

Pastor and People.

OLD ST. ANDREW'S AND REV. DR. MILLIGAN.

ST. ANDREW'S Church is a substantial stone building, at the south east corner of Carlton and Jarvis streets, that does credit to its architect and builder, and that seems to bear in its outlines the practical and solid ideas of those by whom and for whom it was built. Its foundations were evidently laid in righteousness, and it looks calculated to last for several centuries. The interior shows a square, spacious church, with pews of dark wood arranged in curves, and having a horseshoe gallery of considerable depth. The decoration is in quiet colours, and there is a large organ, the lower part of which, panelled in dark reddish wood, forms a back ground for the preaching platform in front of which, raised but little above the floor of the auditorium, are the choir seats and the organ keyboard. In a central position and in front of these choir seats there is a roomy and official-looking easy chair, in which the precentor, an important functionary in this church, sits in the midst of the important responsibilities of his office, which, it may be observed, he bears with dignity, force and ability. He is a genuine case of "the right man in the right place," and so far from being a mere choir-master, one thinks of him as a "chief musician" to whom psalms might be inscribed if there were psalmists in these days.

We are at church in time to see the earlier members of the large congregation that worships at St. Andrew's begin to come in by twos and threes. Presently also comes in the lady organist, and sedately takes her seat in front of the keyboard. It is perceptible by her demeanour that she discharges in no thoughtless way the duties of her office, and that she feels that she is a servant of the sanctuary. She possesses a firm touch, great taste, and there is a calm earnest force about her playing which is to the highest degree satisfactory. As an organist, she knows the value of the pedals. Noisy and obtrusive display, either vocal or instrumental, there is none at this church. The singing is good and massive, from first to last you feel that it is a religious exercise, and are not once reminded of the concert-room. When the members of the choir come in they fill the score or so of chairs.

The gallery on Sunday mornings is not so full as at the evening service, still it contains a goodly number of people. The body of the church is well filled, and towards eleven o'clock the ushers need their perceptive faculties in finding vacant seats for strangers. Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., comes in on time. He is attired in gown and bands, a man of perhaps forty five years old, has brown hair with some spring in it, and a beard and mustache that do not appear to be streaked with gray. Rather under than over the middle stature—not much either way: his manner calm, dignified and self-possessed, not self-conscious, remembering too well the high responsibilities of his office to think of himself, one who can be absorbed in the greatness of the themes whereof he speaks so that they dominate him and he becomes a voice—the voice of a prophet to denounce, to warn or to plead—this is the opinion I have formed of Dr. Milligan after hearing him a few times. He has the fire of the Celt, his discourses frequently have a force about them that rises to eloquence, and his discourses, which are delivered entirely without notes, are such as to rivet the attention. You may disagree with what he says, you may sometimes think that his tones are louder and more emphatic than the occasion calls for, but you cannot doubt his supreme earnestness; and the occasional pounding of the Bible, or even the stamp of the foot, are but the ebullitions of the spirit with which he is filled. Sometimes you are inclined to call him a "joint and marrow" preacher, his word is quick and powerful like a two-edged sword, and even rather careless people may rejoice in him as a development of consecrated genuineness. Those who remember what a hot Sunday the 22nd September was; how the glowing sun seemed to bring up waves of sweltering heat from the very ground and roll them along over church-going mortals; how it came in at the church windows, opened for a breath of air, and changed the worshippers into impromptu Turkish bathers who were fain to use fans and long for "Greenland's icy mountains," will comprehend the extent of Dr. Milligan's Boanerges like energy when I say that even on that calorific occasion he was continuously undaunted and energetic. His strong voice rang through the building, and all his movements were full of nervous vigour. No climatic conditions can subdue him, the moist heat of Jamaica would only inspire him, and the fire within him would thaw arctic snows.

He began the service quietly with a short prayer. Then came a hymn, sung to a sonorous chorale. There was another prayer and two readings of the scripture with appropriate comments. The one thing you are sure of from the time you hear Dr. Milligan begin, is that he means what he says. There is a slight, decided movement of the head, after emphatic sentences, which seems to betoken certainty, and that there is no more to be said. His comments on the scriptures are instructive, they are not made for the sake of commenting. His prayers are free from the fatal glibness of use and wont. He struggles against the repetition of familiar sentences, sometimes to the extent of hesitating for a word or a phrase, or the finishing of a phrase. I have frequently heard what is called extempore prayer degenerate into mere mechanical repetition—it is difficult for aged ministers to escape this, and they might almost as well take to a form of prayer at once. Their minds have run in certain prescribed

channels so often that it is difficult to avoid getting into ruts. The whole matter is one of such difficulty that it may be presumed that those who think about it can only long for some earnest, simple, sincere utterance on which the soul may rise to a higher region without any thought of style or construction of sentences. It may be that men with the prophetic gift have the power of communicating their spirit to those around them so that hearers do not merely say, "That was a beautiful prayer," but they really pray.

If the lasting impression made by a sermon is any test of excellence in preaching, and I think it is, Dr. Milligan is an able preacher. "The words of the wise are as goads and as nails fastened in a sure place." Dr. Milligan hammers home the special truth he is talking about by repeated blows. By the time he gets to the end of his sermon it has been driven into you so that the thought remains for a week or two, or sometimes longer. I find that as a rule people do not remember sermons at all, and that it is generally safe to wager that a man will not be able to remember, on Wednesday, within the space of ten minutes, the sermon he heard on Sunday, so as to give an intelligible outline of it. The minister of St. Andrew's sketches his subject, so to speak, with a heavy broad line. In this preliminary work he displays much judgment, and though it is done in an easy and free fashion he lays out his ground with some exactitude. It is like the "argument" at the beginning of a serious poem, it defines the scope of the proposed effort. It has not, however, the dryness of a preface, and there is nothing perfunctory about it. Sentences apparently thrown out at random as by the free easy-sweeping hand of a facile painter gradually "block out" the subject. They are frequently striking and pointed sentences, and as they are apparently not written or memorised, but come hot from the mind of the speaker at first hand, they at once arrest attention. The sermon proper is not an essay, prepared in the quiet of the study and read off, nor can the most effective preaching in my opinion ever be done in that way. Pulpit essay reading never moved the world and never will. There is a foundation for the important place that is given in many denominations to the "gift of the gab" as it is sometimes colloquially called. The danger is that facility of speech is frequently not backed up with any depth of thought. Where there is a capacity for easy talking, combined with mental power and judgment, inventiveness—sometimes called originality—and comparative fullness of knowledge, then all that is necessary is the consecrating fire—the lips touched with the live coal—the inspiration that is properly called divine. I think it is because these conditions are largely filled at St. Andrew's, that the church is so well attended and that people come away with serious and thoughtful faces. They may say sometimes, "We have heard strange things to-day," there may be minor features that would be taken exception to by a fastidious taste, but nevertheless there is that about the ministration that makes a deep impression upon even the case hardened.

—J. R. N., in *The Week*.

The Gospel of Buddha. Paul Carus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.)—While Christianity to a greater or less extent sways about twenty-six per cent. of the human family, Buddhism in one or other of its many forms directs the religious convictions of forty per cent. A system or a phase of teaching which shapes the beliefs of so large a proportion of our race must have its interest for every intelligent reader. Moreover, we are not without knowledge of movements which exalt the Buddha to an equality with Jesus of Nazareth as a religious teacher, and in Theosophy of an endeavour to transplant its mystical pantheism to our Western shores. The curiosity to know something more about this wide-spread Oriental system is not only natural, but praiseworthy. For those to whom the Buddhist Canon is a sealed book this composition gives a fair conception of Buddhist teaching, the greater part being selections from that Canon, arranged in the manner of Scripture text books, with which our evangelists and self-elected teachers are in many cases too familiar. We need not grudge Buddhism its meed of admiration, nor refuse to find therein, rays from the true light which, as St. John wrote, lighteth every man coming into the world. "That which is most needed is a loving heart," is a precept which surely our Christ would readily own as His own, and there is a kinship between "I was born into the world as the king of truth for the salvation of the world," and the answer given before the Roman Pilate to his doubting enquiry: "Art thou a king then?" But if no other difference may be found this would suffice to keep the Christian under the shadow of the Cross.

"Though truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin."

But this is not all. You search the parables in this gospel of Buddha in vain for anything approaching in pathos and keen analysis of character the story of the Prodigal Son and his elder brother, with the father's large throbbing heart of forgiveness; nor can the perfection of Nirvāṇa where "the ridge-pool of care has been shattered and the end of craving been reached" for a moment compare with the spirit of that declaration: "He that would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it. Buddhist philosophy may do for the dreamer, its high morality can only become current coin, and our aspirations be satisfied as we sit at His feet and learn who said: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

AT LAST.

Over the waves the dark will creep,
And shroud the shore, and quench the day;
Must I, before I fall asleep,
Faint in dismay?

Must I go forth in loneliness,
I, who have always loved my kind,
And, knowing nought but weariness,
Leave joy behind?

I have not shirked the strenuous fight,
I think where Duty called, I went;
Must I drift out into the night
When strength is spent?

Shall I be lost in that great sea
Whose surgings reach me everywhere?
Or will the King who summons me
Regard my prayer?

Oh! fearful, faithless heart, be strong!
Put thou thy trust in God again;
He who has helped thee all along,
Will fail not then!

The love of Christ is thine always;
Did not the Saviour bless thy past?
Lo, He is with thee all the days,
Even the last!

—Marianne Farnham in *Christian World*.

IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST.

A story is told by *The Colporteur* of a well-known preacher who in walking the length of the hotel piazza at a summer watering place, met a lady friend hastening toward the breakfast room. It was late in the morning. A casual remark of the gentleman as to the lateness of the hour for breakfast led to the following remark: "I am late because I was tired. I danced last night until I blistered my feet."

"May I ask one question?" the preacher said, and with consent he asked: "Did you ever blister your feet in the service of your Redeemer?"

A scornful look and a hasty retreat were the result. A bystander and mutual friend remarked that the question was faithful though rather severe. The two wondered what would come of it.

For several days the lady avoided her friends, and, in fact, was invisible. Nearly a week passed. Then followed an interview at the request of the offended lady, who, with real distress, confessed that, although angry at the preacher's question, she had been unable to justify herself, nor had sleep been possible since the morning of her confusion. "God has forgiven me," she said. "I come to ask your pardon, and that you will tell me how I can blister my feet in the service of Christ. I am ready to do it now, and before I do anything else; I want to do it very much indeed; I want to make myself weary in His service. I will do anything to atone for the waste and folly of the past. It has been so heartless of me."

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

Few writers of modern times have attained such rapid and wide popularity as the Rev. John Watson, of Liverpool, England, familiarly known by his pen name, Ian MacLaren. Writing recently of the true position of religion in life he said:—

"We live on three levels—the physical, where we eat and drink; the intellectual, where we read and think; the spiritual, where we pray and love; and it goes without saying that the third is the highest, with the rarest air and the widest vision. No man can afford to neglect his body or mind; he is bound to live clearly, and think clearly, under penalties of life failure. But it is within his soul he comes to his full height, for it is there he touches the unseen and has fellowship with God. Religion is the same thing to the soul that health is to the body and culture to the mind. It is life in excelsis, the perfection and fruition of our purest and most delicate instincts, the consecration and crown of our whole being. The scale of attainment for the individual has three degrees—first, an athlete; second, a scholar; third, a saint; but there is no measure of comparison between those degrees. What is a gladiator beside Seneca? What is Seneca beside St. Paul? Human nature untouched by the spirit of religion is a pyramid without an apex, a figure wanting its head. Take sainthood in its highest sense, it is the climax of humanity."