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Poetry.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There are brighter skies than these, I know;
Lands where no shadows lie—
Fields where immortal flowers bloom
And founts that are never dry;
There are domes where the stars are never
dim,
Where the moon forever gleams,
And the music-breath of the radiant hills
Sweeps o'er the crystal streams;
For often I've caught, in the time of sleep
A gorgeous glimpse of this hidden deep,
Away in the land of dreams.
When night lets down her pall of mist
On slender cords of air,
And the purple shadows of dying day
Are teeming everywhere;
While unseen fairies chant a lay
In the lily's crimson cells,
And the solemn voice of the harmless winds
Breaks up the dreary fells,
I know, by the cry of my soul within,
There's a place where they shut the gates of
sin,
And the God of glory dwells.
The wail of the wind, the river's voice,
The arch of western bill,
The beauty spread o'er the living earth
In slumberous twilight still,
The yearnings of each human heart
For a holier, better clime—
A higher life than this mortal course,
Bearing the seal divine!
Ah! sure there must be a beautiful land,
Where the white-robed millions ransomed
stand,
Chanting their songs sublime.

Religious.

MINISTERS' SALARIES.

That ministers are the poorest paid class in the community is a trite remark. The cause of the injustice is not so clear, and the remedy is even more obscure than the cause.

Some of our secular contemporaries are inclined to hold the churches responsible for the smallness of ministerial salaries. As a general thing, however, the churches pay in proportion to their means; wealthy congregations pay better salaries than most secular corporations. If village churches pay far too little, it is because their treasury is far too empty.

The truth is that, under our present system, ministers' salaries, like all other salaries, are regulated by the law of demand and supply; and the demand for preaching is not very great. The need is great, but not the demand. The men who need the church most care least for it, just as the children who need education most are the indifferent and inattentive scholars. In the present condition of society, men demand more for the body than for mind or soul. The man who does not begrudge \$1,500 a year on his table, thinks \$500 a year a high pew-rent. The mother who pays, without complaining, three hundred dollars for a new dress, grumbles at the same bill for a year's tuition for her daughter. We leave off an "extra" from the school, sooner than a dish from our dessert, or a frill from our dresses. While the public rightly demand that ministers shall be paid at least as much as the average working-man, (and they are not now,) it also demands that pews shall be free. And the church, expected to provide a free gospel and pay handsomely for it, finds itself in the condition of the Israelites of old—compelled to make bricks without straw.

Ministers' and teachers' salaries will always be less than just until the community are educated to appreciate, at their proper value, religious and educational advantages. Wherever this class of workers is most needed, they will be poorest paid. Meanwhile, under-paid ministers may take some comfort in comparing their salaries with that which the Greeks and Jews paid Paul:

"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep."

There is one thing, however, which every church might easily do, and is bound by every principle of honor to do—pay its minister promptly whatever it promises him. The burden of ministerial life is not small salaries—it is irregular payment. The minister counts the cost before he enters his profession. He knows that it is not a remunerative one. He expects a small income—and he is not disappointed. But he expects it promptly—and he is disappointed. We do not believe that one-quarter of the Protestant churches in America pay their ministers promptly on quarter-day. The minister is left by the church without his money, and then taunted by the world because he runs in debt.

The duty of the financial managers of the church is very plain and very simple. They have no right to pledge the minister more than they can pay. What they pledge they are personally in honor bound to make good. He never should be in doubt what he can depend upon. If the pew-rents do not meet the expenses, he ought never to know it. It is the treasurer's business to pay him. If the treasurer has not the money, it is his business to get it. If the Board cannot devise ways and means, the society should be called together and permitted to do so. If the society cannot provide it, then the church should declare itself insolvent, ask grace of its minister, or frankly confess its inability to pay all that it pledged, and reduce its promises to the scale of its performance.

Five hundred dollars, paid promptly is better than a thousand dollars pledged, but never forthcoming.—*Christian Weekly.*

A GLANCE AT THE HOLY LAND.

Rev. Dr. Boardman is making a tour of the Holy Land. The following is a letter from Nazareth, he writes to the First Baptist Church Philadelphia, of which he is the pastor:—

Nazareth, April 2, 1871.

EVER DEAR BRETHREN:—It is the Sabbath-day, and an exquisite Sabbath it is. As I sit at my little table in my tent, which is pitched on one of the hill-sides of Nazareth, in a beautiful grove of olives and gigantic cactuses, I can look out of my door and see, a distance of some five rods, the alleged site of Gabriel's annunciation to Mary. The panorama around me is superb and inspiring. Yet on this Sabbath-day, in the heart of a most sacred region, my thoughts turn with an unwonted fervor to my dear old Church. I think of you as a multitude keeping the holy day in one of the courts of Messiah's world-wide temple. While I have been worshipping in the material Canaan, I think of you as worshipping in the spiritual. May the land in which you dwell be indeed and speedily Immanuel's land, the dwelling-place of righteousness!

Since writing you from Jerusalem, I have attended divine service, according to the rites of the Church of England, on Mt. Zion,—it may be on the very spot where David saw the angel with drawn sword hovering over the opposite ridge of Moriah. I have visited Mizpah, and ascended its watch-tower, whither all the clans of Israel gather to take council concerning the crime of Benjamin at Gibeah,—where Jehovah discomfited the Philistines by thunder; where Samuel set up a stone and called it Ebenezer; where Saul was elected king, and Gedaliah tempted Israel to revolt from the God of their fathers and acknowledge the gods of Babylon. I have visited Anathoth, where the gentle-hearted Jeremiah was born, and owned his little farm, and from which he was expelled by Zedekiah for being true to the religion of Abraham. I have visited Gibeah of Benjamin, and the Pass of Michmash, the scenes of Jonathan's desperate forays and Sennacherib's march on Jerusalem. I have explored the ruins of Ai, where after the glorious victory at Jericho,

Israel was so disastrously repulsed on account of the sin of Achan. I have encamped two nights at Bethel, whence Lot discovered the fertile valley of Sodom, and Jacob beheld the vision of the ladder, and buried Deborah, and Samuel held his court, and Jeroboam set up his golden-calf, and Elijah dwelt with the sons of the prophets, and the priest taught the Assyrian colonists, and Josiah trampled down Baa's altar. I have visited Beeroth, where the crafty men of Gibeon deceived Joshua. I have explored the ruins of Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was set up, and Israel gathered to declare war against Reuben, and the Benjamites surprised the Virgins, and the little Samuel was called, and Eli fell dead, and Jeroboam consulted Abijah. I, too, at the sixth-hour have sat unwearied by Jacob's Well and drunk of its delicious water. I have encamped at Shechem, where Abraham pitched his first tent in Canaan, and Jacob encamped on his return from Mesopotamia, and the sons of Jacob so cruelly and treacherously avenged the indignity to their sister, and Joseph was buried, and Joshua assembled the tribes, and gave them his dying counsel and set up his witnessing-pillar, and Abimelech, Gideon's son, proclaimed himself king, and Rehoboam was crowned, and the Ten Tribes under the direction of Jeroboam seceded, and Justin Martyr was born.

But I weary you with such minute details. Let me indicate the course of my journeyings more rapidly. I have ascended Ebal and Gerizim, encamped on the heights of Samaria and Jerreel, visited the Plain of Dothan, where Elisha saw the bill glowing with steeds and chariots of flame. I have crossed the Valley of Esdraelon,—the battle fields of Deborah and Barak and Gideon and Saul and Josiah and Napoleon,—The mystic Armageddon of the Apocalypse. I have visited Shunem, where the man of God from Carmel restored the life of his hostess's son; and Nain, where He who is the Resurrection and the Life raised the widow's son; and Endor, where Saul consulted the sorceress the night before his death. And now I am in Nazareth, resting here a Seventh day according to the commandment. My dear friend and companion, Dr. Darby, and myself have remained in tent. We have been holding a little service, in which I tried to expound Luke i. 26-38. How dream-like is this experience of mine, tenting amidst the scenes of the annunciation, and of the childhood, youthhood, and manhood of the Son of God. Perhaps on the very spot where my tent is pitched stood the carpenter's shop. I am certain the youthful Saviour roamed over these hills which my eyes at this very moment behold. How can I ever thank you enough for this sacred, blessed privilege!

DAMASCUS, April 10, 1871.—Here I am at last, in the city of Abraham and Naaman and Saul of Tarsus. Never did my heart yearn towards you as it did yesterday, when traversing the road on which the risen Son of God appeared to the persecutor, and changed him into the champion of the Church. And for all this, dear brethren, I am indebted to you. The God of all love visit you with his heavenly grace. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen!

Your affectionate
Pastor and brother,
Geo. D. BOARDMAN.

CHILDREN AND CHRISTIANITY.

In an address at the late anniversary of the American Sunday-School Union, Rev. Dr. Armitage said:

I find a child in no religion but in the religion of Jesus. Mohammed seemed to know nothing about a child. The heathen seemed to know nothing about children in their mythology.

Their gods were not born as children. They were never clothed with the sympathies of children. They were never endowed with the attributes of children. They never threw themselves into the social ties of children. Oh, no! That would not have been natural. That would not have been divine, in their conception. And hence they make no provision for children.

But the great elemental fact of Christianity is the holy Child Jesus. Born of a woman, born under the law, in total helplessness physically, laid in a manger, cared for by no man, but the Child of the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace. So that the Gospel of Jesus is the only religion on earth that makes provision for a child, and is the only religion in which a child is laid at the basis and foundation of its faith.

The Bible is the child's book as well as the philosopher's book; and if the stern facts of the Bible, beautiful in love, came to the heart of the sturdy old tinker in Bedford jail, they also stole upon the heart of his little blind Mary at his feet! So that the philosopher and the child stand on equal ground in the matter of salvation. A child is not expected to depend upon the faith of mystery, but the faith of great, grand moral facts. The Saviour is a fact; Sin is a fact—not a doctrine, nor a theory, merely; God is a fact; Holiness is a fact; Heaven and Hell and Christ and Faith and Love are all facts; and when a child feels that he is a living fact, and a loving God inspires him with love, with faith, with obedience, what can Gabriel more than love and believe and obey God in return?

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.

The following epistle is said to have been taken by Napoleon from the records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus commenced his ministry. Publius Mentulus Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, Caesar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held his office.

"Conscript Fathers: There appeared in these our days, a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead and cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is of the color of a filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ear, whence downward it is of more orient color, curling and waving on his shoulders; in the middle of his head there is a seam of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face, without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair, and thick; not of any length, but forked. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have ever seen him laugh—many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."—*Era.*

LONELY WORKERS.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last, never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows any thing about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious

ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well. Perhaps yonder sister has a little class in the Sunday school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; now and then a little child, ascends to heaven to report her success, and occasionally another comes into the church; but nobody thinks of her as a very remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all that she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone, the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work; care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles be content. We cannot be always sure when we are most useful. A certain minister with very great difficulty reached a place where he had promised to preach. There was deep snow upon the ground, therefore only one hearer came. However, he preached as zealously as if there had been a thousand. Years after, when he was travelling in that same part of the country, he met a man who had been the founder of a church in the village, and from it scores of others had been established. The man came to see him, and said, "I have good reason to remember you, sir, for I was once your only hearer; and what has been done here has been brought about instrumentally through my conversion under that sermon." We cannot estimate our success. One child in the Sabbath school converted may turn out to be worth five hundred, because he may be the means of bringing ten thousand to Christ. It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed which will make up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is, that in your labor you are not alone, for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

"THIRTY WITNESSES."

Of the late lamented Dea. J. R. Osgood, of Indianapolis, Dr. Day, as reported by the *Chicago Standard*,—

Gave a short history, showing how he worked himself by patience, courage, perseverance and energy, from a humble and obscure station to the high and enviable position which he held when he died. Dr. Day interspersed this recital with numerous anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Osgood's high moral worth, his steadfastness as a Christian, his large benevolence and sympathy with the poor, the destitute, the weak and the erring. Many, if they had the opportunity, would rise up in that audience and call him blessed. He was constantly engaged in works of charity and mercy. He assisted poor young men struggling for position; he looked after the physical as well as the spiritual wants of the sons and daughters of poverty; he showed kindness to all who were desolate and oppressed. A practical philanthropist he most assuredly was in the fullest sense of the term. His labors as a Christian and a worker in the vineyard of the Lord were constant and unremitting. He had been for a long time the superintendent of the Sunday school connected with the church, to which he was zealously devoted. With him it was a labor of love. He loved to feel that he was directing the young to the paths of righteousness and to happiness eternal. He was very prompt, active, industrious, careful and enterprising as a business man, and the speaker was of the opinion that Indianapolis had reason to rejoice to-day that such a man as J. R. Osgood had lived here. He was generally successful in his business ventures. He loved business because it brought him money. He loved money, he loved to earn it plentifully, in order that he might be