

Family Reading.

While we may.

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full; they turn at our demands...

They are such dear, frail lips That speak to us. Pray, if love strips them of discretion many times...

We may pass by; for we may see [The] Days not far off when those small words may Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear...

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake...

Not turning quickly to impute Grave faults; for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way...

So many little faults we find. We see them; for not blind Is Love. We see them; but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by-and-by...

But just odd ways—mistakes or even less—Remembrances to bless. Days change so many things—yes, hours. We see so differently in suns and showers...

Days change so many things—yes, hours. We see so differently in suns and showers. Mistaken words to-night May be so cherished by to-morrow's light...

We may be patient, for we know There's such a little way to go. —Independent.

How may we get at the People.

It was Monday morning, and the Reverend Thomas Brown stood at his study window, vainly endeavoring to gain some cheerfulness of mind. He was the reverse of a conceited man, and was always thinking he might have done better.

'I think I had better resign. I am doing no good. The people are disappointed and so am I. A change will be the best thing for all parties.'

Mr. Brown had settled three years before over a church in Bradfield, one of our large northern manufacturing towns. The church had a long and honorable history, but in recent years had suffered greatly from changes in population.

'I think I had better resign. I am doing no good. The people are disappointed and so am I. A change will be the best thing for all parties.'

Certainly, if the chapel was not filled it was not Mr. Brown's fault. He was full of labors; his preaching was at once thoughtful and attractive;

and by all who knew him he was greatly respected. But the pews remained unoccupied; persons coming fresh to town found their way to the newer and more accessible churches; and the people in the immediate neighborhood remained indifferent, if not unfriendly.

Brown felt deeply, and, therefore, on the Monday morning when we first saw him he was saying to himself, 'I think I had better resign.'

When he told his wife of his half-formed resolve, she quietly said, 'Very well, my dear; I'll get you a new pen, and you can write your resignation on Tuesday night.'

But on Tuesday morning a change came over the spirit of his dream. From his study-window he saw the first snowdrop modestly hanging its sweet head, and the sight quickened the pulses of hope within him.

'Yes,' he said to himself, 'that's what I must do. Evidently the people won't come to me; then I must go to them. The old order in this place has changed, and we must adapt ourselves to the new.'

An hour's prayerful meditation soon suggested to him a course of action. Putting on his hat he went first to speak to his wife.

'Mary, I'm going out for a short time; and, by the bye, I shall not want that new pen to-night.'

'Very well, my dear,' said she, and smiling to herself went on with her work.

Mr. Brown went to his deacons and asked them to meet him the next evening to confer together on some important matters. When they met he told them frankly all he was feeling, and all that he desired for the church, and then asked for their advice.

The silence was broken by Mr. Cheque, the treasurer, who raised his eyebrows, glanced around, and said with slow and deliberate emphasis, 'The problem of how to reach the masses, Mr. Brown, is a very difficult one.'

Mr. Brown, is a very difficult one. I have heard it debated now for full forty years, and it is not solved yet. All present felt this to be true, if not quite new, or brilliant.

The next suggestion came from Mr. Robinson, a meek old member, who coughed nervously several times, and then said that prayer should be offered for revival, and that possibly a week of special services would do good.

Mr. Bang a pushing auctioneer, said irreverently, 'Oh, that's no good; better send the bellman round, I should say.' Mr. Mercer, the draper, smilingly said that he could not quite agree with his friend Bang.

Mr. Cheque was heard to murmur to himself the word, 'shoppy,' and seemed about to say more, but did not. Now the junior deacon, Mr. Blossom, had hitherto kept silence, though there was a humorous sparkle in his eyes, and the faint suggestion of a smile playing about his mouth.

He rose at last, and gravely said that as it was very evident they could not get at the people by simply waiting until the people came, they had better boldly go to them.

Now the elderly deacons, good, easy men, were like so many other good people, willing enough that work should be done, provided they were not called upon to do it themselves, and so they received the audacious proposition of Mr. Blossom with suppressed indignation.

Mr. Bang said, 'That's not in my line.' Mr. Cheque feared his numerous engagements would prevent him from entertaining the idea even for a moment. Mr. Robinson thought there was something in it, but it would need time for consideration.

obtain volunteers from among those church members who had nothing to do. 'Hear! hear!' cried Mr. Cheque. 'I heartily second that proposition; the experiment may be worth a trial at any rate.'

And so it was settled, and Mr. Blossom undertook to do what he could, and the deacons separated. Mr. Blossom walked with the minister on his way home, and the two had a long and earnest discussion, some of the results which were seen in a few weeks. For Mr. Blossom, himself a young man, had great influence among the young men of the congregation, and he organized a small band of those whose hearts God had touched.

1. The neighborhood was mapped out into districts of fifty or sixty houses, and two persons were appointed to visit every house. A supply of tracts and suitable handbills was given to each pair of visitors, and they were instructed first of all to ascertain who attended no place of worship, and then to invite them with neighborly persuasion, to the old chapel.

2. For Sunday work they were asked to stand at the doors of the chapel, or at suitable points in the street, and to accost young men who might be standing aimlessly about, and so assure them of a hearty welcome, and even to bring them in bodily. Four young men were appointed to stand in the vestibule to welcome newcomers, to provide them with seats, and to furnish them with hymn-books and Bibles.

3. All cases of destitution and sickness were to be specially reported to the pastor and deacons, and a benevolent society was formed for dealing with such cases.

These plans certainly did not err on the side of ostentation. They were carried out with quiet enthusiasm and perseverance, and before very long they produced an appreciable result, and in the course of a year a most marked and blessed result.

The minister and Mr. Blossom do not envy them their mild self-complacency, but Mr. Brown often says to his fellow-worker: 'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Blossom, the longer I live the more I see that if we want to get at the people we must go to them.'

Aud Mr. Blossom replies, 'I quite agree with you, sir.—General Baptist Magazine.'

The Preparatory Years of Jesus. BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

The question is, What of practical suggestion for ourselves may we find in these preparatory years? These suggestions surely among others:—

There is in these preparatory years a suggestion of the intimate and vital sympathy of the Lord Jesus with all tired men and women, with all longing and waiting men and women. Certainly that is a most blessed Scripture: 'For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'

For, under what strain of toil are people held in this world of ours. If I ever reach heaven, I think I shall do nothing for the first thousand years but rest; said a tired woman. Bending over sewing-machines, tasked with children, bowing beneath burdens of

business, delving, building, searching in studious thought, anxious, too, about the results and proceeds of their toil, wondering whether they can make the ends of years buckle together, thinking how they can feed the hungry demands clamoring on every side—how multitudes of men and women are strained and tired thus.

And in just this sometimes tasking tyranny of toil their Lord stands with them as he went toiling on through the preparatory years. Though he was not a father, he knew parental cares and burdens. The strong probability is that Joseph died long before Jesus touched the verge of a young manhood, and so on him came the responsibilities of the family provision. And Holman Hunt is right when in that great picture, 'The Shadow of the Cross,' he makes our Lord assume an attitude of one utterly wearied with a long day's toil.

And then how waiting is the common case of multitudes in this world of ours. How frequently the promise of some rich result now to be caught, held, delighted in, spoken to our ear, is broken to our hope.

How often deferred hope makes sick hearts. How often there is a feeling in us of something loftier, nobler, we ought to do, we long to do, we mean to do, even as such feeling stirred in the heart of the boy Jesus in the temple; and then, how the feeling seems caged and crowded down and back and baffled by the narrow place in which it is given us to stand; and we must wait.

There is a very noble sermon by a great preacher on the 'Withheld Completions of Life.' How the title of the sermon tells life's common story; how life is a garden of buds which tardily come to bloom, if, indeed, they come to bloom at all. And we—how long and real, and often even tragically sad, the ache of the waiting for the bloom ing.

Bunyan waiting for the opening of the gates of Bedford jail; Judson waiting for the first convert as he toiled there at the leveling of the black, awful mountain of Eastern heathenism; Morse waiting for a little help that he might string his telegraph wires from Washington to Baltimore, and show men how he had found a road along which the lightning would travel with docility, and lend its swiftness to the transmission of men's thoughts.

Ah, how much of life is consumed in waiting, and how hard the waiting is and strange.

And now our Lord comes to stand himself with us in our waiting. Lo! Eighteen years went widening on between that youthful prophetic feeling in the temple and the fulfilment and actualization of the feeling in the public and active duties of Messiahship.

And, compared with the whole brief space of the active life of Jesus, how long that waiting.

Ah, what help here for tired people and for waiting people. The Christ a Christ of toil. The Christ a Christ of waiting. How easy and how reasonable to cry into the heart of such close sympathy.

'Be near us when we climb or fall; Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours, With larger, other eyes than ours To make allowance for us all.' —The Independent.

Mercies.

Count What? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you! You have murmured under your affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the raindrop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of Providence and of revelation; who avoids thorns and sloughs until his Christian growth is such that, if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of affliction.—Presbyterian.

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1884.

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson II.—JULY 13, 1884.

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE. 2 Sam. vi. 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—'He bleaseth the habitation of the just.'—Prov. iii. 33.

The ark, taken captive by the Philistines in the battle where Eli's two sons were slain, after bringing evil to its captors, was sent by them back to Israel, where it was lodged in the house of Abinadab, at Kirjath-jearim. Now that Israel was united under David, and had a capital, it was time to restore the ark, and the ancient worship. The city of David must be, also, the city of God, by this restoration. Our lesson tells of David going after it.

REFERENCES.—(2) Chron. xiii. 5, 6; 1 Sam. ix. 4. (3) Num. vii. 9. (4) 1 Sam. vii. 1. (5) 1 Chron. xiii. 9; Num. iv. 15. (7) 1 Sam. vi. 19. (9) Ps. cxix. 120. (10) 1 Chron. xiii. 13. (11) Gen. xxx. 27; xxxix. 5. (12) Matt. x. 42; 1 Chron. xv. 25.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

- M. The Lesson. T. Parallel Account. 1 Chron. xiii. 3-14. W. David's Hymn on the subject of the Lesson. Ps. xxiv. T. Rejoicing in Zion and the Ark. Ps. cxxxii. F. The Ark Among the Philistines. 1 Sam. v. 1-12. S. The Men of Beth-shemesh smitten. 1 Sam. vi. 19-21. S. The Ark Brought to Zion. 1 Chron. xv. 25-29.

ANALYSIS.—I. The Ark brought from Kirjath-jearim, Vs. 1-5. II. The Sin of Uzzah, Vs. 6-11. III. The Ark brought to Jerusalem, Vs. 12.

QUESTIONS.—By whom had the ark been taken captive? In what battle? What effect had it upon its captors? When sent back to Israel where was it lodged? Why did David wish to bring it to Jerusalem?

Vs. 1-5.—How many chosen men of Israel did David gather together? For what purpose? Where did he and the people go? Why? What was the ark of God? Where, in the ark, was God supposed to dwell? Of what was the ark the symbol? What ceremony was performed before it once a year? Lev. xvi. 14, 15. How did David and his company carry the ark from the house of Abinadab? Who had used such a conveyance for it before? How should the ark have been carried? Who drove this new cart?

Vs. 6-11.—What was the act of Uzzah? Why did he touch the ark? What was his sin? Was it a willful sin? Are we responsible for thoughtlessness? Ought Uzzah to have known that the ark must not be touched? Who were punished for merely looking in at the ark? 1 Sam. vi. 19. How does the ark resemble the gospel?

Vs. 12.—What news came to the king? What effect did this have on David? Where did he bring the ark?

PROVINGS.—Where, in this lesson, do we find—1. That it is unsafe to follow the example of the world? 2. That the Lord desires strict obedience to his commands? 3. That good intentions are not enough in his service? 4. That ignorance of spiritual things is not an excuse with gospel hearers, for not receiving Christ?

NOTES.—Vs. 1.—Chosen men thirty thousand; very likely the leaders spoken of in 1 Chron. xiii. 1. The object of this assembly was to begin a movement to bring the ark to Jerusalem?

Vs. 2.—Baale of Judah: another name for Kirjath-jearim, a town nine miles northwest of Jerusalem. See Bible Dictionary. Ark of God: the sacred chest or box, which was overshadowed by the golden cherubim, and which contained the tables of the law of Moses. Whose name, etc.: literally, which is called by the name, the name of Jehovah of hosts. The ark was the visible symbol of God's presence. Between the Cherubim: there was the mercy-seat, where God spoke, and where atonement was made every year.

Vs. 3.—New cart: in imitation of the Philistines. 1 Sam. vi. 7. This was wrong, for the ark was to be borne on the priests' shoulders. Num. vii. 9. Abinadab: at whose house it had been resting for twenty years. In Gibeon: on the hill. Uzzah, Ahio, sons of Abinadab.

Vs. 5.—Played: the word means dancing, accompanied by music. It was an expression of religious joy. Harps, psalteries: stringed instruments. Timbrels: instruments of the drum kind.

Vs. 6.—Nachon's threshing-floor: this place is unknown. Took hold of it: not even the priests appointed to bear the ark, had a right to touch it; but must carry it by the poles. Shook it: the oxen stumbled, and Uzzah, fearing the ark would fall, put forth his hand to steady it.

Vs. 7.—Smote him for his error: how God smote him is not known. He died

because he did what was forbidden. Num. iv. 20; 1 Sam. vi. 19. His act showed want of reverence for the majesty of God.

Vs. 8.—Displeased: angry or vexed. Not, necessarily, with the Lord. It may have been with himself. Peren-uzzah: breach of Uzzah, signifying the sudden tearing away of his life.

Vs. 9.—Afrail: affected with awe, fearing yet more punishment, or that they might fall into other errors.

Vs. 10.—Obed-edom: see Bible Dictionary. Notice his courage in receiving the ark, the courage of faith.

Vs. 11.—Three months: long enough for David to learn how the ark must be removed. Blessed Obed-edom, etc.: like the gospel, the ark was a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.

Vs. 12.—Brought by the Ark: the news that the ark was a source of blessing to Obed-edom, was taken to David. He had learned more about it, and now brought it to Jerusalem upon the shoulders of the priests, as commanded. —Advanced Quarterly.

The Lesson for the little Ones.

If you do not remember about the sacred ark of God, you should ask some one to tell you, and also how it came to be taken in battle by those enemies of God, the Philistines. It had never been taken back to the tabernacle where it belonged; but ever since then, had been in the house of a man who lived in the edge of the woods. Now, King David wanted that this ark should be in a fit place. He went himself to bring it to Jerusalem; with him, also, many people playing on musical instruments, and singing psalms of praise. They started with the precious ark, and at first went joyfully onward. But they came to a rough place in the ground, and Uzzah, who was driving the cart on which the ark was placed, was afraid it would fall, so he held it back with his hand.

God not only told Moses (who had the ark made) exactly how it was to be done, but he had given special orders as to its care, and how it was to be carried. There were gold rings on each end, through which long poles were run. It must never be placed in a wagon of any kind, but always carried on the shoulders of priests, and even they must not touch the ark itself, but only the poles. God had to teach David and all Israel that he must be obeyed exactly. So will he bless you if you do just as he says.—Primary Quarterly.

There is food for thought in this suggestion of the Register: 'A recent communication urges that parents should send their children instead of letting them go if they please. Shall we not say should bring their children to the Sabbath school.'

Youths' Department.

Original and Selected.

Bible Enigma.

No. 284.

Give the following described names, and the initials and finals show the names of two brothers, sons of a king who were both slain by the Philistines:

- 1. The son of Nun. 2. A prince of the Midianites who was slain upon a rock of the same name. 3. A widow from Bethlehem Judah, who said that the Lord had dealt bitterly with her. 4. A Levite, of whom the Lord said: 'He can speak well.' 5. The name of a woman who was full of good works and almsdeeds. 6. A king who is said to have stretched forth his hands to vex the church. 7. A Jew, born in Pontus, with whom St. Paul abode for some time, because he was of the same craft. 8. The eldest son of a high priest who died in offering strange fire before the Lord.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

Answer to Bible Enigma.

No. 283.

- 1. J acob.....Gen. xxvii. 42. 2. E ster.....Esther ii. 17. 3. B ecketh.....Gen. xxvii. 6. 4. E gypt.....Exodus xx. 2. 5. M oab.....Deut. xxxiv. 5. 6. I saac.....Gen. xxi. 3. 7. A ron.....Exodus xxviii. 1. 8. H annah.....Sam. i. 20. JEREMIAH.

The entertainment of a Pan-Presbyterian Council is rather a heavy luxury. Apart entirely from private hospitality, which will be munificent, it will cost Belfast Presbyterians \$2,000.