

forded little opportunity either for sight seeing or conversation with brethren in the ministry. In both cities, indeed, the majority of the regular pastors are absent, enjoying the vacation, and the churches but thinly attended. We were glad to hear most gratifying accounts of the progress of the Central Church, Detroit, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Dickie formerly of Berlin. While we reluctantly part with such valued brethren, we rejoice in their abundant success in the sister Church across the lines.

Several of the leading pulpits of Chicago are at present vacant. The First Church (formerly Dr. Mitchell's), and the Second Church (formerly Dr. Gibson's), and the Jefferson Park Church (formerly Dr. Patton's), are all in quest of pastors. The First has called Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Boston, and the Jefferson Park Church has called Rev. Mr. Hemphill, of San Francisco, but in neither case has the call been accepted as yet. Our old friend, Dr. Ormiston, preaches, I understand, in the Second during the present month. Chicago, notwithstanding its wondrous progress in business matters, does not seem to offer great attractions to first-class ministers. Either the strain upon the physical and mental system is too severe, or the soil is unproductive, or the demand for sensationalism is so rampant that good evangelical preachers prefer quieter though less lucrative and prominent positions. It is a sad fact that practical godliness makes but little progress among the masses of this great city. As for Sabbath, there is literally none outside the churches. Beer gardens, coffee-houses, concerts, theatricals, and excursions to camp meetings and other more questionable places, attract tens of thousands, to the utter neglect of religious duties. And yet, surely here if anywhere, earnest Gospel preachers are needed to cry aloud against abounding iniquity. Said a friend to me, speaking of the moral condition of the city: "There is nothing thought of here but money-making. The future world has no influence upon the masses. 'I have only to die once, and I can arrange matters with God after that,' said a business man to me a few days ago."

Canadians cannot but feel deeply interested in the moral and religious condition of this great centre. Thousands of our young men and women are here, filling important positions. Whether they will fall in with the practical infidelity that is so prevalent in the very highest circles, or maintain the old-fashioned integrity and piety of their ancestors and of their native land, depends very much upon the power of the Gospel during the next decade.

"Young man, go west—Go west, young man." So said Horace Greeley many years ago. His advice is now followed by thousands—some 60,000 a week of immigrants are passing through New York to the far west. On the train that took us from Detroit to Chicago, there were five cars packed with Danes and Norwegians, and it is so every day. And yet there is room for millions more in the Western States and Manitoba. Our American friends profess great ignorance of Manitoba and its resources. We met, in travelling to Chicago, with a Methodist preacher from Michigan. He was on his way to Dakota, where his son, who had just graduated, had gone to buy land. He had heard of Manitoba, but as a place somewhere about the limits of creation. Evidently the good brother was better versed in theology than in geography. And yet, sad to say, he was a Canadian by birth, born near Montreal, but now so thoroughly Americanized, that he had almost forgotten there was any territory whatever beyond the United States!

St. Paul, where the "Syndicate Railway" may be said to begin, is a very pretty city of 42,000 inhabitants, situated on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River, and thirteen miles below the falls of St. Anthony. Minneapolis, the rival city, only a few miles distant, now contains 47,000 inhabitants, and on account of its lumber and milling interests, is destined to become, at no distant date, a very populous city. It possesses one of the finest and largest available water powers in the world, and has at present twenty-five flouring mills in operation, turning out 20,000 barrels of flour daily. Its annual shipment of lumber averages 140 million feet. The falls of Minnehaha also, celebrated by the poet Longfellow, are in the neighbourhood, and attract, at this season of the year, a large number of visitors.

St. Paul has long been noted for its invigorating climate, and many Canadians are to be found here, who have quite recovered their health, and now make it their permanent home.

My next will be (D.V.) from Winnipeg. W. C.  
ST. PAUL, July 14th, 1881.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### "I HAVE NOT A PARTICLE OF FEELING."

Thus spoke a young lady to whom I was presenting the claims of the Gospel, and whom I was urging to an immediate acceptance of Christ. It would not have been strange to hear the words had they been accompanied with a stolid look, a careless manner, or an impatient temper; but if you can imagine it, reader, the tears were seen coursing down her cheeks while she spoke, and there were suppressed sobs between her sentences, and now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Was she trying to deceive me by feigning indifference? I am sure this was not the case. But as we talked on, and I urged still more strongly an immediate decision of this important matter, she said:

"But I have no conviction of sin. How can I be a Christian unless I have first seen my sins and truly repented of them? Why, sir," she continued, "I rise in the morning determined to do right this day, and not to fall into any wrong ways, and before I know it I forget myself; I lose my temper, or speak unkindly, or act meanly, and then I am completely discouraged, and think I won't try any more;" and with these words the tears once more ran down her cheeks. Was it not a singular exhibition? "No feeling!" and crying while she said it; and no "conviction of sin," and accusing herself bitterly all the while?

And yet it was a perfect illustration of the mistakes we make when we try to read our hearts. The eye was never made to look inward. It can see the outward world, but not the face in which it is set. The ear was never fashioned to catch the sounds that are within the body. The voices of the world, the winds and the waves, and the singing of the birds, it hears at once; but the pulse-beats and the respirations it has no inner drum to resound. So of the mind; we do declare that it is often the poorest judge of its own experiences and impressions. One can see sin in another more easily than in himself; he can discern the mote in a brother's eye more readily than he can see a beam in his own eye. And it is equally true that one can often see the evidence of penitence in another more easily than in himself. The sinner is not the best judge of his spiritual state; he needs the mirror of Scripture or the mirror of some more enlightened mind than his own, wherein to discern his true condition of mind.

Hence the requirement of the Gospel is: "*Look unto Me, and be ye saved.*"

In Christ crucified is the place to see our sins; in the mirror of revelation is the place to see our hearts; in the light of God's countenance is the place to discover our secret sins.

And so we took our troubled, self-deceived and deeply dissatisfied inquirer and led her at once to Christ. Instead of trying to deepen her conviction, or to persuade her that she really had penitence and feeling, we brought her to accept Christ just as she was. This she did, upon her knees, in that very hour. Did you ever see a flood of golden sunlight suddenly pouring into a room through an open shutter? How the motes become visible, dancing and floating and sparkling in the brightness. So sin, which the candle of conscience failed utterly to discover, or, discovering, failed to mark—so sin is seen in the light of God's face, the revelation of His Word, in the manifestation of Christ's cross. Therefore, do you want conviction? Come to Christ. Do you want pardon? Come to Christ. Do you want peace? Come to Christ. We shall be constantly deceived in looking at ourselves; we can never be deceived in "looking unto Jesus."—A. J. Gordon, D.D.

### DYING YOUNG, YET FULL OF JOY.

In her interesting biographical sketch of Dudley Keith-Falconer, the second son of the Earl of Kinross, Miss Marsh gives the following account of his last days on earth:

Our conversation turned from the written Word of God to His ever-living Son, and Dudley said:

"I do not *always* realize the presence of Jesus so distinctly as I do that you are present at this moment; but I know," he added earnestly, "that as He has shewn Himself to me, and very close at hand too, when I most needed Him, so He will shew Himself again when I shall need Him most of all—in dying hours."

And it came to pass even as he said.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said his young brother, with sorrowful tenderness, as he stood beside him one day, when his pain was more than usually severe.

"Don't say that," answered the brave young sufferer with a happy smile; "I am such a very rich boy!"

Another time, when he saw his father's tears, he said:

"Why are you crying? You should sing, 'Cheer boys, cheer!'"

And when, from a sudden symptom of great danger, they thought he was just dying, his mother heard him say in exulting tones:

"Hurrah! heaven is close at hand now!"

But his work was not quite finished yet. For a few days longer he was to linger on the bank of the river, to bear still more blessed testimony to his Saviour's transforming power; for in these waiting days his mother wrote of him:

"My darling's will and reason and affections are all brought into perfect subjugation to his beloved Lord and Saviour's."

When speaking one day with his mother about the various pleasures of heaven he said:

"One of the things to which I am looking forward is to have some passages in the Bible, that I cannot understand down here, made quite clear to me up there," and in accordance with this feeling of willingness to trust in the Word of his God even when he could not comprehend it, and in the love which had ordered the plan of his life, although it had denied him much that makes life delightful, were the texts which he chose to be put on his gravestone:

"Feed me with food convenient for me."

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

As the hour of his departure approached he longed to hear the voice of the Master summoning him, and to enter through the gates into the city. That hour came at last. His mother knew it, and bending over him asked if he felt the presence of the Saviour. Dudley calmly answered:

"Yes, He holds me by the hand—He never leaves me; and heaven seems so near, as if I were almost there already."

She asked: "Shall I read a few verses of Scripture to you?"

"No, thank you, mother, not now," he answered; "I have Jesus here," placing his hand on his heart; "you see the Bible is a book, but Christ is a Person."

A little later, when he was in great agony, he said: "I don't see my Saviour at this moment, but I know He is near."

And a few minutes afterwards he added:

"I would not change places with any of you. Happy, happy, happy! Jesus is always with me."

"O, Comforter of God's redeemed!"

Whom the world does not see:

What hand should pluck me from the flood

That casts my soul on Thee?

Who would not suffer pain like mine

To be consoled like me?"

Fainter and fainter came the failing breath, but perfect consciousness remained. Just ten minutes before he passed away, when with the restlessness of the dying he wished to be laid on the floor, his mother was obliged to tell him that it was impossible. Looking the last upon the face of her who ever held the highest earthly place in his pure and devoted young heart—his "first, last love"—he softly said, "My mother, your word is law," and fell asleep in Jesus, thus fitly ending the nineteen short years of his rare and lovely life.

"Say not too young am I;  
For he who dies, when God doth will,  
Is old enough to die."

"We used to talk of the glory,  
When I, too, stood outside I  
Now I see the King in His beauty,  
In the far-off land abide."

"But the half of all His glory  
Had never been told to me,  
Nor the joy of the joyous city  
Which stands by the crystal sea."

### THE LONDON JEWISH PRESS ON THE REVISED VERSION.

The "Jewish Chronicle" regards the New Testament in a measure as a branch of Jewish literature worthy of study equally with the Apocrypha and Philo. All the great Jewish scholars of Germany are accustomed to deal with it in this manner, using it as