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ANOTHER YEAR.

Yes, another year, with its gracious providences, varied experience, sunshine and storm, has silently mingled with the past. Ever, O, how much does that term of speech embrace and suggest! Three hundred and sixty-five days and nights, with their one thousand and ninety-five meals,—perhaps two thousand five hundred and fifty hours of sleep,—all the varied circumstances of domestic, social and public life.

Some of the acts of human life, and doings of providence may thus be tabulated, others cannot. Who will estimate the distinct smiles, or the number of tears-drops that have bedewed human cheeks? These latter, have doubtless been fewer than the former. There have been realized more joys than sorrows, more mercies than trials, more ease than pain, more light than darkness, more happiness than misery. Happiness in many cases has been mingled with intense misery, but the balance has been on the side of happiness.

As the Christian revises the year, he thinks of all his fifty-two prayer-meetings enjoyed, seven hundred and thirty prayers in the domestic enclosure, and perhaps as many private interviews with his God. All that call themselves Christians cannot remember after this sort. Some have not been in prayer-meeting ten times during the year. We speak that we know, and testify that we have not seen.

The Christian also gratefully recollects fifty-two Sabbaths with their prayers, singing, reading the Scriptures, and sermons richly freighted with useful and living truth, the administration of the sacraments with their hallowed influences and remembrances, the converse of religious fellowship, and the delightful manifestations of Jesus to the soul. It may be that in all cases the retrospect awakens some feelings of regret in reference to duty and privilege. The holiest are more humbled under a sense of their numerous defects, than are those who have lived the whole year in utter forgetfulness of God, and violation of his commands. The Christian has learned to bring daily, all his short comings and deviations from the law of rectitude, all the defects of his best duties, all his involuntary transgressions, to the open fountain, and there by faith wash all away in the cleansing flood of a fresh Testament.

Another year! Why another? Who gave it? Is not time the gift of God? no sooner given than taken. Yet there is sufficient for all the purposes of human life, and to obtain a meanness for the heavenly inheritance. Jesus has given us the year, and is still giving. We always sing in the first week of new year, and we trust to feel the truth thus expressed: "And did we another year?" "Thou, didst us another year?" "Some that saw its festive beginning, beheld not its close. They have gone where 'days and years resolve no more.' We felt very lonely to allow Jesus to have that sweet little intelligent black-eyed, curly-headed boy; and for many days we felt as though he had dealt harshly with us in claiming so soon the precious jewel. But we were comforted by the thought that Jesus could give him a better home than we could. We never before thought so much of those words of Jesus, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me.' 'Oh, but it was harder still to part with that fond husband! It seemed as though our heart strings would break. We think we could not have borne the burden had it not been for the evidence that he died in the Lord. Nature was rebellious, but grace enabled us to say mind-blinding tears. 'They will be done.'"

entertain the best hopes of their babies. The child grew—a merry that in those times could grow—men then grew from babies to boys, and from boys to youths, and from youths to men, and from men to grey hairs. In our time, horticulture took the place of nature, and the forcing-house the place of natural growth; and unless we took care of the influences of home, and of parental government, and unless we put some check and restraint upon the attractions of public life, and the fascinations of street biography—unless we put some little careful control upon the tendency of all young city and town life to live out in the open, our sons would grow up in a night, and like Jonah's gourd, would wither in a day. The excellencies of Dawson's father and mother were then noticed, and an early illustration of the quiet sayings of the son was noticed. In early life he had heard a discourse on the necessity of having "a single eye," and in his old way of putting it, he was afterwards wont to say, "I like these one-eyed Christians."

The influence upon the subject of the lecture of the good books which he was in the habit of reading was then noticed; as also that of his companions, notably Samuel Searle, who afterwards became a clergyman, and John Baty. These two were in the habit of meeting with Wm. Dawson in a private band-meeting on Sunday mornings. At that time there was a glorious monopoly of truth in Methodist pulpits. That monopoly had since been broken up by sovereign grace, and it was for God's glory. The occupations of these three were then noticed—Dawson's including besides the work of the mine, the farming of 150 acres of sterile land, and the lecturer gave a very interesting reminiscence of a service he conducted in one of the villages near Leeds, when about to leave for the mission-field and at which John Baty was present. Valuable lessons for the young were then drawn from the lives of the three men referred to; and several traits in the character of Dawson—his kindness, generosity, and cheerfulness, were forcibly illustrated. The offer of Church of England friends to train him for holy orders, was touched upon, and it was shown how Dawson was led to a ministry the entrance to which, the lecturer hoped, would never be narrowed by a Latin grammar or a Greek Testament.

During the years which followed, Dawson had opportunities of hearing such men as Pawson, Bradburn, Benson, Griffith, Mathew, and Coke. The latest fire of genius burnt in his bones, and he could not come beneath the force of each oratory without that power burning with intense heat and longing for the means of development. The young farmer soon found that he had opened doors on every side, and he was soon preaching fifty-two Sundays in the year, and often two or three evenings in the week, besides working hard at his ordinary occupations. In October 1798, after a season of praise and prayer spent with John Baty, Dawson finally declined the offer he had had of assistance in obtaining holy orders, and in 1802 he was proposed as a travelling Methodist preacher, and put down for Wetherby. The circumstances which led to this were dwelt upon, and some forcible remarks made with reference to the necessity for maintaining the special characteristics of Methodist preaching, and of multiplying "preaching places" in thickly populated districts of London and elsewhere. Finding that difficulties were placed in the way of his giving up his position to another member of the family, and that consequently the family livelihood was endangered, he would not leave his mother, and consequently never became a minister; he was only a local preacher. Only a local preacher? Why when the great roll was read of God's great ambassadors, that had done his work in the most efficient way and carried his embassy to many hearts, there was many a mild rebuke in a broad-chested Methodist minister that would find a name near St. Paul's than their own; the name of William Dawson, widow's son and local preacher. A graphic sketch of the personal appearance of Dawson followed; and the speaker remarked that Mr. Wiseman had given a striking representation of Dawson's manner of speaking when he said, borrowing for the occasion a phrase applicable to art—that his articulation was "chiselled"—it was so clear, so precise.

A series of well-chosen incidents were then given, illustrative of those traits of Mr. Dawson's character which were brought into prominence in social life. He generally reserved himself for something that happened to turn up during the conversation, and would fire off an unexpected shot which was felt by those at large. A little man would had fault with one preacher after another, until Mr. Dawson, who usually sat at the corner of the table—like a lion's room—would at him and say, "Brother, when I went to my class on Tuesday night last I saw a flock of geese going one after the other, and the old gander was going first, and the gander could not follow but his. At one time there was a good deal of talk about Adam Clarke's views of the Eternal Sonship. Several of the brethren were talking together, and began to pit Adam Clarke against Richard Watson, so that the conversation became a little uncomfortable, when Dawson said, 'Ah, Mr. Clarke is a tall man, and Mr. Watson a taller man, but if you put Watson a top of Clarke's nose in the flesh to the miter of Adam Clarke, you would have made a very good man. On one occasion a man who used a short measure—three yards in length, which had one measure—thirty-six inches in length, but which he had used as a walking-stick—was wrought upon by the discourse that, interrupting the preacher, he snatched the measure in two, and then said, 'You can go on now, sir. It was grand preaching that could make a man confess his guilt and forsake his sin at the same moment. On one occasion Dawson remarked, 'Dr. Young says, 'the golden chain of salvation is fastened to the gates of heaven.' No, no; that is not strong enough; it is fastened to the Throne of God.' The story of the sailor at Sunderland was next told—how the seaman, hearing Dawson describe the wreck of a ship, and after representing the crew in extreme peril, call out 'What's to be done now?' 'What's to be done now?' 'Launch the lifeboat, sir.' In dwelling on the sources of Dawson's power, the lecturer remarked that,

whatever else he was, he was himself. They might say of his style of preaching that it was very dramatic; but if God gave to a man dramatic power, was it not to be consecrated? The closing years of Dawson's life and his happy death were then briefly noticed, and the lecturer pictured the scene at the funeral, when factories were closed, and the bands, lining each side of the way as the body was being removed to Leeds, devoutly sang the very hymn which the deceased had been thinking of on the night he died—

Let us in life, in death,
The steadfast truth declare.
He left fifty guineas to the Missionary Society, thirty guineas to the Anniversary Society, thirty guineas to the King's-road and Woodhouse grove schools, and to the Methodist Connection, a name that the Connection would not willingly let die—the name of William Dawson, the Yorkshire preacher.

We observe in some of our exchanges that this subject is at the present time receiving fresh attention. It inevitably will from time to time rise anew to prominence, until its true character and methods are settled upon the right basis; and perhaps it will be even then one of those agencies for good that will fall into disuse without the frequent application of the spur.

The work of the minister is manifold. He stands as the leader of his flock in all spiritual things. His first business is to preach; and to this his prime energies are to be directed. But he is, in charge of a Church, pastor as well as preacher; which relations include his entire work for the people outside of his pulpit and study. Both, however aim at the same ultimate end. It is a mistake, to consider visiting among the people as the chief function of the pastor. Indeed, he may often be an excellent pastor who does not of what often passes for pastoral visiting; and he may be a very poor pastor who devotes his whole time to travelling from house to house. He is undoubtedly the true pastor who succeeds in bringing the truth of God's Word into a vicinal consciousness of human hearts whatever method he may adopt.

That the pastor is to be brought into a certain amount of direct and personal association with his people will be admitted on all hands. Now, we have three classes of demands made upon our ministers, and they are sometimes found together in the same society, and made upon one man. The first looks to the pulpit or sphere where the minister is desired to bring his best powers and freshest energies. The truth which he there presents needs to be profound, but labors to present upon abstract dogma, while true, and applicable to the times and congregation; truth which will elevate the mind and warm the heart. It must be thoroughly studied, clearly presented, and forcibly put. They who make this demand insist that the preacher shall not bring exhausted nerves and brain to his study and his preparation for the pulpit, but that, in order to do his best he shall keep himself in that physical and mental condition in which he can work most freely and freshly. It is very clear that with such a demand upon him as this by his own people, leaving out of sight the continual competitive struggle with surrounding pulpits, whether the preacher obtains his preparation for it by special study, or by "turning the barrel over again." They demand that his first business shall be to visit. They wish to see him in their shops, the streets, their homes, irrespective of hours or conveniences. It is not to be disputed that one who gives his life to intercourse with others as an ambassador of Christ and a messenger of love and mercy, observing the rule for a preacher that says, "Never trifle away time, neither spend any more time at any place than is strictly necessary," will accomplish much for the Master. But there is a limit to his endurance and to his capacity. The tremendous wear and tear of such a life forbids thorough or extended study, and can be perpetuated only by regular and complete rest of body and mind. Such never become preachers; and though they may flame for a season, their light expires with the breaking down of their nervous systems. Valuable men have thus been lost to the ministry. The tendency, however, of the demand of which we now speak is not in the direction of creating ministerial loungers and gossips, distasteful to the people, poor preachers, poor men in spirit, and poor men in body. The pastor would reasonably combine the two, holding the pastor responsible for good pulpit work, such personal attention to visiting as he may constantly render, with the oversight of the agencies which the Church employs. Recognizing the importance of frequent association of the pastor with his people, and of the people among themselves, they will freely seek it with him at a convenient hour at his home, on occasions when he shall sit down with their assembled families, and bring together in a social gathering in the vestry or elsewhere, as many of the congregation as practicable. This is by no means all that is needed or all that can be had.

It is a great mistake into which too many societies have fallen, that the pastor is personally and privately for the salvation of others; that he is only to seek sinners, search out delinquents and encourage the wavering. The time never should have

come when the old and tried agencies of Methodism should have fallen into disuse. It is equally a mistake that he is to seek the acquaintance of his flock, the flock having no corresponding obligation toward him. It is unfortunate that some of the loudest complainers on this score, are persons who have never pretended to call on their pastor at his home, or to invite him into their families. Zoro's Herald.

There is nothing which the Church so much needs at the present time as individual effort for the salvation of souls. On numbers there is no lack of wealth there is an abundance, and opportunities and appliances for usefulness are multiplied beyond any precedent. But a very large portion of the membership of all our Churches are doing really nothing to save immortal souls from the perdition of ungodly men. And it is truly wonderful that it is so. Professing, as we do, to believe the great promises of the Bible, which proclaim the fearful character and consequences of sin, which tell of a heaven of glory for the righteous, and a hell of endless woe for the sinner and the ungodly, we have as if they were only idle tales. Hence many who have for years professed to be Christians have never made one real, earnest effort to "convert the sinner from the error of his ways."

There is evidently a great lack somewhere. It may be in the want of a clear experience, or of a deep conviction of the truths of the word of God, or of a conscious responsibility, so far as it is in us, for the salvation of our fellow men; but, from whatever cause produced, the state of things referred to exists to an alarming extent. It is in view of this that I would call attention to the "Memoir of Harlan Page," as furnishing one of the brightest illustrations in modern times of personal effort for the salvation of souls, as showing the great principles which impelled him onward in the discharge of his duty, and as encouraging others to imitate his glorious example, by the grand and glorious successes which crowned his efforts. The only son of pious parents, he was not converted until he was over twenty-two years of age; but as soon as he had experienced the saving grace of God, he began his life-long labors for the souls of his fellow men. When on his dying bed he said, "When I first obtained a hope I felt that I must labor for souls. I prayed year after year that God would make me the means of saving souls."

He did not feel that he was called to preach the Gospel in the higher sense of that calling. But he felt that, as a Christian, it was his duty, as well as his privilege, to bring souls to Christ. He had only a good school education, and learned the trade of a house-joiner or carpenter from his father. For twelve years he worked at his profession before he was called to the ministry. He had no other preparation for the ministry than that which he had acquired by his trade, and for the support of himself and his family; and for the last nine years of his eventful life he acted as deputy for the American Tract Society. But, whatever or however imperfect the husband of souls prepared upon his part, and for their salvation he labored with untiring industry and unquenched zeal. His remuneration for his services while working at his trade or teaching school was so small that it required his constant exertions to provide bread for his family. And yet although his constitution was frail and delicate, he never allowed a week to pass by without some effort to save a soul.

He means which he employed were writing letters, distributing tracts, teaching in or superintending a Sabbath-school, holding neighborhood prayer-meetings, and, most of all, personal conversation with those around him on the great question of their peace with God. The numerous letters which he wrote to unconverted persons are the very gems of personal exhortation and appeal. Plain, but courteous; pointed, but kind and gentle; bold but toned with the precious blood of Jesus, they seldom missed their mark; or failed to produce lasting impressions and conviction. In addition to the means already named, he always had by him a list of names of persons to be conversed with and to be prayed for. "It is wonderful," says his biographer, "that God should bless his efforts; that in every Church with which he was connected individuals in relating their experience should refer to his faithful endeavors as the means of bringing them to Christ." In Coventry, where he was born, and lived and toiled the most of his days, revivals were frequent. In the city of New York, while superintending a large Sabbath school, thirty-two of his teachers were brought to Christ, and nine of them were brought to the ministry. While acting as deputy of the Tract Society fifty-eight of his employees were converted, principally through his labors. In one ward of the city, where he and his fellow laborers distributed tracts, thirty-four professed faith in Christ. On his dying bed he said to his beloved companion, so soon to be bereaved, "I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my direct and personal instrumentality. This was certainly a modest and a moderate estimate of the results of his efforts. But he supposed that it was precisely true, what a life he lived! what a revenue of glory will be his in the heavenly world, what a glory crown he will wear forever!"

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Then, speaking of what Christ had done to save her, he continues: "Will you despise his love and these sufferings? Death is coming upon you. Oh, delay not a moment to make preparations? Christ is ready to pardon every returning penitence; he is ready to receive and pardon you. Then, as a weary and heavily laden sinner, implore His mercy; give yourself into His arms; be happy forever."

Let us like this be multiplied by scores, and even hundreds, and were often bedewed with his tears, and always baptized with his prayers. It is right here where very many professing Christians at the present day fail, that is, in a clear and deep conviction of the imminent peril of sinners. Either from the want of a full reading of the word of God, or from a lack of a personal experience of their own exposure when they professedly sought Christ, or from a practical infidelity concerning the terrible utterances of God's word against the sinner, they fail to see or to feel his danger. Many doubt, after all, whether God really means what he says. And this practical infidelity is the pest which has not been without its effect upon the pulpit. There are too many pulpits where the "terrors of the Lord" are seldom or never sounded forth, and where finely-rounded periods and honored words and an emasculated Gospel are dealt out to men and women who are standing on the heaving brink of the lake of fire.

"Brother," said the dying saint to a lovely Christian who watched by his bedside, "when you most impatient sinners don't merely say, 'sally, Friend, you are in danger,' but approach them with a holy violence, and labor to pull them out of the fire. They are going to perdition. There is a heaven and a hell. To another he said, 'If I could raise my voice to reach a congregation of sinners, I would say to them 'their feet shall slide in due time 'they shall slide; there is no escape but by believing in Christ.'"

Oh, if all our Churches were baptized with this passion for souls-saving, what glorious results would follow! "If," says his biographer, "there were ten such Christians in every evangelical Church in our land, how would they raise their fellow Christians to duty, search the highways and hedges and compel the ungodly to come in, instruct the rising age, hold up the hands of faithful ministers, and bring down the Holy Spirit in answer to their prayers? When will the time come when the Churches shall more awake to the responsibility which rests upon him to labor for souls? Hail the glad day! In coming will be the bright and blinding of millions of souls to the Church and the world will then enjoy other Pentecosts, more wide-spread in their extent, and more powerful and more glorious in their operations and results. What regrets will many who are called by the name of Christ have in their dying hour that they did not do more for him!"

Harlan Page. BY REV. LEWIS B. DUNN.

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"Brother," said the dying saint to a lovely Christian who watched by his bedside, "when you most impatient sinners don't merely say, 'sally, Friend, you are in danger,' but approach them with a holy violence, and labor to pull them out of the fire. They are going to perdition. There is a heaven and a hell. To another he said, 'If I could raise my voice to reach a congregation of sinners, I would say to them 'their feet shall slide in due time 'they shall slide; there is no escape but by believing in Christ.'"

Oh, if all our Churches were baptized with this passion for souls-saving, what glorious results would follow! "If," says his biographer, "there were ten such Christians in every evangelical Church in our land, how would they raise their fellow Christians to duty, search the highways and hedges and compel the ungodly to come in, instruct the rising age, hold up the hands of faithful ministers, and bring down the Holy Spirit in answer to their prayers? When will the time come when the Churches shall more awake to the responsibility which rests upon him to labor for souls? Hail the glad day! In coming will be the bright and blinding of millions of souls to the Church and the world will then enjoy other Pentecosts, more wide-spread in their extent, and more powerful and more glorious in their operations and results. What regrets will many who are called by the name of Christ have in their dying hour that they did not do more for him!"

It is not to be denied that in our world there is a great need of this kind of effort. It is not to be denied that in our world there is a great need of this kind of effort. It is not to be denied that in our world there is a great need of this kind of effort. It is not to be denied that in our world there is a great need of this kind of effort.