

**The Pilot.**  
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar.  
—TENNYSON.

Who is the Pilot, into whose sure hand,  
Waiting the summons, as the tide grows dark,  
Upon the border of this earthly strand,  
We may commit our bark?

Can Reason rule the deck, and firmly steer  
Through depths where swirling maelstroms rave and roar,  
And madly threaten to overwhelm us, ere  
We reach the thither shore?

Has calm Philosophy, whose lore unrolls  
The axioms of the ages, ever found  
A perfect chart, to map what rocks and shoals  
Beset the outward bound?

Can Science guide, who, with exploring  
glasses,  
Sweeps the horizon of the restless tide,  
And questions, 'mid the mists that so  
haze,  
"Is there a further side?"

Dare old Tradition set its untrimmed light  
Upon the prow, and hope to show the way,  
Through gulfs and troughs that blinder  
make the night,  
Out into perfect day?

Nay—none of these are strong to mount  
the deck,  
And, with authority assured and free,  
Guide onward, fearless of the loss and wreck  
That crowd this soundless sea.

O ye who watch the ebbing tide! what  
saith  
The wisdom that through ages hath  
sufficed  
For questioning souls?—The only chart is  
faith,  
The only pilot, Christ!  
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Sunday School Times*.

**Waiting for Divine Deliverance.**  
BY THE REV. R. S. PARDINGTON, D.D.

It is wonderful how the good men of the Bible touched the depths. David said: "All thy waves have gone over me." In these modern times we do not parallel their experiences. We have passed through panics, mills have shut down, ship-yards deserted, factories closed, markets depressed; but we have never touched bottom, as did Egypt, Babylon, and Rome. In those times good men called upon God, "Arise, O God, plead Thy cause." Nations are vaster to-day, unified and consolidated. They are more ingenious than they were. Their resources are more fertile. Modern elasticity, adaptability to circumstances, fertility of plans, and boundlessness of supply tend to lead men away from God. Reliance upon God, however, is not to be substituted. Martin Van Buren said: "There is but one reliance." It has ever been so. It always will be so.

In the soul-search after truth, in the path from justification to glory, in the securing of heaven as the final home of the soul, there is not a moment of time, however golden it may be, there is not a spot, however Edenic it may be, where the believer can sit down and wait for the salvation of God.

Human experiences are peculiar. A trial comes to a man. It may be a trial of his faith in God; it may be a sifting of his business credit; it may be his faith in others is sharply tried. At the first shock there is more or less of suffering according to the fiber of the man's constitution. Sometimes a stagger and a momentary bewilderment come over him. After a while the forces of the will gather for resistance and recuperation until by and by a normal condition is restored.

No man should wait with his arms folded for God to do for him in any crisis of life what the man is competent to do for himself. It is right for the man to use his own ingenuity, to marshal all his resources, seeking divine blessing in the use of the means, rather than to throw himself helplessly and hopelessly on the Almighty. An old sailor said: "Our ship sprang a leak in mid-ocean. Some one said, 'Pray.' I said 'Pump,' and we pumped and prayed, and the port was reached." Pharaoh had set the Hebrews free. He repented and despatched troops after them. The tramp of the pursuers was heard. "What shall we do?" is the cry of the timid Hebrews. Yonder is the Red Sea. It cannot be forced. They have no pontoon bridges. On either side are lofty mountain ranges; the men might scale them, but the women and children could not. Behind them are the blood-thirsty Egyptians in hot pursuit. "What shall we do?" In their fear they forgot all the miracles wrought to bring about their emancipation. The voice of Moses is heard in loud tones throughout the camp: "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." Then Moses lifted up that unique rod and stretched it over the sea, and the waters parted and lifted themselves up into walls. A path was made, and the Hebrews went through and over to the other side in safety.

Is not this a picture of human experience? A child of God has reached the utmost limit of capability and hope.

The last division, the last corps, the last brigade, regiment, company, squad; the last man was ordered to the front, and still the tides of conflict were against him. At such a time as this the occasion rises into "the salvation of God." Somehow God does help. In some way He does provide. The stars, sun, wind, water, are all at His disposal, and like harnessed steeds await His bidding. Good men often meet their Waterloo in life as Wellington met his, and as Blucher came up near sunset and decided the battle for him, so God comes marshaling all forces wheeling them into line, and deciding the battle for the right.

God comes and solves difficulties of thought and questions of faith. We are searching for the light on some question perhaps, and are honest inquirers after the truth which shall make us free. God comes and flashes in light which intensifies our intuition, power, or brings to our minds unanswerable evidence, so that it seems self-evident to us, and we doubt no longer. Let no man be unreasonable in his demand for help to his faith. One man only touched the print of the nails in the Saviour's hand. Few men had a vision of the risen Christ with the natural eye. "Blessed are they that have not seen Me, and yet have believed."

Learn to wait in the truest and best sense for divine deliverance. Do not carry too much sail. Keep your hand well at the brakes. Couple your powers with the divine, and it shall be well. Learn to wait. John waited on the Isle of Patmos, and he had splendid visions, and at last abundant entrance. His waiting was discipline for him, and it was revelation to us. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God."

#### The Fitting Yoke.

Some Christians, and most people who are not Christians, find it difficult to understand what Christ meant when He said, "My yoke is easy." And perhaps a good deal of the difficulty comes, legitimately enough, from the fact that this was not exactly what Christ did say. The Greek word which is translated "easy," in our Revised Version, literally means "profitable," or, even more exactly, "fitting," so that what Christ actually did say to those who labor and are heavy-laden was, "Take My yoke upon you. . . for it is fitting"—it is a good yoke, a profitable one, it serves its purpose. It is a yoke that fits well, and in that sense is easy.

Now this rather changes, does it not, the popular conception of the passages referred to? (Matt. 11. 30.) And it seems to us that the literal translation gives, not only better exegesis, but better Christianity. For no Christian believes or wishes the Christian life to be an easy one. That would take all the nobility and heroism out of it. We know, and are glad, that it is a life which tests all who belong to it. There can be for them no drifting with the current. Christianity makes constant and exacting demands upon us. It involves self-sacrifice, it involves labor, it involves unceasing watchfulness of ourselves. Often it involves misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, or positive dislike on the part of others, and even on the part of those who, it may be, are especially dear to us.

No, friends, the Christian yoke is not an easy one, in the sense of being practically no yoke at all. But it is a yoke that fits. We rejoice to bear it. It is the best yoke, thank God! that was ever made for the purpose of a yoke—good for all kinds of noble and godlike work, good for all grand and magnificent achievement, and also for all sweet and faithful and humble service. We do not want to be freed from effort, from labor, from the high inspiration and joy of doing and becoming. Inactivity is always the source of the subtlest misery. What we do want is the most favorable environment combined with the most effective methods, for doing our work. And the perfect environment and most effective methods for work are what Christianity supplies. This is the sense in which Christ's yoke is fitting.

In the first place, Christianity gives us a motive which is a vital and constant source of strength—a motive for high living and high thinking which no one but the Christian can understand. Then, in the doing of our work, Christianity gives us an unflinching sense of delight, a sort of unobscured ecstasy, as if we were already breathing the very atmosphere of heaven. There is no joy like the joy of Christian service. All the best satisfactions of earth are but the merest trifles compared with that great, exulting joy which comes to the Christian who is faithfully doing his Master's work in the world.

And, finally, Christianity gives us a kind of work which is unique and exalted. There is nothing like it in all the activity of the universe. It exists

only in God's thought and in ours—this sublime labor of saving souls. How paltry is every other thing, when compared with a human soul! Everything else under the sun must perish and be swept away; but this precious spiritual essence, this soul of man, is to endure forever and ever. Think of the difference, ye who are laboring for such films and vapors of things as gold and place, and ease, and fame, and sensual gratification. It is a difference which is a thousand, aye, a million times vaster than exists between a drop of dew and a star. For both the dew and the star are evanescent and alike must perish, but the soul's future is as endless as God's. What an inspiration to work for that which is immortal. What a jewel for one's eternal adornment is the indestructible beauty of a saved soul!

Work, glorious work! It is the crown of the Christian life. We exist to serve. Let us rejoice, then, in the yoke of Christ. It is a good yoke; it is a yoke that fits, that enables us to engage in the highest and noblest labor possible to man. Happy are we, if we are among those who bear it!—*Herald*.

#### A Leaf of A Pastor's Experience.

In the year 1884 I was pastor of the Baptist church in the city of—. A young man named W—D—"dropped into the evening service" occasionally, simply, said he, because he liked to hear me "talk." He did not seem to have any sympathy with the truth preached, nor any desire to consider. A religious service was to him only for diversion. His father was a blasphemous, vulgar infidel whose god was Mr. Ingersoll. He was the only son, much beloved; other sons and daughters in the family had died. The young man was intelligent, successful in business, not free from immoralities, and boasted he didn't "believe much in religion." I heard W—D had been taken dangerously sick, but I was timid to offer a call; one morning his father came to my study and said his son wished to see me. I was ushered into the sick room; a sight of the young man was sufficient to satisfy me that the last hour of life was not far distant; he was fully conscious of his condition; his mind, though much perturbed, was clear and strong as ever. Six physicians had examined his case and pronounced him helpless.

The object in sending for me was the conversation of which I gave only a substantial part. I remember it word for word, for his sentences burned themselves into my memory.

"Do you think," said he, "it is any use for a man like me to seek God and forgiveness of my sins, seeing I am about to die?"

I am exceedingly suspicious of death-bed repentance; but I urged the sick man to cast himself on the mercy of his Heavenly Father. Then he said: "In all my business I have always tried to be square and manly," and then he sobbed aloud; "I know I am about to die, and I want forgiveness; but it looks to me like cowardly sneaking to turn to God now. Do you think he will receive me?" I read to him the promises of God, and I prayed with him, and directed his thoughts to Jesus the Saviour of all. At last he broke out in a wail whose sad echoes still linger in my ears, and will so long as I live, and he said: "I can't, I can't, I believe the statements you make, but I can't realize them, nor get my mind and heart on them—I can't. And it is all so dark around me."

What could I have said to him? There was such utter despair in his face, such sadness in his voice, and such awful loneliness in his words that a strange dread took hold of me. I have an impression that I shook hands with him and spoke words commending him to God, and left the room.

He lived until evening, and his mother, a Christian woman, said that soon after my call he sank into a stupor.

I leave here this testimony: During a pastorate of over seventeen years, I have been called to the deathbeds of noted infidels, religionless Universalists, irreligious men, and a few very wicked men. In many cases the mind was confused, the brain delirious, and no reliance was to be placed on conversation; but in all instances where the man was consciously approaching death without one exception he pleaded for the forgiving love of God, sometimes hopefully, but more often with exulting hopelessness and despair.

This leaf-record of my pastoral experience is before God the solemn truth. The deacons of the church in that city know the circumstances.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like unto his."—*Chris. Standard*.

When we have reached middle life we say of ourselves, if only we had our lives to live over again. The wish is an idle one, but it is left to us to make a good use of the years that remain to us. Whether many or few, they may be honorable.

#### "Ise Got Ligion."

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD.

During a recent trip South I saw a wide-spread notion of religion curiously illustrated. Wherever the train stopped negro children swarmed around the cars begging for nickels; passengers would toss pennies and nickels into the sand to watch the scramble, a colored miniature of Wall Street, and the great commercial centers, a wild scramble for money, tumbling each other about, pulling, hauling, pounding, "every man for himself and the father of lies get the hindmost." At a stopping place a negro boy of about twelve years of age showed remarkable skill and strength in the struggle; he got more than all the others; each coin seized was thrust into his mouth for safe keeping; his success attracted attention—as success always does; he was called nearer to the car steps, and told to open his mouth; it yawned like a small cavern and fairly shone with snow white teeth and small coin; some one of the company shouted; "Dance for us, William, give you a nickel." Quick as thought came the answer: "I can't dance, 'Ise got 'ligion.'" He drew the line at dancing; his 'ligion' didn't hinder his accumulation at the expense of others less strong and quick; he pushed the weak aside, tumbled the younger boys about, pulled, pushed, took every advantage that strength and years gave him, filled his mouth with money, a part of which at least belonged to those who had struggled as hard as he had, that is, if labor deserves reward, but could not dance, for that would be wrong; more dancing and less pushing would have kept him within the Golden Rule which we are so ready to praise, so loth to practice.

The negro lad was of value, not as an exception, but as a sample of much of our modern Christian life. We have enough religion, but it is wrongly applied: some one has defined conscience to be "something in one man to make another miserable." Butler's rhyme is yet reasonable.

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

The crying need of the present day is the application of Christ's teachings to business methods; there is too much of the titling of mint, anise and cummin, coupled with neglect of the weightier matters of the law. The writhing, wriggling mass of negro lads had none of the restraints of religion; the blind struggle for coin, how much has the average business man to-day? He is pure in the home, orthodox in the church, but selfish in trade; like a locomotive on a track, with steam up, he is a blessing to those attached to him in home and religion, but woe to the man who crosses his track, or hinders, his progress. "Business is business," they tell you on the street, and so they said in Christ's time, and he retorted by denouncing them for making long prayers for a pretense, and devouring widows' houses; a diet of widows' houses means spiritual dyspepsia, and that means suffering here and death hereafter. What sort of a 'ligion' is it that will not let a lad dance, but has no hand of hindrance to restrain from selfish accumulation at the cost of weakness? I wonder if the lad put a part of his gain into the collection to pay for preaching that condemned the struggle by which he gathered in his pile, even then,

"The jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels."

I wonder what effect the application of Paul's rule, not to walk with a man that is covetous, would have on our modern Church life, if covetousness is idolatry; do we keep from idols? The new Theology has been defined as "a transfer of emphasis;" do we not need a transfer of emphasis to the relation of man to man in the business of the world? How that black face with the gleaming teeth and coin-filled mouth haunts me, "I can't dance, Ise got 'ligion.'" He drew the line at dancing, where do you draw it? Every one somewhere; with some it shuts out the theatre, with others cards, with others the dance, with a few it stands like the angel, by the garden gate, shutting the believer from all trees of all pleasure and enjoyment.

He drew the line for himself, therein he was wise; many of us play the part of physicians and prescribe for others. What is 'ligion anyway? There he stands, this friend of ours; panting with exhaustion, mouth filled with coin, too conscientious to dance, surrounded by weaker lads who doubtless wish he had more conscience, or at least a little to regulate his strength in the struggle where they lost and he won, though all strove alike.—*Inquirer*.

We are too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.—*R. Cecil*.

#### When Trouble Knocks at Your Door.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterates in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard,—it is toward evening.

Oh, then for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the eurocydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roar—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such, arms will enclose them. His grace comfort them. His light cheer them. His sacrifice free them. His glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of your joy, and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded, and it is toward evening.—*Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage*.

#### Random Readings.

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller*.

When you give to God give the best you have, as he gave the best he had to you.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.—*Canticles ii. 12*.

A life that will bear the inspections of God and of man is the only certificate of true religion.—*Johnson*.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.—*Grymstone*.

A holy life is a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent; and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof.—*Hinton*.

That peace is an evil peace that doth shut truth out of doors. If peace and truth cannot go together, truth is to be preferred, and rather to be chosen for a companion than peace.—*T. Tillinghast*.

It is remarkable that though Christ had such power to draw men to him, so many are repelled. They who are won seem to be few, compared with those who at once or after a trial turned away and became his enemies. "Ye will not come," was his yearning lament.

The helm of the universe is held by the hands that were pierced for us. The Lord of nature and the mover of all things is that Saviour whose love we may pillow our aching heads.—*A. McLaren*.

Great privileges impose great responsibilities. We who have good churches, several weekly religious services, and unparalleled educational and financial advantages, should enlarge the borders of Zion faster than our fathers did. Are we filling the measure? Those who travel on railroads are expected to make higher speed than those who go on foot.

The Bible speaks of "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all," as the means through which sinners are saved. (Heb. x. 10). This undoubtedly refers to his death on the cross, and clearly assigns to that death the sacrificial character of a sin-offering. To eliminate this character from it is to contradict the plain language of the Bible.

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