Enstor and Reople.

On the Use of Illustrations in Preaching.

Illustration includes everything which is omployed to make an argument intelligible, attractive, or convincing; but in more recent times it has been restricted to such recent times it has been restricted to such rhetorical figures as the metaphor, simile, allegory, and parable. In this narrower sense I use it now; and in treating of it we must bear in mind at the outset, that illustrations ought not to form the staple of a sermon. There must be something to be illustrated. The beauty of a simillies in its pertinence to the point you design to brighten by its light; but when illustrations are employed parely for the sake of the stories in which they consist and to hide the poverty of thought, they are a snare to the preacher and an offence to the hearer. We may paint a picture, but we hearer. We may paint a picture, but we must never do that simply for the sake of the picture. We must not construct orna-ment, but seek only to ornament construction.

struction.

But, presuming that you have in your discourse a body of substantial thought or a closely linked argumentative chain, what is the use of illustration? Various answers, all equally true and equally important, may be given. It helps to make the matter in hand more plain. It uses that which is known and acknowledged to be true in such a way as to lead the mind of the hearer to the acceptance of something else, of which hitherto he has been in doubt. It employs the imagination for the assistance of the judgment, and brings the material to the aid of the spiritual, using the one as a diagram for the deual, using the one as a diagram for the de-monstration of the other.

But there is more than an illuminating power in a good illustration. There is a force of proof as well. Wherever similes rest on the unity between God's world and man's nature, they are arguments as well as illustrations. The "like" is intimately connected with the "likely." The similitude is a ground of probability; and, as a physical philosopher by analogy has been led to some of the finest discoveries, so the manaches by the use of illustration, may preacher, by the use of illustration, may lead his hearers to the discovery of new truths. There is a principle of unity running through Revelation, Nature, and Providence, such that what is found in one rroydence, such that what is found in one has its "double" in the others. This is the principle that gives the Saviour's parables their power. They are not merely felicitous yet arbitrary illustrations. They are outward symbols of inward realities. And, though we may not claim the same force of argument for every analogy which force of argument for every analogy which we discover, yet in so far as the analogy is true, the illustration we use has a force of proof, and even when it may fall short of establishing a probability it is invaluable. as Butler has shown in his immortal work,

as Butler has shown in his immortal work, in answering objections.

But the employment of telling illustrations is of great service in awakening the interest of an audience. The "like" leads to the "likely," and it is that for which men have a "liking." Every one delights in a vivid and effective illustration. And just as the child reads the book to find out what the picture means, so a heaver will listen to learn what you are hearer will listen to learn what you are going to make of your analogy. While you are dealing with the story he is all at-tention, and it will be your own fault if before his interest flags you have not in-sinuated your lesson or pointed your appli-

Moreover, impressions thus produced are Moreover, impressions thus produced are never forgotten. You may find difficulty in recalling an intricate argument; but that which has been fastened to an illustration fixes itself in your memory. Guthrie has put the whole thing into a nusshell when he says—his own words illustrating the very principle he lays down: "By awakening and gratifying the imagination, the truth finds its way more readily to the heart and makes a deeper impression on the memory. The story, like a float, keeps it from sinking; like a nail, fastens it in the mind; like the feathers of an arrow, makes it strikel; and, like the an arrow, makes it strikel; and, like the barb, makes it stick."

But how are we to get illustration? In answer, let me say, first, that no one should own experience, there is no faculty imore susceptable of development by culture than that of discovering analogies. The study of the sermons of those men who are most remarkable for the pertinence of their most remarkable for the pertinence of their illustrations will be of service to you—not by furnishing you with analogies ready made, but by showing you what treasures are lying all around you. We may paraphrase here the inscription on Wren's mnument, and eay, "si illustrationes quacris circumspice." You will send the manuscriptors the talk of the find them everywhere—in the talk of the children and the shouts of the schoolboys; on the street and in the store; on the ship and in the railroad car; in the field of nature, and on the page of literature. Only compel yourself for a time to look at everything with the question upper-most," What use can I make of that in commending the truth of Christ to my fellowmen?" and by and by you will so have formed the habit that, unconsciously and without any effort on your part, the finest

analogies will strike you.

But a few cautions must be observed in the use of illustrations. For one thing we must not attempt to illustrate that which is already perfectly plain. You cannot handle crystal without leaving on it the mark of your touch, and they will mar its transparency. Again, do not use too many illustrations for the same purpose. The effect of such a course will be to be-wilder and dazzle rather than to enlighten. One lamp is worth a million fireflies. When, therefore, you have obtained a good illustration, leave it to do its work, and so on. Still further, do not use as illustrations things which are in themselves recondite and obscure, needing to be explained. Take the familiar to brighten that which is strange; but, just because you are dealing in the familiar, take care that you have got it accurately, for if your hearers see that you cannot be depended on in describing things in their department, they will place no reliance on you when you are talking of matters in your ing of Moses.

own Finally, be careful always that the own Finally, be careful always that the full force of the illustration goes to illuminate the truth which you are expounding. The footlights are studiously veiled from the eyes of the spectators; but they throw a lustre on the actor's face. Like them, cur illustrations must not draw attention to ourselves, but to the truth we have in hand. We must not turn them on ourselves, but on the Master and his work. It is as criminal to hide him beneath generous illustrations as it is to ignore him altoous illustrations as it is to ignore him altogether. We may and ought to cover our faces before him; but we must never put a veil, no matter how exquisite may be its texture, over his countenance.—Dr. Taylor's Yale Lectures.

The Psalms in History.

Alfred the Great, we are told, not only read the Psalms, and that in these days was a wonderful thing, but made a copy of them, which he always carried with him. Not satisfied either till all his subjects could enjoy the same privilege, he commenced a translation of them, which at the time of his death he had not completed. How many times he knelt on the ploted. How many times he knelt on the cold floor of the chapel at night, and poured out his soul in the words of the Psalmist. no chronicler informs us. But they write of the hushed voices and footsteps of those passing by, who sometimes perhaps stopped to listen as they heard the sublime words of old come with earnest voice from their noble king. Others, since Alfred's time, have found their greatest pleasure in the Psalms. Lady Frances Hobart read them twelve times a year, and Salmasius said if he had one more year to live it should be spent reading the Psalms and Paul's

Epistles.
Of all, perhaps, which have been read under circumstances most interesting, and often most saddening to us, there is none often most saddening to us, there is none so often used as the fifty-first—the Missrere—appointed by the Roman Catholics for penitential purposes. When Henry V. of England was dying, as the solemn tones of the priest fell for the last time on his ear, with the words, "Build up the walls of Jerusalem," he murmured—his last recorded words—"If I had finished the war in France, and established pages. I would in France, and established peace, I would have gone to Palestine to redeem the holy city from the Saraceus." Many years after, Lady Jane Grey, whom all the world has known and loved as the innocent within of a consister, read the same after, Lady Jane Grey, whom all the world has known and loved as the innocent victim of a conspiracy, read the same Psalm on the scaffold. "Joy and gladnees" were beyond the reach of the sharp-edged axe, and almost before the echoes of the prayer had died away, the work of the masked headsman was done, and God had truly restored unto her the joy of His salvation. How different from Lady Jane Grey's innocence is the gilt of Norfolk a few year's later? He stands upon the scaffold a traitor to his Queen. A hundred acts of treason are pressed upon his memory. He calls to mind his unrealized dreams of honor and daring; he thought to draw his country from the ignominy into which she was falling, and to settle for ever the troubled question of succession. Above him now is the uplifted axe and before him a traitor's grave. His whole soul was in the words which he read: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Oast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerufrom me. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem." Let us hope when, a moment after, the axe fell and cut away the cord which bound Norfolk to this world, it released him too from the bondage of sin, and, entering into life, he tasted the mercy of God.

There is scarcely any more touching chapter in Scottish history than that which records the life and death of Darnley, the unfortuna's husband of Mary Stuart. the unfortuna's husband of Mary Stuart. His servants only could tell aught of the last sad hours of his life. His Queen had left him to attend the brilliant wedding of one of her maids of honor, and her last words had made him anxious and uneasy: "It is a year to-day since David Rizzio died." He tried in vain to rest, but the sleep he coveted would not fall upon him.
At last he turned to read over again the
lesson of the day, the fifty-fifth Psalm:
"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and a herrible dread hath overwhelmed me. It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it. It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend." A moment later came the terrible explosion which startled all Edinburgh, and Darnley was found lying dead in the

garden. In the sixteenth century a vessel found ered on the Barbary coast. The night was, doubtless, dark, and the air full of wind and tempest. The crew were in the same state of danger that promoted David to write the twelfth Psalm. They too were destitute of human comfort, and craved help from God. How grandly must craved help from God. How grandly must the words, "Help, Lord, for the faithful fail among the children of men," have swelled out from their lips, with neverfaltering tone, 'll', at the fourth verse, the waves "had stopped the breaths of most." Cromwell and his army never gained a victory swithout giving thanks to the God of battles, and often they chose, as the best medium to express their thankfulness, one of David's sones. On September 3rd.

of David's songs. On September 8rd, 1650, the famous Ironsides defeated the Scottish army at Dunbar, and ten thousand Royalists were taken prisoners. Cromwell had held his commission as commander-in-chief about four months, and this was his first decisive victory. But, returning thanks to God, he led his soldiers in chanting the 117th Psalm, called after-wards by the Puritans the Dunbar Psalm: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise bim, all ye people. For his meroiful kind-ness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the

It Might Have Been.

Full often in our lives has come a day When, pausing where two paths divergent lay, We pondered, deep and long, which one to choose Fourful that, either followed, we might lose The rare enjoyment of a happy hour, Or grateful incense of a fragrant flower,
Or glimpse of some fair land where shines the sun
On glant groves, and where the rivers run
Through furrowed fields and through th' shadowy

Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks

We fear to lose so much; but knowing not The changeful chances of our future lot, We set out boldly on the chosen track; And then, so often, comes the looking back; The bailled strife our cherished goal to win, The mournful, hopeless cry," It might have been,

Sometimes the soul, when with great sorrow wrung, Recalls a time, long fled, when lightly hung The course of future years in Fato's great scale; And see how, all unwittingly, an influence fail As morning dows that on the grasses gleam Destroyed the even balance of the beam, Unknown to us the deep decision made, and turned our path from sunshine into shade.

A passing thought, a look, a trifling deed, A word unspoken in an hour of need, Or spoken when 'twere better left unsaid, Some written line that we by chance have read All those, can shift the scene with subtle hand, And round our future draw an iron band.

We never think that such a little thing Can ever such tremendous sequence bring, Until too late: and then we backward turn The page that we have filled, and dimly burn The light of other days, in vain regrets For opportunities gone by. The spirit frets Against its destiny, and deep within Our hearts we mourn for what we might have been

Oh, soul, look upward, trusting, kiss the rod,
And know there is no "might have been" with
God.

From Him, whenever lowly we draw near, We learn of love which casteth out all fear; We find a faith that, in oblivion's sea, Whelms every dread and doubt eternally. A hope unfeltering to us is given, A tender charity, as broad as heaven, A perfect peace, a calm, untroubled rest— Through these all things seem ever right and best; We rise triumphant over death and sin, All pain and sorrow in one joy forgot,
And, looking backward on our "might have been,"

Thank God that it was not.

-N. Y. Observer.

"The Lord Careth,"

He cares for me! Why do I fret At every little ill, And yex myself so needlessly? O heart, be still!

Resting on Him, then let me stay Upon His hopeful word; Faithful are all the promises Of our dear Lord.

Peace in my heart, what shall I fear While I sojourn below? He will defend me in the fight From every foe.

Lat friends be cold, or foes be wroth, And bitter malice cast— My Saviour, 'midst a hating world, Loved to the last.

He cares for me! O wondrous care! Lord, fill my barren heart With love divine for all Thy love; Bid sin depart.

The lilies and the snowdrops grow In lowly beauty rare; But he will clothe me with a robe Surpassing fair.

I come to thee! Jesus, I cast My cares and fears on Thee; Rid me of self and earthliness, From sin me free.

Then to thy Father's house me bring, That holy dwelling-place, To love, and serve, and praise Thee there, And see Thy face.

—Sunday Magazine

The Whole Bible in the Book of Job.

A man once asked me if I ever studied A man once asked me if I ever studied Job. And he said there was something remarkable about Job. If you got the key to Job, you got the key to the whole Bible. "How do you make that out?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I divided Job into seven heads. 1. Job untried. God pronounced him a perfect man. He is Adam in Eden —perfect before his trial. 2. The trial came—and adversity came to Job; that is the second head. Trial came just as it came to Adam, and like Adam he fell. 8. Then the third head—the wisdom of the world came to try and soothe Joh. You never heard such wisdom; but they made noor work of it. Job could stand his scolding wife and complaining children, but he couldn't stand the wisdom of the world.

4. They couldn't state anything about forgiveness, an that is what Job wanted.
5. Then Job cries out, "Oh, that I had a
daysman betwixt me and God!" That is
Christ. 6. Then God speaks and Job learns his lesson; and flat he comes down upon the dunghill. 'Behold I am vile: what shall I answer Thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth,' etc. There is a man coming to see his lost and ruined condition by the fall. 7. Job learns his lesson and God now lifts him up, and that is the last. And Job's last estate was better than his first." Why, man after he is restored Why, man after he is restored is better than Adam was in Eden! Adam might have been in Eden ten thousand years and then the devil might have come and taken every thing that Adam had; but now "our life is hid with Christ in God." and Satan can't get at it?

A man once said to me, "Did you ever notice that God promised to give Job double of everything he had possessed? And did you notice that he didn't give him double children? He had ten, and God didn't give him twenty: he gave him ten. God wouldn't admit that Job had lost his children, so he had ten on earth and ten in heaven.

You that have departed children and friends, don't say that you have lost them; they have only gone on before you, and by ard-by you shall meet them.—Moody.

FAITH without repentance is not faith. but presumption; like-a ship all sail and no ballast; that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith, but despair; like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.—Sanderson.

How Long Should Sermons Be?

One who has a taste for the curiosities of sermon literature has been gathering opin-ions from ministers and laymen as to the proper length of the sermon, and has re-coived some fifty replies about twenty from the former, and about thirty from the latter. Many capital suggestions are made, some of which we suppose to

sot before our readers. Of thirty of these opinions (about twothirds of them from laymen) there are two which prescribe 40 minutes for the outside length; two prescribe 85 to 40 minutes; two, 80 to 85; eight, 80 minutes; seven, 25 to 80; two, 25 minutes; one, 22 to 25 minutes; one, 221 minutes; one, 21 to 80; one, 20 to 80; two, 20 minutes; and two, 15 to 20 minutes.

A layman, " a chief supporter of bis society, a very worthy gentleman and successful manufacturer, who means business," cessful manufacturer, who means business, says, "My opinion about these things (preceding services) is, begin early, have them short, and few of them." Another says, "inside of thirty—short and sweet." Another, a physician, says, "If the sermon has some traces of brain-work, and the minister is really awake, and has some backbone and muscle power, 85 minutes is long energy." It printes less if the gualit long enough—10 minutes less if the qualities named are wanting." On the other hand, one layman says, "The longth of a sermon cannot be determined by the time occupied in its delivery. The same sermon preached by two ministers might appear very long in the hands of one and very short in the hands of the other. The wery short in the hands of the their manner of delivery has very much to do in making the sermon appear long or short."

Another says, "Certainly one-half hour is not too much to devote to a discussion of the great truths of the Gospel. Fitteen or twenty minutes may be sufficient for an exhortation or an extemporaneous talk, but for thorough instruction and a careful exposition and application of Bible truth more time is required." And still another says, "When nearly an hour is spent in the preliminary services of prayer, reading God's Work, praise, etc., and only fifteen or twenty minutes allotted to the great business of preaching the Gospel, the right proportion of things is sadly disturbed." Again, one minister gives this rule: "Have something to say, say it, and stop when you get through." And one layman says, "Every hour that a minister takes before his audience—if of two hundred for in-stance—is as if he used two hundred hours stance—is as if he used two hundred hours of precious time. Let him then work fast and hard, and get through as soon as possible. . . The best length for a sermon is to bring it to a close at soon as the minister fails to hold a majority of his hearers." And still another layman protests against "any conventional limitation of the length of the sermons. . . If the prescher be full of his subject, and all aglow with it, why should he be in any way reminded from the pews that his time is up? . . Everything is at high-presure speed, and Church services should be so conducted, with decency and in order, as

so conducted, with decency and in order, as to counteract, if possible, this evil tendency." We have now to remark that the large majority of these answers would seem to indicate that both pulpits and pews are de-moralized. The cultivated ministry, it moralized. The cultivated ministry, it would almost appear, cannot preach so that its intelligent and godly people can listen for over half-an-hour with pleasure or profit—nay, it would appear that twenty-five, or even twenty, or lower still, fifteen minutes of preaching, is all that the piety of some congregations can endure. Is the fault with the ministers, in that they are handling other subjects, and not the simple Gosnel? Or is with the people, that they Gospel? Or is with the people, that they want entertainment rather than teaching? And is the fundamental idea of public wor-ship, as a Divine institute, all the parts of which are revealed, lost and swallowed up in the miserable notion of a mere gathering to have the ear tickled with sweet melody, and the taste and fancy delighted with eloquent speech?

Let us quote a few more sharp things said in these answers:—1. "Be brief, but do not leave out the most essential things in order to be brief." 2. "Leave out all the leave things in the said of the in order to be brief." 2. "Leave out all the long-tailed words in — ority and — ation." 8. "A good healthy Sootch audience of the seventeenth century would wear out several preachers before they had enough of it. Six sermons at one sitting margly whatted their appetition. sitting merely whetted their appetites for another fast-day just like it. . . But we live in another age. We have milk condensers and beef condensers and sermon condensers. Arguments must be clear, conclusive and brief. Hortation should be brief, narrative, vivid and brief. Sermons must be densely packed, the sentences sharp and picturesque, with a most careful choice of words." 4. "Somebody ought to preach to the pulpit on this subject. For example (with utmost respect): Text, 2nd Kings xiii. 17. 'Shoot.' First, the game—it is the main thing. You must get within shooting distance; to shoot human souls get close to human souls. Go right in amongst toiling, suffering, dying men, till you are in thorough heart-sympathy with them. Secondly, the charge. Don't fire hombshells at a sparrow. Small shot for small game, and we of the pews are mostly of that size. Don't shoot with a hig MS. hat wen you and the mark—pothing to between you and the mark—nothing to stop balls like paper. Tairdly, fire. Just that and nothing more. No man ever made 'apologies,' introductions,' or 'personal explanations' to a duck before shooting. No huntsman, after he has fired, goes whanging away with stones, sticks, or brickbats. In conclusion, stop; amen !" 5. " The writer has often seen in the Episconsi denomination a congregation as weary of a sermon twenty minutes long as the Baptists or Methodists of that place were of one of half an-hour or more in length. . . We have usually found the sermons long in an ill-ventilated church, and that the longest of all preachers was the one who hitched and hesitated inhis speech."—Weekly Review.

It is the water of mere human opinion which men mingle with the pure wine of the Gospel that makes so many weak and wavering professors in these days.

Gop is the builder of this temple—the work is his, and he that does but touch a pebble in his own strength is sure to let it fall and wound himself.

Anndom Bendings.

FAITH is the hand of the soul, to hold and

"How pleasant it is to have the bird in the besom sing sweetly !"—Mathew Henry, IT is a higher exhibition of Christian man. liness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

"On, how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath his smile."—M'Cheync.

In scorning thy brother less gifted, take heed that thou findest not fault with God. God means that everyone should be happy; be sure He sends us no sorrow that Heaven will not heal.

PRIDE is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness: vanity is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.

THE highest rule in a kingdom of this world is not so honorable as the meanest service in the kingdom of Christ.

Nor anything done by me, nor anything wrought within me, but simply the testimony of God concerning Jesus is my warrant for believing.

"No man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God and his money upon the poor."—Bish. p Taylor.

THERE is too much of the legal, and too little of the filial, spirit among believers. Many act more as hired servants, than as adopted children.

We often speak of being settled in life. We might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down hill.

No physician ever weighed out medeire to his patient with half so much exactness and care as God weighs out to us every trial: not one grain too much does He ever permit to be put into the scale.—Cecil.

THE Bible tells us there is great gain in contentment. Yes, what a joyous comfort is contentment. One who possesses that enviable quality has indeed a precious treasure, and more to be desired than piles of gold, or earthly fame. It shines like a meteor in the dark night of sorrow, not only blessing the fortunate possessor, but radiating all that may come in contact with it.

ing all that may come in contact with it.

"I could write down twenty cases," says a pious man, "when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief." The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after Him; he must determine not to let Him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where He places us, he what He would have us be, and this as long as He pleases Your time is redeemed: therefore use it

Your time is redeemed; therefore use it as a consecrated talent in His cause. Your minds are redeemed; therefore employ them to learn His truth, and to meditate on His way—thus make them armouries of holy weapons. Your eyes are redeemed; let them not look on vanity; close them on all sights and books of folly; but gave on Him only who is the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. Your feet are redeemed; let them trample on the world, and climb the upward hill to glory, and hear you onward on the march of Christian zeal. Your tongues are redeemed; let them only sound His praise, and testify of His love, and call sinners to His cross. Your hearts are redeemed; let them love him only, and have no seat for rivals. holy weapons. Your eyes are redeemed; have no seat for rivals.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and are judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasure which a gracious providence scatters in the daily neth, and which in asper search after daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very arder of our chase after happiness. may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

Science and Prayer.

I do not believe any theory of prayercan be framed which will satisfy either the be-liever or unbeliever. There is a whole universe to rove through, and we know very little about it at all. It is not only that the stars in their course fight shy of us; but we are living every day in close contact with forces, of whose nature, origin and ends, we are almost totally ignorant. It is not only we, the people, who walk "in a vain show," but the scientists hold their knowledge by the most insecure tenure. The learning of one generation is the rub-bish of the next. "God cannot contravene His own laws," says the philosopher; "why pray that He should? But tell me, O my phitosopher, what are God's laws? Once it was a divine law that heat was caloric, a latent substance in all bodies; now it is divine law that heat is no substance at all, but a mode of motion. Once the law bade the sun go around the earth; now it sends the earth spinning around the sun. Once the law made light to be the sun. Once the law made light to be the emanation of matter from luminous bodies; then it was the undulation of either, pervading all bodies; now it looks as if light were decreed to be the vibrations of the molecules of matter itself. Once the law made sharp and essential distinctions between high and estates. tween mind and matter; now the correla-tion of forces transmutes bread and butter into thought, and philosophy is but phos-phorous on the brain. Surely the condemnation of Christian devotion is premature. Further investigation may yet discover prayer, too, among the secretions.—Sermons to the Clergy by Gail Hamilton.