

Pastor and People.

Disturbers of Worship.

Give a preacher a good "send off" when he begins his sermon, and then listen attentively, and in nine cases out of ten you will be rewarded with an interesting and instructive discourse. Many things done by thoughtless and impatient hearers perplex and annoy the sensitive preacher, and where there is little "sustenance" there is little respect. I will point out briefly some of the individuals who trouble the ministry and disturb the devotion of the well-behaved and devout hearer.

1. *Those who are late.* They are not all alike, for some have been detained by sickness and unforeseen accidents, but the habitual late comers are sure to stalk up the aisle during the service, and his squeaking boots proclaim his arrival, and call the attention of the auditors to his Sabbath suit and the fine figure it covers. The noise he makes adds discord to music, and introduces a vein of thought not in unison with sacred worship, and provokes criticism not complimentary to his taste and judgment. Business men say in the silent speech of reflection, "He is not on time here, and cannot be depended upon when he makes a contract in trade." In that way his name and presence become associated with broken engagements, unpaid bills, and protested notes.

2. *Those who cough needlessly.* Those whose bodily afflictions and infirmities make coughing a necessity are not included in these strictures. A large number of these persons have a habit of yielding to the slightest irritation of the throat. The juice of the mouth, the saliva, would if used, moisten the membrane of the throat, and the exercise of the will would completely conquer the inclination to cough; but one begins to bark, the habit becomes contagious, and those who are never heard in any other way in public attract attention by making an unpleasant sound, which is neither a sob nor a shout. A sermon punctuated with coughs is almost as unintelligible as the speech of a drunken man, which contains as many hic-cups as syllables. The minister makes a fine point which is lost in a cough. He is eloquent, but his rhetoric is spoiled, and the climax is crowned with a cough. He touches the heart with his pathetic, and moves the intellect with his passionate logic, but the effect has been irrevocably impaired by a needless cough.

3. *Inattentive hearers.* Men and women who claim the advantage of education and culture, will do in church what they would not do in their parlors. They will shut their eyes and put down their heads when a friend, and that friend their pastor, is talking to them. They would not insult a stranger in their drawing-rooms by going to sleep when he was conversing with them, and yet they will indulge the habit of sleeping in church when the minister is delivering to them a message which cost him a week of hard work. Such bad manners come close to the border-line of bad morals, save in those instances in which sleep is a disease which the vigilance of the afflicted fails to cure. Men who never sleep at their desks, who are wide awake on the street and at places of amusement, need not seek to conceal themselves behind an excuse for sleeping in church. It often signifies too much eating and too little appreciation.

4. *Those who leave during service.* Sickness and positive engagements may make it necessary for a hearer to leave church before the conclusion of the services. I have no reproach for them. I refer to the little vessels that soon fill up and run over and run out—to the unquiet hearers who go to church to see and be seen, and who make themselves conspicuous by their impatience and noise. Perhaps they are offended because the preacher has uttered an unpopular sentiment, and they seek to advertise their anger and parade their opposition to his views by leaving the church abruptly. There are men of narrow minds who endeavour to control the minister by their down-sitting and uprising, their coming and their outgoing, but they only make themselves prominently ridiculous and conspicuously foolish.

5. *Those who are critical.* Some hearers are nothing unless they are critical. Slips of the tongue are nuts for them to crack. Mistakes of any kind are sure to be noticed by them, and they are sure to let the minister know how sharp they are at discovering the wishes and accidents that may overtake a man in the pulpit. "To err is human." The other part of the quotation is not known to them. These maudlin critics are not all qualified for the task they assume. In the words of Miss Emily Faithful they have been dipped in a solution of useless accomplishments, and know just enough to annoy those whose mission is to be the bearers of eternal truth. Nothing pleases them so much as a misquotation or the literary blunder of a minister unless it might be an act of immorality. I might add to this list those who whisper in church loud enough to attract notice, those who hang their heads into the pew boxes, those who scrape the footstools upon the church floor, and those who spit tobacco juice where there is no receptacle for it. *Christian Intelligencer.*

The Wife of John Bunyan

It has been observed by some one, we cannot recollect who, that there is no copy in the whole history of England of a woman making her appearance at Westminster Hall, and before the Judges of Assize, in order to make a formal defence in favor of the unfortunate. That woman was the young and interesting wife of John Bunyan, who had become the sacrifice for conscience sake.

Although Elizabeth stands alone among her sex as an advocate, yet there never was offered a more eloquent and unsophisticated defence than that which she made on behalf of her husband. She, first of all, had the courage to appear before the House of Lords to ask the Supreme Court

of Appeals to relax the rigors of persecuting law. Their Lordships, it is said, rudely told her to go to the Judges of Assize, who had condemned her husband, and without fail she did so. At the Assize Court Sir Matthew Hale presided, and he was accompanied by Judge Twicken, a magistrate of forcible temperament, whose countenance and demeanour strangely contracted with the mildness and placidity of the Lord Chief Justice. We are indebted to John Bunyan himself for a description of the conduct of Judge Twicken on this memorable occasion. He says, "Judge Twicken snapt at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more."

But Elizabeth, however much as she loved her husband, was more enamoured of the Gospel, and she gave the court to understand that her husband could not purchase freedom at the expense of his conscience about the mercy and compassion of God.

"It is false," continued Elizabeth, "to say that he has done wrong; for at the meetings where they preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twicken.

"My Lord," said Elizabeth, "he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak. But, my Lords," she proceeded with tears in her eyes, "just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live upon while their father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. O my Lords, I myself smelt at the news when my husband was apprehended, and being but young and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labor, and was delivered of a dead child."

This was too much for Sir Matthew Hale, who now interposed with the ejaculation, "Alas! poor woman?" He then inquired what was her husband's calling.

"A tinker, please you, my Lord," said his wife; and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, he is despised, and cannot have justice."

Law is stronger than tears. The Lord Chief Justice told her that her husband had broken it; he told her that there was but one person in the realm who could pardon her husband, and that person was the King. But how was the broken-hearted wife of a tinker to find her way to the footstool of a monarch? "Alas! poor woman," he said, "I am sorry for your pitiable case."

Elizabeth now became convinced how vain it was to expect justice and mercy from an earthly tribunal; and with a heroic glory which can only be found in the annals of the Christian faith, she pointed to her tears as she departed, and uttered words which never should die as long as the English language exists.

"See these tears," said she; "but I do not weep for myself. I weep for you, when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

This scene took place, we will add, not only before John Bunyan was known as the author of a book, but before he had ever conceived the outline of his "Pilgrims Progress." He was kept in jail, in order that he might not preach; but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell, which was preached to England for many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the remotest posterity.

Money.

The Gospel needs it. The good news of grace cannot be successfully spread without a liberal use of cash. The need is always urgent, and the supply stinted. What shall we do? A company of Christian workers were once burdened with desire for means to do a needful work, and they betook themselves to prayer. Hour after hour their applications were urged before the throne of grace, and yet their souls struggled with anxious desire. At last there was a calm, and answers began to come. Larger and larger the contributions grew, until the treasury was full with abundance. Christians possess wealth, and God can move them to give. He delights in benevolence, and honors the prayers of those who are strongly exercised by its impulses. Hence, where there is mighty prayer, he hatters to reveal his power that his children may be enabled to bear the burdens of others. Asking for money selfishly, he will not regard; asking from love of others, and especially from concern for the lost for whom Christ died, he delights to hear and hastens to respond. Special prayer for money for specific work, if more common, would bring large resources to the church. Concert in prayer is of great value, for the Lord has pleasure in the fellowship of love. We ought not to hesitate to attack the most selfish souls in all the church, and inspire the Saviour to unlock them. He has many ways to touch them, and can bring money from the rock, money out of sordid hearts. With masterful faith, and persistent supplications, money can be had to preach the Gospel, and bear forward the kingdom of Christ.

Heavenly Economy.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Multitudes of men, women, and children perform their daily labor because they must. Their necessities compel them. They have no other motives than to procure food, shelter, and clothing. They are slaves. Necessity is their master, and they are driven to their toil by his whip. They get nothing but what they work for—freedom from the lash, and a supply for their natural wants. They get no intellectual and moral development. There are no fragments after their feasts. They eat everything to the bone. Others again work for comfort, for elegance, for beauty, for fashion, for equality with others, for wealth, honor, and power. Whether they succeed or not in the thing they work for, they obtain nothing beyond it, if they work for those alone. There are no fragments for them—no higher soul within.

Another class, and I fear much the

smallest, do the same natural things. They cook and sew, and order the household; they buy and sell; they dig in the field, and work in the sowing shop; they make money, and hold office, and gain honors and power. But they do much more than this. They put a higher purpose into their work, and they reap a much larger reward. They do not work any harder, they do not work so hard. Their ruling motive is to do good, not to get good. They work from love to the Lord and man, and while they get the same natural wages, they get an amount of spiritual good that far exceeds in value their natural wages, however great they may be. They are enlarging their souls, and forming them into the image of heaven, and preparing them to receive heavenly and eternal delights. They reap the fullest reward of their labor on every plane of the mind. Every faculty is fed, and there is more than they can receive, that will last to eternity. Is it not a miserable waste to work for that which perishes in a day, when you can get the temporal wages, and gather up an eternal reward besides? Can there be any other economy than that which calls all man's faculties into play, from the highest to the lowest, and gathers up the spiritual as the natural reward?—*Chauncy Gilra.*

Cranmer's Burning.

You saw him how he passed among the crowd, And even as he walked the Spanish fears Still piled his with entreaty and reproach; But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm Steers, ever looking to the happy heaven Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death And I could see that many silent hands Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus

When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer, He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind Is all unduped, in haste put off the rage; They had mocked his misery with, and all in white.

His long white beard, which he had never shaven Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood.

More like an ancient father of the church, Than heretic of those times. And still the friars Piled him, but Cranmer only took his bow. Or answer'd them in smiling negatives; Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry: "Make short! make short!" and so they lit the wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven, And thrust his right into the bitter flame; And crying, in his deep voice, more than once, "Thou hast offended—this unworthy hand!"

So held it till it all was burned, before The flame had reached his body. I stood near—Marked him—he never uttered moan or pain; He never stirred or writhed, but like a statue, Tampering in the greatness of the flame, Gave up the ghost; and so passed, martyr-like—Martyr I may not call him—passed—but whither?—*Tennyson's "Queen Mary."*

Lost Beneath the Cross.

The cross of Jesus has been lifted up so that all may behold it. Christ was not crucified within the walls of a jail, but in plain view of all the multitude. The record of his life and death is an open page before us, so that he who perishes amid this Gospel light has no one to criminate but himself. I have read of those who are lost in snow-storms, that often their bodies are found at the gate of their own dwelling. Although Christ has made an all-sufficient atonement, so that all who will lock to the cross of Christ may be saved, I fear that beneath the very cross itself shall be found thousands upon thousands of the unrepentant and forever lost, because they will not so much as look away from their sins unto him who, from the cross, is looking upon them.

Many have planted beneath and trimmed around the cross so many fruitless, earthly hopes, that it is impossible to see the bleeding body of Him that hangs upon the cross crucified, that they may receive into their hearts that blessed and sure hope of immortality, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Many have builded about the cross such a high wall of sectarian animosity, that neither do they themselves touch the hem of the healing garment of King Jesus, nor do they permit others to do so. For shame, for shame! Tear down those walls of division, and let the victim on the cross be seen as the victor over death and sin, to all who will look upon him. Reader, be careful to make your salvation sure, that at last you may not be found under the flowing stream of redeeming blood, beneath the cross of the loving Son of God, lost! lost! lost!

Caught with Guile.

If men desire to talk, reason, or work together, they must make a beginning, by finding some single thing in which they can sympathize or agree. They must come in contact at some point. The engine must stop down to where the cars are, and attach on to them, before it can draw the train, with all its steam and machinery. To find this point of contact and connection, is the theme of mutual interest,—and that without departing from Christian character and duty, nor joining in worldliness, folly, and frivolity,—often talks the skill of those who are "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." "Being crafty," says the apostle, "I caught you with guile; and a righteous craftiness which saves sinners by out-witting them, and leads them unsuspectingly to higher and better things than they have ever known or desired, is a rare qualification in those whom God calls to be fishers of men."

It is related of Mr. Cowie, a godly Scotch minister, that one of his attached hearers was the wife of a wealthy farmer, who, after weeping and praying in vain for her ungodly husband, brought her grief before her pastor, whose preaching she could by no persuasion induce him to hear. After listening to the case, which seemed quite inaccessible, Mr. Cowie inquired, "Is there anything your good man has a liking to?" "He heeds for nothing in this world, was the reply, 'forbye his beards and his silver, and it be us' his

fiddle.' The hint was enough; the minister soon found his way to the farm-house, where, after a dry reception, and kindly enquiries about his cattle and corn, he avoke the farmer's feelings on the subject of his favourite pastime. The fiddle was produced, and the man of earth was astonished and charmed with the sweet music it gave forth in the hands of the feared and hated man of God. The minister next induced him to return his call by the offered treat of a finer instrument in his own house where he was. Delighted with the swelling tones of a large violin, he needed then but slight persuasion from his wife to accompany her and hear his friend preach. The word took effect in conviction and salvation, and the groveling earth-worm was transformed into a free-hearted son of God, full of lively hope of the great inheritance above."

A Thought for Infidels.

No candid observer will deny that whatever of good there may be in our American civilization is the product of Christianity. Still less can he deny that the grand motives which are working for the elevation and purification of our society are strictly Christian. The immense energies of the Christian Church, stimulated by a love that shrinks from no obstacle, are all bent toward this great aim of universal purification. These millions of sermons and exhortations, which are a constant power for good, these countless prayers and songs of praise, on which the heavy-laden lift their hearts above the temptations and sorrows of the world, are all the product of faith in Jesus Christ. That which gives us protection by day and by night—the dwellings we live in, the clothes we wear, the institutions of social order, all these are the direct offspring of Christianity. All that distinguishes us from the Pagan world—all that makes us what we are, and all that stimulates us in the task of making ourselves better than we are—is Christian. A belief in Jesus Christ is the very fountain-head of everything that is desirable and praiseworthy in our civilization, and this civilization is the flower of time. Humanity has reached its noblest thrift, its grandest altitudes of excellence, its high-water mark, through the influence of this faith.—*Springfield Republican.*

Martha.

Martha is a generic term. It applies to all ages and conditions. It means everyone who, for lack of trust in Providence, is ever anxious about the things of this world. It means everyone who is poorish and fretful, because, as he may say, his affairs do not go smoothly. It means everyone who always looks down on the dark side of things, forgetting if he would raise his eyes a little higher he would see the sun of heaven shining. It means all those who magnify their moloch of discomf into a mountain of affliction. It means all those who are bedraggled in the mire of worldly cares, because they will not view them from a heavenly standpoint. Martha is the name of those who, to their actual troubles, add many imaginary ones—who are always taking thought for the morrow, though the Lord has said that "the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." All those are Marthas, who, absorbed in self and its immediate surroundings, make them the centre of the universe, and their own efforts its motive power. No wonder that when they fall in any undertaking, or meet with unexpected obstacles, they are irritated and disheartened. Martha is in the nursery, the kitchen, the counting house, the workshop, the schoolroom, the temple—in every place where men and women may attempt to carry out their own ends by their own strength, and may encounter opposition and discomfort.—*Rev. James Reid.*

Husbands and Their Habits.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner. Some husbands before leaving home ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, as parents thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unscathed by the world; some sulky and early, with its disappointments. Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed-time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day time; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house tinking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness and interest, and politeness, and attention are the rule on the part of the husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there."

Woman's Love of Sewing

The following, descriptive of woman's fancy for needle work, is from Hawthorne's "Mabel Fane." "There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of woman's work, distinguishing her from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but woman—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with a fine beauty—always some tiny little handiwork ready to fill up the gaps of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it as adventurously as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the end of her handkerchief, or to dare a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender threads of silk or cotton keep them united with the small familiar gentle interests of life; the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along the electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of common union with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristic, when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied."

Random Readings.

I ACCEPT the fact, the simple fact, the august, solemn fact, that it was necessary for Christ to suffer. Those who say that Christ's sufferings were not vicarious, will have to fight, not only with the Bible, but with all the weight of human life.

We think the Congregationalist very nearly right in the following judgment:—"A good sermon can't be preached too often, but the preacher must be warmed up every time. Whitefield's best sermon was preached fifty-nine times."

A PROMINENT minister confesses that there was one strange omission in his training as a preacher. He was urged over and over again in a variety of terms, and with every degree of forcefulness in urgency, to be orthodox, to be Scriptural, to be simple, to be practical, to be personal, but nobody ever enjoined it upon him to be interesting.

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. By trying to get earth and heaven they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other.

Some one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The Prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts, which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for our much-speaking.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cockle to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and how much older you look for it!

Learning without learning is death, and idleness the grave of a living man. It was a brave saying of Seneca—and every scholar can say it—that he was never less alone than when alone. We pity those who spend themselves, and mispend their time in doing nothing, or worse than nothing—who are always idle, or ill employed.

A SENSIBLE explanation of a very common fact was given by wise old Dr. Nett—"Men who go over from one denomination to another always stand up more than straight, and for two reasons.—First, to satisfy their new friends that they have heartily renounced their former error; secondly, to convince their former friends that they had good reasons for their desertion."

We must not hope to be mowers, And to gather the ripe, gold ears, Unless we have first been sowers, And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it, This mystical world of ours; Life's field will yield, as we make it, A harvest of thorns or flowers.

SINCE a few minutes can turn the healthiest bodies into breathless carcasses, and put those very things which we had principally relied on into the hands of our enemies, it were little less than madness to repose a disturber trust in these transitory possessions or treacherous advantages which we enjoy but by so flimsy tenure. No, we must not venture to wander far from God, upon the presumption that death is far enough from us, but rather, in the very height of our joyfulness, we should endeavor to remember that they who boast themselves to Jay may themselves prove feasts for the worms to-morrow.—*Boyle.*

Mr. DISRAELI intimates that England does not forget the spirit and purpose of the Jesuits, and that though she has been lenient in the past she is not wholly without vigilance. In Parliament, on the 10th of June, having referred to the fact of the presence of Jesuits in that country, under the act of George IV., also to the fact that Her Majesty's government had not proceeded against any Jesuit. Under that act he said: "At the same time I beg it to be understood that the provisions in the act are not looked upon by Her Majesty's government as obsolete, but, on the contrary, as reserved powers of the law, which they will be prepared to avail themselves if necessary."