Reading. Sundau

The Jester's Prayer.

The royal feast was done. The king Sought some new sport to banish care, And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool, Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells, And stood the mocking court before; They could not see the bitter look, Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee Upon the monarch's silken stool; His pleading voice arose, "O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

" No pity, Lord, could change the heart From red with wrong to white as wool: The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay : "'Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire, Go crushing blossoms without end; These hard, 'well-meaning' hands we thrust Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"Our faults no tenderness should ask, The chastening stripes must cleanse them

But for our blunders-oh, in shame Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes; Men crown the knave and scourge the too That did his will; but thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hush'd; in silence rose The king, and sought his garden cool, And walked apart and murmur'd low, "Be merciful to me, a fool!" -Sunday Magazine.

Call to the Ministry.

"James," said a motherly woman enter the ministry?" I had a call from then came the reply, "But are you sure it wasn't some other noise that are giving of even greater promise you heard?

had been near when certain good men. whom we will not further indicate, tions of triumph. Our life is "even first went up the pulpit stairs. But as a vapour that appeareth for a little Providence did not so arrange it, we time and then vanisheth away;" "Our beg to state that we know of a fatherly days are swifter than a weaver's shutman who longs to see the aforesaid tle, swifter than a Post they flee away. brethren receive a divine call to go They are passed as the swift ships; as back to the plough, the needle, the awl, the eagle that hasteneth to her prey. the yard-measure or the scales. Is it Life is so busy we seldom allow ournet better to attempt something you selves time to stop and think of what can do, than weary people with what may be. The merchant is carried away you can't do? Is it not better to be on the swift current of business; the a genuine penny than a sovereign that young man just starting forth into everybody refuses to take? It must be active life looks out upon the gilded more glorifying to God for a man to horizon of his future, and thinks that it build the walls of a barn than to pull stretches on and on, even as the prairie down those of a church. Better sew which hastens to meet the rising sun. cloth than rend a congregation. Better | The good wife and light-hearted maiden feed sheep than starve souls. Nobody likes to say this to anyone individual, tine of daily care, or in dwelling upon but it were a consummation devoutly roseate-hued visions of the imagination; to be wished if the right persons would the farmer simply plans for the future, be so good as to think it for themselves. Kindness, benevolence, admiration, can in some cases do no better thing than gently say, "Dear good brother, do continually breasting the waves which give yourself a fair chance of serving the future rolls in upon us, and imagine God. Leave off being a poor tongue, and be a dexterous hand, or a watchful eye." Is there not something in the obversation ?- C. H. Spurgeon.

A singular incident occurred in connection with a revival service at Tunstall recently, in which an evangelist named Johnson, employed by Mr. W. S. Allen, M. P., was brought up before the magistrates and fined. Mr. Johnson has been in the habit in other towns in this district of ringing a large bell. announcing his services, and appealing to the people to consider their ways. Arriving in Tunstall on the Saturday previous to the commencement of the mission, he as usual took his bell, and alone went from street to street. The town crier accosted him, told him that he was trespassing on the rights and benefits of his office, and warned him that if he continued to cry and proclaim he would summon him before the mag-Undaunted, Mr. Johnson continued the same procedure on the Monday and following evenings, and true to his threat the bellman summoned The case was heard before the Tunstall magistrates, and by reason of some bye-law, centering all privilege of crying and proclaiming in the crier appointed by the Board of Health, without any fixed salary, Mr. Johnson was fined 5s. and mulcted in costs.

Sermon.

The Christian's Life and Death.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERA SERVICES OF MRS. A. H. WEBBER, known and highly esteemed here before her marriage as Miss Aggie Ogilvie), AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ, CALIFOR-NIA, FEB. 6TH, 1883, BY HER PAS-TOR, REV. W. B. WINN.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree into the city."-REV. xxii. 14.

I have stood at the entrance of

harbor, and have watched the ships, as

with creamy sails curving to the wind, flags and streamers waving from the the dangers of old ocean. As I have watched a ship thus bravely starting forth I have likened it to the soul just launched into being, and setting forth to brave the dangers of life. Many storms may buffet and threaten the ship; many trials and disappointments may buffet the soul; and the storms of adversity and chilling winds of sorrow and disease may assault the life. The ship may make a long and prosperous wreck upon some unforseen rock or shoal; even so the soul may live in its mortal frame many happy years, sailing | pupil. over the smooth seas of happiness, wafted by the pleasant gales of prosperity and health, but its frame suddenly may be wrecked, its life destroyed, its voyage ended before it reaches its destination, and all the previous tokens of a long, useful and happy life be set at nought by the sudden to a young man whose first sermon she visitation of death's inexorable angel. had just heard, "James, why did you Life is very uncertain. To-day we are, to-morrow we are not. To day friends the Lord," said the young man. And may be singing glad songs because of our present success, and the tokens w to-morrow their songs may be hushed, We wish this "motherly woman" sorrow take the place of joy, sad lamentations follow hard upon the exultaallow day after day to pass in the rouand makes calculations for the coming harvests; and we all, no matter what may be our pursuit or condition, are that we are as the ship whose prow is turned toward a distant shore, and which will not rest until it glides smoothly into the destined harbor. But voyage'suddenly ended, so the voyage of life can be stopped, for death taking his place at the helm may turn our

prow towards its untimely end. sorrow, appreciate the blessings of home and friends, the angel begins his visitations, and, with a blow here and thrust there, lays before us, silent and cold, now a father or mother, now husband, wife, or child, now relative or friend. He confines his attentions to no class, either in rank, age, or sex. From within the gilded walls of the ancestral castle, and from the door of the unpretentious little cottage comes the same sad wail-Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because

they are not. Do we ever become used to these visits of the angel? No. The oftener he comes the more grievous the loss. Blow after blow may stun us, we are dazed and calloused, our hearts stony ever looking upon the bright side, would within us, the fountains of our tears soon be with us, and again mingle joy. unable to flow, yet, as our grief inten- ously in our religious and social life.

broken cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me; yet thy will not mine be done.

Within less than a week the angel has struck several heavy blows in our midst, even in the circle of our church. (Mrs. Webber was very extensively and more than one home is saddened because a loved one has been taken. The places which knew them once shall know them no more; the silver cord has been loosed; the pitcher broken at the fountain.

The form which now lies so silent and cold before us is the form of on whom to know in life was but to adof life, and may enter in through the gates mire, love, and respect. Two years ago I met Mrs. Webber at the yearly meeting of the Baptist Association at Boulder, Colorado. Little did I think then that I should be her pastor in California, or be called to pay this last masts, they went joyfully forth to brave | tribute of respect and love to her sweet

Mrs. Webber's early home was in Musquodoboit, a pleasant village of Halifax Co., Nova Scotia. Her parents and sisters being members of the Baptist church, Mrs. Webber was surrounded by Christian influences, and the blameless, useful, loving life she lived testifies to the careful training of a Christian mother, and to the exercised determination of the daughter to profit voyage, or it may suffer an untimely by her example and instruction. Wise must have been the mother-teacher docile and quick to learn the daughter-

Possessing a superior mind her ardent desire was to store it with useful knowledge. In humble circumstances, and deprived of the privileges of education enjoyed by many, she delved almost unassisted in the mount of knowledge. Apt to teach, but herself largely selftaught, she soon engaged in the duties of instructor. Advancing step by step ful hymn, she was found worthy of position among the teachers of the Model School, which place she left to engage in educational work at Boulder, Col., at the foot of the snow-capped Rocky Mountains. Here she plunged bravely into most arduous duties. yet ever carrying with her into the tiresome routine of school life a face glowing with healthful ardor, love for her work, and for those whose young minds she was endeavoring to shape. Tired and jaded she often was, death where was thy sting? O grave teacher, your example. Heed his voice but never too tired to attend upon the appointments of God's house, or to God who gave her the victory through testify to the love she bore her Saviour her Lord Jesus Christ. and Redeemer. She did more than You who are Christians here to-day testify by her words, -her life was her gird your loins anew in the Master's wounds, forgive your sins, and make cheering presence and Christian com- of your inner lives, that there is fort and consolation. If any were sick reality in the glorious gospel you prohers were the hands to minister and supply necessities. "By their fruits desert you in death. In life he strengthye shall know them." Seldom has more or better fruit, either of word or he goes with you into the dark, mystedeed, been borne by those who name rious valley, and illumines it with his the Name that is above every name.

About a year ago she married, and with her husband came to her Califor- gion of our Lord, how can you offset nia home. Modest and retiring she did not seek acquaintance, but her genuine worth could not be concealed, and witnessed the heartrending scenes I like a magnet she drew to her circle have witnessed on the plains and among kindred spirits who loved the same the wild mountains of Colorado, when ways a joy to listen to her as with of terror. Are you all prepared

with her husband she occupied her it may be you, and are you prepared? usual place in church, and her earnest. If not, make haste while yet there is attentive face was an inspiration to me as I strove to uphold the blessed blood-stained banner of the cross. Confident in the unchangeable goodness of God, trusting in Him whate'er might befal, she looked forward to the approaching crisis of her life without misgiving, believing that in life and in death Jesus doeth all things

well. The crisis came and passed. Congratulations poured in, and there was not a thought but that this noble woman and mother, buoyant in strength and sifies itself, we burst into a torrent of Alas! our ways are not God's ways, relieving tears, and utter the heart His thoughts are not our thoughts.

Neuralgia, that treacherous underminer of strength and life, commenced its direful attacks. Night and day that strong frame was racked in agony. Yet | clearly affirms, and how the affirmation there was no complaining, only a glorious example of patience and Chris- death would be to him a gain, and the tian fortitude. Medical science did its utmost; loving and skilled hands ing to live and labor for the Phillipians worked over her untiringly; but in vain. Skill could do its utmost, love presence of Christ, the attraction of that could hold her within its close embrace, presence being so strong as to put him but could not keep her. Many were in a great strait whether he should dethe prayers offered for ber recovery, sire to live and labor, or to die and go and they were answered, but not as we home to his reward. had hoped. Neuralgia in its surgings to and fro at last reached the heart, and we extend the hand of sympathy and then all was of no avail. A friend | helpfulness. There is not one of us broke to her the intelligence that she but who has laid away some one dearer must die, and oh, what was the result? | than life itself. We know your agony Did the knowledge of the approaching and anguish, and gladly would we help angel cause her dread and terror, a you bear your load of grief, and give fearful foreboding for the future? you the consolation you so crave. But Surely life was precious to her. She she you mourn to-day requires not your had everything to live for. Her hus- grief. Could she come among us in her band, how could she bear to leave him spirit form, and talk with us as was her in his loneliness? The loved ones far away in their Eastern home, and the " Husband, weep not for me, weep ralittle life she had just ushered into ther for yourself. For me there is no being? What pain and heartache would there be when the ties that bound | Happy as was my life with you in the them together would be severed! But if it was her Heavenly Father's will which awaited me was far better. For that she should be taken from them, me to die was gain." Think you, then she was prepared to say "Father friends, she has forgotten us or our not my will but thine be done," " Into thy hands I commit my spirit."

rapturously of the home above, of the meeting with the Saviour, charging her husband to give his heart into the Saagain be united in the home above; and singing, aye singing, songs she had learned in childhood, songs of the Chris-

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep."

Bidding her husband and friends "Farewell," as her pastor offered a prayer for her departing spirit, she rewords being to one who bent close to her, "Meet me round the Throne." For a few moments the lamp of her life burned feebly, then, without a waver,

Oh, what a scene that was!

testimony. If any one was in trouble service. Scenes such as these prove to Mrs. Webber was by her side with her you even stronger than the experiences an unknown, forbidding future, but simfess. Him you serve in life will not ens you for duties and battles, in death glorious presence.

> And you who do not accept the relisuch a glorious experience as this? the blood of the Lamb. Would that some of you could have

Redeemer. Immediately identifying at the approach of death's grim mesherself with the fortunes of the Santa senger men and, God help them, women Cruz church, her presence and words of too, have tried to flee in terror, and cheerful trust often inspired hope in have entered the swellings of Jordan even as the ship is often wrecked, its place of discouragement. It was al- with fearful struggles and dreadful cries modest yet fearless words she voiced meet your God? 'Tis a question that the desires of her heart, and testified strikes home to every one of you. For, how real to her were the assurances of mark you, "it is appointed unto men Death is a stranger to none of us. the Gospel, and how she longed that to die," and "the times and the seasons As soon as we can distinguish joy from the cause of God speedily might no man knoweth." The dread messenger is calling here and there. Who is

A week ago last Sabbath morning next on his roll call? It may be I, and time; make Mrs. Webber's Saviour your Saviour too, and be prepared when the summons comes to answer,

and answer with joy, "Yea, Lord, come, I come."

In closing let me present the glorious and comforting thought that those who die possessed of the Christian's hope have opened unto them a life of conscious activity, which in joy, peace, happiness, and contentment transcends all that human thought can desire or even comprehend. Says the Apostle Paul after years of toil: " For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain : but if I live in the ffesh, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be | W. E. Gladstone.

with Christ, which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful to you." The Apostle here illumines the tomb, not only that his better alternative, but that his continuwas a detention from the immediate Unto you, husband and mourners.

wont, she would say to her husband more pain, nor tears, nor sorrow. consciousness of your love, yet the life welfare? No. As her spirit took its flight from out the darkness into the Conscious to the last, she talked even realms of endless day, she bore us and our condition with her. To-day she bids you as you think of her to rejoice. Rejoice for her, but weep for yourselves. viour's keeping, that so they might The jewel you so fondly prized here on earth God has taken to himself above, and shines a bright diadem in his crown of love. To you who have tian's hope, and a verse of that beauti- resisted the overtures of the Holy Spirit, unto you would she come, and in her sweet, steady voice would bid you flee unto Christ, to Christ who so helped her in her earthly journey, who was with her in her death, and who has lapsed into unconsciousness, her last taken her to the mansions above, to an bouse not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Mrs. Webber is not lost only gone before. Do you desire to meet her in the great hereafter? Then do as she did. Accept her Christ as your Christ. Make him your Saviour, your where was thy victory? Thanks be to as to-day, knocking at the door of your heart he asks for entrance. Open to him. Let him come in and ease the heartache, bind up your grievous the portal of death not an entrance to ply a barrier which now keeps you in this life, but which at last will open to the light touch of your spirit hand and reveal a vision surpassing in loveliness your fondest dreams. Your dear ones will greet you with rejoicings, and around that throne, of Mrs. Webber's last thoughts, you will sing hallelujahs unto him who hath loved you, and gave himself for you, and made you white in

> Among the many anecdotes crediting Mr. Gladstone with kind words and Christian acts, perhaps there are few more touching than the following in relation to a young Lancashire lady, under circumstances which might well appeal to the grand old man's tenderest | receive the gospel. emotions. It so happens that the young lady's birthday occurs on the same day of the year as his own, and she has for many years wished to make him a present on the anniversary, but has heretofore been deterred by delicacy of feeling from doing so. Last year, however, finding her life precarious from consumption, she worked a bookmark in silk with the motto, "The Bible our Guide," and sent it to Mr. Gladstone on the 28th of December, with an explanatory note. Mr. Gladstone's reply consisted of a box containing a choice selection of camellias and ferns, with some fine English grapes, accompanied by the following a heart full of Christ's love.

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, Jan. 1, 1883. " Dear Madam, - I am greatly touched by your kindness in having worked a book-mark for me under the circumstances at which you glance in such feeling and simple terms.

" May the guidance which you are good enough to desire on my behalf avail you fully on every step of that journey in which, if I do not precede I cannot but shortly follow you .- I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1883. SECOND QUARTER.

Lesson V.-APRIL 29, 1883. PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts ix. 32-43.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 32-35. GOLDEN TEXT. - "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."-Acts ix. 34.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

M. The Lesson, Acts ix. 32-43. T. Christian Living. Rom., ch. xii.

W. Fellowship of the Spirit, Phil., ch. ii.

T. Elijah Raising the Dead, l Kings xvii. 17-24.

Elisha Raising the Dead, 2 Kings iv. 18-37.

Christ Raising Lazarus, John xi. 34-54.

1 Cor., ch. xiii. THE CHURCH IN THE MIDST OF

Unchanging Gifts.

LESSON OUTLINE. - I. State of the Church, Vss. 31, 32. II. Eneas Cured. Vss. 33-35 III. Dorcas Restored to Life, Vss. 36-43.

UNBELIEVING ISRAEL

Questions -What had become of the chief persecutor? Where was the church located? In what regions?

Vs 31 and 32.—What did all the disciples constitute? Who dwelt in this one church? Who were its chief rulers and teachers? What was the peculiarity of the church in Israel? What did the Lord at that time give to the church? Vs. 31. What was the result? How did the members live and act? What comfort had they? What of their numbers? What seems to have been the custom of the apostles?

Vss. 33-35 -- Was Eneas a disciple? How, and how long, had he been af flicted? What did Peter say?

Vss. 36-43. What is said of Dorcas? How is she an example to Christian women? How did her character show the work of the Holy Spirit? What took place? Who was sent for? How did Peter proceed? With what result?

Scripture Searchings .- Find passages which speak of Christians as "saints." How many miracles of raising the dead are recorded in the Bible?

Notes .- I. Eneas Healed, (Vs. 32-35.) Paul having departed to Tarsus, Peter also left Jerusalem, to improve this time of peace by visiting and encouraging the churches. In his tour he went to Lydda, the modern Lud, northwest of Jerusalem, about two-thirds of the way to Joppa. The lesson says he came to the saints dwelling at Lydda. A title often given to Christians in the New Testament. A certain man, one of the saints, named Eneas. His name indicates that he was a Grecian Jew. Sick of the palsy. This disease was a paralysis of one side, or of the body below the neck, or of the whole body. He had been bed-ridden for eight years, and he was one of the incurables. To him Peter said, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Peter did not pretend to cure by his own power. The work is complete. The paralytic is made whole. Arise, and make thy bed. Something for Eneas to do to show he was cured by spreading his bed for himself. He arose immediately, he obeyed with alacrity, and was perfectly healed. All that dwelt in Lydda and Saron (Sharon). The latter was the district in which Lydda was situated. Saw him and turned to the Lord. Eneas became a witness for Christ, by only walking about; so widely was his case known, that there was a general movement to

II. Dorcas Raised to Life, (Vss.

Vs. 36.-While Lydda was full of re joicing, Joppa, a few miles off, on the Mediterranean, was the scene of a great sorrow. Tabitha. This was her name in the Aramaic, the common language of the people; but in Greek it was Dorcas, which signifies gazelle. She showed her saintship, not by retiring from the world as a nun, but by being full of good works and almodeeds. Nothing is said of her husband, or of her being a widow; and it is likely that she was unmarried, and gave herself to the care of the poor. She had learned that a disciple must be "careful to maintain good works." Springing from

Vss. 37, 38.—In an upper chamber. Delaying burial till they could communicate with Peter. They sent unto him. The deputation, consisting of two men, entreated him not to delay to come to them. In warm countries, speedy burials are the custom, and if he would do anything there must be haste.

Vs. 39.—Peter went at once with them. There, an affecting sight met his eyes. They took him into the upper chamber where the body lay, where he saw, not professional mourners making an ado, but the widows whom Dorcas

had befri their bene manner th or inner c or outer I which Do them. So have been were the tributed. Vss. 40 As our Lo (Mark V. except the as he had of Christ' ter. He

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