

"Look Up And Not Down."

Look up, look up; if you look down,
You see the earth so bare and brown.
With faded leaves blown here and there,
In aimless motion, through the air,
You see the long and dusty roads,
Where mortals march with heavy loads,
And here and there on every beach,
The shining wreckage out of reach,
Or up or down, or east or west,
There's endless weariness, and quest
For love or gold or good unknown,
Or pleasures which have come and flown.

But lift your eyes: the heavens are bright
With changeable splendor day and night;
Give now your soul a chance to try
Its fluttering wings above the sky;
You blind and cripple it with fears,
You make it count the days and years—
This deathless thing of fearful power,
Whose worlds are widening hour by hour.
Beyond all hindering bands and bars,
Beyond the undiscovered stars,
It knows a pathway; let it roam
In search of God and heaven and home.
—Ellen M. H. Gates.

The Holy Land Illustrates The Holy Bible.

A LIGHT TO ALL NATIONS.

It is an interesting fact that the so called 'house of Simon, the Tanner,' in Jaffa or Joppa, has a little tower upon it in which is the harbor of light; so that the house of Simon, the Tanner, is Jaffa's port lighthouse to the shipping of all nations on this sea. So was Peter taught in the vision (Acts x, 9-18), that his gospel was not simply for the Jews, but for all the world. See Matt. v, 14-16; Acts, xxvi, 23; Luke, ii, 30-32.

THE PLOUGH.

The plough is a simple stick pointed with iron, having a slender beam and but one rude handle to direct it. (Cf. 1 Kings, xix, 19; Luke, ix, 62.) Several ploughs, drawn by the little cattle yoked widely apart by a rough stick, are often seen cultivating one field. Returning from labor the farmer takes his plough home upon his shoulder. Jesus speaks accurately of a life scene when he says: 'No man, having put his hand (not hands) to the plough, is fit for the kingdom of God. Through out Palestine men put only one hand to the plough. In multitudes of such little things the Scriptures are seen to be trustworthy historic records. The Bible is not a myth, a novel, a fable; it is identified with real life, and it is true to the manners and customs of the people. It has a trustworthy historic setting, and the more we know of these the more clearly we can see Bible truth.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

As we were going about the streets of Jerusalem, from the top of the Mosque of Omar, where once the temple stood, we hear the Moslem watchman's voice ringing over the city, crying: 'God is great!' 'God is great!' calling people from toil or pleasure to pray to the great God. This is an age of pious reading, of religious rush, of Christian work; a time when prayer meetings are turned into talking and singing meetings. Let us heed even the heathen Moslem calling to prayer, to more devotion.

THE BURDENED CAMELS.

Camels are the beasts of burden, 'the ships of the desert.' Often in the dusty way, under the fierce sun, we met long caravans of camels heavily laden, browsing on thorny thistles along the way, as if thistles were the choicest clover. At the halting place, to be unburdened, his master says 'come,' and the camel with his great load, weary, just as he is, sinks in his tracks at the keeper's feet. His master ungirths the load, and on his own shoulder bears it away, and then the weary animal rests.

How forcefully this illustrated the words of Jesus, Matt. xi, 28: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' How can a sinner be unburdened of sin? By coming just as he is, with all his load, and like the camel, falling at his Master's feet. No preparation or strength are needful to fall at the feet of Jesus, 'who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,' 1 Peter ii, 24. Thus a burdened sinner found peace and rest, sweetly singing:

A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
In thy kind arms I fall,
Thou art my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

IN THE YOKE.

The little, wiry cattle of Palestine are not always willing subjects of the yoke; and often are not readily gotten under the rude, light stick of a yoke. Under the yoke they are under the master's bidding and will. The yoke means submission, the master's guidance and service; like Elisha's ox, ready either for work or sacrifice, 1 Kings, xix, 21. Thus in Matt. xi, 29: Jesus changes the figure. The unburdened soul is no longer like a burdened camel; he has a new nature; his burden is gone; and now the saved soul is like the ox, that should take the yoke of obedience to his master, saying, 'Not my will, Lord, but thy will be done'; ready for service of suffering, the plough or the altar.

Under the figure of the camel Jesus teaches how a soul may be unburdened, how one may be saved; under the figure of the ox, Jesus teaches what one should do after he is saved—be yoked up for God, thus putting salvation first, works afterward. Alas! that one whom Christ has unburdened of sin should shirk from being yoked in his service.—*Dr. Thomas in Inquirer.*

The Angel Side.

Mrs. Forbes was a new-comer in Smithville. This little town with a few hundred inhabitants had its dressmaker, its tailor, and seamstresses of minor ability, who went the rounds of the families that hired their sewing done. There were three or four girls in Mrs. Forbes's family, and dress-making in spring and fall was quite a serious business.

'I suppose there is no help for it,' said Mrs. Forbes to her eldest daughter, Mary; 'we must get Miss Wilkins to come and help us about our dress-making, and now we shall know all about every body, all the back-yard histories of our neighbors, who's got a new dress, and who has an old one made over, and in due course all our neighbors will learn about us, the details of our house-keeping, what kind of a table we set every day, and all such bits of our history as Miss Wilkins may be able to piece together while she is here.'

'We've nothing to be ashamed of,' replied Mary, 'in the way we live or in our history. If we are not misrepresented, I'm not afraid.'

'I dread these women that sew in families,' said Mrs. Forbes, 'but we'll make the best of it.'

In due course, prompt as to day and hour of her engagement, Miss Wilkins came. She was of ample size and rather imposing presence, as conscious that her family was one of the oldest and best in Smithville, though now decayed as to wealth, else had she lived by other means than her needle. She knew every man, woman, and child in the village, and the antecedents of most of them. The larger part of the robes that lay under the sod in the new graveyard had been fashioned by her deft fingers. Not many bridal dresses had been worn during her time but she had had a hand in their making, and this was how she talked.

'Has Mrs. Bangs called on you yet? You'll find her a very nice woman. She doesn't look half as good as she is. She's the kindest person in sickness you ever saw, and she gives a great deal to the poor.'

'Your neighbors over the way, I guess you'll like them. Mr. Burgess isn't a professor, but his wife is, and he helps the church along, and a juster man never lived; he's as straight as a string.'

Now there was an awful skeleton in Mr. Burgess's family, but Miss Wilkins didn't say a word about it. She didn't understand skeletons, perhaps. She didn't tell them any thing at all about the elegant robes she made the week before for Mrs. Caxton to wear when she went to Saratoga. She didn't even allude to the scandal that set all the village gossips to wagging their tongues a few weeks before; she did tell all about the old minister of her church, who had died a short time before, and how tenderly his daughter ministered to him in his declining years; how little Tommy Stevens got run over, and how the village doctor took him to his own house and treated him till his broken leg was all sound again. She told Mrs. Forbes if she ever wanted nice laundry work done, Tommy's mother would do it for her and give satisfaction. She indicated in a delicate way the families where worn garments that Mrs. Forbes might be inclined to give away would be acceptable. She had a word of appreciation of Carrie Stokes, who was working out and saving up money to go to school and prepare herself for a teacher.

When Miss Wilkins got through at Mrs. Forbes's and went to her next place there was not one word she had spoken that Mrs. Forbes could recall that reflected unfavorably on her fellow-townsmen. She had seemed to see every one of them on the angel side.

Now, dear reader, dear dress-maker reader, this is not a fancy sketch. Miss Wilkins is a woman of flesh and blood, though she does not bear that name, and she carries with her everywhere 'an atmosphere of grace, mercy, and peace.'

Pastoral Anxiety.

I'm inclined to think that scarcely anything so cripples a pastor's spiritual power as anxiety about his salary. It is a point at which the devil makes powerful attacks, massing his batteries. How can a pastor give his thoughts entirely to his study and sermons, when he has a family to support, bills at the grocer's and elsewhere to meet, no money in hand, and his church in debt and indifferent to him and his wants? The question is easily asked, who can answer it? Not I. O. if deacons, finance-committees and

treasurers could lay these things to heart, would put themselves in the places of their pastors, they'd see that they are hobbling their undershepherds so that they can do but half service for them. Aside from the misery engendered at the parsonage, the church and congregation are equally great losers.

By their tardiness and indifference churches paralyze the preachers' energies, they get only half of what otherwise they might have for their money. Quite likely every business man of such as I have named gets his salary weekly or monthly; does he know his pastor gets his irregularly, in little dribs, which is next to getting it not at all? 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do,' etc. This leads me to speak of the instability of the pastoral relation.

That it is unstable, no one will deny, that it grows more so, goes without saying. The causes? Many; imprudent wives, indiscreet preaching of the doctrines, laziness and neglect of study on the part of pastors, itching ears on the part of congregation, etc., etc., all these and more are causes, but I believe the main cause is inadequate salaries, and inefficient deacons and treasurers. When a church owes and won't pay and doesn't pay, and the pastor must needs talk with his financiers about it, then quite likely powder and 'live matches' are brought into close proximity. An explosion is among the probabilities.

A case occurs to me. A church without just cause fell behind with the pastor's salary. More and more, month by month. Finally he demonstrated privately. The church still neglected to pay. He called the brethren together and stated his necessities. They expressed sympathy, etc. To make a long story short, the pastoral relation was severed and for no other cause than a neglect and refusal on the part of the church to pay what they had solemnly promised to pay; or at least, they all stated privately and publicly that there was no cause of dissatisfaction with the pastor, they could hear of no complaint. So the English of it is, they let him go rather than meet their obligations.

When shall we have more business-methods in our religion, and more religion in our business-methods? God speed the day.—*Standard.*

Who Is To Blame?

Scene.—Breakfast table.
Big brother.—What mak a you look so sleepy, Mary?

Little brother.—Hey! Mary had a beau last night. You ought to have seen him coming up the walk! O my! and how red Mary's face was when she opened the door!

Mother.—Her face isn't far from red now. I think I must tell that he did not leave the house until ten o'clock.

Father.—Mary, he must bring his own coal along. I can't afford to keep up such late fires.

Big brother.—He is nearly red-headed, too, and tall enough for a flag-staff.

Little brother.—But didn't he give me lots of candy though; and I heard him say to Mary—
Older sister.—She talked in her sleep last night, and what do you think she said?

Poor sensitive Mary flies from the room in a passion of anger and mortification, followed by a merry peal of laughter. The mother and father mean no harm by their thoughtless encouragement of all this cruel chaffing.

She will have to get used to a little teasing, is the careless comment, and Mary is left to cool her anger unmolested except by an occasional battering at the locked door from her irrepressible little brother.

It's no use, sobs Mary, with her burning face buried in the pillows. He shall never come here again! I will meet him down town or at Jennie's, or go driving with him, but I won't stand their constant making fun of him.

The dye is cast, and mutual confidence is forever destroyed between Mary and her natural protectors. All attempts at gaining her confidence are prying into her secrets. A beau is to her only something to be ashamed of. She mentions him only to her girl-friend, who perhaps considers herself to be suffering a like martyrdom.

Mary is so strange, sighs the mother, so different from Helen, and plain, practical unsentimental Helen wonders why Mary never tells her any love secrets.

Then comes a storm. Mary is determined to marry the most profligate young man in town; after all her careful Christian training she will throw herself away upon a man who, everybody knows, will make her wretched for life. Father storms, mother sobs, sister scolds, brother threatens, but Mary and her martyr girl-friend perfect the fatal arrangements for a wedding, and everyone pities the gray-haired father, and weeps with the heart-broken mother. A new grave will be dug

on the family burying-ground, Mary, aged twenty-five years, will be cut on the family monument, and no one in this world will ever ask the question: Who is to blame?

A Set Of Resolutions.

The following resolutions may be accepted as applying to individuals or churches, as the reader may deem expedient:

1. *Resolved*, That we will read the Bible only on the Sabbath, as it is not convenient to read it during the days of the week.

2. *Resolved*, That we will attend church whenever we get a pastor who is the smartest preacher in town, and can draw the largest crowd.

3. *Resolved*, That we will never attend a prayer-meeting on rainy evenings, nor when the weather is such that there seems to be danger of catching cold.

4. *Resolved*, That we will not subscribe for our pastor's support unless he preach according to our views of the Bible, and abstain from anything like personal applications.

5. *Resolved*, That if the pastor suit us, the year through, we will agree to pay our subscriptions quarterly, in advance, with the understanding that we are at liberty to change our minds, and not do so.

6. *Resolved*, That we will never say any encouraging word to our pastor about his work or his sermons, for fear that it would make him conceited and self-important, and tempt him to produce better sermons than he is giving us.

7. *Resolved*, That we cannot afford to give anything to the support of either home or foreign missions, nor a cent to any benevolent institution, because we need our money to purchase as fine a piano for our daughter as our neighbor has.

8. *Resolved*, That we will not subscribe for a good religious paper of our own denomination, because we do not care to know what our churches are doing for the Master, and what are the needs of the field of missionary enterprise, and the consequent demands upon the prayers and means of the members of our churches.—*Watchman.*

Battle-Fields.

There are other battle-fields than those where armies meet to contend for victory. There are spiritual conflicts in every human heart, where good and evil strive for the mastery. Temptations assail men to lead them from the peaceful paths of rectitude and temperance, and enslave them to vice, or else to the minor sins of envy, malice, and unjust judgments, and all others that disfigure human nature.

The majority of mankind repel the enemy more resolutely when it takes the grosser forms of crime; but who is there that will not plead guilty to the lesser social sins? How many fall peculiarly under the bondage of those petty vices of vanity and evil speaking. Intemperance, which leads so many men to ruin, is not a temptation that affects them generally; but they can share the guilt of the transgressor on the lesser sins.

Happy is he who has the faith and constancy to repel the enemy from whatever quarter his attacks come, and whose soul is no longer a battle-field, but a home where the spirit of peace may dwell forever.

BE PATIENT with men. Often a man speaks hurriedly. When he has come to himself, he feels he has made a mistake. He is not quite man enough to acknowledge his fault. If you hold him mercilessly to the record he has made, you will make an enemy. Be large enough to overlook his faults, and take him for what, on the whole, he intends to be. Many misunderstandings and serious differences would be avoided by obeying this.—*Pacific Advocate.*

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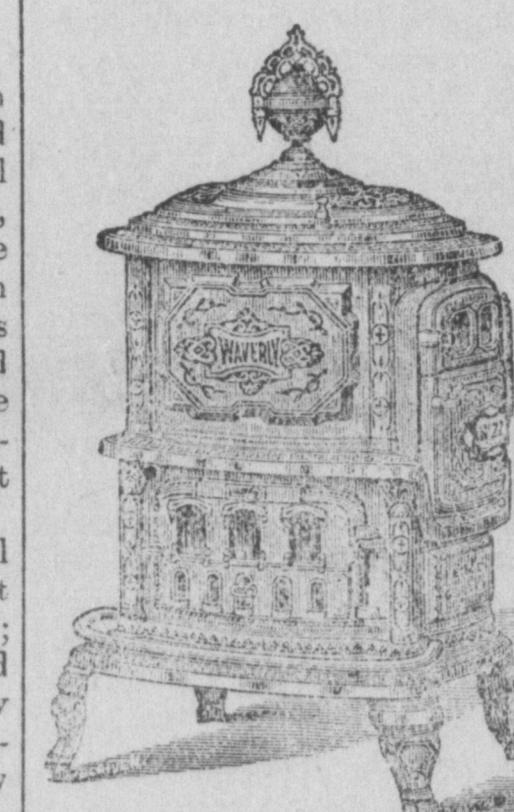
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