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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

Gather the Harvest in:
The fields are white and long ago ye heard,
Ringing across the world, the Master's word—
Leave not such fruitage to the lord of sin;
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Souls dying and yet deathless, o'er the lands,
East, west, north, south, lie ready to your hands;
Long since that other did his work begin;
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Rise early and reap late: Is this a time
For ease? Shall he, by every curse and crime,
Out of your grasp the golden treasure win?
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Ye know ye live not to yourselves, nor die,
Thou let not this bright hour of work go by;
To all who know, and do not, there is sin;
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Soon shall the mighty Master summon home
For feast his reapers. Think ye they shall
Come
Who-e sickles glean not, and whose sheaves
Are thin?
Gather the Harvest in.

Religious.

SPURGEON'S PREACHING.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

During the spring of 1865, while in London, I met at breakfast, one Sunday morning in my lodgings, a number of gentlemen with whom I had formed the traveller's transient acquaintance as their fellow-guest for the previous week. The conversation threatening to become unsuited to the sanctity of the day, I watched my chance and spoke of Mr. Spurgeon, as a kind of compromise topic, that might possibly also bring about some decided transition in the nature of our talk. One after another of those present expressed his opinion or narrated his experience of the famous preacher's eloquence; but a young man, apparently a somewhat "fast" young man, remained silent, though very noticeably an attentive listener to what was said.

He evidently had a story of his own to tell, and at length he told it. Said he,

"Now I used to brag on Spurgeon a good deal. I went very often to hear him; and I told all my friends there was no preaching like his. But one Sunday, whether he had noticed me before—I am sure I can't say how it was—but he spoke right straight at me, and pointed me out so to the whole congregation that everybody was looking at me. It wasn't right at all. He was downright personal, don't you see; and I've never been to hear him preach since. He had no business to single a fellow out like that, and set people all to looking right at a fellow."

The young man spoke with sincerity, but I felt, and judged that my companions all felt, that there was some explanation of his experience that would relieve Mr. Spurgeon of the imputation of actual personality. I said,—"But, isn't it possible that you were mistaken? Didn't you take something particularly to yourself that Mr. Spurgeon meant for a whole class of his hearers?"

"Not at all, not at all," he replied eagerly. "No, sir; there is no mistake whatever about it. He meant me, and nobody else. I don't think he ought to have done it."

Still unconvinced, I said, again,—"You of course were looking at the speaker; and if the speaker turned his face toward where you were sitting, you perhaps took for granted that he was looking particularly at you, when he was not."

"No, sir; but it was at me that he looked. Why, sir, he described my dress. I own I was dressed rather loud; but that didn't make it right. He told what color my coat was, and

my waistcoat, and all that. He oughtn't to have done it sir."

The young man was so much in earnest that we all tacitly agreed to let him have his say, without further question. But I could not persuade myself that his impressions were well grounded.

Seven months after, I was guest at a dinner given by Charles H. Thompson, Esq., an American gentleman, then resident at Paris, to a small party, which included Dr. McClintock, Dr. J. H. Vincent, I remember, and, among others, a young minister whose name I cannot recall. The conversation happened at one point to turn upon Mr. Spurgeon, and I related the singular experience of this young Londoner to the company. I added that, the young man's confident asseverations to the contrary notwithstanding, of course, Mr. Spurgeon could not have done as he represented. All agreed but the minister above alluded to. He said:

"I was present on that occasion, and I sat near the young man. What he said was all true. Mr. Spurgeon did unquestionably point his preaching for a moment directly and personally at him. He said, 'That young man sitting under my eye, with such and such clothes on'."

The coincidence was so remarkable that we all had to be convinced.

Such an episode, then, in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching must have occurred. But it must have been extremely exceptional; perhaps it was entirely unique. I have myself been a somewhat frequent auditor of his, and certainly I never witnessed anything at all resembling the incident which I have narrated. Possibly, Mr. Spurgeon having his attention casually directed to that young man, a sudden and irresistible impulse suggested to the hazardous expedient of a personal appeal to him in so public a manner, by way of arresting his conscience with an unexpected and unusual impression. The event, so far as appeared, did not justify the preacher's temerity. It was probably an unwise experiment; certainly unwise, one is tempted to say, and probably unsuccessful. But the judgment seat alone can disclose the final issue of our actions. It is still uncertain, in the case of that young man, what the last effect may prove to have been of that singular address to his conscience.—Rev. W. C. Wilkinson.

THE JEWISH CONVERT.

Translated from the German.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

There lived a few years ago in Jerusalem a young and learned Rabbi, who was esteemed by all a light in Israel. At the age of seventeen years, he had already preached in the great synagogue, and at twenty-one he had lectured in Paris. One day, the narrator relates, I had to take a letter from Bagdad to one of the chiefs of the Rabbins. When I had performed this service, the old man said to me, "Let us lay aside business and discuss a little concerning the New Testament. I objected, saying that I did not think a soul would ever be converted by that sort of discussion, he replied, 'Well then, I should like very much to hear what you think of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.' Very naturally, I proceeded to tell him my opinion. The young Rabbi, spoken of at the beginning of this article, was in the room with us and, at once brought forward his Hebrew Bible. We read the chapter through, and I then asked the chief Rabbi to tell me his opinion of it. He desired me first to tell him mine. So I showed him that the chapter could not refer to Israel or the prophets but only to Jesus of Nazareth, and I endeavored to prove to him that this was so.

A few days afterwards I saw him again. He said he could not satisfy himself of the correctness of our Christian interpretation of the chapter. The young Rabbi brought his Bible once more, and the question was again discussed; and that same evening he surprised us by the astounding information that he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, and that Judaism could not support him through the dark valley of the shadow of death. And though he was so much honored, neither his ceremonial services nor his prayers in the synagogue gave him any hope of eternal life.

We advised him to remain with the Jews, and not to forsake the religion of his fathers until his faith was established. But he replied that he was so strictly watched at home, that he could not even read the New Testament. Upon this we offered him the use of a little room in the rear of our Bible depot, in which he might take refuge; and thither for two months he came every day to read the word of God. Every day he said, 'I have faith enough to meet all Judaism, and I am ready to affirm publicly that Jesus is the Messiah.' But every day we exhorted him afresh to study the New Testament and to plead with God for a stronger faith. We also told him that it would be time enough to make an open profession of his faith, when persecution should be let loose upon him.

One evening he left us and went home to supper. A morsel of rice was set before him with the words, "That is enough for such a dog as you." "What is the matter?" he inquired. "You have been among the Christians, and have joined them." Immediately a furious mob of Jews came in, and the young man could only escape their rage by fleeing to us. We welcomed him to our hospitality. The next day he was called before the college of the Rabbins to give account of himself. We went to hear his defence. "Have I then," he inquired of the judge, "committed any crime, or done anything which could bring shame upon the Jewish people?" "No," they answered, "we have always held you in high esteem; and if you are willing to live as a true Jew until you are thirty years old, we will double or treble your yearly salary of fifty pounds (333 1-3 dollars). But do not bring shame upon us and our profession, and upon yourself also, by becoming a Christian." He answered at once, "Your offer is tempting, but I know something better. The New Testament promises me a crown of glory. Can you offer me a crown, a throne and a kingdom? But Christianity gives me all this. I am ready to live and to die for the faith in my Lord Jesus Christ." The Rabbins replied, "We know all you can say of your Christian friends, but we assure you of one thing, that they will make a tailor or a shoemaker of you, if you become a Christian." Upon this the young man said, "I am willing not only to be such as you say, but even to sweep the streets of Jerusalem to earn my bread, if I can only live and die happy in the hope of the Christians."

THE GREEK CHURCH AND THE OLD CATHOLICS.

We are so far removed, locally, from the Greek Church and her practical operations, that though she is one of the leading powers in the Christian world, we are almost entirely out of sympathy with her as a living reality. It is only now and then that some event brings her up as an influential factor in the coming destinies of the world.

Such an event is the Old Catholic movement. Dr. Dollinger, Hyacinthe and their followers, in protesting against the Ultramontane Jesuit movement which was consummated by the decree of infallibility, though professing to hold to the true Catholic Church, are excommunicated from the Papal fold. How natural, now, that they, still claiming to be true old Catholics, should look for sympathy to those who stand on similar ground. Of these, the English National Church and the Greek Church are the chief examples. They both profess to adhere to the real, primitive Catholic Church, and denounce the abuses and corruptions of the Papacy.

Hence Dr. Dollinger in his lectures, and especially in that on Christian unity suggests an organization of those churches in the true unity of the primitive Catholic faith, in connection with the Old Catholics. As bearing on this, he devotes one lecture to the history of the English Church, and utters a virtual appeal to the Greek Church to take steps toward such a unity. The same appeal was made in the programme of the Conference of Old Catholics at Munich, last September.

A reply to this proposal, addressed to Dr. Dollinger, has been issued by a layman of Moscow, who represents the opinions of the thinking Russian laity. A summary of it is found in the *Guardian*.

Taking a historical standpoint, he inquires of the Old Catholics, what are the new elements against which you protest, and what the old which you hold? How far back do you go to get the real old Catholicism? He aims to show that the supremacy of the Pope, against which they protest, is an essential part of the Romish Church, ever since the great schism that divided the Greek and the Latin churches, and that to get rid of it thoroughly and of all its connected errors, they must go back to the time when all were united in the faith held by the Greek Church now. The only real old Catholic doctrine, therefore, is that of the Greek Church, and their only refuge is to flee to her bosom.

As for the Protestant bodies he characterizes their faith thus: "It is a self-created, rugged faith, unable on the unstable foundation of individual thought and conscience, to keep its ground against the active assaults of rationalism." According to him, Europe is now divided into two great hostile camps, one led by the Pope, with despotism sway, the other based on rationalism, and with the watchwords, Liberty and Progress, and yet resulting in rank infidelity or atheism, which Protestantism cannot resist.

No church has so high a historical standpoint as the Greek. The leading primitive Councils are all hers. And it is instructive to look upon the ecclesiastical history of Romanism and of Protestantism in the world, from her point of vision. This author illustrates his positions by a great variety of historical statements that we cannot quote. The power of the Greek Church is rising and extending, sustained by Russia, one of the growing powers of the world, the magnitude of whose future it is hard to forecast. It cannot but interest us to know what such a church thinks on the great problem of the unity of the church, and how she reads the facts of church history.

Her theological system ignores both Augustine and Calvin, and stands at this day as it was left by John of Damascus, and she takes no part in the great Arminian controversy of modern times. Whether this denotes unreasoning conservatism, or stability in the truth, we shall not now attempt to inquire.—*Christian Union*.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.—The following are titles of some of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was "something in a name"; "A most Delectable Sweet-Perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to Smell at"; "A pair of Bellows, to Blow off Dust Cast Upon John Fry"; "The Snuffers of Divine Love"; "Hooks and Eyes for Believers Breeches"; "High-heel-Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness"; "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant"; "A Sigh out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel known among Men by the name of Saml. Fish"; "The Spiritual Mustard Pottle to make the Soul Sneezewith Devotion"; "Salvation's Vantage Ground; or, a Louping Stand for Heavy Believers"; "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Head Quarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant."—*Am. Bibliopolist*.

GLEANINGS.

The secret of tiring is to say everything that can be said on the subject.—*Voltaire*.

The World is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.—*Greville*.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?—*Greville*.

Gratitude is the homage the heart renders to God for his goodness; Christian cheerfulness is the external manifestation of that homage.

Men in a party have liberty only for their motto; in reality they are greater slaves than anybody else would care to make them.—*Saville*.

They whose minds are least grieved by calamities, and who best meet them in action, are the greatest both in public and private life.—*Epicurus*.

The practices of good men are more subject to errors than their speculations. I will then honor good examples, but I will live by good precepts.

The eye, the noblest member of the human body, does not see itself; and pity and godliness resemble it, in being destitute of self-consciousness.—*Scriven*.

We ought not to be over anxious to encourage innovation in cases of doubtful improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established and it is understood.—*Colton*.

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labors bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast! —*Shakespeare*.

We are learning that horses do not travel better with more courage or safety, for blinders; and the soul is no swifter for duty or loftier in aspiration for being hoodwinked.—*C. A. Purtol*.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of a long chain of consequences, that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—*Thomas of Malmesbury*.

When men comfort themselves with philosophy, 'tis not because they have got two or three sentences, but because they have digested these sentences and made them their own; so upon the matter philosophy is nothing but discretion.—*Selden*.

Brevity is in writing what charity is to all the other virtues. Righteousness is worth nothing without the one nor authorship without the other.—*Sidney Smith*.

WANT OF APPRECIATION.—An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we invariably find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

Twenty five or thirty years ago, Rev. Charles G. Finney was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some Eastern city, Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps about five years old, answered his ring.

"Is your father in?" asked the stranger.

"No," replied the demure maiden. "But walk in, poor, dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

The only sure foundation of good morals in a community is Industry. Mental and physical health requires industrious habits; and the aim of our efforts should be to produce a "sound mind in a healthy body," without which the happiness of life must ever be on an insecure basis.—*New York Mercantile Journal*.