

What I Saw and Heard in Boston.

No. 3.

Rev. John Jackson, of Virginia, has the reputation, as wide as the continent of America, of asserting the dogma that 'The Sun do Move.' This can be said of Boston. It is not today what it was forty years ago. Little Boston and the lumbering buses have given place to big Boston and electric cars. Instinctively I called up the men of 1860. Where are they?—Stone, Stowe, Murdock, Hague, Warren of the pulpit—Sumner and Everett in the political world—Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips and Longfellow in the world of letters. Except Dr. Murdock, they have all vanished from the scene. Have they worthy successors? Yes, so far as the pulpit is concerned. In politics and letters, no; Massachusetts has no Sumner, the Sumner who in the Senate rose in the majesty of his physical manhood, and in the lionine courage of his mental and moral manhood, and said: "Slavery shall die." Ah, said the Southern Senators, "We have found one man that is prepared to die for his principles. And Brooks laid his cane about the head of the great senator of the old Commonwealth. But he lived and was the great Sumner after as well as before his caning. In powerful and persuasive eloquence there are none to fill the places of Edward Everett and Wendell Phillips. The men of letters left no literary posterity worthy of themselves. Neither have those distinguished men, who, in their day, lashed orthodoxy with whips of scorpions, and guided the rationalistic philosophy and religion of Boston, left leaders to take up their work and carry it on. The great schools of speculators, proud to follow their distinguished teachers and guides, have broken up into little coteries and clubs, having each its independent existence in Boston, kaleidoscope like, changing continually, and at each turn a new view more and more sanguine than the truth is found at last; but the transformation keeps going on, and will go on, and the truth-seekers never coming to a knowledge of the truth. Clubs in Boston are as thick as hives on a bee-farm—clubs for men and clubs for women—and clubs for men and women in united membership. Congregationalism of 1860 is not the congregationalism of today. The 709 theories as to who the authors of all the books of the Bible were, and the theories of their construction, have engaged much of the talent and learning of the old orthodox body that fought so valiantly under Eymann Beecher, and while they have abandoned 500 and more of their theories, yet they are working away at the balance. The building of the Spiritual house of God makes slow progress while the workmen are fighting over wild rationalistic dreams. The tendency is to another rupture. If it comes the higher criticism schism will amalgamate with the old Unitarian body, now believing anything or nothing, just as it pleases them. In the meantime Congregationalism is weak, and does but comparatively little work in the upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom. The M. E. church makes progress in numbers, but it does not do much with the brainy part of Boston. Presbyterianism, though small comparatively, is strong and progressive. The Baptists have in them the energy and courage of youth. Dr. Wood holds the first church on Commonwealth Avenue. What a history that old church has had. In 1665 seven men and two women raised the Baptist standard in Charlestown. They formed a Baptist church. Many fines, many strips and years of imprisonment was the price they paid for this act of daring. For two hundred years they were worried and oppressed by the good old Puritans, who preached the doctrines of John Calvin and practiced persecution like Saul the Pharisee. For two hundred years the Baptists endured and the Puritans persecuted. They fought England for taxing their tea and stamping their legal documents, the Baptists foremost in the struggle, and continued to deny the Baptist religious liberty to the full till 1833!

The following was put on the doors of the first church early in its history—

"All persons are to take notice, that, by order of the court, the doors of this house are shut up, and that they are inhibited to hold any meetings therein, or to open the doors thereof without license from the authority, till the court take further order, or they will answer the contrary to their peril. [Signed] EDWARD RAWSON, Sec'y."

How would that ornament look over the door of the magnificent stone church now occupied by the same first church on Commonwealth Avenue? What a stir it would make among the two millions of Baptists in the United States, to say nothing of the share that other bodies of Christians would take in the little discussion arising out of an affair of that sort.

Whatever a man or a church sows that also shall be reaped. Persecution of other Christians was followed by opposition to the revival of Whittier and Edwards, and the harvest is Unitarianism and an orthodox church in name, weakened and honeycombed with rationalism,

Great has been the work done by congregationalism, but how much greater it would have been had the principles of God's word been its sole guide.

If Baptists shall depart from the old paths, and drift away on the higher criticism or any other issue begotten of intellectual pride, then it too shall be shorn of its strength, cast away and some other body will take its place, and do its work.

At present the United States Baptists, with few exceptions, are sound and continue in the old paths. The generation of forty years ago has passed away. The old elm iron hooped on Boston Common has disappeared. But Deacon George Chipman, in a green old age, flourishes in Tremont Temple as of yore when the dew of youth was upon his brow.

REPORTER.

This One Thing.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The men who have achieved the greatest results in this world have been those who were actuated by some master passion. Their souls were occupied by some "one thing" which subordinated everything else to itself. They were in a certain sense, men of one idea. For though their minds may have contained many ideas, yet a single purpose directed and animated them all. The master passion with Sir Isaac Newton was science. His days and nights were given to his diagrams, his mathematical tables and his telescopes. He often stopped, when half dressed in the morning, to solve some problem that was agitating his mind, and his servant was obliged to rouse him from his reverie in order to induce him to partake of his meals. An American vessel once halted on the coast of California to lay in a supply of hides, and when the first mate landed he found one of his countrymen roaming about along on the sea beach. It was a Harvard University naturalist, who was there searching the rare shells to adorn his cabinet. With Jay Gould the master-passion was to make money; with Lloyd Garrison to secure freedom for the slaves; with Theobald Matthew and John B. Gough to rescue their fellow-men from the dominion of strong drink.

Now in the very place where Newton put his love of science, and Jay Gould his love of money, and Garrison, Gough, Shaftesbury and other philanthropists put their love for their fellow-creatures, Paul put his love for his crucified Master. "This one thing I do," he exclaims "I press toward the goal for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He made the service of Jesus Christ to be the sovereign purpose of his soul. "Go a little deeper," said one of Napoleon's soldiers to the surgeon who was probing his left side for the bullet, "and you will find the Emperor." So Paul might have said, go deeper, go to the very core of my heart and there you will find my Saviour. Other affections lie on the surface, but this one possesses me. For me to live is Christ!

There is a prodigious power in this singleness of heart, this enthroning of one ruling affection in the regenerated soul. Even a man or woman of ordinary talents and endowments becomes a leading character when Jesus Christ owns and controls him. Here is the secret of the power of that heroic old missionary, John G. Paton. He is a man of one idea; but it is an idea large enough to make a king out of a poor Scotch peasant boy. We often see in our churches a plain man of moderate education and social rank who attains to a commanding influence. It is not brain power. The man follows Jesus Christ so thoroughly and so projectively that he carries other people with him by the sheer momentum of his godliness. So it comes about that godliness often outstrips genius in the pulpit, and the minister whose sole purpose is to glorify his Master and to save souls, achieves a success that is denied to another man of higher culture and intellectual ability. Thorough going, uncompromising, whole-souled piety is really the highest requisite in the pulpit, in the Sunday-school, and in every official position of the church; having that "one thing needful," then every increment of talent, money, culture, etc., is a positive addition to that person's usefulness.

But what was the "one thing" which Paul set before himself? He tells us that, "forgetting the things which are before," he pressed on toward the shining goal. The "things behind," his past experience since the day of his conversion, did not satisfy him. He was not willing to sit down contented with his present attainments, as so many professed Christians do in our days. Upward and onward was his motto. Every achievement was only a stimulus to further progress. Paul was no "perfectionist;" that is very clear; but he had a holy ambition to reach the very highest mark possible this side of Heaven.

Just what the great Apostle aimed at ought to be the aim of every Christian who reads these lines. God have mercy on the Christian who is satisfied with his present attainments! How little any of us know in regard to our Bibles or in regard to ourselves in comparison with what we might know! We are right by an exhaustless ocean, and too seldom put down our tiny vessels for a draft. How little we know of the wants and the woes of a dying world! There are thousands of Christians who spend more time over the patry gossip of the town in which they dwell than they spend in studying their Bibles, or in watching for opportunities for service of their Master or even in trying to save immortal souls. The red-hot zeal of Wall Street and the Produce Exchange ought to shame our coldness. The accumulations that men are making in scientific knowledge, in art and in wealth ought to make us blush that we are not striving to become richer in faith and good works.

The place for us to put in the probe is in the core of our own hearts. The wounded French soldier on the battlefield found his Emperor there; do we find our Lord and Master there? Are we giving him the central throne there, and on all doubtful questions giving to him the

casting vote? Are we fighting resolutely with the sins that easily beset us? Are our lusts relaxing their hold, instead of binding us into a closer bondage? Do we grow more self-denying, more humble, more fearless for the truth, more patient under crosses, more humble, more fearless for the truth, more thoughtful of other people and less of our own comfort, and more ready to put self under our feet that we may exalt Jesus? Is our faith getting stronger, our hope becoming brighter, and our love becoming more pure, more ardent and more ready to "bear the burdens of others and so fulfill the law of Christ?" Are we catching more of the spirit of Heaven as we draw nearer to it?

Such questions as these that are crucial tests to be applied to ourselves in order that we may know whether we are really advancing toward the shining goal before us. Oh, for the spirit of him who first rang out the clarion call to "press forward for that mark of the prize!" On our own responsibility must we push forward, but not in our own strength. They that wait on the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint. When we are weak in the humility of self-knowledge, then are we strong. When we fling off the incumbering weights we can skim the surface like the roe. Fix your eye, brother, on the beckoning Jesus and the flashing crown; and as you listen to the New Year bell resolve before God—"this one thing will I do: I will reach forth toward the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus!"—Independent.

Delightful Studies in the Word.

In the range of a somewhat varied experience, the writer of this has found no occupation more delightful than a discriminating study of the Bible: He goes to his study day after day wandering what new phase of truth will be found, and he rarely leaves that place—fast becoming to him a true sanctum—without the tid-bit that has charmed and helped. If this brief article is considered worthy a place in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and the editor does not object, more will follow under the heading given above.

SUBJECT, THE SHEPHERD.

TEXTS: Ezek. 37:24; Psa. 23:1; John 10:16, last clause.

INTRODUCTION.

Discriminations.—1. The unherded, untended sheep. 2. The wayward, wondering sheep. 3. The carefully herded sheep. 4. The careless hireling. 5. The shepherd, whose sheep are known by him, and know him.

I. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10:11. Characteristic. "He giveth his life for the sheep." Psa. 22. The Crucifixion Psalm.

II. THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

Heb. 13:20. Characteristic. "He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord." Psa. 23. The Shepherd Psalm.

III. THE CHIEF SHEPHERD.

1 Peter 5:4. Characteristic. "The Lord of glory." 1. "The Lord mighty in battle." Psa. 110. 2. "The Lord of Hosts." Isa. 43. Psa. 24. The Psalm of the ascension.

CONCLUSION.

Marks on the sheep. 1. Clean hands, 1 Tim. 2:8. 2. Pure hearts, 1 John 3:3. 3. Above vanity, Eph. 4:17. 4. Above deceit, Psa. 24:3, 4.

Note. Study Spurgeon's "Treasury of David." Fallbrook, Cal. M. B. S.

Judgment.

We are accustomed to refer judgment to the threshold of the other world. We ought to acclimatize the idea in this world, for if Jesus once enlarged on the august circumstances of the future judgment, he referred continually to the awful responsibility of a present judgment. One can easily understand how the revelation of Jesus' moral glory on the other side will raise to the highest power both his attraction and his repulsion, and suddenly crystallize into permanence the fluid principles of a man's life. The stream will be frozen in the fall. But this will only be the consummation of a process which is now in action. Jesus has not to wait for his throne to command attention or affect the soul. He is the most dominant and exacting Personality in human experience, from whose magical circle of influence none can tear himself. Can any one follow Jesus' life from Nazareth to Calvary, and stand face to face with Jesus' cross, and be neither better nor worse? Incredible and impossible. Certain minds may hesitate over the Nicene Creed, but it is trifling to treat Jesus as a name in history, or a character in a book. He is the Man whom Plato once imagined, whom Isaiah prophesied, whom the most spiritual desire, who exhausts grace and truth. Beyond all question, and apart from all theories, Jesus is the revelation of the divine goodness; the incarnate Law of God: the objective conscience of Humanity. As soon as we enter the presence of Jesus we lose the liberty of moral indifference. One Person we cannot avoid—the inevitable Christ; one dilemma we must face, "What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ." The spiritual majesty of this Man arraigns us at his bar from which we cannot depart till we become his disciples or his critics, his friends or his enemies. With certain consequences. Belief in Jesus is justification, for its loyalty to the best; disbelief in Jesus is condemnation, it is enmity to the best. Jesus stated the position in a classical passage, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."—Ian Maclaren.