

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. H. VON MÜLLER, AUTHOR OF THE "GOLDEN TREASURY."

Wake, oh, wake! Divine Inspirer
Of the early witness band!
And the watchmen, ever faithful,
Who on Zion's ramparts stand;
Through the world their word doth ring;
Methinks, 'Tis in crowds they bring.

May we see Thy fire enkindled,
May it through all countries run,
And the whole world learn, Lord Jesus,
All that Thou in grace hast done!
Great the harvest Thou dost see
Yet how few the reapers be.

Clearly hath our Saviour spoken
And has taught us thus to plead;
Lo! Thy children's hearts are stirring,
Deeply do they feel the need.
Hear, then, Master, when they pray,
And—"It shall be done"—now say!

Hosts of servants, Lord, commission,
Power upon them all bestow;
Tarry not, but haste to help us,
Satan's kingdom overthrow.
To the earth's remotest end,
Let Thy kingdom soon extend.

May Thy word the wide world over,
Freely run and all illumine;
May the fulness of the Gentiles
Crowding unto Thee, Lord, come!
And awake Thine Israel—
May they too Thy praises swell!

Lord, restore the ways of Zion,
There once more a pathway make;
Chase away all dark delusions,
From the path offences take.
Church and school for ever be
From all hindering spirits free!

Make each school Thy Spirit's workshop,
Do thou rule as sovereign there.
Work in every youthful spirit,
May they all Thine image bear,
Give true men to teach and pray,
And to guard Thy Church away.

Love, O Lord, to Thee is praying,
Love, enkindled by thine own.
By thy breath Divine inbreathed,
O thou who art love alone!
When in lowly love we pray,
All from love expect we may.

Thou Thy glorious work wilt finish,
Judge and Saviour both art Thou;
Haman woe Thou wilt abolish,
Through Thy way we know not now,
Faith will never cease to plead,
Thou dost all our thoughts exceed.

—Sunday at Home.

WHAT HINDERED.

"It is of no use, Mrs. W.—, I have tried again and again, and I cannot become a Christian."

"So you said a year ago, yet you thought there was nothing in the way."

"I don't think there is now; but I can't feel any different from what I did then, and I don't believe I ever shall be a Christian."

"You must have more faith," said the elder lady to her companion—an expression we are all apt to use rather vaguely when at a loss what to say to souls seeking salvation.

The first speaker was a bright, talented girl, somewhat over twenty, who, on a previous visit nearly a year ago, had confided to her elder friend her earnest desire to become a Christian. Of her evident sincerity there could be no doubt, and the visitor was sorely puzzled to understand why her young friend had not yet found peace.

The two were standing by the half opened door of the Sunday-school room, where a rehearsal for an "entertainment" was in progress; and the girl, looking in, seemed suddenly to find there a suggestion for further thought.

"I believe," she said hesitatingly, "there is one thing I cannot give up."

"Give it up at once; dear."

"But I can't."

"Come to Jesus first then, and He will give you the power."

"I don't want Him to. I believe if I knew I should die and be lost in three weeks from to-night, I would rather be lost than give up my passion."

"And what is this dearly loved thing, worth so much more than your salvation?"

"Oh, it isn't worth more, only I love it more, and I can't and won't give it up. It's that I—I want to be an actress. I know I have the talent; I've hoped the way would open for me to go upon the stage, and I can't help hoping so still."

"Do you think it would be wrong for you to do so, provided the way did open?"

"I don't know that it would be a sin; but I couldn't do it and be a Christian—the two things don't go together."

"How did you come by such a taste? I am sure you do not belong to a theatre-going family?"

"Oh no! my father and mother are Methodists; they always disapproved of the theatre. I've been in Sunday-school all my life. They used to make me sing and recite at the entertainments when I was four years old, and I acted the angel and fairy parts in the dialogues; and when I grew older, I always arranged the tableaux, charades, etc. Then I joined a set of sociables got up by our church young people. At first we did 'Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works,' and sang 'Pinafore,' for the benefit of the church; and then we got more ambitious, studied, and had private theatricals; and last winter we hired Mason's Hall, and gave a series of Shakesperian performances, which cleared off a large part of the church debt. But that's only second-class work, after all. I want to do the real thing—to go upon the stage as a profession. My father won't hear of it; but I hope sometime the way will be opened that I may realize my heart's desire."

"And meantime will you not come to Jesus and be saved?"

"No, I cannot do it and keep to this hope; and I will not give this up."

And so the visitor turned sadly away, thinking for what miserable meases of pottage men and women are willing to sell their glorious birthright as children of God; thinking also of the seeds which are being sown in our Sunday-schools, the tares among the wheat, and the terrible harvest that may yet spring up from this well-mean but injudicious seed-sowing.—*M. E. Winslow, in Sunday-School Times.*

"TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS."

[The article below, as published in the "Sword and Trowel," contains a woodcut which we are unable to reproduce, but our readers can imagine the brave man taking by the horns the infuriated animal and being tossed in a way he little dreamed of.]

There was a little trouble in the church, and the young minister was sad about it. He sought advice, and one who loved peace begged him to let the matter alone, and in a short time the evil would die of itself, for, as Solomon says, "Where no wood is the fire goeth out." The brother was of a fretful spirit, and could not take things quite so easily; it worried him that there should be a single weed in his garden, and he felt he would sooner plough it all up than let that weed remain. His friend begged him to do nothing in a hurry, but take counsel of his pillow, and repeat the operation for one calendar month at least. This the young pastor found it as hard to do as it would be to wait quietly while a dog has his teeth in our leg, or a red-hot coal is finding its way down the inside of our waistcoat. He thought that the church pond was foul, and he longed to stir it to see how it would smell. This young man's tastes and mine by no means agree, for I had rather run a mile any day than quarrel, and that is saying a good deal, for miles are long to legs which have the rheumatism. This energetic pastor wanted to be setting things to rights, and therefore quiet counsels were not very kindly taken. Young men will have their will, and our friend resolved to have his own way, even if he ran over everybody else.

Off he went to a hot-headed gentleman who was more of his own age, and stated the case to him. His new adviser at once told him to never give in or consent to be put upon, and closed his oration by telling him to, *take the bull by the horns at once*. This counsel was more to our friend's liking, and therefore he applauded it as wise and straightforward, and resolved to carry it out. What came of the rash performance we will not stop to relate in so many words, but it may be guessed by the usual result of taking bulls by their horns.

The woodcut represents Scene I.: The brave man, regardless of consequences, boldly confronting his foe;

hurrahs and cheers from persons on the other side of the hedge; considerable excitement in the mind of the hero, who believes himself to be infallible and invincible—Hercules and the rope rolled into one.

Scene II. is not drawn on the wood because it is easy of imagination. The bold man is off the ground rising into the air like Sancho Panza from the blanket. Horns are pretty sure elevators when a bull applies his wrathful strength to a transaction of the lifting order. Persons who are violently assailed often become violent assailants. It is very wrong of them, but it is a way they have.

Scene III. would be too painful for a drawing. The rising man has come down again, not in peace, but almost in pieces. He is badly gorged, and will probably be crippled for the term of his natural life. He says he will never take bulls by the horns again.

Moral.—Avoid strife, especially in a church. If the cause cannot prosper in quietude, it certainly will not in an uproar. Tares are a trouble, but the rooting of them up may make worse trouble. Courage is a virtue, but a pugilistic tendency is not. It is well to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but we must not wrestle with flesh and blood, nor fight the Lord's battles with the devil's weapons. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

MATERIALISTIC EVOLUTION.

Dr. Wyville Thomson, of the "Challenger" Expedition, adds his testimony against the materialistic idea of the extreme evolutionists. He states it as a result of an eight-year study of ocean fauna that the discoveries "refuse to give the least support to the theory which refers to the evolution of species to extreme variation, guided only by natural selection." This, of course, contravenes the views of Haeckel and Bastian, who give the name Bathybius to their supposed organic "homogeneous amorphous protoplasm." The former, it will be remembered, claims that previous to the time that animated bodies appeared there must have been "a purely chemical process," by which "purely inorganic compounds" combined and produced Bathybius. Of course Dr. Thomson's opinion is only one opinion against another. But it certainly is strange that all that the materialistic school can offer us is hypothesis. To be sure, Bastian claims to have produced spontaneous generation. But Tyndall comes along and says that Bastian's experiments are not at all satisfactory; that his conditions were not such as to exclude the presence of organic germs from the atmosphere; indeed, with his whole tendency in the direction of materialism, Prof. Tyndall not only denies that Prof. Bastian has produced life from inorganic substances, but he denies that there is any such thing as spontaneous generation. And as bearing upon the subject, Prof. J. Gwyn Jeffreys says that he "cannot understand how either natural selection or sexual selection can affect marine invertebrates which have no occasion to struggle for their existence and have no distinction of sex." There is nothing which so illustrates the tendency of the human mind to rear massive structures on small foundations as is afforded by the assertions of the disciples of the materialistic schools. Without a particle of evidence to support their theory; with the opinion of the great world of science against them, they yet assume that life is a physical [chemical] combination only; and yet—barring Bastian's preposterous claim, which his fellow scientists do not endorse—no scientist has created a particle of Bathybius or made a single monad! Yet these men accept this evidence, which is no evidence, as conclusive, and will have nothing to do with Christianity. If Christianity rested its evidence on such a small corner-stone as the extreme materialists build their faith upon, it would be laughed to scorn by every thoughtful mind in the country. And it would deserve to be.—*Christian at Work.*

In alehouses, in ancient times, chalk "scores" were marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room. It was customary to put the initials, "P" and "Q" at the head of every man's account to shew the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears. When a person was indulging too freely in his potations, a friend would exclaim, pointing to the chalk score, "Mind your P's and Q's," or the ale-dealer would use the same expression as to the growing account still unsettled. In this way originated the old saying.