

Our Contributors.

THE ORATORICAL FALL SHOW.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The fall shows abound. Take a seat in a car on any Ontario railway and as you pass through the villages and towns there seems to be a show along the whole line. No doubt these annual shows serve a good purpose. In fact they serve good purposes too numerous to mention.

Why should there not be an annual oratorical show, the entries to consist of various kinds of speeches delivered to a more or less appreciative public. A descriptive report of a show of that kind would run something in this way:

"The annual oratorical exhibition for the Province of Ontario, took place at Toronto last week. The entries in every department were so large that the judges, though trained experts had great difficulty in selecting the worst. In the political department there were so many exhibits that it was found impossible to read them all critically. The other departments, though not quite so crowded as the political, were well supplied with entries, showing that though the price of wheat may be low, there is no falling off in the number of speeches. For the convenience of our readers we divide the entries into sections.

THE POLITICAL SECTION.

The entries in this section as already stated, were large in number, and they were also of great variety. They embraced everything in the form of a political address from the polished oratory of Mr. Laurier and his semi-judicial utterances of Sir John Thompson down to the effort of the local orator, whose peroration was a frank declaration of his willingness and ability to fight any man in the other party. In order to expedite matters and avoid the suspicion of political bias, the judges separated the parties and gave prizes to the best men in each. In the Conservative sub-section the palm was given to Mr. Foster for the best popular speech. In and Liberal sub-section, first honours went to Mr. Laurier for polish, to John Charlton for logic, and for all-round effectiveness on the stump; equal honours were given to Mr. Hardy, Mr. Paterson, Hon. G. W. Ross and Hon. S. H. Blake. For the most effective campaign speech Mr. Jos. Tait was easily first, with so many seconds that their names would fill a book. Mr. Dalton McCarthy carried off all the honours in his sub-section.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SECTION.

The competition in this department was keen. In the Methodist sub-section, the entries were large and a number of them were of very superior merit. In the Presbyterian, the number was also large, and some really good specimens were shown. All the other denominations made a good appearance. The judges found it utterly impossible to award prizes as the speeches were so numerous and many of them of about equal merit. It was also feared that the awarding of honours would stir up denominational jealousy in the country.

THE FORENSIC SECTION.

The entries in this section comprised all the leading speeches recently delivered at the Bar. Some of them were very able efforts and displayed much legal learning and power of statement. The judges became so bewildered in this section that they were compelled to reserve their decision.

THE SOCIAL SECTION.

In this section were the entries for after-dinner oratory, tea-meeting addresses and meetings of that kind. First honours for the best after-dinner speech were given to the man who said nothing in pleasant and humorous style and stopped when he was done. Second honours went to a candidate who broke down and stopped before he begun. The judges

made a special note here, saying that in their opinion, no speeches at a dinner are better than poor ones.

In the tea-meeting sub-section, the entries were very large, and the judges gave first honours to the following entries: The most silly speech, the most vulgar speech, the most tedious speech, the most stupid speech, the speech that showed most conclusively that the speaker is a fool, the speech that had the greatest power to vulgarize the taste of the audience, and the speech most adapted to tastes already vulgarized. At the next exhibition special prizes will be awarded to the men who try during the present winter to improve tea-meeting oratory.

THE CONFERENCE AND CONVENTION SECTION.

There were so many entries in this section that the judges resigned and asked to be immediately relieved. One of the reasons that prompted them to hand in their resignations was the fear that the insurance companies holding risks on their lives might cancel the policies. A man who reads or hears too many poor speeches might reasonably be charged with contributing to the causes of his own disease.

A CONSECRATED YOUNG LIFE.

DAVID SANDEMAN, MISSIONARY TO AMOY.
IN TWO PARTS.

About thirty years ago a review of Sandeman's biography appeared in the Family Treasury. These sketches are little else than a condensed form of that review. With this explanation, I shall omit inverted commas, except where the quotations are from Sandeman himself. The papers I am now condensing were a well-spring of inspiration to my own soul in early days, and can never be read yet without a sense of refreshing.

PART I.

David Sandeman was the son of a wealthy and prosperous family in Scotland, and was born sixty-seven years ago. It was not till he was eighteen, that he yielded his heart to Christ, though from his infancy he was taught to know the Scriptures, and had around him in his daily life, those who loved and honoured the Lord. Earnest and judicious efforts were made to lead his young "feet into the way of peace;" but still, for eighteen years, according to his own decisive testimony, his soul was dead to God. "During all that time," he says himself, "my soul was never influenced by the thought of His existence as a person, or of anything being pleasing or displeasing to Him. An undefined sense of duty, my parents, masters, emulation among my fellow-students, carnal lusts, and, above all—these, I believe, were my gods, at least they held all the places where God should have been. I was satisfied or happy, entirely as I managed to please or displease them. . . . I went smoothly on in utter disregard of Christ. I never honoured Him as my God, my Creator, my Judge, my risen Redeemer. I was a decent rebel, outwardly respectable, but in reality, a despiser of Christ." Does not Sandeman read other hearts besides his own?

A word from his mother seems to have been the immediate means of his arrest. "David, did you ever give yourself to Christ? You have no right to remain one week without loving Him." The word was spoken with a view to his joining in the communion of the Church. His honest conviction was that he was not willing to give himself unreservedly to the Lord. He desired to go to the communion table, yet knew that he ought not to go in an unconverted state. Busy with these thoughts he went to his own room for prayer; and there, while thinking over his spiritual condition, his heart was drawn out "by the omnipotent hand of God, to think simply of Christ and His willingness to receive all who have a true wish to come to Him." That evening, for the first time, his soul anchored on the Rock of Ages. "Where am I now? What is this?" were his first adoring words. "Heart and hand, and

all that I have is Thine! Begone, poor world!" Next Sabbath found him at the table of his Lord.

It was not the impulse of an hour that was given to David Sandeman in that closet solitude. Though he had much to learn, he was now one of wisdom's children. The mottoes of his life from that day became: "Looking unto Jesus," "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Whose I am and whom I serve."

From the hour of his conversion, he was not only a missionary in spirit, but in deed. He had drunk of the cup of salvation, and he hastened and delayed not to pass it to lips that were still athirst. Like Paul, he "straightway preached." To the cottars of his father's estate, to the neighbours around his home, to his fellow-clerks in the Manchester warehouse, where he was in training for business, he straightway preached Christ. His very countenance spoke. In his earlier days, his friends had marked an expression that indicated something sombre in his character. After yielding himself to the Lord, the cloud was lifted from his brow. "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" shed gladness through his heart—a gladness that his companions often took notice of. One who knew him well remarked: "It was the love of Jesus first put that smile on his brow that never left it." Why was Sandeman's experience in this respect so unlike that of most Christians? Was it not because from the beginning, he yielded wholly to his Lord? "Heart and hand, and all that I have is thine! Begone, poor world!" He yielded all, and then he heartily stuck to the bargain. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

So early as his first communion, his new life exhibited what was afterwards its characteristic trait: an intense desire to be of use to others. On meeting him as he came from that communion table, a friend asked him, "Were you happy?" "So happy, that I fear to trust it. What a salvation! Shall not life be spent in proclaiming it?"

The very first entry in his journal presents the prominent features of his spiritual life—prayerfulness and labour for souls. "I wish," he writes, "that more progress were visible, but it is in truth a pure impossibility for man in his own strength to begin or to maintain a walk with God. My evil passions and wicked heart are continually interfering and leading me off almost before I am aware of it. Pray without ceasing. O Lord, give me a more earnest, prayerful spirit for my dear unconverted friends. . . . O Lord, give me no rest till I have done all that man can do."

Young Sandeman found that prayer and work must both be kept up, if he would keep either strong or happy. Prayer and effort, and effort and prayer, were the business of his Christian life. They reacted on each other, prayer on his work, and his work on prayer, and both in maintaining his spiritual health and abounding joy. The seed he cast liberally abroad, returned in full sheaves to the sower. "I find," he says "that unless I am continually doing something for the souls of unthinking sinners, my love becomes cold, and a deadening effect is the result, which soon spreads into everything." Can it be otherwise? Dear young Christians, take note of this.

A friend tells an anecdote of those days, which shows something of his methods of speaking a word for Christ. Delighting, as he did, in vigorous exercise and gymnastic feats, he one day, in a walk with two of his companions, joined for a few minutes in the amusement of leaping over the stile at one corner of the old Queen's Park. While his companions failed, he cleared the stile so easily and gracefully as to draw forth the admiration of a dragoon, who stood by. When about to walk on, Sandeman turned to the soldier, got him into conversation, and spoke of the perils and honours of a life like his. Then suddenly drawing himself up to his full

height, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "There is something better yet. It is to be a soldier of Jesus Christ. Are you that?" The dragoon looked with wonder at the man of muscle and sinew, who could thus speak to his soul, and shook hands at parting, evidently deeply interested. "Scenes like this," the narrator adds, "were continually recurring." But this power of gracefully turning every little event into a means of usefulness, could exist only in one who kept much in the company of the Master Himself. It is the branch that "abides" in the vine that bears the fruit.

One day in harvest, finding a woman cutting grass by the roadside, he plucked a head of wheat, and told her how a grain of wheat must die before that beautiful head could spring up, and so that Christ must needs die before we could be saved. The woman was astonished, and the young missionary went his way praying that God might send His word to her heart. So continually did he act upon his favourite text, "Whose I am, and whom I serve," that, in a brief summer excursion in the west of Scotland, a companion reports that he must have spoken to not less than five hundred persons in the course of their pedestrian trip, and that, when opportunity offered, he was as direct and ready in addressing the rich as the poor.

It will encourage those who have found the difficulty of this kind of service, and yet, who would gladly engage in it, to know that David Sandeman had much to overcome before he attained to this freedom and readiness. It was with him, more the gift of grace, than of nature. He traded with his talent, and gained more. Listen to his experience, and be encouraged to see that he had to wrestle with the very difficulties that are so apt to hinder us. "It is undoubtedly," he says "the case that there is a secret reluctance to speak plainly to unthinking men, unless we are specially endowed with a sense of eternal things. But there is much secret striving with God, and then going in His strength boldly to the work, many a seeming difficulty will vanish. We are strengthened above what we thought, and a sense of divine things is experienced, brighter and clearer than ever before. God has wonderfully connected praying and acting. If we pray to be enabled to speak the truth to dying sinners, and do not when opportunity occurs, actively engage in doing something for them, the effect is to deaden our minds. Many Christians fall from this cause."

Dear young Christian, will you just look back and count how many precious, practical hints you can get from this account of the earlier years of this "consecrated young life?" ANNA ROSS.

Brucefield, Ont., Sept. 21, 1893.

THE CHURCH AND THEORIES OF INSPIRATION.

One of the chief uses of a Church paper is to keep its readers in touch with the great currents of Christian thought, and thus avoid the narrowness of what, for want of a better term, we call "provincialism," which may exist in religious as well as in other matters. I think, therefore, that no apology is needed for giving your readers the following quotations from two well known Christian writers of the day, on a subject in regard to which there has, as many believe, been a good deal of needless panic. "In our day, owing to differences of early bias, of point of view, of reading and study, men must necessarily hold differing theories of inspiration. Some still hold to the old theory of Verbal Inspiration. They cannot understand how, otherwise, a revelation can be authoritative. They want the external authority of an 'infallible book,' just as others want the external authority of an 'infallible Church,' and they are correspondingly jealous of any teaching that seems to them to impugn the inerrancy of Scripture, as something touching the very core of their belief.