

Pastor and People.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communings
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt nature's heart and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of trial,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heav'n that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the wrongs that need resistance
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

A POWERFUL PULPIT.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

How many elements enter into the constitution of a powerful pulpit? There are many without which it cannot exist; such as a spiritual knowledge of the truth; freedom from the fear of man, that bringeth a snare; the consciousness of God present; the realization of the reality of the judgment seat and the eternal death and life beyond it; and the present peril of souls tending thither, with a keen and whole-souled sympathy with them and such a desire, like fire in the bones, to speak to them that it will bear no restraint and suffer no check, that cries, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard and know." These are some of the elements of a powerful pulpit. And wherever they are found it needs not a structure within church walls, whether it be the humble chapel or the lofty cathedral, to justify the name we give to them—any place will suit. The street-corner, the market-place, the railway carriage, the sea-beach, the Atlantic steamer, the parlour or the sick bed, any place where these elements are present becomes a powerful pulpit. These transform any spot into a place of spiritual influence and far-reaching power. But there is one spot which has additional elements, and that is the death-bed. There all ears are eager to hear what is said, and last words are treasured up like golden coin, and are preserved like heirlooms in families. They are oft repeated, and used as motive forces in dealing with the successive generations as they come. And these, added to the other elements, make the death-bed one of the most powerful pulpits. This is one of which we would speak now. It is a high vantage ground whence great formative influences have gone forth. It was from it that Adolphe Monod spoke the short and suggestive addresses that compose his "Farewell" to the few friends who gathered together to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's supper with him Sunday after Sunday, till he passed hence to enjoy the same festival with the Lord Himself. Through that charming, spiritual volume, "we, being dead, yet speaketh," and that to a far wider circle than he addressed at first. Now it embraces thousands throughout Christendom. How stimulating it is! How clear his vision is, and how complete his comprehension of truth! It is full of certainty—the Apostle John's "know"—and it is, therefore, inspiring and quickening beyond many books. It is one that we are drawn to repeatedly, and it always repays perusal.

What a powerful pulpit was the death-bed of Thomas Halyburton, of St. Andrews! In it he revealed the power of genuine faith to gladden the heart and cause the soul to rejoice in God. Praise prevailed in his spirit. With his eyes full of eternity he spoke to all who came near him of the Gospel, God's faithfulness, his own restfulness on Christ Jesus, the duty of being ready at all times to meet the Lord, and the pressing necessity of a genuine faith. His words are such that we would like to quote them all, but these must suffice: "I bless God, I was educated by godly parents in the principles of the Church of Scotland, I bless Him that when I came to riper years I did on mature deliberation make them my choice; I bless the Lord I have been helped ever since to adhere to them without wavering; I bless Him, I have seen that holiness yields peace and comfort in prosperity and adversity. What should I seek more, or desire more to give evidence of the reality of it? Therefore, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; because it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' I am so far from altering my thoughts of religion by reason of the present contempt thrown on it, and opposition made to it, that this endears it the

more to me." "As to the simplicity of Gospel worship, many must have gaudy pomp nowadays in worship; it is an evidence of the decay of religion; for when folks want the power and spirituality of it, they must have something to please the carnal heart. This is my sense of it; and it is the words of truth and soberness; and I speak as being shortly to appear in judgment, and hope to give an account of this with joy, as part of the testimony of Jesus."

During his illness his thoughts ranged over a wide field, and were expressed with a decisive sharpness, and a crystalline clearness and a holy unction. He had a good word for every one who came into his presence. And these words are like the grains of musk that enter the invisible pores of the gold casket, which thereby becomes fragrant for long years to come. His joy in prospect of entering into the presence of Christ was an upholding and great joy. He longed to be free. One beautiful expression of his was, "O, let us exalt His name together. O, glory dwells in Immanuel's land. I long for the fragrance of the spiced wine. 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.'" He caused to be written letters to two nephews who were abroad, and also to his students when they were separated in time of vacation. His soul was not hemmed in by his bed-posts, but in thoughtfulness went out to all who had a claim upon him.

The last sickness has a solemnity about it all its own. Every little act done in it is for ever memorable, and every little gift bestowed then is invested with an interest that never passes away. It was in this season that Sir Walter Scott's mother gave him a Bible—an old Bible—the book she loved best, and no doubt, whatever Sir Walter thought of the book before, the reception of it at the hand of his mother just before she died, would make it unspeakably dear and precious to him. He would love it and value it for her sake. What a legacy Jacob gave to his sons (Gen. xlix.) in his last words! Far-reaching, prophetic words are these! The death-bed of Samuel Rutherford is one that has lived in the memories of men ever since he passed into the mountain of spices. His words, that are like beautiful and fragrant flowers, have often been quoted. These, occurring in a message he sent to his own Presbytery, are such as breathe the spirit of his whole ministerial life. "Let them feed the flock out of love, preach for God, visit and catechise for God, and do all for God. Beware of man pleasing; the Chief Shepherd will shortly appear." When at the end of all, Mr. Blair asked him if he would praise the Lord for all the mercies He had done for him and was about to do, he answered, "O for a well-tuned harp." Then, he who all his life was saying, "I would be farther in upon Christ," went to be with Him for ever.

When some of the neighbours of Philip Henry came to see him on his death-bed he said to them: "O make sure work for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God, I am satisfied. See to it all of you that your work be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever."

The messages coming to us from the very gates that stand ajar, out of the depths of the hearts of our fellow-men who have fought the good fight of faith against one thousand evils, and have overcome through the blood of the Lamb, strike home upon us and lead us to thoughtful consideration of our present life. The ability to speak so at the end arises out of a life of devotion to Christ. To die well we must live well. To be calm, contented, peaceful and even joyful, when this tabernacle is being taken down, requires that we should have entered into such relations with God previously, as that every question touching sin will be settled; and our acceptance realized and enjoyed. Is it not truth the poet sings?

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestored by this despair your cure;
For here restless demonstration dwells.

The physician who attended Cæsar Malan on his death-bed, where he suffered torture without a murmur, said one day on leaving him: "I have just seen what I have often heard of, but what I never saw before. Now I have seen it as I see the stick I carry in my hand." On being asked what he had seen, he answered: "Faith, faith, not the faith of a theologian, but of a Christian. I have seen it with my eyes." That sweet assurance that characterized his life was triumphant in death, being asked if he had any doubt or misgivings, his answer was: "There are no clouds over my sky. The Lord is with me as I have ever known Him."

The faith nourished throughout a lifetime triumphs in death. The fruit of a long period of Christian love and service is gathered then. This pulpit is not built

in a day. Its elements are the slow but sure growth of many experiences. It rises like the palm tree in the silence of a life ministered by God. He is the great worker in it. Is it not a worthy ambition to indulge, to die well, to die to the glory of God and the good of men? We think so. We have nothing to do with the circumstances of our departure, but we have everything to do with the spirit that may be revealed in it. This is clearly taught in 2 Peter i. And we cannot do better than order our life according to its teachings.

SCOTCH CHURCHES IN AMERICA.

In this country there have been several branches of the Presbyterian Church:

1. The Presbyterian Church (now divided into the Church North and South). The first Presbytery, of which Francis Makemie was a leading spirit, met in 1705, and organized what, through various divisions (Old Lights and New Lights, 1741—Old School and New School, 1837—United Synod, 1859—Northern and Southern, 1861), has continued to the present day.

2. The Reformed Presbyterian Church, the ecclesiastical descendants of the Scotch Covenanters, who had refused to accept State patronage in King William's day (1688), and in consequence bore the long persecution in Scotland. The first Reformed Presbytery was constituted in 1775 by commissioners from the Reformed Presbyterians of Scotland. But in 1782 most of its members united with the Associate Presbyterian Church. This was not cordially approved either by all the Associate Presbyterians, or by all the Reformed Presbyterians. It resulted in the organization of three Scottish Churches in America, the Reformed, the Associate, and the Associate Reformed. The Reformed Presbytery was reorganized in Philadelphia in 1698, and its first Synod was organized in 1809.

In 1833 there was a division of this body into two sections, which were both represented in one Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, in 1880. This Church holds the Westminster Confession of Faith. It excludes all instrumental music and all hymns (except versions of the Psalms of David) from the worship of God's house. Inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States contains no recognition of God, the members of this Church refuse to vote for civil officers, or perform any act which recognizes the lawfulness of what they call our "godless" Constitution.

3. The Associate Presbyterian Church was organized in 1753, by Rev. Messrs. Alexander Gellatly and Andrew Arnott, commissioners from the Associate Synod of Scotland. When the union of this with the Reformed Church was attempted in 1782, a number of the members refused to join in this union, and continued the separate existence of the Associate Church. It held substantially the distinctive views of the Associate Church of Scotland.

4. The Associate Reformed Church originated, as has been intimated, by the union of 1782.

5. Negotiations were commenced for the union of these two latter Churches in 1842. In 1858 they culminated in the formation of the United Presbyterian Church, which is now attracting special attention by the recent discussion of the question of instrumental music in the Church. Its leading distinctive doctrines are that slaveholding is sin, that secret societies are wrong, close communion, and the exclusion of instrumental music in Church, and of all hymns, except the Psalms of David.

6. The Associate Reformed Synod of the South has continued its separate organization until the present. There is now a decided tendency toward a union between this and the United Presbyterian Church. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church has this year sent down to its Presbyteries overtures which look to the union.

All these Churches hold the Westminster Confession of Faith, and agree in their doctrinal views, except as indicated above. And they all approach very nearly in government to the Form of Government of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland.—*Christian Observer*.

JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST.

Not easily explained to others, and too ethereal to define, spiritual joys are, on that account, but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godwards; the lull of sinful passion; an exulting sense of the security of the well ordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to say "Abba, Father"; all the delightful feelings which the Spirit of God increases or creates are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost!"

A MAN may be a miser of his wealth; he may tie up his talent in a napkin; he may hug himself in his reputation; but he is always generous in love. Love cannot stay at home: a man cannot keep it to himself. Like light, it is constantly travelling. A man must spend it, must give it away.—*MacLeod*.