

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

PSALM IV: 22.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

BY B. C. A.

Far above the shrouded sky, Amre veiled, their cyclone run, Worlds whose glory cannot vie With the unclouded sun...

Tossed with doubt and wraped in gloom, Deluged—thou hast craved the land: Yet in mercy, not in doom...

Art thou ignorant? His love Knows no parallax or change: Ask the wisdom from above; Let His providence arrange...

Is his weakness needs His aid? Him the earth and stars obey! If on Him thy care be laid, Strength, sufficient for thy day...

He who turns the ordered spheres, And presides o'er winds and seas, Faithful art, and though wrath appears Which no bullock could appease...

What he gives thee 'is His own Discipline of faith. Be sure His hand shall bring thee down; Thou art best—if thou endure...

Art thou bowed with care and woe? Jesu's heart was rent with pain! Through the darkness streams a glow Showing where thy Lord hath lain!

When thy flesh and heart shall fail, May thy strength and portion be God, who, infinite though pale, Bore our burdens on the tree!

The word in the original means to sustain by nourishment. The word rendered 'burden' in the Hebrew, signifies a 'gift'.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

No. 36. R. R. GURLEY.

We write these reminiscences just as the subjects of them occur to the memory. We mingle them together, North, South, East or West, because in the times we recall the Presbyterian was one Church.

We are indebted to Connecticut for some of our valuable ministers. It was the native State of R. R. Gurley, a man of mark for his untiring philanthropy.

The Occident holds that what we need, next to the outpouring of God's Spirit, is a greater esprit de corps, more denominational sympathy and unity.

A CERTAIN writer has said: "A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship."

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THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Dr. Ramsay expresses my views on this part of my subject so much better than I can express them, that I will employ the space of this article in quotations from his work called "The Spiritual Kingdom."

On the phrase occurring in these epistles, "To him that overcometh," he says, "The necessity of this personal conflict can never cease until the application of redemption ceases, until the final consummation."

It matters not how great the glory and power with which you conceive the visible Church on earth to be invested at some future time, provided that it be not a glory inconsistent with men still dwelling in the flesh.

To promote the interests of the Association, its Secretary took a voyage to England. He employed there his days of leisure in searching after objects of interest in our ancestral land.

In his lecture on Rev. vi: 12-17, speaking of the scene there described the Dr. says, "We regard it as a description of the utter overthrow of all the world's powers and organizations, in order to the eternal triumph of this spiritual kingdom."

Said an aged clergyman, a few days ago, I am in playfulness and half in earnest, "I am now close on to eighty years old, and I've been hard at work a long time; but I haven't got the world straightened out yet."

AN UNCHANGING state of joy is not possible on earth as it now is, because evil and error are here. The soul must have its midnight hour of sorrow, as well as its sunrise seasons of joy and gladness.

ONE of the saddest things about human nature is that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.

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THE RAILROADS AND THE SABBATH.

A recent issue of the Central Presbyterian contained a very suggestive and timely editorial in reference to the desecration of the Sabbath by our soulless corporations—the railroad companies.

With the increase of light and knowledge as to the true nature and purpose of the Sabbath day, and of our obligations to "remember," (not forget) "it and keep it holy," it is believed, that in many communities and with many persons, there is a healthy sentiment and practice in the observance of the day.

In looking for a reason for this remarkable state of facts, the people themselves are free from responsibility. A few years ago, when private stockholders and the State of Virginia had a controlling vote in the management of the railroad affairs, honest and faithful efforts were made to procure a positive order, in unmistakable terms, to the Directors, to suspend the running of Sunday trains.

There are other evidences of an unsound and unhealthy public sentiment which tolerates Sunday trains. It is not the provisions of the Code of Virginia, which will take hold of and restrain these people.

Where there was one reader of the secular papers on Sunday twenty years ago there are ten now. Members of churches buy and read the secular papers on Sunday; and this bad example is a growing evil with those who are admonished "to avoid the appearance of evil."

It is a matter of fact of which you may never have thought particularly, that you can tell very much about the type of individual Christian character, from a knowledge of the estimate which individuals attach to the ordinary worship of God in His sanctuary.

THE religion of such a person is a life principle, developing a life habit. Then take the church member who at times manifests great zeal in waiting upon God in His sanctuary; but between these times are intervals of indifference and non-attendance.

THE "big meeting" Christian possesses, according to his own ideas, an unusual amount of piety. He greatly deprecates the low state of religion. Thinks strange that others do not feel as he does. He longs for

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READINGS IN THE GREEK.

Acts xiii: 1.

MANAEN AND HEROD.

Apart from such specifications in history as were presented last week, we possess this one item of real fact: Manaea the prescher of Antioch and Herod Antipas the tetrarch of Galilee, were reared side by side, possessing the same opportunities, enjoying the same advantages.

Herod, pomp and power and magnificent luxury and imperial honors. The one a lowly ambassador of Christ, finding his happiness in service to others, seeking in his narrow sphere to be a pattern of morals and devotion, laboring to elevate men's thoughts and purify their lives even with the loss of all things to himself.

Let us also true, that these indications of an enlightened public sentiment and of improved observance of this holy day, are not without marked exceptions. The running of railway trains, both passenger and freight, is a great and growing evil.

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THE SABBATH-STONE.

"In the recesses of the Northumberland coal-pits," says a writer, "a parti-coloured clay, consisting of grey and black layers, is found, which bears the name of the 'Sabbath-stone.'" The springs which ooze into the pit are charged with a fine impalpable pipelity, which they deposit in the pools of water of the deserted workings, and which is a pale grey color, approaching to white.

"The blank Friday," replied the foreman, "was the day of the strike for wages; the men stood out for three weeks, and then gave in."

"Oh! that space," rejoined the foreman, "shows the time of the strike for wages; the men stood out for three weeks, and then gave in."

"In fine, the 'Sabbath stone' of the Northumberland coal-mines is a sort of geological register of the work done in them—a sort of natural tally, in which the sedimentary agent keeps the chalk, and which tells when the miners labor and when they rest, and whether they keep their Sabbaths intact or encroach upon them.

"Let us, then, live as in God's sight, looking to His grace through Christ for pardon of our countless sins, and for preservation from iniquity."

Immediately after graduating at college, I made a voyage from New York to Havre, during which I contracted a strong friendship for the captain of our ship. He was precisely the type of man—bluff and hearty, with commanding executive ability and a voice like a speaking trumpet—to fascinate a dreamy student.

"What is it?" I answered. "Oh! I just wanted to say one word to you," he rejoined, in a voice that betrayed still increasing agitation. I could not tell what to make of it; but he turned and, descending the stairs, seized my hand in his powerful grasp.

How much of this same thing there is in the common life of our great work-a-day world? To judge men aright, we must know them on duty and off duty, afloat and ashore. They show out one class of qualities on the quarter deck, and another when under the trees, in the bosom of the home circle, or at the social board.

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THE ALL-INCLUDING MUSIC.

Not long ago, at a Philharmonic Concert, the fortunate New Yorkers who were present listened to the tones of a superb violinello, a master-piece of the famous maker Antonio Stradivarius.

Turning from the paper to a favorite book, I refreshed my memory concerning Stradivarius. He was born in 1644, lived ninety-two years, and beginning as a pupil of Nicolo Amati, the first great maker of violins, he devoted his whole life, from childhood to his last year, to thought, study and toil upon the instrument of his love.

But it was not to write about violins that I took my pen, sweet and entrancing as they are, voicing when played by a good artist every note in the gamut of human joy, suffering, triumph and despair, nor yet of grand old Stradivarius toiling in his work-shop in dusty Cremona two hundred years ago.

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