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## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE LATE ROBERT SALTER, Esq.

[The following biographical notice of the late Robert Salter, Esq., Circuit Steward of the Carleton (St. John, N. B.) Circuit, was read at the close of a sermon, preached on the occasion of his decease, to one of the largest congregations ever gathered in the Guilford St. Methodist Church, from Revelation xiv. 13, by the Rev. Robert Duncan, Superintendent of the Circuit.]

In every age, when men of rare talent and piety have graced her ranks, the Church has been characterized by joy and rejoicing. When in the providence of God, however, these stars of larger magnitude, having reached a culminating point, have faded away in the sunlight of immortality, a shade of sadness has mantled her brow and the grief of her sorrow-stricken heart has found utterance in the language of the Psalmist: "Help Lord for the godly man cease, for the faithful fall from among the children of men."

The Methodist Church of Carleton has just been called to this experience. One of her standard-bearers has recently fallen; one who stood in the front rank of her loyal and devoted sons: one who was not a raw recruit unskilled in the use of the panoply of God, but a veteran warrior, whose trusty sword had gleamed in many a conflict, and by whom many a victory had been won from the Christian's triple foe; one whose name is a household word in many a family in this community, and which shall long continue to be "an ointment poured forth," one who has gained the "rest" of heaven, and whose "works do follow" him.

Robert Salter was born at Newport, Nova Scotia, on the 26th day of October, 1799, and departed this life on Tuesday, the 13th of August, 1872, being then in the 72th year of his age, and in the February following was united in marriage to his now aged and sorrowing widow.

The subject of religious impressions from his early childhood, he nevertheless lived a stranger to the converting grace of God until he had reached the 20th year of his age. The late Rev. Adam Clark Avar, in whose field of ministry and pastoral toil Newport was included, was the honored instrument, in the hand of God, of his awakening and conversion. For that devoted servant of the Lord Jesus he ever afterwards cherished the tenderest regard, in proof of which may be mentioned the fact that his only surviving son was called by his name; and when, in 1823, the Master summoned Mr. Avar to his reward, our departed brother expressed his grief in a well-written elegy, one of the stanzas of which is as follows:

"Farwell thou 'Gospel Trumpeter' whose sound,  
More loud than trumpets' voices,  
First awak'd my sleepy conscience,  
I sigh! for thou art gone!"

Immediately after his conversion Bro. Salter identified himself with the Methodist Church. To this branch of God's Israel, having by deliberate and intelligent choice joined himself, he clung through all his future life with ever increasing affection; and, for more than half a century, continued within her pale, a useful, consistent, and faithful member.

Mr. Salter's name first appeared on the class list as that of one of a few, in his native town, who were willing to encounter the odium which in that day usually fell to the lot of those who espoused the earnest form of Christianity called Methodism. That the Superintendent of the Circuit should soon after place the class paper in the hands of a young man whose name stood *first* on the list, with the authority and responsibility of leader, proves conclusively that even then the gifts and graces, which so eminently qualified our departed friend to fill with rarely equalled zeal and fidelity the numerous official positions afterwards assigned him in the Church, had begun to develop themselves.

The Church in which during the last thirty years of his life he worshipped God twice, almost every Sabbath, was projected in 1838, and solemnly dedicated to the worship of Jehovah in 1841. Into this enterprise he threw himself with characteristic energy and zeal.

In the manner of performing the duties connected with the various offices filled by him, Bro. Salter was a model to many. As a *Leader* he was punctual, painstaking, pointed and prayerful.

No *Trustee* ever, perhaps, surpassed him in his readiness to attend those business meetings, which have relation more especially to the securities of the Church, and few certainly manifested greater love for the place in which the name of God is recorded, or in proportion to his means have given more freely and generously for its comfort and continuation.

As *Circuit Steward* he not only acted well the part of General Treasurer of the Circuit, but proved himself the friend, who among the first to welcome the minister to his new home, was ever ready to counsel wisely on all matters pertaining to the administration of the Church's affairs. That department of Church labour which is especially congenial to him, was his office as *Sabbath School*. He was by his taste was a lover of children; and many of those whom he has under his care in the school of which, for upwards of 30 years—with a slight hiatus of thirty months—he was continuously the Superintendent, rise up to-day to call him blessed. No one, we think, who was present at his funeral on that sad day when men of all creeds and classes came to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, and saw those children for whose spiritual interests he had cared so unremotely up to the last Sabbath but one that he spent on earth, the subjects of uncontrollable emotions, and could courage pass to the place of burial, could withhold the concession, "Behold how they loved him!"

Mr. Salter was a man, and of "err in human." His errors, however, were those of the head rather than of the heart, and so few, withal, as compared with the virtues that adorned his life, that little effort is required to cover them with the mantle of his charity.

He was a man of intelligence. The years of his youth, it is true, were not those in which his native Province, educational advantages of

a very high order were common. Yet our departed brother had so cultivated and stored his mind that he was enabled to fill creditably the important positions in civil society, to which he was called by his fellow citizens; and his public addresses on all occasions, but especially in behalf of the Bible Society, with which he was long and honorably connected, and the temperance cause, of which he was an earnest and self-sacrificing advocate, gave proof of not a little thought and culture.

He was a man of decision and integrity. So marked, indeed, were these qualities that having reached his conclusions, as he always sought to do, with the utmost care he adhered to them, with the most resolute tenacity. In this was seen the firmness of the man, however, who anxious for the right, disdained to stoop to any and everything which his judgment and his conscience condemned. Of few could his fellow-men say more truthfully: "He hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully;" "He sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

He was a man of piety. Nor did the piety of our sainted brother ever degenerate into merely denominational zeal. A Methodist from choice and principle, he nevertheless loved all "that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He had no sympathy with that class of religionists that can see nothing good beyond the limited circle of their own ecclesiastical horizon, who, wrapping themselves up in the scant attire of their own narrow sectarianism, self-complacently say: "We are the people and goodness will die with us."

Translated in early life, out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, he ever after deemed it his duty, in the diligent use of the means of grace, to build himself up on his most holy faith. To him the "Sabbath" was a "delight of the holy of the Lord honorable;" and, at the services of the week-day evening, and on other occasions, he esteemed it as alike his duty and his privilege to say: "Come ye that fear God and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." Who, however, could or would be reckoned upon with certainty for these services, he whose absence we mourn to-night did not often disappoint those who expected to find him in his place.

But that place, at the bidding of the Master, as at length became vacant! The stroke by means of which it has been accomplished has fallen both upon the Church and his own family, with unexpected suddenness and force. "We sorrow not even as others which have no hope." We are thankful that the boon of his presence and precious life was ours so long. And, recognizing the right of the Master, at such times and in such a manner as seemeth best to him, to lift up his servants from the work of the Church in conflict to the joys of the Church triumphant, we look upward through our tears, and strive to say: "Even so Father for so it seemed good in thy sight."

## TRUTH AND ERROR.

Both abundant in our day, Truth has taken immense strides during the last fifty years, and were it not for the marvellous efforts of Satan and his human agents to neutralize its influence the world would soon rejoice in the complete emancipation of our race from the shackles of error. But it seems that the enemy of all good has power to oppose with alarming success, the advancement of truth, and even so to mingle his lies with the truths of God, as to render them of no effect in saving the souls of men.

We should however, always remember that the ability of the devil to injure man, is limited to that of *temptation* only. No man is obliged to submit to the galling yoke of iniquity, since the gospel proclaims "diverſance to the captive." If he does so, it is because he has listened to the will of the tempter, and voluntarily yielded himself to his service. The devil's work cannot destroy human responsibility. Every man that embraces error instead of truth, is accountable for the act, and for all its consequences on earth.

As some truths are of greater importance than others, some errors are less serious than others. A political or scientific error is less dangerous than a religious error, especially if such an error affects fundamental truth. In the present day some of the most important truths respecting the nature of God and his creature man, are being denied not only by professed infidels, but by Christians so called.

Professed Christian ministers boldly declare that God has a body like man, and that man has no immortal spirit associated with his body. That the spirit of man is but a part of his organism, the breath; and that when he dies, the whole of him, in the grave. And that when raised at the last day, the wicked will be burned up root and branch. Thus blotting out from the sacred page the doctrine of "everlasting punishment."

All these notions are claimed by those deluded errorists to be taught in the word of God. And yet that word declares that "God is a spirit," and there is a spirit in a man, which is not touched by those who kill the body. That the spirit as well as the body needs to be sanctified, and that to be "absent from the body is to be present with the Lord," that the unjust will be raised from their graves, as well as the righteous, and their spirits come from Hades, the invisible world, and in union with their bodies be judged according to the deeds done in the body. The result of the judgment being eternal life in the one case, and in the other, a going into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Whatever the fire means there, it is to be everlasting. The same words are used to express the duration of the punishment, as are used to signify the duration of the happiness of the righteous.

The great effort of the enemy in the present age seems to be to hide from mortals the great danger in which they are involved, in consequence of having sinned against God. To make sin only a matter of trivial importance, and to evade the tendency of the prevailing errors of our day. It is plain that wherever this notion prevails, there cannot be cherished right views of the atoning work of the Lord Jesus. We can account for the amazing sufferings of the sinner's substitute, only on the ground that terrible results must follow sin, unless pardon

can be obtained. Eternity alone can fully show the awful import of the word salvation.

We have no fears as to the ultimate triumph of truth, even on earth, but many souls may be lost in the meantime while the conflict lasts. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." Extremes meet us on every side. Here is a spiritualist, pretending to hold converse with the spiritual world. Here a materialist who like the Sadducees of old, scarcely believes in any spirit at all. Both have notions of truth in their opinions, while both abound in error. The old landmarks, we believe, yet guide safely. "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." G. O. H.

Canning, Aug. 1872.

## THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Rev. P. Kitwood narrated the following at a recent Sunday-school Teachers' Meeting, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We copy from the *Sunday-school Times*:

When I was in the city of London, several years ago, I attended service in a sailor's chapel. The old landmarks, we believe, yet guide safely. "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." G. O. H.

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## RESTING IN GOD.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee  
It is his.  
Know his love in full completeness  
Fills the measure of thy weakness;  
If he wound the spirit sore,  
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
In his hand  
Lay whatever things thou canst not  
Understand.  
Though the world thy folly spurneth,  
From thy faith in pity turneth,  
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,  
Lying still.

Like an infant, it thou thinkest  
Thou canst stand,  
Childlike proudly pushing back  
The offered hand,  
Courage soon is changed to fear,  
Strength doth feebleness appear;  
In his love it thou abide,  
He will guide.

Farest sometimes that thy Father  
Hath forgot?  
When the clouds around thee gather,  
Doubt his aid.  
Always hath the daylight broken;  
Always hath he comfort spoken;  
Better hath he been for years  
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatsoever betideth,  
Night or day,  
Know his love for thee provideth  
Good alway.  
Crown of sorrow gladly take;  
Grateful wear it for his sake;  
Sweetly bending to his will,  
Lying still.

To his own thy Saviour giveth  
Daily strength,  
To each troubled soul that liveth,  
Peace at length.  
Weakest lambs have largest share  
Of the tender Shepherd's care;  
Ask him not the "When" or "How,"  
Only bow.

(From the American Messenger.)

## A REVELLING METHODIST'S PRAYER.

It was in the mid-winter of 1836, that the passer by of the "Sailors' Home," so called, in H. —, might one evening have heard sounds of boisterous merriment proceeding from the crowded bar room, while occasionally a stunning oath fell upon the ear. The room was filled with a motley crowd, such as were usually found there, sailors, boatmen, and ruffians, all apparently in high uproarious mirth. On one side of the room was a cheerful fire, around which sat a number of dozing toppers, while on the opposite side was the bar, with the usual array of well-filled decanters dimly seen through the murky cloud of smoke.

In the centre of the crowd, and the object of their undivided attention, stood a man, in appearance about fifty years of age. In former years he had been distinguished in political life, and was known as a man of fine talents and acquirements. In his early life he had become a member of the Methodist church, and was still remembered as having been a prominent class-leader. His hair was grey, tangled and matted, and fell in sparse locks upon his shoulders. His eyes were dim and bloodshot; his face bloated and unshaven, and his whole appearance gave evidence of a wretched and miserable condition. A silly smile was playing over his haggard features, as he listened to the rude and profane commendations of the wretches around him, for he had just finished a song: "Give us another, Jim," said one. "Give us one more," roared the crowd. "Methinks," said the first speaker, "and a real Methodist, old fellow."

For a moment he hesitated, and then with a voice shattered, but still noble, he commenced a favorite and beautiful Methodist hymn. As he proceeded, it seemed to come to his heart; for at times his voice faltered and his face seemed as if a shadow had fallen upon it. Were the turbid fountains of the heart being troubled by an angel? or had that simple melody brought back a tide of recollections of long-ago times—bright, hopeful, happy days long since passed, and which had long been to him but a dream?

He ended, and the rude and noisy crew loudly applauded, mingling many an oath in their commendations; but his face had lost its smile.

Then one called upon him for a prayer "to end with," as he expressed himself, and they all gathered still closer around him. "No, no, I can't pray; I can't pray now," exclaimed the poor wretch, and he seemed to be troubled. But they would have no refusal; he must give them a prayer. Prayer! he used to pray much once, for then it was dear to him, and it seemed to make life brighter, and joy and happiness nestled in his heart. But that was a long time ago, and many a weary day and even year had passed since then.

Sometimes, to be sure, in his utter and degraded misery, as memory reflected a gleam of momentary light from the past; started in the instant, burning with hand hard-pressed on an aching, burning brow, he would cry out, "O Lord!" but it was of bitter, despairing misery, and not hope; and then, unable to endure such terrible remorseful thoughts, he would plunge into mad intoxication, till all reflection was gone.

It was not always thus. At times better and kinder thoughts came to him, and though he was fallen very low, still he would resolve to reform and be a better man; and so, as it were, "smiting on his breast," and scarce daring to lift up his eyes, he would arise and go softly on, till overpowering temptation won, and without seized him and flung him back again.

But now as he stood there, kind thoughts

and even tender, called up by that song, had touched his desolate heart, and hope seemed returning once more to him—perhaps God will bear his prayer. So slowly lifting his old hat from his head, he said, "Let us pray."

The psal of laughter was upon the lips of those around, but the unaffected solemnity of his manner awed and suppressed their noisy mirth, and they gazed upon him in silence.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." His voice was broken with emotion; but as he proceeded it became clearer. The spirit of other days had seemingly returned upon him, and he prayed as of old, moving as with the Spirit of God the hearts of all who heard him. He prayed with agonizing earnestness for pardon, for reconciliation with the Saviour, for strength in the hour and moment of temptation, and light through all of future life to guide and direct in every path, and that at last they might all attain to eternal life through a crucified Redeemer.

He ceased; but a spell had fallen upon that crowd, and not a word was heard. He took up his old hat and turning away left the room. From that hour he became an altered man, and the earnest self-denying Christian labors of many subsequent years, were not, we trust, in vain.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." John iii: 8.

"THAT'S YOU, JEM!"  
The "Prodigal" in the parable of our Lord was a type of a class—unhappily a large class—of men. How many individuals are, or have been, prodigals! How many families have to deplore a son, or other relatives, who has been "sent into the fields to feed swine!" I desire to communicate to my readers an illustration of this in a narrative which was communicated to me by one of the parties concerned.

I was, some few years ago, sojourning as a very beautiful and much frequented English watering-place. I met with an earnest Christian tradesman of the town, whose labours in the cause of religion are many and great. Although his occupation was not in selling books, yet he had, in a prominent place in his shop window, an assortment of Bibles, with an illustrated card containing this announcement:—"Luther's Word sold here!" With one of these "swords" that Christian soldier, whom I shall call by the name of Mr. Carr, fought and won the following battle:

A band or "troupe" of young men, with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before the gentleman's door one day, for an exhibition of their peculiar "performances." These people used to be called "Ephraim Screamers." After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the "look" of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tabourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies" of the people. Mr. Carr, taking one of the Bibles out of his window, addressed the youth:

"See here, young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling, and this Bible besides, if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates; "I'm going to give you a public reading!"

Mr. Carr opened at the fifth chapter of Luke's Gospel, and, pointing to the 11th verse, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jim, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man!" And Jim took the book, and read: "And he said, a certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth, and still further commanded the attention of the crowd.

"He read on—" And not many days after the younger son gathered folk together, and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's you, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades—"It's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

point of that young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long and dearly loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and, still better, in his return to his heavenly Father! He found, as I trust my readers will, how true are the promises of the "Prodigal son," both for time and for eternity!

"Yes, there is One who will not chide nor scold; But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss; Beholds the prodigal a great way off, And dies to meet him with a Father's kiss!" —*Episcopalian*.

## THE UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

[From "Recollections of Old Minister" in the *Christian Intelligencer*.]  
At a session of the General Synod of our Reformed Church held in the old lecture room of our North Reformed church in the city of Albany, more than thirty years ago, Mr. Bourne was a delegate, as was the writer. The clerk was calling the roll when the Rev. Dr. T. B. Welch, then Pastor of the Baptist church in Pearl street, came in and seated himself by me. Soon the name of George Bourne was called and the answer was given "Here." Dr. Welch turned to me and said, "Is that George Bourne, who was formerly pastor of a church in Germantown, near Philadelphia?" I replied, "Yes, sir." Do you know him?"

"Very well, sir." Will you introduce him to me?" "Certainly, sir." At the recess, the introduction was given, when the following conversation ensued:

Dr. Welch asked Mr. Bourne: "Do you remember your home was in Germantown, your preaching a sermon to young men in Dr. Stoughton's church in Sanson street, Philadelphia, where there was an immense assembly present?"

"Yes, very well," said Mr. Bourne. "Have you that sermon with you?" "Yes, here," putting his finger up to his head. "Will you preach it in my pulpit next Sabbath evening?"

"Where's your church?" "In this street, sir." "Then I will do as you wish." The arrangement was made.

On the Sabbath morning Dr. Welch, then in the height of his popularity, drawing large congregations, invited the great assembly to attend in the evening to hear the same sermon under which, more than twenty years ago, their pastor had been converted to God.

The church was thronged. Mr. Bourne preached the sermon. At the close Dr. Welch rose and told the congregation that they had heard substantially the same sermon which was the instrument by which he had been brought to receive Christ Jesus as his Saviour. Then he turned around, he addressed Mr. Bourne, and told him that when he preached "that sermon in Sanson street church, about twenty young men were hopefully brought to Christ, of which number I am one, and nearly all of us have become ministers of the Gospel of the blessed God" when, Mr. Bourne, deeply moved, said aloud: "I never heard of it before. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

A prayer of devout thanksgiving then followed from the lips and the heart of the overwhelmed pastor of that church, in which the congregation joined with deep emotion, while Mr. Bourne was ascribing all the glory to God.

## THE WANT OF THE AGE.

The great want of the age is a higher degree of life in God. The tendencies of this world ever have been to exalt the creature and to deify men. And there is, indeed, a kind of error in being thus worshipped, and in thus worshipping. But of all things it is most dangerous, and most offensive to God, if it is not utterly ungrateful and rebellious, but pernicious. For in no creature is there a self-sustaining life. No creature can diffuse a vital, healing, exalting power among his worshippers. Nay, he is rather a non-conductor between them and God, and infects them with his own diseases. Hence, in the better coming ages, all these human gods will be dethroned, and the Lord alone exalted. The spirit of those days shall be—Cease ye from man, and exalt Jehovah alone! The all-prevailing vital power of God in those days is set forth by one of the sublimest and most beautiful analogies of the Word of God: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light and thy God thy glory."—Isaiah lx. 19. There is mingled with all the benevolent operations of the day, a desire for the exaltation of individuals, or nations, or denominations, that prevents that intense longing for the revelation of God which ought at this time to be predominant and overpowering in the Christian world. A revelation of God is possible, beyond all that it is world has seen; a revelation that shall purify, unite and vitalize the church. It is promised. But before it can come, it must be an object of intense desire.

The prophet of old longed to have God rend the heavens and come down, and cause the nations to tremble at His presence. Let the same intense desire pervade the church, that the heavens may be opened and Christ reveal of his power and glory unknown before. Human combinations, however great, will but oppress us by their weight, if they are not vitalized and impelled by the life of God. The mightiest argument against atheism and all error, is God Himself, revealed as a present living, loving God. As the frosts of winter are dissolved by the returning sun, so earth's winter will disappear, when God, the Sun of the universe, is fully revealed.—*Christian Union*.

A PREACHER OR A PASTOR?  
BY REV. W. R. GOODWIN, D. D.

I met a good brother from the country recently, who felt inclined to speak about his preacher. The usual question for this time in the year was asked, viz., "Will you keep your minister another year?" Slowly and cautiously he replied: "Well, hardly; for you see that

while he is a superior preacher, he is no pastor, and his pulpit successes are followed by week-day failures." This, and much more he said about a man who is above the average as a preacher, but who neglects the harder, but not less important work of pastoral visiting. Not long since a wealthy man said to the writer of this: "We have one of the finest preachers alive, but outside of the pulpit he is not worth the powder that it would take to kill him."

That was strong talk and smacked of saltpetre, but it was an honest expression of a generally entertained opinion. In these practical days pastors are needed, for the sheep hear many voices calling them, and if their own shepherd does not call also, they will be apt to follow strange leaders. A committee of active laymen, once said to a presiding elder, "Send an exhorter to our station next year, for we are preached to death, and we need a man who can work outside of the pulpit, and six days instead of one."

I said above that pastoral work—outside of preaching—is much harder than sermon preparation or sermon delivery. To leave a cozy study in the winter time, and face a biting blinding storm to visit the sick, or the stranger, or the erring, is no pleasant as men count pleasure; or to leave the cool and beautiful shade where *Harper*, and *Scoville*, and the *Quarterly*, are to try pavements that will blister the feet, and to go where the dying are needing the consolations of the gospel, or the bereaved are longing for comforting truths from the lips of the man of God, this is not pleasure as the world goes; yet just such things a minister must do if his vows are to be kept, or his regular work performed. A man may be, yet should be, both a preacher and a pastor, for each department of his work only adds to the success of the other, and the grandest work in the churches can only be done by him who combines pulpit and pastoral abilities, and who has the will to use his abilities faithfully. Count that man a success who can interest and edify the people from the pulpit, and who can instruct and lead the families of his charge to Jesus at their homes. His pulpit work is lighter and more highly prized when the week-day labors have taken him to the houses and hearts of those committed to his care. Then let us have both preacher and pastor in every minister.—*N. W. Christian Advocate*.

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.  
Rev. Robert Davidson, D. D., in the *Observer*, writes:—

It has sometimes been flippantly said that "ministers' and deacons' children are worse than any others." In some exceptional cases, the very relationship has given a prominence to misdoing, which has made more noticed and talked about. But in point of fact the statement is not true.

"In Connecticut," said Rev. H. W. Beecher, on a public occasion, "there were nine hundred and thirty children over fifteen years of age, of ministers and deacons, only twenty of whom turned out badly. In Massachusetts, out of four hundred and thirty-three families of ministers and deacons, there were fifteen hundred and ninety-eight children over fifteen years, and only twenty over became dissipated. Here we have forty out of twenty-five hundred and thirty-five children, just 24 per cent. of the whole number. I will ask any business man it he would not be glad, oftentimes, if his losses were not greater than 25 per cent. I undertake to say that no business has ever been so safe as that of raising deacons' and ministers' children in New England."

We derive another corroboration of our position from Dr. Sprague's invaluable collection of clerical biographies.

A hundred clergymen may be taken out of one of his volumes, at random, and it will be found that, of this first hundred, one hundred sons became also ministers. Of the remainder, the largest proportion rose to eminence in other professions or avocations. Can the same be said of any other body of one hundred men, taken at random from other walks of life? As to the daughters of clergymen, it has been remarked by a keen observer that it is a passport to the highest places, and a guarantee of respectability and worth, both in Great Britain and America, to say of any lady, "She was the daughter of a clergyman."

THE PULPITS POWER.  
If the pulpit is really God's agency for saving men, or a main feature and method of the divine agencies, it will be continued as such, and not the seven sons of Seveva will be found in it, with pyrotechnics or sensational extravaganzas, but preachers of the word of God by the Spirit of God. For the real power of the pulpit is in God, not man, and in the manifestations of divine truth, taught by the Holy Spirit, and not of philosophic, or scientific, or historic truth, discovered or generalized by human genius.

This, then, is the secret of prayer—namely, the co-operation and co-operation of the Spirit of God along with the truth of God, presented from hearts set on fire with it to other hearts for the same configuration. Wherever there is this fire there, will be power, and the acknowledgment and admiration of it. But, if the Holy Spirit is neglected, and be absent, nothing can be more uninteresting than religious truth; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, but they are foolishness unto him." And if, over and above this, nothing but a natural man presents them, then they must be doubly foolish and mysterious; they are as the dead coloring of transparency presented by the showman without its interior light.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

SERVING TABLES.—A missionary was once complaining in the presence of Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople, that his time had been used up in attending to secular matters—accounts with natives, book sales, making purchases for the interior, etc.—till he had very little time for the study of the language, or for that direct missionary work to which he had regarded himself as devoted. The reply of Dr. Goodell was characteristic: "Were not the disciples truly serving the Master when at his command, they went after the donkey?"

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.  
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