

Selected Articles.

"TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT."

Courage, brother I do not flatter,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."
Though the road be long and dreary,
And the end be out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "polley" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Flame all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God and do the right."
Simple rule and safest guiding;
Inward peace and shining light;
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

—Norman McLeod.

THE REV. T. DE. WITT TALMAGE.

We print on this page a portrait of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, whose written and spoken words come before more people in the United States and Europe than those of any other American minister, with possibly one exception, of the present generation. The reverend gentleman is in the prime of life and intellect, having just accomplished his thirty-eighth year. The youngest of many children, of whom three preceded him in the Christian ministry, Mr. Talmage was born in Somerset County, New Jersey, in 1834, and is an alumnus of New York University and of New Brunswick Theological Seminary. His most notable experience as a preacher has been in Philadelphia and Brooklyn; but his entrance upon pastoral work was at Belleville, New Jersey, whence he removed to Syracuse, in the State of New York, leaving that charming city to labour with great zeal and success, for seven years, in the Pennsylvania metropolis. During his residence in Philadelphia he constantly drew the largest audiences in that city, and impressed the church life of that place with an energy and democracy of manifestation that was an earnest of the larger opportunities awaiting him in Brooklyn.

In the latter place the career of this clergyman has been among the most remarkable of all the remarkable results that await on ministerial labour in the City of Churches. The narration of a few simple facts will assist to sustain such an assertion. The society known now as the Presbyterian Free Tabernacle was, a trifle over two years ago, denominated the "Central Presbyterian Church." At that period it was without a pastor, and its voting membership had, from causes of various sort, dwindled to nineteen in all. These nineteen presented a unanimous and cordial call to Mr. Talmage, who was also at the same time called to Chicago and San Francisco. He was constrained to accept the Brooklyn summons, because there were no pews owned in fee in that church—a fact that he foresaw would admit of its translation into a free church, a system he believes to be the only true one. During the fifteen months he preached in the original edifice of the church, every Sabbath beheld it thronged, it is strictly true to say, to the curbs and porches on the opposite side of the street. The ordinary course would have been to relieve and enrich the society by assessing the pews at the unprecedented rates offered for them, or to build an imposing church, and secure it beyond the possibility of embarrassment by the exaction of the usual rental or sale of seats. Instead of this, Mr. Talmage fused all the purposes of his people into one resolution—the building of an immense free church, wherein the seats should be assigned to heads of families in the order of their application, so as to retain the home feeling therein, the entire expenses thereof to be met by voluntary contributions. The result was the erection of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with an original seating capacity of 3,500, which an enlargement last summer increased to 4,100. For this building, the grand Boston Caisium organ was opportunely secured, it being the only instrument of the kind then in this country adequate to the leading of the many thousand worshippers regularly assembling within the Tabernacle. The building was dedicated in September, 1870, and rededicated a year later, after enlargement. In sitting, acoustic, warming, ventilating, and seeing properties, the church, all one floor, is esteemed perfect. It has since its very recent erection proved the pioneer of very many similar, though necessarily smaller, edifices throughout the States; and upon the occasion of its enlargement last September every dollar of floating debt against it was immediately "lifted." The hazardous innovation which the free-church principle made upon Presbyterian usages proved triumphantly successful. The income of the Tabernacle exceeds its expenses for all purposes by a considerable amount, and the contributions of the society toward church and contemporary charities are as exceptionally liberal

as its method of furnishing the masses with a free religious home. The experiment of accommodating all who desire to hear Mr. Talmage has been unsuccessful, even since the erection of his present church. As many are crowded away as can find room, but it is rightly thought that the line has to be drawn somewhere, and that the limits of the existing building are sufficient for as many thousands as can be properly subjected to the pastoral care of a single preacher.

The qualities of mind, and the habits of thought and oratory which would be superficially associated with the evidence of such popularity are not such as our subject possesses. He is in no wise sensational, special, or latitudinarian in matter or manner. He preaches the most old-fashioned and literal Gospel constantly, and he presents it with a simplicity and thoroughness that withhold nothing and conserves no prejudice, interest, or ism of the time. His words are Saxon in greater degree than can be stated of any other American minister. His characteristics not already noted can be generally mentioned as earnestness, directness, incisiveness, love of nature and human nature, descriptive powers of the highest order, an unquestioning confidence in his intuitions, and a confidential relationship between his own heart and the great heart of humanity. He is steeped to the core of his being with the essence and aroma of Bible times and characters. The qualities of his imagination are very intense. He projects them upon his subjects with an influence which causes them to live, move and have their being again before the hearer; yet his imagination is always under the rein of reverence and propriety. In every sermon picturesque description, closely clinched argument, soul-compelling appeal, most original illustration, a wholly intrepid acceptance and review of the theme in all its bearings, citations of experience that are a part of the every day life of mankind, pathetic touches that sweep the chords of the heart, and a grand correlation of magnitudes in fact, doctrine, aspiration, and history, succeed one another with the unity of an epic, the rapidity of thought, and the natural gracefulness of a panoramic transit. He studies intensely, and reduces his sermons to a test of preparation, excision, simplification, and examination which none of the masses to whom he extemporaneously delivers them would imagine. His oratory is the acme of naturalness. He acts in the most vital sense, feeling his subject in all its relations, and conscripting eyes, voice, and entire form in the aid of the appeals and truths he images and enforces. Unlike most persons of equal ardour of temperament, his reasoning and logical powers are of a severely exact and precise character. Indeed, a man of more uniform endowment, uniting the not often related elements of genius, application, continuous study, capacity for demonstration, great literary and extemporary power as well, and subordinating every quality of mind, heart, and life to the simplest Gospel, would be difficult to find.

The discourses of Mr. Talmage stand the test of printing and reading with a success the productions of few men are capable of. His reported sermons are English gems. The discourse, as a whole, reads and rounds completely, and passages shine out in brilliancy and beauty as the stars in the sky, with an intrinsic and exquisite splendour which reflects a world of light on the worlds of light around them. So ingrafted have these sermons become on the literature of the church, that they are now printed simultaneously in Europe and America. *The Methodist*, of New York city, publishes his sermons regularly every week, as also do the *Christian Age* and the *Christian World*, of London, England. *The Interior*, of Chicago, also prints his Friday evening lectures every week. The gentleman was averse to this course at first. He yielded only on the demand of his congregation, who had proceeded to secure the printing of his sermons in pamphlet form. Not only have his pulpit utterances been thus spread broadcast, with two continents for a congregation, but the book-publishing houses have perceived the unprecedented demand of the people for them to be put in enduring form. Many firms have laboured to secure the right to issue them, but that opportunity has fallen to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who will ere long present to the American people a volume of the pulpit discourses of the gentleman whom we have introduced to our readers.—*Harper's Weekly*.

WEDDED LOVE.

If there be any one thing most thought of, talked about, and dreamed over, it surely is love. It is in the heart, on the tongue, and smiles out of the face. It is the diviner influence within one's nature, warning to better things. So long as man or woman can love anything, - father, mother, wife, child, dog, or memory there is hope for him or her, however debased. We come to look out of ourselves through love. And there is so much of beauty and joy all around us, that when we look away from self we cannot help seeing somewhat of it, and being profited. Some one who has thought earnestly

upon this subject—it sounds very much like Beeccher, whose large heart is in near sympathy with all humanity—has written thus of wedded love:—

My young maiden friend, love is not a passion, but a growth. The heart is a lamp, with just oil enough to burn for an hour. If there be no oil to put in it again, it will go out. God's grace is the oil that fills the lamp of love. If there be one thing above all others that every woman should say to herself, in the beginning of her married life, it is this:—"I cannot be respected and loved, as I must needs be to be happy, unless I can bring something more than myself. It must be God in me, that shall maintain me in that dignity and fullness of influence and impressiveness that shall win and keep my husband's love." A Goddess woman entering into the marriage relation, goes as a lamb to the slaughter. Wreaths of flowers may be around her neck, but the knife is not far off.

Desecration of love is the saddest thing on earth. There is nothing, it seems to me, that touches the contemplative heart more than this: to see what love might be, if its early days be prophets of possibilities, and then see what it is. More than for anything else in the world, love fails for the want of food, and no other food is there for love but goodness. Love can no more burn without goodness than the flame without fuel. The sorrows that must go with you through all your life, or break constantly upon you, somewhere, cannot be borne without God's ministering angels. As your household grows around you, and your children begin to feel the tides of life, and you become, in turn, their guides, as your parents were yours, you will find that no one can bear life well who has not, somewhere, the present "help in time of trouble."

If there be anything that young wedded love should have as its first vision, it should be a vision of a ladder between the earth and heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending, and God, over all, blessing it. Then there is hope. Begin your household life—begin your wedded life with a firm hold upon God, and purity, and heaven, and there is hope for you; otherwise, sad is your fate!

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Why should we look to Him? Because we are in great danger of going astray if we trust to any other being to lead us through this life. His example should ever be held up before us as the pattern for us to imitate. Jesus lived here on the earth as man, partook of our nature, encountered the many trials and temptations of mortality, yet without sin, and is therefore the only being who is a perfect example for us to imitate.

How are we to look to Jesus? This is an important question, and one we should all understand. The Apostle Paul tells us to "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus," who endured the cross that we might wear the crown. Sin has loaded us down with burdens, but if we look to Him in faith He will remove them all, and cause us to walk with a light heart through all the journey of life. He has promised to relieve us from the many difficulties with which we are surrounded, if we go to Him aright.

Are we thirsty? He will give us the Water of Life. Are we hungry? He will feed us from the bread of heaven. Are our hearts dead in trespasses and sin? He will make them alive. Are we bowed down with cares? He will lift us up, for He careth for us. Are we poor? He is rich, and will make us heirs to riches in the better land. Are we weary and tired? He will be to us as the shadow of a "great rock in a weary land."

How consoling to the mind to realize that He who has made so many precious promises to us is able to fulfill, and anxious that we should enjoy the blessings promised! Let us ever go to Him, then, for strength to resist the tempter, who will surely drag us down to death unless we flee to the Saviour, who was lifted up on the cross that we might look and live.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

We read of a philosopher, who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection:—"How many things there are here, that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called good things. It has spots of honor and power to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual conceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here, that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."—*Dr. Tyny*.

A CANADIAN CLERGYMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.

The Rev. Wm. Cochran, of Zion Presbyterian Church, was last evening to his congregation, and others who assembled in large numbers to hear him, a racy resume of his recent visit to New York and Brooklyn. The lecture was delivered in a conversational manner, without notes, and abounded with interesting details of city life in the great metropolis of the United States. The amazing growth and extent, wealth and enterprise of the city, the prominent clergymen and laymen in the different churches, recent ecclesiastical changes made by Unitarian and Episcopal clergyman, and the varied benevolent and literary institutions which abound in New York, were ably sketched to a hearty and appreciative audience. In closing his remarks, Mr. Cochran said that his recent visit to New York and Brooklyn had confirmed his previous favorable impressions of American Christianity. When vitalized, said the speaker, by the Spirit of Christ, it has no superior in Christendom. You may tell me, indeed, of the prolific wickedness of New York, of its licentiousness and lawlessness and Sabbath profanity, of its corrupt judges and unprincipled politicians, and the perjury and bribery that governs corporations, Congress and Senates, and of the apparent utter disregard of all that is pure in morals and sacred in religion. I freely grant the existence of all this. It is with New York as with all large cities—as with London and Paris and Glasgow—neither better nor worse. Indeed, when we think of the vast numbers daily pouring into New York from every part of the habitable globe—in many cases the very dregs of European society, and bringing with them their old world vices and superstitions, it is a wonder that New York is what she is, and that law and order assert the power they do. British churches and British Christians are vast debtors to the evangelical denominations in New York, for the noble work they are accomplishing in providing Sabbath schools, and Mission Chapels, and the ordinances of religion for thousands, who uncared for in their native land, came to American shores, to secure for themselves homes and an independent livelihood. It is very true, that these hordes of undisciplined and uneducated men and women will in coming years, become industrious American citizens, and their children repay with ten fold interest, the labor and money expended on them. But meanwhile, it is a work of love, that nothing but a high sense of duty and strong faith can maintain, in the face of almost superhuman obstacles.

Next to the amazing activity of the American churches at the present day, is the demand for earnest practical Gospel preaching in the leading pulpits of New York and Brooklyn. The day of the intellectual essay reading and abstract speculation is gone by. The most cultivated congregations prefer fresh Gospel appeals to labored and logical discourses. Sensationalism and extravagance still command a following here and there, but are decidedly on the wane. The churches best attended are those where the simple truths of Scripture are set forth with the unadorned eloquence of impassioned feeling. Such ministers are in demand, and are gladly welcomed come from whatever quarter they may. Ireland gives Dr. Hall; Canada, Dr. Ormiston; England, Mr. Taylor. Pulpit power, not nationality, in the chief element in the choice of clergymen by American congregations.

Finally, I can cheerfully bear witness to the cordial feeling manifested and expressed towards Great Britain and her colonies. It has never indeed been otherwise with the better classes in the United States. But newspapers and politicians have frequently made it appear otherwise, and for party purposes have fostered and petted Fenian organizations and kindred miscreants, while in their hearts they secretly despise and loathe them. American Christians entertain the warmest regard for England, her Queen and her institutions. The only rivalry they seek to engage in with the churches of Great Britain, and the only honor they seek to win, is that of doing the most for the welfare of humanity, and the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. Let us thank God that the destinies of the world are in the hands of such nations as Great Britain and America, and let us pray that they may ever be found faithful to their solemn obligations.—*Brantford Daily News*, Feb. 2, 1872.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

The thoughts which we harbor within us, and which go out through the doors of our mouths and our hands, determine our real characters.

It is said that in Paris alone there are 800,000 children between the ages of seven and thirteen, who go to no school, but are plunged in the grossest ignorance.

DRINK, BUT REMEMBER.

If you think it is your duty to drink intoxicating liquors, by all means do so. On no account violate your conscientious convictions, but while you raise the cup to your lips, remember that this draught represents the bread of some starving brother; for the food of at least six million persons is yearly grasped by the malster and distiller, and its nourishment destroyed.

Remember that so long as you are in health these liquors are unnecessary; 2,000 medical men have asserted it, and hundreds of thousands of teetotalors proved it.

Remember that most persons who act as you do, injure their health and shorten their lives by so doing.

Remember that not drunkenness alone, but drinking fills our goals and penitentiaries, our poor-houses and our lunatic asylums; employs our coroners and our hangmen; and works mischief incalculable on all ranks and both sexes, of which no human institution takes cognizance.

Remember that drinking retards education, industry, and every branch of political and social improvement.

Remember that multitudes yearly die drunkard's death, and so meet a drunkard's doom.

Remember that every year multitudes fall from your moderate ranks to recruit the wasted army of drunkards.

Remember that every drunkard once tried to follow the example you set, and on trial fell from his slippery ground into the whirlpool of intemperance.

Remember that if you sanction the custom you are answerable for its fruits.

Remember that the weak and tempted ones look to you; and that under God it depends on you whether they may be drunkards or sober men.

Remember that to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin; and that there is woe for that man through whom offences come to the little ones.

Remember that you cannot be neutral, and there will be a day when you will be unable to plead ignorance.

Remember that all this weight of responsibility rests with you, as you raise the cup, if you think it right; but you envy not your conscience.

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy or other, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices towards every man.

TRUE FAITH.

A blind girl had been in the habit of reading her Bible by means of raised letters, such as are prepared for the use of the blind; but after awhile, by working in a factory, the tips of her fingers became so calloused that she could no more by her hands read the precious promises. She cut off the tips of her fingers that her touch might be more sensitive; but still she failed with her hands to read the raised letters. In her sorrow she took the Bible and said, "Farewell, my dear Bible. You have been the joy of my heart!" Then she pressed the open page to her lips and kissed it, and as she did so she felt with her mouth the letters. "The Gospel according to St. Mark." "Thank God!" she said, "if I cannot read my Bible with my fingers, I can read it with my lips."

O! In that last hour when the world goes away from our grasp, press this precious Gospel to our lips, that in that dying kiss we may taste the sweetness of the promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—*Talmage*.

More submission to authority will not develop a fine character. It depends entirely on the quality of the authority.