

give,—all that are contained in chaps. xxv-xxxi. He had, moreover, prepared two tables of stone with commandments written thereon. So Moses, taking with him Joshua as his minister, and leaving behind the Elders and the people, with directions to take all their troubles during his absence to Aaron and Hur ascends into the Mount of God, (chap. xxiv. 12-15). What a wonderful sight is that mountain! A cloud rests upon it, and the glory of the Lord, like devouring flames, is seen for seven days by the children of Israel (xxiv. 16, 17)! Can the witnesses of such things forget God, their great leader, and the promise they have so lately made?

Alas, yes! Moses tarries forty days and forty nights in the Mount (xxiv. 18). The people grow impatient. They are bound for the Promised Land. Why delay? "Our leader, who brought us out of Egypt is gone away,—perhaps he is lost or destroyed,—at any rate we know not what has become of him." As for God—they seemed hardly able to realize the existence of a Being who was not visible to them, even though they had gazed upon His glory as it rested upon the Mount. In other words their faith failed them. It is only by faith we can "see Him who is invisible" (Heb. xi. 1-27).

II. *The Idolatrous Feast.* So they come to Aaron and demand, "make us gods" (rather "a god,"—see Words and Phrases post), i. e., "Make us an image of God which we may see, and which may go before us and lead us on to the Promised Land." How ridiculous! Nay, how wicked! Aaron will surely never accede to such a demand! But he does. Causing the people to bring their golden ear-rings to him, he fashions them into a calf, an image all had been accustomed to see as representing a god in Egypt. This he proclaims to be God, their God, yea, the very God who had brought them out of the land of Egypt. Before this image they build an altar,—they offer burnt offerings and peace offerings—they worship. And yet they had just received and had promised to keep that Commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image" &c. Do we wonder that after such disobedience they fall to riotous feasting and forget all about their journey to the Promised Land.

III. *The Judgment.* Upon all this wickedness God is looking down,—the very God whose presence they, through lack of faith, could not realize, and Whom they had caricatured in this golden calf. He now tells Moses of their sin and sends him to them. Lo! in the midst of their idolatry and riot—suddenly their leader appears! In his hands he bears the two tables of the law. In holy anger (compare St. Mark iii. 5) He dashes these to the ground, breaking them to fragments before the eyes of the people who had broken the laws written upon them. Now he seizes the golden calf, he throws it into the fire, grinds it to powder, casts the dust upon the water (probably the stream flowing from the smitten rock) and compels the people to drink it. Then, after hearing a lame excuse from Aaron, he cries out, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me." And when in reply the sons of Levi gather themselves unto him, he commands them to put the people to the sword until three thousand lie slain. No one dares oppose the intrepid leader in all this. Doubtless they are conscious of their guilt. Thus did God punish the people for their unbelief and idolatry—will He not still punish those, even amongst ourselves, who dare to break His Commandments?

Family Reading.

HOW HIS FEARS WERE QUIETED.

A young man was once the chief clerk in one of the banks of Virginia. He had naturally fine talents, and was a good scholar; but he was an infidel, and a leader of an infidel club. Though he had been brought up under the instructions of a pious mother, he had learned to call the religion she had taught him the superstition of the nursery.

On one occasion the officers of the bank selected him to carry more than a hundred thousand dollars in bank bills to the state of Kentucky.

It was long before the days of railroads, and he was obliged to travel on horseback. Compelled to go through a part of the country where highway robberies, and even murders, were said to be frequent, he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and, becoming completely lost, he was glad to find shelter anywhere.

He rode about in the woods for a long time, amidst the darkness of a cool October night. At last he saw a dim light, and urged his horse in that direction, till he came to a wretched looking log cabin. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked at the door, and was told to enter by a

woman, who informed him that she and her children were alone, that her husband had gone out hunting, but would certainly be back that night.

At this news the young man was much troubled. There he was, with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of the very robbers whose name was a terror to the whole country round. He could go no further, what was to be done? The woman gave him his supper and proposed that he should retire to bed. But no; he could not think of falling so easily into the hands of robbers. He quietly took an opportunity of observing that his pistols were all right, and determined, if anything happened, to sell his life as dearly as possible.

In the meantime, the man of the house returned. He was a stern, rough-looking hunter; wore a wretched, soiled hunting shirt, and a bear-skin cap, and seemed to be tired and in no humour for talking.

He asked the young man if he did not wish to go to bed. He said that he preferred to sit up by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him, but he still declined.

All this time his fears were increasing, and he thought that he had reached his last night on earth. His infidel views gave him no comfort. His alarm became a perfect agony. At length the rough backwoodsman arose, and, reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom to read a chapter out of God's Word before I go."

In an instant the load was removed from the traveller's mind. He felt assured that the man who kept a Bible in his house, read its precepts, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm.

He listened to the good old man's prayers, lost the last vestige of fear, and lay down and slept as quietly as he had ever done beneath his own father's roof. From that day he never spoke a word against the Scriptures; and in after years he became a sincere Christian.

DEDICATED TO GOD.

One of the noblest names which lives in the history of Christian missions is Christian Friederich Schwartz. He set sail from England for India in one of the East India Company's ships on the 29th of January, 1750. For forty-eight years he labored in teaching and preaching the Gospel to the heathen of India, and died in the seventy-second year of his age. Bishop Heber said of him: "He was one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the days of the Apostles." He gained such influence that he became the chosen counsellor of the Rajah of Tanjore, and exercised a controlling influence over ruler and people.

The Rajah, whose only son, daughter and grandson had died, was left without an heir to his throne, and he adopted the child of a near and noble kinsman, ten years of age, to be his heir. So great was the Rajah's confidence in Padre Schwartz that he desired him to become the guardian of Sarabjee. Placing the hand of the youth in his hand the Rajah said: "This is not my son but yours. Into your hand I deliver him." The youth grew up under the care of Schwartz and became the Rajah of Tanjore.

This grand missionary could number his converts by the thousands. Between six thousand and seven thousand were won to Christ through his labors, not to speak of those who were won over to the truth by his companions. Is it any wonder that he left it as his dying testimony that the work of the missionary is "the most honorable and blessed service which any human being can be employed in, in this world." The young Rajah whom he had trained sent to England for "a monument of marble to the memory of the late Rev. Father Schwartz to be placed in the church," and he himself composed this epitaph which was carved on the stone, the first poetry written by a Hindoo in English:

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right.
Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabjee."

There is one fact which lies back of this noble and blessed life among the heathen of India which ought to be brought out into clearest light and placed before the eyes of every Christian mother. Christian Friederich Schwartz was dedicated to God's service in his infancy. His mother in her last sickness called her husband and her pastor to her bedside, and implored them to cherish and forward any inclination that they might see in her little son toward the service for which she had asked God to fit him. He was the gift of a mother's warm love, and his holy and useful life was the answer to a mother's fervent prayers.

MAN AND BEAST.

Yesterday I saw two pleasant sights in London streets, one, a cab-horse just unharnessed going to its stable, following its master like a dog in and out of a tolerably crowded street, not led, not driven, simply anxious to keep near his master. He then whinnied—a short little whinny—when for a second he lost sight of him. That cab-driver was "merciful to his beast," I am sure.

Next I saw a greengrocer's cart drawn by a grey pony standing in front of a terrace house. The grocer's boy was down the area, and the pony had put his forelegs on the pavement, and was stretching its neck to catch sight of him. By-and-by he came up. "Hallo! there, sir, back to your place; what do you mean by that, I say?" The pony shook its mane, drew back a little, and then the boy went on to the next house, the pony following with the cart at a word.

The boy disappeared again, and again Pony stretched across the pavement to peer after him. This time he got a pat and a stroke on the nose, and a "Come along, Jimmy," and Jimmy did come along, and had a decayed apple for his pains, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

"Your pony is fond of you," I said to the lad. "Aye, I've no trouble with him; he just follows me like a Christian. Now then, Jim." And the lad set off at a trot, the grey enjoying the fun, and scampering after him with a whisk of the tail.

What a pity that any men or boys should be so stupid as to ill-treat their horses, when they are so ready to obey a kind master.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMMUNICANTS.

1. On approaching the chancel, let those who first reach the rail go as far as possible to the right and left, so as to leave room at the front for those who follow.

2. Kneel as close together as convenient; so that no space be lost, and no one be unnecessarily kept waiting. Kneel reverently, yet not bent over with the face buried in the hands.

3. Receive the Bread *always* with ungloved hand, and on the *palm* of the hand, not with the fingers. Guide the cup with both hands, with care and reverence.

4. "Let all things be done decently and in order." No one can read the minute directions which God gave to Moses with regard to the *smallest* utensils, etc., of the tabernacle, without feeling that God is too perfect to be "careless of trifles;" nothing is trivial to Him.

REVERENCE.

The care of sacred things is not an idolatry of inanimate matter, but a recognition of an unseen God, to whose service they have been dedicated.

It has been deemed worthy of record in the Gospel that our Saviour, when He had ended His reading, closed the book and delivered it to the minister, to be, no doubt, deposited in the proper place, to be preserved from injury and desecration. No event ever happened on earth more awful than