

Pastor and People.

The Massacre of the Huguenots.

On the 24th day of August (St. Bartholomew's day), will occur the three hundred and second anniversary of the massacre of the Huguenots.

We might perhaps have never heard of the name Huguenot, if indulgences had not been sold to get money to pay the expense of finishing the grand Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. Privileges to commit sin were offered in public places at fixed rates to the people. This aroused the indignation of Martin Luther, a pious monk of Erfurt, Germany, who had begun to read the Bible, and had learned that man had no power to do such things. He at once translated the Bible into the language of the people, who eagerly embraced every opportunity to get it and read it, or have it read to them.

There are many opinions in regard to the origin of the name Huguenot, which "was given as a nickname to those who embraced the new faith." Some writers assert that the term is derived from Hugon, which in some portions of France "still signifies a person who walks abroad in the night."

In a few years the Huguenots, of whom some were princes and nobles, had become so strong that a cardinal wrote to the Pope that France was half Huguenot.

When Charles IX. succeeded to the throne an opportunity was offered to settle the differences by the king's minister, who desired the leaders of both the Huguenots and papists to meet in council.

The result of the conference was unfortunate. The breach between the religious parties was made wider than before. Both went abroad armed, and soon occurred a massacre at the little town of Vassy.

The advisers of the king used every means to influence him against the Huguenots, whom they were determined to exterminate from France.

The ringing of the bell of the church of St. Anserois for morning prayer was the signal to begin the bloody work. For three days the Roman Catholics continued their work of slaughter.

King Charles soon sunk under the weight of remorse. He was sullen and dejected, and haunted continually with the murdered Huguenots.

The Roman Catholics after the massacre were overwhelmed with shame, and they renewed their persecutions, and for years France was in a state of confusion.

The Huguenots continued to be an armed force until Rochelle, which they had long had in their possession, was taken by the crafty cardinal Richelieu, who with pretended magnanimity, after the power of the persecuted people had departed, advised King Louis XIII. to grant freedom of worship to every man, woman and child in the kingdom.

SPURGEON tells the following story: "A poor man, who had a large family, gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. He broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lean, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. 'Father could not attend this meeting,' he said, 'but he has sent his prayers, and they are out in the east.' They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork, and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction."

Two Missionary Heresies.

In an address at the last Annual Meeting of the English Church Missionary Society, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol referred as follows to two serious missionary heresies: "Civilize first and Christianize afterwards." How often do we hear this heresy put forward—sometimes with simple and good intentions, and with a belief—an innocent belief—that in the natural order of things it must be so; sometimes, I fear, with very different motives. But, I ask, can we here tolerate any such sentiment? What! is CHRIST, our Master and King, to wait until the merchantman has made the way before him? Oh, no, my friends; "Civilize first and Christianize afterwards" is one of those expressions in regard to missionary labour which we shall all—and especially in those times when we hear it pronounced in so many different ways—utterly and distinctly disavow. It is quite right that the Christian Missionary should likewise be himself the pioneer of civilization. Let civilization go forward with Christianity—blessed by Christianity—but never let the one—civilization—be placed before the other. I may here say that we are acting on the principle I have mentioned. Our Missionaries are now recognizing that their duty is first of all to preach Christ crucified, and then, also, to do everything that God the Holy Ghost puts into their souls, in the way of raising the heathen people among whom they labour. Both must go together; but Christianizing and Civilization ever, ever first. The second heresy—as I may venture, at any rate, in this audience, to call it—in regard to missionary labour, and against which the noble sentence I have read to you is a distinct protest, may be thus briefly formulated: "Teach those with whom you have to deal by showing them that Christianity is somewhat better than the religion that the people you are speaking to may profess." This is a more deadly heresy, my dear friends, than the one I have just alluded to; for what is it but putting in competition with other religions the one true and only religion—the belief in our Lord and Master? And here I would say, let no one think that I am, as it were, fighting shadows. Have we not heard, not so very long ago, lectures in time-honoured edifices pointing in this direction? Have we not seen Christianity often placed on a kind of level very little above that of other religions, and are we not told that the way in which our missionaries may most successfully work is to acquire a full knowledge of the ancient religions, and, in fact, to show how Christianity is a kind of improvement upon them? Now, my friends, God forbid that our missionaries should ever set in such a spirit as this! Good it is, God knoweth, and useful it is to study, especially in some of the more cultivated nations, the forms of ancient faith. I will say at once, in regard even of my poor self and my own poor thoughts on this subject, that some of the most fruitful hours of my passing life have been spent in reading, with a kind of wonder and awe, some of the ancient hymns, say, in a work now hoar with the rime of forty centuries—the Rig-Veda—a book of Brahmanic praise. I make no pretence, but through the medium of translation I have read, and wondered as I read, the marvellous ethics of some of the great Buddhist treatises—say such an old one as The Pathway of Virtue. I have read and I have wondered, and I have felt that God has never left Himself without a witness in the human heart; nay, I have read, too, and that not without profit, some of those wondrous hymns and invocations which the reader will find in that strange, strange book of religion, the Zend-Avesta of the now dying-out Parsees. I feel too much sympathy to denounce such studies as those, but I do earnestly protest against that mode of reasoning and thinking in regard to missionary matters which places our own religion in any degree of comparison or relation to others. My dear friends, let the Missionary acquire that knowledge, for I believe it will be good and useful to him; but let him know that the knowledge for which he has to work in the hearts of those to whom he speaks is one only—it is Christ crucified. What he has to preach is that to which every human heart will listen—every human heart—redemption. Redemption is that which the missionary must bear—redemption through Christ crucified is his message, and this message he must preach as though it were different in degree, in kind, in everything, from every other message that the world has yet received.

Prayer.

To be heard, must be earnest, full of trust, simple, constant, and free from cant. God is neither deaf nor far off, that men should thunder their petitions in His ear, or cry as if their Father were heartless, exacting and unkind. He waits to be gracious. He bids His children ask, and promises blessing in answer to the soul's uplifted quest. If a Christian must needs get into an agony of words, and writhe and bellow his petitions, the very noise would indicate a lack of faith. Sincere faith but whispers, and the answer comes. The full soul but looks and longs for good, and the benediction meets the upward glance. The believer who feels that he is near to the Father will not speak to Him in boisterous tones, as if he were calling upon one afar off. The child sits upon the mother's knee, can ask for best gifts out of that mother's hand, by the merest breath of a broken sentence; a sob is eloquent; a tear touches the source of all love; a hungry glance touches the inmost treasury of food. And thus God hears His children. It is not bombast, or penance, or bodily suffering, but simple belief, utter in the nearest, easiest form of words, which our heavenly Father hears as prayer. We make plea for the utmost earnestness, for the soul's inmost, deepest want, but we find no warrant in Scripture for contortions of body, extravagances of speech, for shouts and yells of asking, as if there were Divine stubbornness to be overcome. While there may be all night wrestling with our own unbelief, and tears and pain at our own lack of love for God, there is no Gospel reason for turning a prayer meeting into a babel of distracting sounds, as if the dear Father were deaf!

Juxta Crucem.

From the cross the blood is falling, And to us a voice is calling, Like a trumpet silver-clear; 'Tis the voice announcing pardon, 'Tis the voice announcing mercy, Pardon to the far and near. Peace that precious blood is sealing, All our wounds for ever healing, And removing every load; Words of peace that voice has spoken, Peace that shall no more be broken, Peace between the soul and God. Love, its fulness there unfolding, Stand we here in joy beholding, To the exiled sons of men, Love, the gladness past all naming Of an open heaven proclaiming, Love, that bids us enter in. God is LOVE!—we read the writing, Traced so deeply in the smiting Of the glorious Surety there. God is LOVE! we see it beaming Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming, So divinely sweet and fair. Cross of shame, yet tree of glory, Round thee winds the one great story Of this ever-changing earth. Centre of the true and holy, Grave of human sin and folly, Womb of nature's second birth.

Shut the Gate.

What endless mischief comes from not shutting the gate! It did not occur to you, as you went through into your neighbour's field, that vast results swing on those hinges. Look at the facts. Our farmer John cut his foot slightly on Saturday. He made little of the wound, and expected no trouble from it. But during that night some one opened the gate of the river pasture and neglected to shut it. So in the morning thirty head of cattle, of all sorts and sizes, were out upon the road, the railroad track, and the bush country. It was a hot and muggy morning. Farmer John was out early to look about. He soon missed the cattle, and went through bushes, streams, alders, and forest, searching for them. Hour after hour he ran one way and another, and at last towards noon the cattle were shut up again, the gate was closed, and John went to his house. The chase brought great excitement and fatigue. A feverish condition came on. John's leg was swollen, and the wound took on a morbid character at once. Two doctors came to see him. Inflammation and rheumatism set in. Pain and exhaustion ensued. Here was a prospect of a month's sickness, and untold mischief, just on the eve of haying time. When the rheumatism subsided, what should come next but that morose sort of disease, erysipelas, which is always lurking around to attack us when we are down. So on the case dragged itself, until poor John seemed at death's door. After three weeks of suffering he began to get outdoors on his crutches. Everything had gone amiss for want of his care. Other men had blundered. The cattle had trespassed on our neighbor's oat field, and a large bill of damages had to be paid. And so on through a wondrous chain of mischiefs and miseries, direct and indirect; but we will not short the story, and only add that our farm-gate was left open several times during the period of John's sickness, and once this fence was taken down by a party who wanted to enjoy a picnic in the beech grove.

Now all this, which is naked truth only half told—all this suffering and loss came simply of neglecting to shut the gate. We leave our farm troubles to carry the lesson into regions of higher and more lasting importance. There are gates all along the road of life which are often left open, and the mischief is endless.

See that gate of strife, so needlessly left open. One finger's force, a single kind word, the omission of a word would have shut the gate at once. But now years have passed, and through that gate have been marching mischiefs of vast dimensions. Families have been involved, lawsuits have wasted thousands of dollars, the church has been agitated and rent with the widening quarrel, children have absorbed into their sensitive nature all the malaria of the controversy, and the ungodly have exulted over the rending of Zion's walls. And all this because the gate of strife was left open for a night, and the precept neglected, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

Then see the gate of temptation, so carelessly left open. How easily it might have been shut at first. But neglect beget neglect, craving followed craving, and by and by what troops of sin were seen moving along the road which the closed gate would have made impassable. Alas, these little gates ajar in the lives of men! Cupidity and lust, appetite, peevishness, and ruin come pressing through them. We see the gates standing open every day, and the mischiefs which go through are filling the world with misery. These vast evils do not break the fences. They do not spread themselves at first by force. They slip through gates carelessly left open for a night, and once out, it is a sad business to find them and drive them back to their enclosures.

Or see the gate of talk, always open or unlatched. This unruly evil is full of deadly poison. Silence is golden where often speech could be at best but silver. What day passes but it shows this gate too slowly closed? and through the opening we see moving an endless procession of follies and mischiefs. A man of great force and of much business, used to commit one affair and another to those who served him with this curt sentence, "Say nothing, but do it." It is good in business, good in charity, good in religion, to say little, but do it. Shut the gate on that last word, and the battle of strife will not break out to trample down the grain. Never mind the talk in prayer-meeting; this can be spared; but go on and do your religion. This will be the best eloquence. Generally, the man who always shuts the gate of talk when good sense has gone through, is rated among the wisest of men.—Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D.D.

An instant decides the life of man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.—Gothic.

Negative Religion.

In these days of ease from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outside may be preserved without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a

NEGATIVE RELIGION.

They do not profane the Sabbath; They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house; They do not live without a form of prayer; They do not take the holy name of God in vain; They are not drunkards; They are not swearers; They do not neglect the poor and needy; They do not run a round of gaudy and folly; They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion; They do not cast off the fear of God:—

BUT,

They do not love God; They do not experience His love shed abroad in the heart; They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt religion; They do not give God their hearts; They do not delight themselves in Him; They do not esteem His word more than their necessary food; They do not love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honor dwelleth, though they attend it; They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding; They are not temples of the Holy Ghost; They have not passed from death unto life; They are not new creatures in Christ Jesus; They have not been translated from the kingdom of darkness; They are not born again; consequently cannot enter the kingdom of God. Oh; that such would now stop and examine their hearts and their hopes; and seek the Lord while he may be found; and call upon Him while he is near.

The Story of a Perversion.

Earl Nelson's second son has, it appears, joined the Roman Catholic Church, and the following account of the process by which he was led to do so has been published by his father in the London Times. He says his object is to expose the Pharisaical zeal in making proselytes, for which one section of the Roman Catholics in England are becoming distinguished. He says: "Three years ago a lady, who had left the Church of England and become a nun, obtained an introduction to my son. She loaned him books, appointed to meet him at Roman Catholic services, and carried on a correspondence with him behind my back, until, having succeeded in making him unhappy in the belief that he had never been properly baptized, his apparent sadness, for which I sought a cause, brought the whole thing to my knowledge. I induced him to consult a clergyman of our Church, who set his doubts at rest, and for three years he has been happy in the Church of England, and was preparing for Cambridge with a desire to take holy orders. I have it from his own mouth, that when he came to London to spend the rest of his holidays at home, and some ten days previous to his admission, he had not the slightest intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, so that neither his tutor nor myself could have had any knowledge of his change of views, nor could he have in any way seriously prepared himself for such a change.

"I left town on a Saturday, in happy ignorance of any such intention, and on my return on the Wednesday following, was informed that at eight o'clock on the same morning he had been conditionally baptized by a father at the Brompton Oratory. I naturally remonstrated on the indecent haste, and on the direct violation of all parental authority in receiving a son under age without his parent's previous knowledge. Upon this matter my son deliberately informed me that the priest never asked him whether I had or had not given my consent, or whether or no I knew anything of the step he was proposing to take. It is explained that the question was asked, but that my son, in the excitement of the moment, had forgotten it, and the priest's further justification to me was threefold and peculiar: 1. That the law of the land allows a child to change his religion at fourteen, and therefore there was no necessity to ask the parent at all. 2. That although to tell me first would have been the obvious and straightforward course, he and another priest consulted together on the Tuesday, and decided that it would be safer to allow my son to deceive me, instead of running the risk of the greater sin of denying his convictions from a fear of me, (which fear did not exist.) 3. That he was found to be a real Roman Catholic at heart. This last, if true, would rather have suggested some reasonable delay, as there could have been no fear of his final decision. The point which I wish to make particularly clear is the encouragement of deception towards parents, and the attempt to undermine parental authority, which is making a direct use of deadly weapons from the infidel armory, and a mode of proceeding utterly unworthy of any branch of Christ's Church. The tactics which I have attempted to expose are those to which persons in my rank of life are at the present time peculiarly exposed from this section of the Roman Catholics."

Old age is not, father, the heaviest of burdens, as thou thinkest; but whoever bears it morosely he is the party who makes it so; but if he bear it without grumbling, he sometimes in this way lulls it asleep, dexterously changing its character, taking away pain and substituting pleasure, but making it pain if he is peevish.—Alexander.

"The Work of all Works."

Gladstone in his noble essay on the Course of Religious Thought, speaks of being engaged in "uniting the human soul to Christ" as the "work of all works." And so it is. Jesus has come to toll a fallen race of a Father's love. He has come to bear our sins in His own body on the tree. He has come to heal us by His own stripes. He has come to invite all the weary and heavy laden to rest in His bosom. His redemption is the universal remedy. None else is provided, and if it should fail we have no hope of any other. There is but one Physician, and his method of healing is by uniting to himself the sick and suffering that ask his aid. They brought the sick to Jesus while he was passing and repassing through the towns of Galilee; this was a good work. But what is bodily healing as compared to the eternal health of the soul!

The work of all work for you, Gospel Minister is—not to preach eloquent sermons, not to construct able arguments, not to confound heretics, but to bring souls into union with Christ that they may become "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ." It is well to stir up the soul by grand bursts of fervid eloquence—it is better to convince the conscience by the power of well ordered syllogisms; but these are only means to an end, and the end is to bring the sick soul to the Physician of souls. It may be well to build up your denominational connection—to make better "churchmen" of those who are under your influence. It may be well to strengthen your congregation. But your work is a sad failure when it comes short of leading the sinner to the Saviour. This is, or should be, the end of our meetings on the Lord's Day and on week-days; it is virtually for this that we have our meetings of Church Courts, Presbyteries, Synods, Assemblies—Conferences, Conventions, etc.

Sabbath School Teacher, for you also, the work of all works is to lead the Lambs of the flock to their tender Shepherd. Our lessons, our prayers, our songs of praise, centre upon Christ. He is the head of every true school. He is the chief end of all saving instruction. It is only in so far as you make your scholars Christ-like that you can regard yourself as a successful teacher.

And so with every member of Christ's body on earth: the mission of all Christians is to bring Christ to sinners and sinners to Christ. The best man is the man who does most for Christ; the best Church is the Church that is truest to Christ and makes Him most widely known. Our organizations, our testimonies, our confessions, our sermons, our literature, are all but means to an end. Reader what are you doing in the line of this "work of all work"?—Pres. Witness, Halifax.

Has Manhood Deteriorated?

There were some reasons why the manhood of our graduates then was higher than the standard of our time. There were then few amusements, no collateral, distracting interests, tastes or pursuits, and the college studies of the day, restricted as they were in compass and deficient, were yet highly stimulating and sublime food. There was a decided predilection for classical reading, not to say learning, for that would be a misnomer, and there was an unqualified faith in the virtues and fame of the ancient republics, and their literature was probably a source of inspiration for the ardent youth of the republic yet to be. Still more, there was the influence of greater potency and worth. There is no such ripener of mind and character as impending emergency. Have we not had expressions of this in our recent history? When the news of Fort Sumter flashed over the lines, there were in these halls those who seemed to their elders as mere boys, who started at once into vigorous manhood, grew by gradations more rapid than we could trace into high places of command, sought positions of the most perilous service, won evergreen laurels, and achieved a culture for which twice the term of peaceful school-life would have been inadequate. We had one here at the last commencement, a mere mutilated trunk of a man, whose after-dinner speech, with all the fervor and fire of early youth, yet had a depth of wisdom which would have found fit utterance from the lips of the leaders in the gravest assemblies of our nation. If we could only view them aright, there are now for our republic emergencies, intense though insidious, a present not to be indignantly spurned, a future to be earnestly striven for, which ought to awaken the patriotic feeling of our young men, and urge them to early maturity for our public service.—Dr. Peabody's Baccalaureate Sermon.

We have no right to expect that whatever we take it into our heads to ask of God shall at once be done for us, whether it be for His glory and our sanctification or not. We have no warrant for presuming, in every difficulty and trouble, God will, at once work a miracle and deliver us from our anxiety as soon as we make it a subject of prayer. The things about which we pray, must be things having special reference to our own vocation, and Providential position. Above all, we must not think to prescribe to God the time and way he shall remove mountains for us.—Ryle.

Public and continual preaching of God's Word is the ordinary means and instrument of the salvation of mankind. Paul calls it the ministry of reconciliation of man unto God. By preaching of God's Word, the glory of God is enlarged, faith is nourished, and charity increased. By it the ignorant are instructed, the negligent exhorted and invited, the stubborn rebuked, the weak conscience comforted, and to all those that sin of malicious wickedness, the wrath of God is threatened. By preaching, due obedience to magistrates is planted in the hearts of men; for obedience proceeds of conscience, conscience is grounded upon the Word of God, the Word of God worketh in effect by preaching. So as generally when preaching is wanting obedience fails.—Archbishop Grindal's Letter to Queen Elizabeth.