

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

GUIDANCE.

I will guide thee is the promise,
Which to us our God has given,
Taking every trouble from us
By which mortal lives are riven,
Guide us when the path is cheery,
Guide us when the way is dreary.

Oh, if only simply trusting,
All our way to Him we'd give,
Every wrong His right adjusting
Happy lives we then would live,
Guided through a thorny path,
Following on by simple faith.

Not that we deserve Thy leading,
Would we ask Thee still to guide,
But because Thy help we're needing
Keep us near the riven side—
Since for us Thyself hast died,
Pray we, Son of Glory, guide.

Victoria, B. C. June 22, 1889.

R. E. K.

THE KEY THAT OPENS THE DOOR.

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

The locksmiths of bygone days were skilled craftsmen. Their mechanism was ingenious and beautiful. To look at an old key, or to examine an old lock, suggests at once the large amount of thought and labour they put upon their work. Not only are the wards intricate and numerous, but the individual parts are all polished as though they were to lie open to the naked eye. How beautiful everything is! Our admiration is called forth very strongly. The lock is like the labyrinth of King Henry the Second, at Woodstock, built for "Fair Rosamond."

And they so cunningly contrived
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

Only one key—the key that was made for it—could turn in the old-time lock and throw back the bolt. None other could move in the wards. No skeleton key could steal through the lock and open the door. It was a sure protection against invasion or surprise. He who would enter must bear the key, and so have the power of the house.

How fitly this symbolizes another far older lock, the lock of the human heart. A lock of curious and wondrous mechanism. A lock that cannot be forced, and which can only be turned by the key the maker has constructed specially for it. He who made the lock, made also the key, and they fit one another with such beautiful perfection, that it is utterly useless to try any other in it. It will not pass a single ward, so as to touch the spring that throws back the bolt and opens the door. What is the key that opens the door of the human heart? It is not science, it is not philosophy, it is not art, it is not anything of human devising or contrivance. It is not even eloquence, however mighty in its sway. What then is it? It is God's own Word. God's Word in its simplicity, unadorned by human argument, and uncomplemented by human philosophy. God's Word in its native grandeur; humble and lowly, yet indestructible and almighty. He who has faith, unquestioning faith in that, shall never lack an effective instrument to go on perseveringly in the use of it. Wherein lay the power of the Puritan preachers, and wherein too is the secret of their perennial freshness and charm and greatness? In the faith they had in God's own Word as the solution of every difficulty, and as the answer to every question that could be raised. How was it that Thomas Boston, of Ettrick, gathered about him, every Lord's Day, people who had walked many weary miles over the moors and mountains to listen to the discourses that make up his "Fourfold State"? The book itself answers that question. It is as nearly as a book can be, solid Scripture. When we are not reading the very Word of God, we feel keenly that we are reading its spirit—the first and fresh pressure of the grapes of the vineyard of God. What has made Spurgeon and Moody the saving agents they have been so long, and still are? The Word of God. They employ continuously the key that opens the door. They put confidence in no other. Indeed, they contain every other. There is an important lesson here to the one who would be useful in helping others out of the dark pit into the bright light. It is this, Keep close to the Scriptures, use them alone, and have faith that God will honour his own Word. Here is encouragement in a few illustrative instances.

The Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D., a leading Congregationalist in the United States, and who was converted in 1839 in the revival in Brown University, gives us a very interesting account of how Dr. Wayland dealt with him when under deep conviction of sin. "I arose," Dr. Dexter says, "and went into the presence of Dr. Wayland. He was in his study, reading his old, well-worn copy of the Sacred Word. He received me kindly, and I at once made known to him the anguish of my soul. I felt and said, 'My sins are so great and so many that God cannot pardon me.' Fixing his keen, black eyes, beaming with tenderness, on me, this good man said—and never till my dying day can I forget the earnest solemnity, the eloquence of the tone—'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him.' I felt that the case was mine, and hope—reviving hope—came to me. Dr. Way-

land knelt down and prayed with me and for me, and on leaving me he lent me his well-thumbed copy of Bishop Wilson's 'Sacra Privata,' advising me to read that and the life of Brainard instead of Byron.

And if I met with trials and troubles on the way,
To cast myself on Jesus and not forget to pray.

I never knew till then the full meaning of that great English word, 'friendliness.' I never before knew Jesus Christ."

Mark how Dr. Wayland rested on God's word alone to give rest from the burden of sin. One passage is quoted and prayer follows. That key opened the door.

Dr. Moody Stuart, of Edinburgh, at the close of an address to the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, told this instructive story: "Many years ago, in a time of spiritual inquiry, a stranger, having an air of superior intelligence, called on me in distress of mind. In speaking to her I was brought to a stand by her thorough knowledge of the letter and the doctrine of the Scriptures, and finding I could add no instruction, I asked no further question, but briefly pressed the words, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' and ended with prayer. While I was speaking a stream of silent tears began to flow, and she looked relieved, but was silent.

"A week after she returned with her face bright with joy to tell me that she had found peace with God which she had before been vainly seeking. I asked her, 'Why did you weep when you left last day?' 'I wept for joy.' 'And what gave you joy?' 'I saw as you were speaking that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'

"But you knew that before?' 'No.' 'Then what did you think?' 'I always thought that Jesus Christ came into the world to save saints, and I wept for joy when I saw that He came to save sinners.'

Oh, when shall we believe that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth? When shall we so grip the truth that souls are born again not of corruptible seed (human ideas, thoughts, arguments, philosophy, etc.) but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever? When, in dealing with men, shall we let God Himself speak home to the deepest in them? When shall we learn that our highest honour and greatest glory is to preach the Word? When? Just when we lose sight of ourselves, and thought of ourselves, and seek in truth to honour God. Then shall our confidence be alone in the only key that opens the door—God's own word that calls the dead to life.

Dr. William Anderson, of Glasgow, a master in Israel, says: "It is the truth of the Bible believed, and this means alone, by which the heart is savingly changed. And when any one tells us of certain feelings, which he pleads as an evidence of his regenerated state, let us immediately ask him, 'What part of the Bible produced these feelings?' If he be unable to refer to book, and chapter, and verse, let us ask him, 'What were the words?' Or if he cannot quote them accurately, let us ask him, 'What was the idea?' Unless he can give us this, we must question the genuineness and sufficiency of his evidence. He is not savingly changed, if it was not the Bible that did the work. The Bible is the seal, the only seal, which the Spirit employs for making an impression on the heart; and it is not till we discover the impress of its characters that we are warranted to conclude that the impression is of God." The great essential truth is here pressed to the front. It should with every soul-winner remain there; strong, bold, impressive. God's own word is the means of quickening the dead, enlightening the darkness, making old things pass away, and all things become new. Happy is he who is able to rest in it when it is uttered, perfectly content, knowing this cheering declaration, "My word that goeth forth out of My mouth; it shall not return unto Me void; but it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Let us have full faith, strong, unquestioning faith in God's Word as the key that opens the door, and the only key that does that.

HELP YOUNG CONVERTS.

When a young convert makes public profession of his faith, ordinarily the first impulse is to work for others. The joy of forgiveness fills the heart with thanksgiving, and newborn enthusiasm seeks an outlet for surplus exuberance of zeal in the spreading of the knowledge of the truth that has made him or her free. If this new life is permitted to grow, and is aided in its growth, the young disciple will soon become a fruit-bearer, and a life of increasing usefulness will be started. If, on the other hand, new love is cooled by a conservative policy of holding in check or neglect, then the growth necessary to usefulness will cease, and reserve powers will never be drawn upon. "It is Christian idlers who have no work to do, and see no good being done, that become disheartened and dissatisfied." Every church has its drones and idlers who are criticised for neglect of duty and want of interest. It may be their accusers are to blame for the idleness and neglect they so loudly condemn, because they fail to encourage and direct such members when they enter the Church.

More attention is given now than ever before to the care of converts, and many churches are laying foundations deep and strong by developing the working forces, especially among the young. The young do not remain so long, and it takes but a few years for them to become the leaders in Christian activity. A Methodist exchange says: " . . . Don't tell any one that he can not be a Christian unless he will pray

and speak in social meetings, because it isn't true, and no one has authorized you to make the statement." All that is necessary to become a Christian is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; to such as do believe, salvation is promised, but such belief must be shown by fruits meet for repentance. The evidence of conversion will be exemplified in the life. The ability to pray in public, or speak to edification in social meetings, is a matter of education, and will come in time with study and work. In this development young converts have a right to expect the sympathy and loving help of stronger Christians.

A new member necessarily feels timid about assuming public duties, and is disposed to wait for strength before beginning great and serious responsibilities in the new life. Some may never be able to lead a public meeting to their satisfaction. There are diversities of gifts, the development of which may not be possible without help; and from whence cometh their help, under God, but from those who have had more experience? The young convert must always be taught, and older Christians must be the teachers if there is a proper development. In such teaching there must be instruction, reproof and a godly example. There must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." If professing Christians more fully realize their duty to each other as well as to the world, they will extend their influence more widely, and make the Church to which they belong a power for good in the community in which they live. The Church which simply organizes a young people's meeting, and leaves it in unskilled hands, is not doing its full duty by any means.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

SOME THINGS PEOPLE DO NOT FORGET.

I called last night to see an old saint who is above eighty years of age. Her physical health is good, but her mind is almost totally wrecked. To show me the truth of the latter part of this statement, her son, with whom she lives, asked her several questions. She seemed not to know where she was. She could not tell the name of her husband. She was confused as to the number and names of her children. She did not know the son who was talking to her. She was all mixed up in reference to her own name.

At my suggestion the subject was changed to that of religion. Now the answers came clear and ready. Who died to save you? was asked. "Why, the Saviour, of course," was the answer.

Where did He die? Here she hesitated for the name. Was it Gethsemane? was asked. She replied it was somewhere about there. Was it Calvary? With a clap of her hands she said, "That's it." Do you expect to be saved by your own merits? "Not at all, by no means. Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Where do bad people go when they die? "They are bounds in chains of everlasting darkness." Where is Jesus now? "He is in heaven." Are you afraid to die? Here she showed a faith that amounted almost to a demonstration, and said, "I will go straight to heaven." Are you not afraid to die? "I have not a particle of fear of death; the Christian ought not to have."

Such was the substance of her conversation. On every subject except religion she was utterly confused. But her mind was full of the Scriptures. Every truth was fastened upon her heart like a nail in a sure place.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A LOVING MISSION.

Many thousand pretty girls are bound together in a good cause. The annual public meeting of the Order of King's Daughters was held recently in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Beautiful floral decorations converted the sanctuary into a fragrant garden. Tall spreading palms surrounded the pulpit. A panel bearing the initials of the motto of the King's Daughters, I.H.N., in primroses on a field of violets, flanked by great clusters of deep red roses, decorated the front of the pulpit.

The long music rack in the choir at the left was fringed with lilies of the valley and green foliage. There was a slim attendance at the morning session, which was occupied by a prayer meeting and conference. The afternoon session was better attended. There were at least a thousand members of the Order present, each one distinguishable by a small gleaming silver cross, suspended over a purple ribbon, pinned to their coats. The staff of ushers, which consisted of twelve young and pretty girls, were kept very busy, flitting up and down the aisles, finding places for the fast-gathering throng.

The audience was composed of a fair and young womanhood. The Order, which was instituted three years and a half ago, with a membership of ten, has for its object, the comforting, enlightening and evangelizing of just so much of this weary world as comes within the reach of each member, every member being pledged to do her best for the cause. The motto of the Order is, "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in; lend a hand." The watchword is "In His Name," and the members are bound together by a triple cord, the strands of which are Faith, Hope and Charity. To-day there are 97,000 members, who have vowed to let the light of their loving, helpful kindness shine continually. Since 1886 they have aided in the building of hospitals, churches and asylums, assisted in the education of children, and contributed to the training of ministers; while the quiet deeds of charity and love which have been performed "In His Name" are countless.