemorating John Bunyan. Every one of you who have not read the "Pilgrim's Progress" if there be any such person, read it without any delay; those who have read it a hundred times, read it for the hundred-and-first time. Follow out in your lives the lessons which the "Pilgrim's Progress" teaches, and then you will all of you be even better models of John Bunyan than this magnificent statue which the Duke of Bedford has given you."

Mr. Wright, of Birmingham, the Nonconformist representative, spoke of Bunyan as pre-eminently a man of the people; and after some brief remarks from other gentlemen, the programme, as far as the Green was concerned, was finished. An hour later a procession of 3,000 Sunday-School children marched up to the statue, and afterwards adjourned to a neighbouring field to spend the afternoon as a holiday.

In the afternoon there was a meeting at the Corn Exchange, presided over by the Mayor. Its principal feature was an address by Dean Stanley. He commenced by quoting the words, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I alighted on a certain place where there was a den." In considering the local claims which Bedford had on Bunyan, however, he declined to surrender the claims of England as a nation. The wandering gypsy life he had given him a national character. From his marches with the army to Leicester he probably gathered the imagery for his "Holy War." From his journey to Canterbury it was possible he had got his idea of the Delectable Mountains. In London it probably was he got his notion of Vanity Fair. None of these places, he granted, could rival his birthplace, the village of Elstow, and even Elstow could hardly rival the Bedford Den. It was the duty of the people of Bedford to see that Bunyan's glory never faded from them. It was in Bedford that he became the most famous preacher of his time. His teaching was got from a body that had produced many illustrious men—a Havelock among its soldiers, and a Robert Hall among its preachers. Lord Macaulay remarked that the seventeenth century had produced in England two men only of original genius, and both these were Nonconformists—the one John Milton, and the other John Bunyan. (Cheers.) He (the Dean) ventured to add this further remark, that the whole of English literature had produced only two pure works of popularity and both of these were by Nonconformists. (Applause.) One was the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and was called "Robinson Crusoe" (applause); the other was the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name was the "Pilgrim's Progress." (Applause.) The Rev. Dean then proceeded to draw a contrast between the time in which Bunyan lived and the present day, and said that, thanks to the discomfiture of the giant "Old Intolerance," such things as were common then were now out of the question. (Applause.) Nonconformists and Churchmen might well join together in doing honor to Bunyan, because the "Pilgrim's Progress" was one of the few books that acted as a bond to the whole Christian Church. It was a book which, next to the Scriptures, had contributed to the culture of the human race. (Applause.)

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Earl Cowper, Dr. Brock, Dr. Allon, and others, and the proceedings, which were altogether of a very harmonious character, were brought to a close by the awarding of the customary votes of thanks.—London (Eng.) Weekly Review.

Watch the Books.

How large a proportion of mothers and guardians exercise anything which can be called watchful care as to what books and papers the children shall read? And yet the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of the most dissipating, weakening and insidious books that can possibly be imagined; and newspapers which ought never to enter any decent house lie on the table of many a family sitting-room. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the records of any large circulating library will be astonished at the immense demand which there is for these average novels. And in our parlours and chambers to-day, myriads of little girls are curled up in corners, pouring over such reading—stories of complicated modern society, the very worst kind of reading for a child; stories "whose exciting pages delight in painting the love of the sexes of each other, and its sensual phases." And the mothers do not know what they are reading; and the children answer, when asked what they read: "Oh, anything that comes along!"—Anna C. Brackett.

Sources of Power.

What wood and water are to the steam-engine, food is to the body. By the burning of the wood, water is converted into steam, and that gives power. By the consumption of food and its digestion power is given to the body to work, and the brain to think. As there is more heat in some woods than others, so there is more "strength" or power, or nutriment in some kinds of food than in others. If persons have to "work hard" bodily, or have to think intensely, they must eat more than if they did not labor much, or think much.

Great thinkers, are great feeders, as Count Cavour, Prince Bismark, Charles Sumner, Henry Ward Beecher and Daniel Webster. Observant men, who have had large numbers of workmen in their employ, have long since noted the fact that the most work could be got out of those who had the best appetite.

Hence, to study easily, that is, to get lessons easily, children and college students should eat heartily, and if they will only eat at three regular times daily, and nothing between meals, of plain, nourishing food, there is very little danger of eating too much, and there is a reasonable certainty of their having good health and becoming efficient students and scholars. The time may come when persons will order their food with a view to the amount and character of the labor to be performed.—Nell's Journal of Health.

The Revival in Scotland.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey closed their evangelistic work in Glasgow during the week ending May 19th. The gatherings of people were immense. We give the description of the last service, taken from the Times of Blessing:

"Sabbath.—The last day of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's stay in Glasgow was indeed a great one. Two meetings were held in the Crystal Palace—the first at 9 a.m., for young women, inasmuch as many could not get within the Palace on Tuesday evening. The morning was happily one of the finest. The large place of meeting was quite filled with women, the only men admitted being members of the choir and ministers. After the hymn 'Valley of Blessing' was sung, Mr. Moody read part of Luke ii., and said he wanted to call attention to the words in the 7th verse, 'There was no room for them in the inn.' Room for other people, but no room for Christ, who, though He might have come with all the glory and grandeur of heaven, had to be laid in a manger. There was no room for Him in any town of Judea, Samaria, or Galilee. Nobody wanted Him, though He came to save all from death. And now, to-day, what nation wanted Christ? Was there any on earth that would have Him as its King to-day? If a man should get up and say, 'Thus saith the King of Heaven, he would be hooted down. Very few churches wanted Christ. We have the forms of Christianity, but not the real, personal, living Saviour. And applying the subject to individuals, he would ask, 'Was there room for Christ in their hearts?' The Son of Man has come knocking, knocking, but no room for Him. Mr. Moody presented a glowing picture of the home in Bethany, where there was always a warm welcome for Jesus when no other house was open for Him. He pressed on the large audience the necessity of opening their hearts for the Son of God at once if they would be saved. Was it not strange that so many said, 'If I become a Christian, I shall have to give up so much?' On this, the last Sabbath I shall speak to you in Glasgow, I want to plead with you to receive the Saviour into your hearts. I made room for Him nineteen years ago, and never once regretted it. He will come in if you only open your hearts and allow Him. May God help you to decide the matter now."

"Mr. Moody engaged in prayer, and intimated that a meeting for inquirers would be held in the Palace after the other meeting was dismissed.

"Evening.—In the evening a gospel meeting was advertised for 6.30. As it was the last, it was also by far the largest, and in many respects the greatest and most wonderful of all the many gatherings seen in Glasgow during the past three months. Mr. Moody, anticipating that, as the meeting was to be unrestricted, the Palace would be occupied by many who had already heard him speak, wished to address a special meeting of those who did not profess to be converted. When he arrived at the gardens, such a scene as presented itself was probably never before witnessed by any one present. The grounds between the gate and the Palace were densely crowded with men and women, boys and girls, who could not have numbered less than 10,000 persons. Within the Palace, which had been packed long before with some 6,000 people, all was calm and peaceful. Short addresses were delivered from the platform by the Rev. Mr. Gualter, Trinity Free Church, Aberdeen, and by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Brown, Glasgow. Mr. Sankey came in about 6.30, and sang the hymn, 'Nothing but leaves,' after which it was intimated that Mr. Moody was addressing the crowd outside. While the choir sang another hymn, the audience quietly left the Palace, and joined those who were listening to Mr. Moody. He spoke from the box of a carriage, from which he easily swept the whole of the assembled thousands, who listened with rapt attention to the words which fell from his lips. With a warmth never exceeded by him, he pressed on his listeners the acceptance of a free salvation. In closing, he referred to the kindness he had received in Glasgow, which he could never forget; and urged them, before they left that beautiful garden, to decide the matter of their salvation, so that when he was about to leave them, they might all be spending eternity together. If they did so, that would be the best and most memorable night of their lives; and from the shores of eternity, and perhaps from the battlements of heaven, they would look back on that gathering. As his last words fell on the ears of the eager throng, who had maintained almost breathless attention, a quiver seemed as by one impulse to pass through all present.

"After Mr. Howie had engaged in prayer, Mr. Moody asked the Christians to go into Kelvin-side Free Church, while he and others would meet with inquirers in the Palace. This was eight o'clock. The Palace was again filled with overtowering in a very short space of time, and for another hour and a quarter the gospel was faithfully proclaimed to anxious hearers by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, Glasgow, and by Messrs. Morgan and Olney from London. Mr. Moody, after relating the case of the conversion of a lady in Philadelphia, which had been blessed to many in Glasgow already, turned to Dr. Hutson, and asked if there was any hindrance to the conversion of all present that night. "None," was the unhesitating reply, given in a firm tone, heard over the whole palace. The same question was put to Dr. Bonar, and then to Mr. Sankey, and the same answer was given. It was a solemn moment; and when Dr. Bonar afterwards engaged in prayer, with a low, but earnest voice, it seemed, as the speaker's words crept over the vast assembly, as if they came direct from the Holy Spirit himself. God seemed almost terribly near at that moment, as the shadow of evening was stealing in through the palace of glass, and all external nature was hushed in sympathy.

"The meeting quietly dispersed, while Mr. Sankey and the choir sang the hymn, 'Sweet by and by.' Never shall we forget this day with its memorable close; and we believe we speak for thousands when we say that we are never likely to see another such day on this side of the grave."

A Happy Arrangement.

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

I have been visiting with a family of late, where some things have very much pleased me. They are young people, have been married only a few years, but with great love for Jesus, combined with great love for each other and their little child, they live delightfully. They are both finely educated, and perhaps this in part accounts for their taking hold of the duties and joys of life together like the girl in the pretty song, "she carries half the basket up the hill," and feels the stronger and better for it.

She tells that when they were first married, she, partly from her woman's nature, less partly from being educated to lean upon the man she loved, commenced to depend upon him almost entirely; though she was not able to do anything in life alone; consulted him upon most trivial matters; shrunk from any publicity; asked him to do a thousand things for her; wanted to be petted and caressed, forgetting often that he was tired and needed it quite as much as she; in short, had been married to be taken care of, and henceforward expected no rough winds and no self-dependence. The husband loved her, sought to please her; but anxieties came, business relations were disturbed, and the young man needed a counsellor and help rather than a burden, as she had become. He asked advice; she had been so accustomed to lean upon him, that she had little strength to say what was best. He wanted something more in a wife than that; with loveliness and virtue, she must be strong.

The knowledge caused some tears at first, and then, woman-like, she adjusted herself to her condition in life. Her mind was equal to his; she used it. Her judgment was so good that it became almost a veto power in that house. She knew his business. They never extended the money they earned together until they had consulted each other. They learned together; they taught together; they planned life's work together. She helped him about his office work; he helped her about the child.

Custom has made it beneath a woman to go to her husband's counting-room and write for him, or for him to care for the children when he comes home, when often the wife is more tired than he. Some fathers take no more care of their children than if they were a boarder in the house.

They read together; she cut out any newspaper articles that interested her for him to read; he did the same; they were mutually benefited.

The thing that interested me most of all perhaps, in that family was that they shared their religious duties and joys together. At one meal he asked God's blessing; the next she besought it. The first evening of my visit, several guests were invited, and, to my surprise, the sweet voice of the woman commended those friends to God who gave their daily bread. I think they remembered her words more than they would a man's.

At family prayers, one morning he read and she prayed; the next she read and he prayed—at night the same.

That young wife was strengthened by audible prayers; she learned how to express herself as well as he; she was enabled to go to the prayer-meeting exercises, and to bear dying ones to heaven. He went out stronger for her prayers, she for his. The little boy knelt between them, putting his tiny hands over his face. He naturally obeyed the mother as quickly as the father.

I have been in families, indeed I believe I only observed the general rule, when, if the father was absent there was no blessing and no family worship. Is it possible, then, that there is no individual salvation? That if the husband and father does his duty the family will be saved?

Sound Theology.

The present tendency to deery or be indifferent toward a definite and sound theology is dogmatic and rationally bad. The sneers at dogmatics, at systematic theology, at doctrine in sermons, etc., are not born of wise thought; it is very doubtful whether they are the offspring of a sound soul. Never was there more need than now of thoroughly furnished theologians in the pulpit, and their theology is wanted, not for ornament, but for use. It is through the truth that Christ prayed for the sanctification of men, and that sanctifying truth, formalized in thought, vitalized in experience and forcibly sent home in pulpit address, is what alone carries the promise of being the power of God unto the salvation of men. It is bad enough that the outside world is inclined to spurn sound theology; it is far worse when the church member's pew yawns or frets under true doctrinal instruction; it is something pitiable and shocking when a preacher in a Christian pulpit ignores the vital truths of the evangelical faith, or sets them up as targets for his ridicule. A serenity thus used will soon cease to be solemnly sublime with God's conscious presence, and the church gathered within it will find its heroic faith running into feeble sentiment, and its red blood turning to water. The fitting order for the ministry of to-day is, "STAND BY YOUR GUNS!"

But, while insisting upon preserving the vital substance of doctrine, it is neither needful nor proper to stickle for the mere form of words, nor for precisely the old methods of presenting the Christian message. That is a little soul, making a special show of its littleness, which is forever on the watch for something bad or doubtful, trying to scent heresy in the fresh and effective preacher's magnetic speech; ready and eager to make a man an offender for a word.—Morning Star.

Patrik Henry left in his will the following important passage: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one child, they would be rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."