

The First Snow Fall

The sun had begun in the gloaming, And busily all the night Had been heaping fields and highway With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock Wore ermine too dear for an earl, And the poorest twig on the elm tree Was ringed inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new roof'd with Carrara, From chandeliers' muffled glow, The stiff rails were softened to swan's down, And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window The noiseless work of the sky, And the sudden flurries of snowbirds, Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn Where a little headstone stood; How the flakes were folding it gently, As did robins the babes in the woods.

Up spoke our own little Mabel, Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?" And I told of the good All-Father Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall And I thought of the leaden sky That arched o'er our first great sorrow, When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience That fell from that cloud like snow, Flake by flake, healing and hiding The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd, "The snow that husheth all, Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall."

The Sin of Korah.

While I was on a visit to a friend, I heard that an earnest young man in the neighborhood had been awakened.

priest of the Lord, took too much upon him in retaining the priestly office to himself. What you ought to be angry about is not lay preaching, but Protestant clergymen taking upon themselves the office and work of priesthood.

My young friend tried to laugh off this argument; but I was serious. I said solemnly, "Assuredly as I believe God, I believe that He opened my eyes to see the sin of Korah in myself, for I was an absolving priest once, and tried to be a mediator between Christ and sinners."

I suppose I became warm as I spoke. How ever, my friend took up his Bible and went away to read by himself the passages I had pointed out, about Eldad and Korah.

The following morning he came to me with the frankness of a real man, and said, "You have thrown a new light into my mind respecting the sin of Korah."

"But," said my friend, touching my arm, "did not Christ give commission to his Apostles to forgive sins?" "No," I answered; "certainly not. He spoke those words, 'Whosoever sins you forgive, they are forgiven,' to all the disciples assembled in that upper room, and I doubt not there were women there as well as men."

"Come, come my friend," said the young man, "are you going by your private judgment to upset all Catholic tradition?" "No," I answered; "it is not catholic, only Scripture is catholic. Roman Catholic tradition may be traced to human origin, and their ritual ceremonies, and even their vestments, to pagan sources."

"Poor pagans," said the young man. I added, "And poorer still, those who are trying to mimic them with sham pretensions." "Well, you have turned me over and over, and where will you land me, I wonder?"

I said, "I feel for you. When my eyes were first opened to see that I was all wrong and trusting to a wrong foundation, I felt as if all my moorings were gone, and I was floating away I knew not where, without oar or rudder, into a dark sea. Thank God, I came to a happy anchorage afterwards; and so will you, if you go on looking to God for guidance."

The young man asked, "Do you mean to say that there is no truth at all in the teaching?" "Yes," I said, "there is some truth in the teaching, and that makes it so much the more dangerous. The ecclesiastical, as opposed to spiritual, is the Gospel turned upside down. It is man's work instead of God's—sacraments instead of Christ."

Before my young friend left, he came again, and asked if we should give up sacraments. "Oh, by no means," I answered; "but do not be subject to them. Do not put them between you and Christ; for there should be nothing between Him and ourselves. By all means use the sacraments as a matter of obedience, and thus show the world that you are Christ's willing servant—not to receive grace, but to show you have it."

"Yes, I understand what you mean now," said my friend; but how far he has come into liberty I know not.—Christian.

of multitudinous units, is yet, in an important sense, one. The nature of Adam flows down, as along innumerable cells, through a thousand generations, living in all his descendants and binding them together by the strangest and strongest ties.

In a world like ours, the expression of our sympathy is a duty. That expression should be broad, extending, so far as possible, to the whole race of which we are a part, but more especially to certain narrower circles with which we are more intimately connected, as the family, the church, the neighborhood, and the social circle to which we may chance to belong.

There are people who do not know how to speak it; and yet there are those who do know how to utter it so delicately, to suit the time and occasion. Your sympathy, under such conditions, is more than your benefaction, whatever that may be.

There is no doubt a great amount of genuine sympathy which is never expressed to the parties concerned. An obscure domestic, on the death of the woman with whom she lived several years, wrote in her Bible: "This was the only person who ever loved me;" yet when this lonely person herself came to die, a few years later, there were more tears shed over her bier than would have been shed for hardly any other person in town.

Her integrity, gentleness, and Christian heart had been observed in the family and the church, and at the open tomb the sense of it came home to the entire circle with which she was connected. But this post-mortem sympathy did not help her, back in those earlier years. Do not save all your tears and words of appreciation for the burial. Distribute them along the way, where the tried and suffering soul can have some advantage from them in this world.

We should not only have sympathy for the good; we should also learn, as Christians, to give it proper expression in our relations in society. Sympathy was given us not to be hoarded, but to be distributed with a generous, though not a lavish, hand. There are those who have pity and tears for the stranger and the tramp who never enter into the homely and every-day trials of plain people just at their doors.

There is nothing in which we need to use our judgment more than in the indulgence of our sympathies and the exercise of our charity.

Nothing is easier, for some speakers, than to win the applause of an audience for that, from which, on reflection, every individual in the company, and possibly the speaker himself would dissent.

There is a certain infection of enthusiasm in listening to some men which prevents sharp and decisive thinking at the moment. When a sophistical statement is conveyed humorously, the sophistry is lost sight of, generally, in the humor. The laugh goes round; and the applause seems to settle the question. But when the fun subsides and its promoter has ceased to speak, then reflection demagnetizes the mind, and shows that the putting of the case was more witty than wise; and that the inference intended by the speaker cannot be drawn without the outrage both of truth and sense.

An audience has been known to applaud with great liberality a declaration of the Lord, took too much upon him in retaining the priestly office to himself. What you ought to be angry about is not lay preaching, but Protestant clergymen taking upon themselves the office and work of priesthood.

which had it been true, could not have been spoken; which, if by some contradiction it had been true and still been uttered, could not have been understood. It was a declaration which put utmost dishonor upon man's noblest prerogative; even while it seemed to exalt the function of the mind in question, by personifying it.

How could this be, it is asked? Thus; The applauders were thinking of what was said as it seemed to bear hard upon certain, whom they, with the speaker, regarded as adversaries. The declaration was partisan. It was seen only in the light of its application to opponents. Both speaker and hearer lost sight, for the moment, of its range of application, reaching both them and their cause; involving their stultification and its overthrow.

The gift of the orator and its exercise constitute a reasonable trust. In order to its most effectual and enduring use it must be under the restraint of the fear of God and the love of truth. If it is objected that such self-restraint will limit a speaker's power unduly and give to religious oratory its death-blow, then arises the question, Which? "The glow and the glory of oratory, or the calm and steadfast light of truth?"

Let him speak my word, faithfully." Every illogical argument, every unfair piece of special pleading, every thing that savors of trick or device, is a sin against that word of God. "Faithfully," in such connection must mean, openly, squarely, honestly, and with care. Those groanings of the spirit, lest he should be betrayed, in the exercise of manifest powers, into speaking only for effect and to win applause, which are registered, again and again, in the journals and the letters of Frederick William Robertson reveal the man—nothing more perfectly done so.

Determine to become a pastor, cost what it may. If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; a man has no business to be a shepherd if he is afraid of the sheep. If you are naturally reserved and reticent, unlock your lips. Go and talk with your people about anything or everything until you get in touch with them. It is not best that a minister should talk exclusively about things spiritual. Talk to them about their business, and show your interest in what they are doing.

Watch your chances to put in a timely and loving word for your Master. You are Christ's man on Christ's business. If you can only gain your point by going often to the house, then go often. One soul wins others. You can reach the parents sometimes by reaching the son or daughter.

Personal conversations with individual souls will train you to be a doser, more suggestive, and practical preacher. They will make you colloquial and simple and direct in the pulpit. Half of all the preaching is fixed into the air. You will gather most precious material for your sermons, by going about among your people, and finding out what they are doing, what they are thinking, what they are suffering and what they need.

Devote a portion of every day to pastoral service. To visit a large congregation consumes a vast amount of time; but can you spend it more profitably elsewhere? Be on the lookout for sermon-hints wherever you go; on hour with a live man may teach you more than two hours with a dead book.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Afraid of Enthusiasm. Much of the "temperance" talk of the lay is like a cold sermon. The speaker or the writer is really "opposed to temperance," of course. He says he is sorry for the drunkard, and would like to help him; that the saloon keeper is very wicked, and the saloon very dreadful. He wishes there were no saloons, at least not so many. If head his way the saloons would be abolished; but as he cannot have his way he will "do the next best thing,—let them stay. He will not go to extremes. He will not be violent or exorable.

A man walking across a bridge sees a boy rugging in the water. "Ah!" he exclaims, "I pity that boy!" It's a dreadful thing to be drowned. It will be very sad for that boy's father and mother. I should sympathize with a wise and well-directed efforts to save that boy." Now, where is the worst disease—Dyspepsia The Best Cure—K. D. C.

fault in these excellent remarks? Another man rushes up in hot haste and prepares to plunge in, with eyes fixed on the struggling boy. The first man says, severely, "Sir, this is very undignified and impolite behavior. You almost knocked me down, and you have flung your coat and boots into that dirty pool. Sir, I felt great sympathy for that boy before you appeared, but your violent measures have destroyed all my interest, and now I don't care 'what becomes of him.'"

The teaching of Christ, while simple, in the language of common life, without the rhetorical parade of the schools, was the most penetrating and heart searching, and in this sense the most eloquent that ever fell from human lips. He knew how to talk to men, and he did so talk as to carry home His thoughts to their hearts. It takes a very unreasoning cavalier to escape the pungency and force of his words. They fit human nature and human conditions.—The Independent.

Random Readings. If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fear. His success is a question of time.—Prof. Phelps. It never takes the devil very long to find a job that will just suit the man who isn't busy. Nobody knows better how the Christian ought to carry himself than the hypocrite.—Ram's Horn.

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Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my little girl so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin diseases. She was troubled with itching, burning sores. When I took her to the doctor the first time, he called it the Italian itch, and said he would cure her in two weeks. When the two weeks were up, he called it eczema, and in that time she was worse than before. He doctor her for three months, and she was so bad that we did not know what to do. He did not do her any good. I saw the advertisement of CUTICURA REMEDIES in the paper, and I said to my wife, "I am going to try them." Mind what I say, she was so thick with sores that we had to soak her clothes to take them off. I felt there was no end to it. She had it all over her body, back, legs, arms, in between her fingers. She did not have it on her head. But after taking your CUTICURA REMEDIES for two weeks the itch stopped, and in four weeks the sores were all gone. I enclose her portrait. I am more than pleased with your CUTICURA REMEDIES, as they speedily cured my daughter, and if anybody asks me about your remedies, I will uphold them wherever I go. CHARLES M. GRONEL, Conshohocken, Montgomery County, Pa.

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