

## Pastor and People.

### PRAY FOR ME.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,  
For my need is very sore;  
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,  
But for something even more,  
From the depths of your heart's pity let it be—  
Pray for me.

I beg of you whose robes of radiant whiteness  
Have been kept without a stain—  
Of you, who, stung to death by serpent  
Pleasure,  
Found the healing angel, Pain;  
Whether holy or forgiven you may be—  
Pray for me.

I beg of you, calm souls, whose wandering  
pity  
Looks at paths you never trod;  
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow  
Must be very near to God;  
And my need is greater even than you see—  
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children—for He loves you,  
And He loves your prayers the best;  
Fold your little hands together and ask Jesus  
That the weary may have rest;  
That a bird caught in a net may be set free—  
Pray for me.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,  
For an alms this very day;  
I am standing on your door-step as a beggar  
Who will not be turned away;  
And the charity you give my soul shall be—  
Pray for me.

—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Some years ago, while making farewell calls on friends and neighbours before setting out on a long voyage, I pulled up to speak to a boy in Albany Street, Dunedin, who was cantering on his father's staff. Looking me in the face, he said, "I pray for you every day." In my wanderings, far and near, I often recalled his words with a note of praise. The same day a well-known Catholic dignitary laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, you are about to take a long voyage, "count on my prayers in life and in death." Many times their words rose up before me, and never without a note of thankfulness.

### THE METHODS OF MR. MOODY.

REV. J. A. B. DICKSON, B.A., PH.D., GALT, ONT.

Mr. Moody has earned a title to respect as a religious worker. He has done more in many important aggressive and revolutionary spiritual movements than any man of his time. He has been successful in rallying ministers of every denomination to united efforts for the salvation of souls. He has been able to arouse large and busy communities to an anxious concern for their eternal welfare. He has carried into effect many noble purposes for the rescue of young men; and the education of Christian workers; and the erection of schools and colleges, and the holding of conferences, in which some of the best talent of our time has lent a helping hand—for the cultivation of pious and godly intelligence. And, as an old and tried Christian general, he has conducted a grand campaign during the World's Fair, in Chicago, through the space of six months, holding as many as a hundred meetings a day.

Having had the happiness of attending a number of those meetings, and studying them with deep interest, and I trust profit, I wish to put on record my observations and impressions. There are important suggestions for all religious workers in Mr. Moody's methods. We may not adopt them entire, but with slight modification they will improve many a religious service that just now is as stiff and lifeless as it can well be, and create an interest in the work of the church that seems at present to be entirely wanting. We want live services; saving services; services that the people will hunger for, and come to with expectation of a manifold blessing. And therefore we should not be afraid to change a little the routine. We can do that without sacrificing solemnity and losing the sacred savour of the sanctuary. We can do that without anything unbecoming entering in. We can do that without any loss of the good we have, and with a large access of good we have not. Much, if not everything, will depend on the minister himself. He leads, gives, determines the course things will take.

Mr. Moody is a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the truth. He is living in the joy and in the power of it. He is full of the faith of the Gospel, and is obedient to the faith. He knows his Bible like a book; and that has created an atmosphere, clear and bracing, about him. The Bible is his first and final authority. It is God speaking to him. Its Word settles everything for him, and he wants it to settle everything for all others. He has no doubts about it. This underlies and penetrates everything he does—an invincible faith in the living God. He is consequently a happy man, and so he loves singing. He believes that the joy of the Lord should be expressed. If the godly are to reach, and affect favourably, the world, they must do so by the telling out of their gladness. The minister of song not only gives vent to Christian feeling, but it strongly appeals to unchristian hearts. It has a mighty rousing effect on the religiously irresolute. Hence Mr. Moody believes in singing—the best, most cultured he can procure. "One of the best ways to make up a church, and start a revival, is to hold a praise service meeting." It was no unusual thing in Chicago, to hear Mr. Moody cry out, "That chorus again, 't'wasn't half sung; next verse a little softer, please." He would urge the people to get the hymn book for themselves, in this fashion, "Get books for ten cents and have the words. They carried off twenty-five dollars worth of books in one day. Get 'em and do what you've a mind to with 'em." Before the quartette sang he rose and cried to the ushers, "Let every window be closed, there's too much noise."

The singing is not in Mr. Moody's mind a formal part of the service. It is the grand preparation for preaching. It stirs and wakens and melts and unites the hearts of the hearers. It must be an intelligent expression and a hearty expression on their part, and hence the interest he takes in having it well done.

The preaching Mr. Moody likes is exposition. Bible, Bible, Bible, is his motto. Let us hear what God says. He uses anecdotes largely, but they are run in to lighten up, confirm or enforce the truth with which he deals. And they are told in a homely, business-like fashion. There is no attempt at grandiloquence. The entire honesty of the man shines out in everything he says and does. It is his business, his hearty work, that he is at, and he knows how to handle men—he knows that only sterling honesty will commend itself to them. Speaking one day of the work of the Spirit, and describing His dwelling places, he stopped short and said: "I'm going to say something you won't like; hold on, now! Sit still and don't get angry—God never intended you to make a smoke stalk of yourself. One of the memorable things George Muller, of Bristol, said to me was, 'I can't keep my soul, God does that. But my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost and I can take care of that.' We are to keep our bodies clean. And we don't when we poison it with tobacco. You don't like this kind of talk, you'll go away angry. I have had men offer their services to me, off whom I had to keep away forty rods. How could I introduce them to speak to ladies?" A little farther on in the same sermon he told us of his preaching in a church whose spire was built by whiskey, and he couldn't keep his hands off it. After, he got a letter from the man who built it, asking him to give a single passage against the business and he would give it up. Mr. Moody sent him the text, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," I Cor. x, 31. "Think of 1,000 barrels going to Africa and the man on his knees praying, 'Lord make them a blessing.' It isn't likely."

One is greatly taken with his straightforward talk. Before collection being taken he said, "I want to thank the people for their generous help. I like to see you smile when I ask for a contribution. It does me good. You can have a hand in this work if you like. We have two theatres going every night, and yesterday we had six. If you can't give a five or a ten dollar bill, give what you can; a nickel is better than nothing. We use about all we get. We don't put it in the bank to run the risk of being lost." The means he adopts for discovering talents was set forth in an an-

nouncement at one service in terms like these: "If there are any young men who want to do religious work at nights—who can give their nights—here, they can have a room free at the Institute for their service. We're going to carry on this work all winter. The Institute was set up to teach workers to work better. We do not want to spoil a good clerk in making a bad preacher. We give lectures and help those who work to understand the use of the Bible better. Come and find out your gift, and if you have a gift, go in and use it for good. Of course we want good credentials."

Mr. Moody believes in the use of tracts and books. He gave away tracts and books at nearly every meeting. These were such as he had read and could speak well of. He would be the last man to think of an indiscriminate use of tracts or books called religious. He offered a book at the close of the service to any one not yet a Christian. He did not want Christians to come for them. I listened closely to his treatment of the unchristian characters that presented themselves for the book. His talk was like shooting Partisan arrows. It would not be approved by many, but—To one, "Are you a Christian? 'No!' Why not? 'Do you want me to tell you?' You will not." To another the same question, when the answer came, "I hope so." "You hope so," and Mr. Moody began to show that "hope" was only used of the hereafter, and the second coming of Christ. To another, "Are you converted? 'Oh there may be differences of opinion about that.' No," said Mr. Moody, "Except ye be converted, etc. That's God's Word, listen to that." To another, "Are you a Christian? 'I am a member of the church.'" Mr. Moody shrugged his shoulders and puckered his lip as much as to say, "You may be that and not a Christian after all."

This was at the end of a heavy service, and he was tired, and talked-out. He was only firing arrows. Who can tell which might take effect. He does not believe in a great deal of talk with men undecided. A single word often tells more than a long address. None knows that better than Mr. Moody.

The service of the ushers is excellently well conducted. And it is all under the eye of Mr. Moody. These are ready to do anything at any point in a moment. The advertising of the meetings, too, is a matter well attended to. "Come and bring your friend with you," is the constant invitation from the platform; and the admission tickets are strewn on the crowds, "thick as autumn leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," on the street corners.

The urgency there is to get the people might move deeply those who think this unnecessary. If the most attractive and popular men use this means most, what should others do? Mr. Moody's work was that of a man terribly in earnest, just as all men of God and ministers of the Gospel ought to be, always.

### FIRST ELDERS OF THE FREE CHURCH IN INDIA.

The Presbyterian missionaries under Dr. Duff cast in their lot with the Free Church at the Disruption, but it was not till June, 1844, that the congregation proceeded to elect lay elders. The delay, we are told, "intervened not from neglect, but of purpose; it seemed necessary that the members of the congregation should, by process of fellowship, become better acquainted with each other before any election of office-bearers from amongst themselves could satisfactorily take place." Very earnestly did Dr. Duff and the missionaries exhort the electors. "The importance of a good and faithful eldership," they said, "it is impossible to over-estimate. Such a body strengthens the ministry of the Gospel, surrounding it as by a phalanx or body-guard. It presents a standard of good conduct or godly character, maintained amid the varied business of secular life, from which this body is usually drawn. It furnishes, virtually, in the governing body of the church, a representation of the general body of the governed. It is in itself a superintendency, by means of which the fruits of the Word preached may be carefully ascertained, and the character and conduct of the members of the church, without inquisition, by general intercourse, be understood. Let the

communicants look out amongst themselves godly men; for godliness is the first and essential requisite, without which all other qualities are vain and useless. And, in addition to this, let them seek the accompaniment of a sound judgment, tried character, meek spirit, consistent life and careful attendance on the public ordinances of grace. Let them select such men as in their consciences they deem most qualified for the spiritual oversight of the congregation, without respect of persons or regard to worldly distinctions." One of the elders elected was Judge Macleod Wylie and at the very first meeting of session after his election he suggested "that for rendering the eldership more generally useful among the congregation, the session take into consideration the propriety of exercising hospitality on convenient evenings during the week, so as to bring together from time to time the different members of the congregation for the express purpose of holding religious intercourse with them." This worthy elder practised personally what he counselled, and among those coming out from home whom he befriended, was a young man from the West of Scotland, whose business capacity and moral firmness soon attracted his interest. This young man rose step by step, and advanced, and prospered, till he became one of Calcutta's great merchant princes. It was William Mackinnon, the news of whose death the other day brought down the flags of half the steamers in the Hooghly to half-mast, and whose munificent bequest intended for the Free Church was cancelled for reasons given.

### SCOTTISH MARTYRS.

Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in this land, when deeds of bloody cruelty were committed on God's people, not outdone by Indian butcheries. One day the tide is flowing in the Solway Frith, rushing, like a race-horse, with snowy mane to the shore. It is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects out upon the wet sands. There, two women, each tied fast by their arms and limbs to a stake, stand within the sea-mark; and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven that Christ, who bends from His throne to the sight, would help them now in their dreadful hour of need. The elder of the two is staked farther out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands bound, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet; on and further on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by these tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face, is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now, the sufferer gasping for breath, her death struggle is begun: and now, for Margaret's trial and her noble answer. "What see you yonder?" said their murderers, as, while the water rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. Response full of the boldest faith, and brightest hope, and divine consolation, she firmly answered: "I see Christ suffering in one of His own members." Brave and glorious words! leading us to the apostle's most comforting and sublime conclusion: "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Mrs. Annie Clark, mother of Dr. Daniel Clark, superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane, died recently at the ripe old age of 90 years. She was 11 years of age when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and remembered having seen the wounded Highlanders returning to Scotland after the battle. She was 63 years in Canada and leaves two brothers in Ontario, one 94 and the other 82 years of age.

The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue or governed by the rules of honor.—*Steele.*