

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

AFFLICTED

Oh, child of grief! if thou couldst creep away
To some lone spot,
Where all the weary cares of life's great day
Would vex thee not;
And in a calm content couldst rest thee there,
No troubling voice
To mar the evening quietness of thy day,
Wouldst thou rejoice?

Ah no! 'tis not for me to joy; but I
Might rest, an I say:
Oh thou, mine heart, bewail my lonely lot,
And lowly pray,
Perhaps a Pilgrim, who of yore didst walk
In desert wild,
With sadder lot than mine, more lonely far,
May hear His child;

And seek with gentle words to soothe my heart,
My aching soul,
From life's fair tree to pluck some leaves for me,
My wounds make whole.
But, though I list and long, no voice I hear,
I am alone:
My wounds are bleeding, yet awhile I'll wait,
Nor utter moan.

Nor by impatience break this peaceful rest,
This freedom sweet;
Perchance with wondrous joy I yet may clasp
My Saviour's feet,
And bathe them with my loving tears, that tell
His gift of prayer,
And hear His pardoning voice speak peace, and find
My new life there.

Toronto.

B. T.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

EVANGELISTS AND THEIR WORKS.

REV. SAM JONES.

Before me lie three of the latest books by three of the most prominent evangelists of the day. They have a few features in common, with some very marked differences, suggestive of the diversity of minds from which they emanated, and of instrumentalities which God owns for awakening and saving men. There has recently appeared a strange star in the religious firmament of the South. Its sudden rise, its brilliance and eccentricity have disposed some to put it in the class of religious meteors. Others have suggested the rocket as its true prototype, but many sensible men, among them some prominent Presbyterian D.D.'s, do not hesitate to endorse the stranger in very high terms. Here are the words of Dr. Witherspoon, of Nashville: "In the Rev. Sam P. Jones I recognized, the first time it was my privilege to hear him, a man of wonderful power. Ordinarily, as a minister of the Gospel myself, I sit in the pulpit behind a brother minister and hear him preach to the people, often losing sight of the fact that he speaks to me as well as to them; but in every sermon of Brother Jones I felt that he was preaching to me. His preaching was food to my soul. It showed me my deficiencies, it comforted me, it stirred my soul; it moved me to a higher plane of consecration, and sent me forth into my field of work better fitted, I trust, than ever before for the service of the Master. The man and his power have afforded me a theme for study. 'What meaneth this?' I have often enquired. The real secret is God bath clothed him with power. From the standpoint of a Presbyterian I would say that the man and his work are *ordained*. His earnestness is red-hot. He is a master of human nature. He spoke in parables, as it were. His hold on the multitude is phenomenal. If oratory consists in convincing and persuading people, then Sam Jones is an orator of the highest order. His work in Nashville, so far as I can judge, exhibits every feature of perseverance. It shows itself among my people in greater spiritual power and deeper love for the ordinances of God's house," etc. Jones was a drunken lawyer when converted twelve years ago, and knows by sad experience the tricks of Satan, the workings of sin and the highways and by-ways to perdition. These he describes fearlessly and faithfully in the everyday language of the people, to whom he preaches without any apology, but such as "When I began preaching I was afraid I should hurt people's feelings, now I am only afraid I shall not hurt them enough." Here is a sample which may not be inappropriate in Northern as well as Southern cities. "I am ready to say in my place here to-night that the most fearful sin a man ever can commit is to sin deliberately against his own conscience. Every wilful sin of my life is a stab at my conscience, and we stab, and stab, and stab, until conscience expires and is dead forever. Personal conscience is dead, municipal conscience is dead, national conscience is dead. One out of a hundred asks, 'Is that right or wrong?' Ninety-nine out of a hundred ask, 'Is there money in that?' Is there power in that?' I will illustrate what I mean: I was running a revival meeting in a town, and every

drunkard was converted. I said: 'We are going to help these people all the way to God!' One night after the meeting the council met in that town. At that meeting a bar-keeper walked in and said, 'I will give you two hundred dollars if you will let me sell whiskey.' That mayor and council received his money and went home and slept like seven hogs, and got up and ate breakfast next morning like seven more hogs. Once I could sin with a vengeance, but, God bless you, I could not sleep at night. I will never sell whiskey. I will steal first. If I ever want to sell it I'm going to that town to get license from those old members of the Church. I will tell my wife to put my license in the coffin when I die. I will pull out my license and tell the Lord, 'Here's my license signed by Methodist stewards and Baptist deacons,' and God Almighty will put us all in hell together. 'I signed that as mayor!' Yes, when you sink down into hell, tell them 'Here goes a mayor.' I reckon it will be a good deal of consolation to an old hypocrite to know that he goes there as mayor. If you countenance these things and put your fist to these documents, you will be damned for it as sure as God reigns in heaven, unless you repent. We Christians vote to license liquor selling, and make the liquor dealers pay us enough money to pay our taxes, and then stand round on the street and abuse them for selling it."

From such a career as Jones', and such rough passages as abound in his book, one wonders how far illiteracy, coarseness and absence of theological training enter into his remarkable influence with the masses, and so far as they account for the directness of dealing with and ready access to the consciences of his hearers they must be acknowledged to be appreciable elements in the problem. But that they are far from being essentials in successful evangelism is evident from a glance at others.

REV. W. HAY AITKEN

has for over a dozen years given himself to "the work of the evangelist" with marked success in Great Britain, and recently for a brief season, in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Rainsford and others, in New York. An Episcopal clergyman, a man of refinement and culture, his utterances bespeak the gentleman, as well as the earnest Christian. The points common to these two men, even more than their contrasts, are instructive. Both appear to be most devoted men, marked by consecration to their work, hatred for sin, love for Christ and compassion for souls. Aitken's latest book, "The Revealer Revealed," contains some of his best sermons, with far more of the philosophy of revelation and religious life than evangelists usually deal in, and is evidently meant for the large class of educated enquirers after the truth and followers of Christ whom he has already largely influenced, and still aims at reaching. The first five sermons upon Christ, the Saviour, the King, the Teacher, the Life-power and the Bridegroom, deal with the progressive revelations which Christ makes of Himself to the willing learner. Then follow eleven others of great interest and practical value, designed to show how Christ reveals Himself in us as well as to us, and how the one revelation is adapted and proportioned to the other. Their designed interdependence is ingeniously and forcibly wrought out with considerable wealth and felicity of illustration and application, such as might be expected from a man well read in standard literature, and conversant with the varied phases of modern, social, religious and intellectual life. That the Holy Spirit uses very varied instruments for His work is further illustrated by a third very delightful little book which has just been published by

REV. MR. AND MRS. GEO. NEEDHAM.

Their twenty two discourses are models of brevity and compactness, exceedingly rich in the truth of God, gathered from every part of His Word and often presented with great freshness and force. They modestly speak of them as "Smooth Stones taken out of Scripture streams, having received an added polish through being handled by saintly fingers in every age of the Christian Church. They are here presented in a new scrip (1 Sam. xvii. 40), with the hope that they may prove helpful to some of God's marksmen." This hope will, no doubt, be realized, as most of the important aspects of Bible teaching as to the sinner, the Saviour, Christian life and work, etc., are discussed in a way, which cannot but help the searcher after the light, edify the Christian in the closet, and prove most suggestive to the worker in his study. The chapters are alternately by Mr. and Mrs. Needham, and each in turn seems to excel the other in originality, research and unction. Would we had more such students and expositors of Scripture!

1. "Sermons and Sayings." Rev. Sam P. Jones. (Nashville: Southern Meth. Pub. Co.)

2. "The Revealer Revealed." W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)

3. "Smooth Stones from Scripture Streams." Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Needham. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)

W. M. R.

THE fear of man will make us *hide* sin, but the fear of the Lord will make us *hate* it.

MURMURING AND COMPLAINING.

What is the use of it? No one, having tried it, will say it is comforting, or that it helps the evils, or supposed evils, that it finds fault with. It is certainly not interesting to others. No one, purposely and for his own enjoyment, unless he is hopelessly diseased, ever goes where a murmurer is, and sits down to hear his droning. The disposition is, rather, to get away from him. An instinctive dread of him takes hold of all who know him, and, though they may try to keep it down, a feeling will possess them that he is as selfish as he is sad. No matter what his professions are, or how far he may be credited with sincerity, it is believed that self is at the bottom of his fretfulness, and that if he could get rid of that he would be more happy.

What makes the murmuring Christian—so distorting him that he loses the joy and sweetness of life? Sometimes it can charitably be said that it is due to some form of physical disease. There are forms of disease that depress, and, seizing people religiously disposed, they carry them over into melancholy in spite of all that is done to prevent it. They become so much clouded that it is impossible for them to take a cheerful view of anything, and especially of the Church and Christian people. The devil does not produce disease, perhaps, though he often takes advantage of it; and it is not far-fetched to say that he has a distinct hand in the atrabiliousness that, even in the guise of piety, inflicts itself upon Christian communities. Dyspepsia is one of his best helpers. Murmuring of this kind is not easily cured without such a physical toning-up as will take away the cause of it. It is a question for casuists and theologians, or, perhaps, only medical men, whether blue-mass will exorcise an evil spirit, but it is a correct belief that it will, at least, help that way. If that be so, either it or its equivalent is worth trying.

But, whatever the cause, the murmuring spirit is a very unattractive one. If one wish to have friends, and live among the sweetnesses of agreeable Christian intercourse, he must avoid it. People have no taste for putting themselves into a position where they will be pelted with it, but will rather keep away, and even run off to escape it. The joy of life is what we ought to seek after, and no one can be blamed if he pass by on the other side from the grumbler, unless he is needing his good offices.—*United Presbyterian.*

SERVICE OF SONG.

If a nation may be made to drift into war by the influence of martial music, why may not the spirit of peace be generated and infused by the influence of sacred music and song?

The poet Lowell says one of His sweetest charities is music.

In our poorhouses there are old men and women, sad, hopeless, weary,—long strangers to any gentle ministrations. In our prisons there are dull intellects and hearts hardened against open religious efforts; in our hospitals are suffering ones, so worn with pain, so weak, so near the world for which, alas! they have received no preparation—to all these might be borne, on the wings of song, the words of life from Him who came "to preach the Gospel to the poor and to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

A Christian song has this advantage over a sermon—the truth in it touches the heart of the hearer unawares, when he is not on the defensive against the Gospel.

Specially successful may the hymn be if some helpful thought is repeated over and over as in the refrains of the choruses. This fastens on many a hearer and sings itself in his mind hours and days after it was heard.

Educate the hearts of the people by sacred music, and the heart will readily educate the head.—*Elizabeth Thompson.*

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

Seldom have these words of R. M. McCheyne been more needed than in this age when the hearers of the Word so greatly outnumber the doers:

Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the Word, not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who cannot enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet you will not speak to him? See here you have got work to do. When Christ found you He said, "Go to work in My vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation?

What blessed for? Oh! my Christian friends, how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! How few for Christ and His people! This is not like a servant.