

Pastor and People.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

When I walk out beneath the starry skies
And feel night's solemn beauty o'er me steal,
I question oft what meaning underlies
The words that yet so much to us reveal:
"No night in heaven!" No calm and silent
night
To heal the fret and fever of the day,
Distils its balm upon the restless heart
And bear us on sleep's shadowy wings away!

No far, mysterious stars, no changeless moon,
With light more grateful than the glare of noon:
"No night" to mark the time when toil should
cease,
And weary hands can lie in folded ease?
What wondrous realm is this that knows "no
night."

Where eyes grow never weary of the light,
And hearts that ache with sorrow and distress
Ne'er long to welcome sleep's forgetfulness?
What boon to blest immortals can be given
To take thy place, O night, sweet night, in
heaven?
The deepest meaning, if I read aright,
Is that in heaven they have no need of night!
—Congregationalist.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

"ARISE THEREFORE AND BE DOING."

BY J. R.

I have been led into writing this paper from reading of the difficult position in which the Board of Foreign Missions of our Church is at present placed. I get these thoughts from the 22nd chapter of 1 Chronicles. Any who are specially interested in mission work, may turn to the chapter, as I can only look at a verse here and there in this short paper.

This chapter contains David's charge to Solomon in regard to the building of the temple. In verse six we read, "Then he called for Solomon his son and charged him to build an house for the Lord." In verse 13, this counsel is given, "Be strong and of good courage, dread not, nor be dismayed." In verse 15, we read, "Moreover there are workmen with thee in abundance, hewers and workers of stone and timber, and all manner of cunning men for every manner of work." And in verse 16, "Of the gold, the silver, and the brass, and the iron, there is no number. Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."

Can we not apply these texts to ourselves in regard to our position towards mission work. A charge has been given to us by One mightier and richer far than David was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We too are counselled to "be strong," not in our own strength, but, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." We are not alone when we go forward in obedience to this command. We have the infinite power, the infinite resources, and the infinite love and protecting care of our heavenly Father behind us and with us. We have such comforting assurances given by our Saviour Himself, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Then can we not say there are plenty of men and women in our Church, educated and talented, who are well fitted to go to proclaim the glad message in foreign lands. I need not dwell on this. More are offering than the Board felt justified in sending, as finances at present stand. No doubt was the missionary spirit throughout the Church awakened to new life, and the individual responsibility of every follower of Christ to share in the work more fully realized, there would be a corresponding increase in the number of applicants. And there is plenty of money. Some may demur at this statement, but nevertheless I feel sure it is true. Would Christ ask us to do a thing and then make it impossible, for lack of means, for us to obey His command? Surely not.

This statement has been made, over and over again, in the pages of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and other missionary periodicals. "If every individual member of the Church gave according to the rule laid down in God's Word there would be abundance in the funds of our Home and Foreign Missionary Boards. Plenty to carry on all work now taken up and to allow of advance. Oh! if the Church would but just waken up to see her responsibility! Many Christians act on the plan of a boy I read of. When urged by a comrade to join a Mission Band, he said: "Oh! I can't bother about it, I haven't time, and I don't believe foreign people care about having us fuss over them. I couldn't do much anyway, and there are people enough to look after them. Besides I don't have much money, and I'm saving up to buy a bicycle. Maybe when I have everything I want and am tired of playing I'll come round." May be when we have got everything of earth that we desire, and its pleasures and ambitions have lost their charm, maybe, there will not be much left for our Master; maybe it will then be too late for us to give any useful service.

To sum up I will just repeat my points. Christ has charged us to do this work. He has prepared the way before us, He has assured us of His presence going ever with us, and that our heavenly Father will supply every need. There are plenty of men and women in the Church qualified to take part in the work both at home and abroad. There is plenty of money in the coffers of church members, if rightly used, to carry forward the work. Our duty clearly is to "Arise and be doing," ever looking to God for guidance, and putting implicit trust in His promises and in His ability to fulfil our every need. Perhaps there is nothing we need more than a more perfect trust in God's omnipotent power and infinite love. He is a living God, ever ready to listen to, and answer the pleadings of His children.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

"VICISSITUDES IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE."

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

In this life we may expect alternations of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, of sunlight and shade. The Christian is by no means exempted from this variety of experience. I had a picture of this changing panorama of life when passing through the beautiful scenery of Derbyshire in England, some time ago. There were the beautiful mountain peaks in the distance, their heads crowned with foliage; coursing down the hill sides and through the valleys were little streams that shone like threads of silver; near at hand the dark green and light green leaves glistened and sparkled and gleamed in the sunlight, almost like the sea's green, undulating, sparkling waves; while away beyond a rainbow flashed against a dark cloud. It was a glorious scene; but it was not to last. In a moment what a change. The train had dashed into a tunnel where all was darkness, and darkness made more hideous by a sickly, smoking lamp. But after a while we came out on the other side, and were ushered into new scenes of beauty, then there were other tunnels, longer or shorter, with scenes of light and loveliness between. And is it not so in the Christian life? From various causes we have times of sorrow and of joy, times of depression and of exaltation, times of terror and of peace. We lose for a time the sense of life's blessedness and beauty; we pass through long or short tunnels of care and trouble and sin, shut up in our own darkness, with but a feeble hope flickering like a dingy oil lamp in a train. But we come into the light by and by; yea, and we shall come at last into the perfect light, when heaven's morning shall dawn, and earth's shadows shall for ever flee away.

Toronto.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

NEVER GETS TOO OLD.

BY C. H. WETHERBEE.

A clever writer says: "Does a man ever get too old to become useful to God? Does age hinder, or does it help communion with God? God has a way of keeping hold on a man, after our little, petty standards of efficiency are exceeded. Friend Abram may be sure God is not done with him for some form of service, until He is done with him on earth altogether. However old he gets, he must be ready for a new covenant. No Christian is shut out from the privilege of new views of truth, of new meanings in Scripture, of new revelations of God. We never get so used to being servants of God that we need to lose the freshness and newness of it." It is amusing to hear some venerable saint lay stress on the fact that he has read the Bible for a great many years, and then declare that, for this very reason, he ought to certainly know just what the Bible teaches with respect to almost everything. But it should be forever understood that many years spent in reading and studying the Bible do not, in itself, constitute one a reliable authority on the proper interpretation of it. No one ever gets too old to learn a vast deal of very essential truth, both in the Bible and in other things. Nor does anyone ever get too old to be somehow useful to God and to humanity. And the more we learn correctly the mind of God, as revealed in His Word, the more useful and influential we may be and should be. Let us not get it into our heads that we can well do without the services of those who are veteran servants of God.

A NOBLE MAN AND A NOBLE LIFE.

In addition to the interesting and appreciative sketch given in our issue of two weeks ago of the late Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, D.D., of New York, from the pen of Rev. Dr. King, so tender and fragrant with the memories of college and still later days, the following words from the funeral address of Rev. Dr. Storrs, are both so beautiful in themselves, and the character and life which could call them forth must have been so beautiful, that we have pleasure in laying them before our readers as they are given in the New York Evangelist.—[Ed.]

And yet, though I thought I knew him to the centre, I did not understand that power of sovereign, conquering, God-given patience which he exhibited in the closing years of his life. Think of it, my friends! A man in the very fullness of vigor and power, with every faculty disciplined, with all the instruments of public speech at his perfect command, with his settled, steadfast, and mighty convictions of evangelical truth, and of the privilege of declaring this to men, having just reached the grand climacteric of his life, is suddenly overtaken by this unexpected and subtle cerebral shock, is thrown aside from public service, shut within the doors of home, and admonished that his end on earth is not far distant! I wonder how many of us can say, "That was a strain which I could bear!" I say for myself, frankly, "I could not, thus and then, have borne it." And I went to his sick-chamber when I heard of the stroke which had fallen upon him, timid, for the first time in my life, in my approach to him. It seemed to me impossible that there should not be a deep despondency, a dire depression, perhaps even something of painful rebelliousness against the divine will and appointment; certainly something of sadness and moroseness as he looked out upon the life which was swelling around him, and felt that in it he could never resume his place. Instead, I found a perfect peace, and utter resignation to the divine will, a desire to have God's will accomplished in him, as it had been accomplished by him. I took away more blessing from that sick-room than I had even dared to hope to carry thither. The maiden whose name is "Peace" was there. He was in the land of Beulah, where the shining ones walk. He

was looking forward from the summit of the delectable mountains to the land and the city which are beyond. He wanted to live, if he might; indeed, he longed to live, he prayed to live, that he might still further serve God and His Son in the ministry of the truth. Yet whensoever the summons should come, he was ready to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." He accepted whatever had come, or should come, as the loving, divine appointment, and while I may forget many lessons of the truth which I have heard from his lips, and many inspirations to nobler work which I have received from his spirit, I shall never forget, while life continues, the benediction of that blessing which was on his face and in his utterance while I sat by his bed-side and knelt there in prayer. It was the crown and consummation of all his character and of all his career.

We cannot tarry here, I am sure, for the moments that remain, without feeling how great and eminent is that office of the preacher of Christ, to which he was devoted. How widely in the earth, and how far into the eternities, go the influences from every earnest and faithful pulpit! We cannot but recognize the fact that he has been welcomed on the other side by the multitudes of those who have gone from this and other congregations, guided and helped by him up the jasper walls and crystal threshold, there welcoming him with hallelujahs. We cannot but know that he has been welcomed by the Master, whom he here so faithfully and so lovingly served, and that his perfect joy has come in his vision of the face of Christ! It is one of "the privations of advancing years, as they go by, that so many pass before us into the great beyond, arriving safely at the immortal home, but leaving the places which have been familiar and dear to us in association with them, so shadowed and so lonely! But ah, how sweet it is to know that those going before us in faithful service are awaiting us beyond; that the faces which here made the sunshine of our life shall shine again on us, that the hands which have poured the very wine of life, as from silver chalices, into our spirits, shall grasp ours again, in the celestial reunion, where shall be no more partings and no more tears! We shall not see him again in life on the earth, but we shall see him and be with him if we are Christ's, on the other side, in the glory of a perfected, celestial holiness, and join with him in the triumphant praise of God and in the blessed experiences which he already has of all which lies in that mighty divine word, "After the power of an endless life!" Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following interesting anecdote is told of Mr. Booth, the American Tragedian:—Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples. After dinner was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one which all present would, doubtless, appreciate, to read aloud *The Lord's Prayer*. Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as the rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, *Our Father which art in heaven*, etc., with a pathos and terribly solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his astonished audience, until, from the corner of the room a sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forth with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seizing Booth by the hand, "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before—never!"