

Pastor and People.

TWO PSALMS.

PSALM CXXXI.

My heart is not haughty, my heart is with Thee;
Mine eyes are not lofty, no sin would I see;—
In things that are mighty and things that are high,
I keep myself humble, lowly I lie.

And walking thus meekly and humbly a child,
As a babe of its mother bereft and beguiled,
My hope, with all Israel, still is the Lord;
And ever and ever we'll trust in His word.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Ye stars that through the silent night
Your torches lift for God—
Who stand, obedient in His sight,
And wait upon His nod;
And all your hands, ye earthly throng,
Lift up with glad acclaim;
And bless the Lord, His courts among,
For holy is His name!

The Lord that made the heaven and earth,
The Lord that made the skies—
The God that shines in Zion forth,
And bids our hope arise—
Yea, He who saves from all ill,
His blessing send thee now;
And balm that breathes from Zion's hill,
Descend upon thy brow.

—Rev. W. W. Smith, in *Canadian Independent*.

GOSPEL WORK.

"JERRY M'LAULAY—HIS LIFE AND WORK."—I.

This is the title of a most remarkable biography just published by the *New York Observer*, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Prime. The story of this man's transformation from river thief and drunken profligate to be a humble follower of Christ and successful city missionary is one of the most wonderful in the modern annals of the Church of Christ.

Of Irish Roman Catholic parentage, we first find him a waif in the streets of New York. Early graduating in crime and vice, at nineteen he was sent by enemies to Sing Sing Prison for a crime he never committed. He carried with him there for many a day a heart full of bitterness and murder against the man who put him in. Here is his own story. "When I arrived at the prison—I shall never forget it—the first thing that attracted my attention was the sentence over the door, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Though I could not read very well I managed to spell that out—a well-worn proverb in all the haunts of vice, known to be out of the Bible, and confirmed by experience. And how strange it is that, knowing so well that the way is hard, the transgressors will still go on in it.

"But God was more merciful to me than man. His pure eyes had seen all my sin, and yet He pitied and loved me, and stretched out His hand to save me. And His wonderful way of doing it was to shut me up in a cell within those heavy stone walls. There is many a one besides me who will have to thank God for ever and ever that he was shut up in prison." Here he was taught to read and write, but for four or five years got nothing but harm from the trashy literature freely furnished him, and hardness from the hard punishment visited upon him when intractable.

At last a memorable day came when he went one Sunday, moody and miserable, to the usual chapel service. "As I took my seat I raised my eyes carelessly to the platform, and who should I see there beside the chaplain but a man named Orville Gardiner, who had been for years a confederate in sin. 'Awful Gardiner' was the name by which I had always known him. Since my imprisonment he had been converted and filled with a desire to come to the prison that he might tell the story to the prisoners.

"I had not heard he was coming, and could not have been more surprised if an angel had come down from heaven. I knew him at the first glance, although he was so greatly changed from his old rough dress and appearance. After the first look I began to question in my mind if it was he after all, and I thought I must be mistaken; but the moment he spoke I was sure, and my attention was held fast.

"He said he did not feel that he belonged on the platform, where the ministers of God and good men stood to preach the Gospel to the prisoners; he was not worthy of such a place. So he came down and stood on the floor in front of the desk, that he might

be among the men. He told them it was only a little while since he had taken off the stripes which they were then wearing; and while he was talking his tears fairly rained down out of his eyes. Then he knelt down and prayed and sobbed and cried, till I don't believe there was a dry eye in the whole crowd. Tears filled my eyes, and I raised my hand slowly to wipe them off, for I was ashamed to have my companions or the guards see me weep; but how I wished that I was alone, or that it was dark, that I might give way to my feelings unobserved. I knew this man was no hypocrite. We had been associated in many a dark deed and sinful pleasure. I had heard oaths and curses, vile and angry words from his mouth, and I knew he could not talk as he did then unless some great, wonderful change had come to him. I devoured every word that fell from his lips, though I could not understand half I heard. One sentence, however, impressed me deeply, which he said was a verse from the Bible. The Bible! I knew there was such a book, that people pretended was a message from God; but I had never cared for it or read a word in it. But now God's time had come, and He was going to show me the treasures that were hid in that precious book.

Every prison cell is supplied with a Bible, but, alas! how few of them are used. Mine I had never touched since the day I entered my narrow apartment, and laid it away in the ventilator." The moment he re-entered his cell he took down, dusted and opened the precious book, and from that hour it was his constant study, generally with delight, though sometimes with disgust and anger as the growing light exposed his errors and wickedness. After a while he began to pray, at first hardly able to keep his knees two seconds for the shame of the thing, at length growing desperate one night after being deeply stirred by the prayers of a good lady who began to visit the prison, he threw himself on the stone floor determined not to rise till he should find relief. He says: "I felt that I might die, but I didn't care for that. . . . All at once it seemed as if something supernatural were in the room. I was afraid to open my eyes. I was in an agony, and the sweat rolled off my face in great drops.

"Oh, how I longed for God's mercy! Just then, in the height of my distress, it seemed as if a hand was laid on my head, and these words came to me, 'My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' I don't know if I heard a voice, yet the words were distinctly spoken to my soul. Oh, the precious Christ! How distinctly I saw Him lifted on the cross for my sins! What a thrill went through me. I jumped from my knees; I paced up and down my cell. A heavenly light seemed to fill it; a softness and a perfume like the fragrance of sweetest flowers. I did not know if I was living or not. I clapped my hands and shouted, 'Praise God, praise God!'

"One of the guards was passing along the corridor, and called out, 'What's the matter?' 'I've found Christ,' I answered, 'my sins are all forgiven. Glory to God!' He took out a paper and wrote the number of my cell, and threatened to report me in the morning. But I didn't care for that. My soul was all taken up with my great joy. But the next morning nothing happened to me. I think the Lord made him forget it. What a night that was! I shall never forget the time the Lord appeared as my gracious deliverer from sin.

"From that time life was all new to me. Work was nothing; scowls and harsh words nothing. I was happy, for Jesus was my friend, my sins were washed away, and my heart was full of love and thanksgiving. I hated every sinful way. I had formerly smoked, but something within me said it was wrong and I gave it up. And the Lord began to use me in the prison among my fellow-convicts. A great work commenced there, and spread from cell to cell. The prisoners began to read their Bibles, call upon God, and praise the name of Jesus. . . . All the time I had to work for Christ was half an hour each day—when the regular keeper was relieved, and we were allowed to talk. . . . Jack Dare was the first man I began to pray for. There had been a revolt in the prison, and he was one of the leaders. We were in the same shop and close friends. If either had any little luxury we shared it with the other, as children would do, and when I got salvation I wanted to share that with him. I approached him on several occasions with the subject, but he repulsed me with sneers. He seemed to think I was playing a bold game to get

out of prison; but he learned at last that I was in earnest.

"He found me several times weeping and poring over my Bible. Once he lifted his hand to strike me, and even spit at me; but when I told him I had no resentment, and could stand it for Jesus' sake, he was touched. That astonished him. I said nothing more for a week, and he seemed to be getting worse all the time; but I felt sure the Spirit of God was striving with him. I kept on praying with strong crying and tears, and I knew God would save him.

"One day he told me he had been praying, but it seemed dreadful work to him to pray. I knew all about that from my own experience. Not long after this as he came out of his cell one morning to go to work, I caught sight of his face, and it was all lit up. He was at the head of the column and I near the foot; he just glanced at me with a smile, and gave an upward turn of his eyes to heaven, and then I knew it was all right. I could scarcely keep from shouting. The first one he told the good news to was the keeper, who said, 'Jack, I'm glad you've got religion.' It was not that he cared for religion, but he was afraid of Jack, he was such a desperate character, and now he knew he would have no more trouble with him."

At the end of seven and a half years—half his term—Jerry was pardoned and released for good behaviour. Notice of his subsequent career must wait next issue.

R.

GOD LOOKS AT THE HEART.

They who busy themselves with many outward works of charity, and engage heartily, it may be, in some "philanthropic cause," without active love to Christ, without being at one with Him, without seeking His presence and spending time with Him, are wanting in the essence and stamina of Christian charity—they are wanting root to live on; and it would be well if they seriously examined their hearts to see if there be no selfish motive—some inducement that has self in view, such as the desire to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures, and the acquiring influence over others, a restlessness of mind which, by doing something for others satisfies for a time and quiets it. Good works are in themselves ever to be commended, but God looks at the heart and sees why we do them. And those persons are most pleasing to Him who, out of pure love to Jesus our Lord, are sweetly constrained for His sake to succour all that are in distress, in need, in sickness, or any other adversity, so far as they can and say nothing about it to themselves. For is it not the peculiar nature and excellence of Christian character to feel, when we have done all that is in our power to do, that we are still unprofitable servants, and, consequently, should greatly shrink from making our charitable actions known?

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

There is no other view of a Christian home which reveals the inner springs of family life so clearly as that of the daily prayer service. You may visit many times at the house of a friend, but never until you have bowed with him and his around the family altar do you feel that you have had a glimpse into the holy of holies of home. Strange that some Christians have no time to keep up family prayer because of the engrossing cares of business. This rush and hurry is often not to gain the necessities, but the luxuries of life. Yet what adorning of art or taste can equal the scene of parents and children grouping to worship the Father of all, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift? Thousands of gold and silver cannot buy a picture that sheds beauty like this which may be made in the humblest home.

KIND THOUGHTS.

Above all things the practice of kind thoughts is our main help to that complete government of the tongue which we all so much covet. The interior beauty of a soul through habitual kindness of thought is greater than our words can tell. To such a man life is a perpetual bright evening, with all things calm and fragrant and restful. The dust of life is laid, and its fever cooled. All sounds are softer, as is the way of evening, and all sights are fairer, and the golden light makes our enjoyment of earth a happily pen-sive preparation for heaven.