

Pastor and People.

THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" THE FOURTH.

Speed her, speed her, Father! o'er the world's highway,
Let her be as sunrise to the coming day;
Wheresoe'er she wanders, let her in Thy might
Bear to many islands the Gospel's glorious light.

Speed her, speed her, Father! take her 'neath
Thy care:
Ever do Thou guide her—so baptized with prayer—
Thou, her mighty Helmsman, steer her o'er the wave
To lands that sit in darkness and shadow of the grave.

Let her "white wings" ever be the sign of peace,
Ignorance fly before her, man's wild passions cease;
Let her lift the latchet of the door of grace,
That myriads now behind it may see Thy glorious face.

Bless, oh, bless her captain, her officers, and men,
All her mission workers—make them holy men,
Strong to do and suffer, full of living faith,
Watching for Thy guidance, hearing what Thou sayest.

Wise and patient teachers—gentle as the dove,
Filled with deep compassion, brimming o'er with love
For the souls in darkness, for whom the Saviour died—
Oh, help them, Lord, in mercy, to bring them to His side.

And, oh, forget not England; breathe into her new life;
A lighthouse to the nations, cleanse her from sin and strife;
Her lamp upon the hill-top should be both strong and clear,
A witness to the ages that Christ is very dear.

Let us not send to others that which we do not prize:
Into our souls' recesses search us; O God, arise!
Cast out the hidden garment, the Babylonish gold,
Reveal us to our naked selves, and then Thy grace unfold.

Mrs. H. D. Isacke.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

NOTES ON A WELL-KNOWN HYMN.

BY REV. T. FENWICK.

"ROCK OF AGES" (128).

The last four lines of the first verse read as follows:

Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of guilt the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Of the last line, there are several readings; that in our hymnal is, certainly, not a good one. "Power" rhymes very imperfectly with "cure." Further, one can be saved from power, but he cannot be cleansed from it. "Save" instead of "cleanse," would apply equally well to both guilt and power. I prefer, however, a reading such as this:

Save from wrath and make me pure.

The first part quite correctly describes justification—the second, sanctification. The one does not, in the least, interfere with the other; besides, "pure" rhymes perfectly with "cure." Most probably, this reading, or one like it, is the original one.

But I come now to a much more important matter. The lines which I have quoted, speak of the "blood and water" which came out of the wound in Christ's side made by the Roman soldier's spear. Toplady here looks on them as representing the two parts of the "great salvation"—justification and sanctification. This is the all but universal view of them. The passage in I. John v. 6, "This is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood," is almost invariably considered as a parallel passage to John xix. 34. This interpretation is, however, an utterly erroneous one. The so-called "water" which flowed from the pierced side of Christ, was not water, but only something resembling it. John calls it water, but he does so only in the language of every-day life. A surgeon, to-day, could, when not using scientific exactness, quite properly speak of blood and water, or merely water, coming out of a wound. Such "water" is utterly unfit for the purpose of cleansing, even if a sufficient quantity could be obtained. It is, therefore, utterly unsuitable as a figure of purification. When Pilate washed his hands before the multitude, he,

certainly, would not have used such, even if he could have got enough. Though turpentine, alcohol, and coal-oil, are like water, they are utterly unsuitable as figures of cleansing. As unsuitable for the same purpose is the water which we are considering.

Is there nothing then, to be learned from "the water and the blood" of which Toplady speaks? Only this, that Christ really died. Had He not been dead before His side was pierced, He could not, save by a miracle, have lived after. Using them as figures, is only labouring in vain, and spending one's strength for naught, and in vain.

The view of "the water and the blood," expressed in the hymn before us, is as erroneous as the one, according to which the words of the Baptist, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," were fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. They were addressed to those whom he termed a "generation of vipers." It is not likely that all to whom he spoke, were then baptized with the Holy Ghost. Besides, not real fire, but only cloven tongues as of fire rested on the disciples, of whom there were about 120. There fell from Saul's eyes when Ananias came to him, not scales, but only as it had been scales.

The third line of the fourth verse, as we have it in our hymnal, is as follows:

When I soar through tracts unknown.

There are other readings of it, but they all express the idea of soaring through space, from earth to heaven. It is true that Christ represents the beggar as, after death, carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. There He describes in Jewish phraseology, what cannot be fully described in any of the tongues of men. But Paul speaks as if not even an instant passes between being absent from the body and present with the Lord. Hence, it is not correct to term heaven "the land that is very far off," as is often done in imitation of Isaiah xxxii. 17.

The fourth line of the same verse reads thus:—

See Thee on Thy judgement-throne.

I think that I have seen a reading of it like this:—

And behold Thee on Thy throne.

The latter is a much better one than the former. It is true that, after death, is the judgment. But this means simply that death fixes a man's state and character for ever. It is also true that Christ is Head over all things to the church. Still, He is not seated on the throne of judgment. He sits at His father's right hand, "expecting till His enemies be made His footstool." He shall not be seen as a judge till "that day." He himself says: "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit on the throne of His glory." Paul says: "God hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained." Being with Christ denotes fellowship with Him. Therefore, if we appear before Him as our judge, we cannot, properly, be said to be with Him. He did not say to the penitent thief: "To-day, shalt thou appear before Me, in judgment, in Paradise," but, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Paul had a desire to depart, and—not to appear before Christ to be judged but—to be with Him. The saints who die, and all the saints after the "judgment of the great day," are both said to be with Christ. Paul says: "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Christ said to His Father: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am."

I speak with the highest respect of this hymn notwithstanding the defects in it which I have pointed out. I heartily unite with those who call it a noble one. It has been made a blessing to multitudes. Many have, by means of it, been enabled to see the "easy, artless, unincumbered plan" of God's way of salvation. Many have, by it, given expression to their faith and hope. Its words have been the last uttered by many before they began the "nobler, sweeter song" above. Very likely, many shall be singing it when

The Judge of mankind shall appear
On clouds of glory seated.

Prince Albert received much comfort from

it in his last days. Some years ago a man named Brown was hanged in Toronto for the murder of J. S. Hogan. He was innocent, as an outcast woman afterwards confessed. But he was destroyed by being a companion of fools—wicked persons. After his death, there was found in one of his pockets, a copy of the hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

YOUR PASTOR.

He came to you fresh from his theological school. His heart is full and glowing with love for man and with the zeal of service for God. His brain is not without lore and wisdom, even if he should prove to be comparatively unacquainted with the ways of men. He does not suppose that he knows it all. On the contrary, he is humble in mind and soul. He is painfully conscious of his mental limitations, and spiritual shortcomings. He feels himself to be, as Sir Isaac Newton expressed it, only an infant wandering on the beach of the infinite ocean of knowledge and picking up a pebble here and there. He longs to perfect himself in knowledge for the sake of our Lord and Master. He came among you resolved to know and preach only the crucified Christ, and to be all things to all men, if by any means he might win some. He has put aside personal or selfish ambitions, opportunities of earthly preferment and prosperity. He has devoted years upon years, some of them among the best years of his life, years when most men are straining every sinew as they forge forward to possessions and power, to self-denial and study and toil. He has shut himself out from chances for making money or for having a home or for acquiring influence in the community and standing in society. He has eaten the bread of poverty, the bitter bread of assistance to obtain his education. He has done all this, and more, because of the yearning and travail of his soul to serve his fellow-men, as brothers and to glorify God in Christ by proclaiming His glorious gospel.

What earthly, what human reward has he to look forward to? These rewards are material and spiritual, but the latter kind is decidedly more abundant than the first. It is true that Jesus declared that whosoever made sacrifices for His sake and the gospel's should receive a hundredfold in this life. It is equally true that the payment does not always come, in fact seldom comes, in kind. No profession demands so many attainments in these days as the ministry, and yet is at the same time so poorly paid. To it is applicable, not Pizarro's but Garibaldi's address to his followers. "On that side of the line," said Pizarro, pointing with his sword, "are Panama and poverty: on this, Peru and wealth. Let who will follow me." Garibaldi could not offer even these alternatives to the liberators of Italy. "Soldiers," he exclaimed, "I offer you wounds and suffering and sorrow and sickness and hunger and death. Who will follow me?" Every hearer leaped into the ranks of his army of emancipation! Such is the spirit that animates the man who chooses the Christian ministry as his life-work. If men count it noble and sweet to die for America, or England, or Greece, or Italy, is it not immeasurably nobler and sweeter to live and die, to toil and wear out for the city of God or the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness? Is not the leader who enlists for life in this holy war for man's soul worthy of the most loyal and unflinching support from every private? Must not your Moses have Aarons and Hurs to hold up his hands of prayer, and Joshuas to handle the forces in the field?

Finally, is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Make it a matter of downright and upright personal pride to have your pastor paid promptly and fully. He has to spend as liberally as you. He owes it to society as well as to the church to give as befits his high and holy office. As a man he must as much as his parishioner pay the butcher and baker readily and educate his children and buy his tools and save for old age, and, above all, set the example to his people in Christian stewardship. Probably the saddest and sorest failure on the part of the churches as to

applied Christianity comes in failing to meet their obligations as to their pastor's salary speedily and squarely. None can measure the misery and the mischief that are thus wrought in the case of poorly-paid pastors. The delinquents would be amazed and utterly grieved, if they could realize the hurt inflicted upon Christianity in the eyes of men of the world as they see the results that flow from its failure to discharge this simple duty. Money is power. Money is the modern miracle-worker. Make Midas your minister for the servant of Christ, to the last cent you owe him, and it will cause the chariot-wheels of the church to cease to drag or to labor in the going.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

"IN GREEN PASTURES."

Were there ever words more suggestive of rest, and quiet, and beauty than those three whereby David describes the divine shepherd-ing of his soul? They mean, in their first sense, so much of comfort for eye, and ear, and foot in the bright color, and gentle sound, and soft tread of rich pasture land; and in their deeper meaning, they speak of such loving thought of the soul's need, and provision for it, as no human care could furnish. What are they—those "green pastures" of which the Psalmist writes?

Well, from the windows of my summer home, and from my big tent in the meadow close by, I look upon "green pastures" every day. So I have come to think about them, and to love them, and to learn from them, at least, some of the lessons which the great Teacher has put into them for me. All through the long summer they are so beautiful! In its first weeks they are covered with the growing grass, day by day taller, richer, fuller, until it waves, and bows, and shakes itself in the wind as if alive to its influence and rejoicing therein. Then comes the mowing time, when it is all laid low by the ruthless machine, but only to give forth the very sweetest perfume, I sometimes think, that ever greets our senses. No wonder that perfumers try to imitate the scent of "new-mown hay," and no wonder that they fail. When the air is filled with the fresh fragrance of the field, one thinks with scorn of the bottled stuff bearing the name and professing to hold the essence. Only nature and nature's God could make such sweet odors as haying time brings to the dwellers in His "green pastures."

And so it is tossed, and spread, and raked into heaps, to lie quiet while the sun and wind do their daily work upon it, until it is ready for the gathering into barns. I think betimes that this is the most charming time of all in my "green pastures." The shaven and shorn ground, with its picturesque mounds of hay, is invaded by the slow-moving oxen or quiet farm horses drawing the big hay-waggon; and as they go from one hay-cock to another, the men lifting the fragrant heaps on high, and tossing them upon the waggon, where another hand lays them in place that the load may be even and the pile steady, it is a sight most restful to eyes weary of city scenes. So they go round the field, until the load is high and the driver almost hidden from view, and then slowly, creakily, oxen or horses travel to the barn.

It is all gone. The meadow is stripped of its glory and its beauty, and has yielded its sweetness to the apparent destroyer. Yet in so doing it is fulfilling its mission—ministering to man and beast, and in reality becoming valuable, while preparing also for future usefulness. Nor does it long bear the traces of the destructive process. Soon the little heads of clover and grass lift themselves and cheerily wave in the breeze, and all the evidence left of the change that has passed over the field is the smoother, fresher aspect of the "green pastures."—*Dorcas Hicks.*

Presbyterian Witness: "Beareth all things" is one of the character-marks of Christian love. It is one of the marks that are sometimes sadly missed in the lives of Christians—even of Christian ministers. To be meek and patient like Christ—to put up with insult and wrong if need be, is no more than may be well expected of us.