Pastor and People.

Out and In.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

There is a most fruitful passage in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, that is not very often discussed in the pulpit. The whole chapter is a wagon of gold. The especial verse that we now speak of is the 23d. "He brought us *out* from thence, that he might bring us *in*." Of course, it refers to the wonderful exodus from Egypt, when Jehovah marched before his people in an illuminated pillar of cloud. But it illustrates beautifully the out-bringing and the in-bringing of every Christian soul.

I.—First, there is a deliverance from bondage, that the soul may come into liberty of the Sons of God. Conversion is emancipation. Christ is the liberator. How constantly that refrain occurs in the Pentateuch—"out of the land of Egypt, out of the *house of bondage*." Every sinner is a slave. He works hard for the most cruel of masters; for the wages of sin is death. Every sinner is under sentence, for he is "condemned already." But Jesus Christ liberates the soul that trusts him, and in the instant of conversion the fetters are stricken off. There is thenceforth no condemnation to all them who are *in* Christ Jesus.

The eighth chapter of the Romans is the believer's magnificent carol of victory. No man can sing this "new song" unless Christ has accepted him, forgiven him, and made him free from the law of sin and death. John Wesley says that his first joyful sense of assurance came when he realized the full and perfect security of every soul that is sheltered in Christ's arms. Does this in-bringing of the soul produce perfect sinlessness? No. The man who dreams this delusive dream "deceives himself, and the truth is not in him." The "old man" and the "new man," still exist side by side, in constant conflict, to the dying hour. Israel did not reach Canaan as soon as the Red Sea was crossed. There was a hard march and a long discipline before them ere the first man entered the land of milk and honey. So every believer must go in battle harness, fighting his way to the gates of glory; and the first *perfect* hour he will ever experience will be the one he spends when Heaven's gate shuts him in. Perfect assurance don't mean perfect immunity from sin. But it does mean that Jesus has brought us *out* of Egypt, and has pledged his word to bring us *in*; that where he is we may be there also. This is glory enough for this world.

II.—God's grace brings *out* of old practices into new ones. Conversion, if it is genuine, makes a radical change of conduct. The profane lips stops swearing and the tippling lips stop drinking. The Sabbath-breaker seeks the house of God, and the lover of pleasure finds a higher pleasure in trying to please Jesus. Old habits are sloughed off; there is a new hand at the helm, steering the life into new channels. [illegible] —a religion that purges, cleanses, sweetens, and regulates the whole life. When stingy A—— begins to send loads of coal to the poor, and churlish B—— begins to take his children on his lap and treat his poor relations kindly, when slippery C—— begins to practice honest dealings, and godless D—— sets up a family altar, there is a pretty good evidence that God's grace is at work. They have come *out* of the old paths. They have taken a new departure.

III.—There is another coming out that is essential to all healthy and impressive piety. It is a coming out from the world *into Christ's fold*. The friendship of the world is enmity to God. No man can serve two masters. No man can remain in Egypt and yet enter Canaan. "Up, get thee out of this place!" said the Lord to Lot. And Jesus says: "Come out and be ye separate. Be ye not conformed to this world."

Never was there a time when a distinct, clear, and decided emancipation from worldly-mindedness and sinful conformities was more demanded than now. The Bible draws sharp lines. On one side walks Christ. On the other side goes "the world," on its thoughtless way toward Hell. No man can bestride the line and walk with both. And, if we draw the frivolous and selfish and unconverted over to our side of the line, we must stand firmly by conscience and by Christ. It is not by yielding to the world that we can ever convert them. We must come out and stand separate, and then endeavor in loving earnestness to draw them over to Christ's side. Compromises are the Devil's baits. The moment we quit the position of staunch conformity to Christ's commandments and begin to walk "one mile," with the world, it will soon compel us to "go with them *twain*." If we yield the "coat," they will soon rob us of our "cloak also." When Moses tried to get Hobab toward Canaan, he did not offer to stay with them. He said; "Come, go with us, and we will do thee good." We, too, must come out from the territory of sin if we would bring any souls *in* to the kingdom of Jesus.

IV. What a new and delightful aspect this idea gives to dying. It is a going out and it is a bringing in. An escape out of the cold and the suffering, and the sin of this mortal life. A coming into the warmth of joy and purity of our Father's house. And God the loving Father brings us out in order that he may bring us in. "I would not live always," for to depart by and by and be with Christ is far better.

Here is a thought for the season. We are going out of the old year. God is leading us into the new. This is the time for every Christian to go up higher—up into a purer, nobler, more consecrated life. Oh! merciful Jesus, bring us all *out* from self and unbelief, and indolence, and the house of bondage. With the opening year open to us thy loving arms and take us in.

DEAN STANLEY, as Rector of St. Andrew's University, has appointed the Earl of Elgin as his assessor. The Rev. Lewis Campbell, Professor of Greek, author of several editions of Greek Classics, has resolved to spend the remainder of the winter on the Continent. Mr. Rhodes Warden, St. Andrew's College Hall, will discharge his duties after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Spurgeon on Preaching.

At the fifth quarterly Conference of Christian Workers, just held in London, Mr. Spurgeon gave an address on the subject prescribed for the occasion. "What to preach, and how?" The former part of the question he said, addressed itself more particularly to older preachers, while "How to preach" was the question which perplexed beginners. Your preachers thought too much of "How to preach." Older preachers thought, perhaps, too little of that, and too much of the other. Now, it was possible to get too careless. There should not merely be the right food, but it should be rightly cooked. Truth was the main thing, but the preparation and delivery had far more to do with it than was generally supposed. If a man were uncertain what to preach, he had better not preach at all. The best thing would be for him to wait until he did know some elementary truth of which he was sure, for it would be a pity for him to preach as soul saving truth that which might be error after all. The first answer he would give would be to preach Christ and Him crucified—Christ as a substitutionary sacrifice. He regarded the crucifixion of Christ as the heart and bowels of the Gospel. God saved more by this than by all other truths put together. They were bound to preach Christ risen and Christ yet to come—to let one know that he lived to make intercession for them. They must also preach the gospel; and justification by faith they must preach in almost every sermon. If they had to preach as evangelists, they must preach the simple word; if as pastors, then their range was as wide as the Word of God—then they must go down to those great rocks that underlie the truth. They must preach repentance, repentance being to many believer's almost as sweet as faith. How to preach? If any one would tell him how, he would go to school to him. He did not think that any man who preached with success had any notion that he had begun to preach yet. He would tell them when he thought he could preach well. It was on a Sunday night, after he had gone to bed, because then he thought of what he did not say, but *ought to have said, and of* what he might have better said. When a man could preach no better than he had done, then he had finished, for there was nothing more beyond. If they wished to do any good, they must preach naturally. Some men had been heard to say that when they got into the pulpit they felt quite other men. He hoped there were, for when there they seemed all arms and legs. Many congregations, he believed, thought their ministers were not sincere, because they talked in such a whining way. They would never get the working classes of London to them, unless they spoke naturally—not copying from some successful brother. They must get out of technicalities and bring them down to words understandably by the people. They must also get rid of "mechanism." They got down now to sinners at the end of a sermon, and the sinners all knew it and bobbed their heads. A great thing in preaching was the "surprises." When a preacher was expected to say some thing, he should suddenly say something else. But he ought to preach appropriately. What would suit one class would not suit another. A man ought to use speech appropriate to those gathered around him. Clearness was a great thing to cultivate. He had heard sermons which resembled to his mind a luminous haze. They were remarkably brilliant, he had no doubt, but there was such a fog about them the fulness of their proportions could not be seen. Great thoughts might be given in simple language, though there was such a thing as being simple in a sense which should be avoided—such, for example, as telling childish stories. Sometimes, however, they could pull up a bit and address a few words to children and those of immature judgment. All went to show that those were most successful who were most earnest in their work. Sometimes he felt that he was loading a field-gun, and ramming the charge home, and firing it around, and then, when the ammunition was exhausted, he had put himself in and fired himself at his congregation. They must be "all there" when they preached. They must be in earnest. If not, they would ruin their own souls as well as the souls of the people. In concluding, he related as an illustration, an anecdote of a street preacher, who told him that he often preached but did never convert any one. Mr. Spurgeon replied, "Do you expect to convert a sinner every time you open your mouth?" "No, sir, I do not expect that," he answered. "Then that is why you do not get it."

Childish Faith.

There is in a fond child a holy carelessness of casting himself, body, and soul, and business, and affairs, and all upon God; be careful for nothing. It is not to be careless Christians; but it is true in one sense, when in a holy carelessness a man casts himself upon God. It is your weakness, much of your dispute, concerning grace, and salvation, and justification; a fond child of God smiles at it; he can come near his father, and catch him, and say, I know whom I have trusted, on whom I have laid my soul. As a man that puts his estate in another's hands can say, I know whom I have trusted. A weak saint thinks little of, and cares little for the service of God, but he cares much for his own safety, and security, and salvation, a strong, fond saint takes less care for his own salvation, but he cares much for the service of Jesus Christ. For (thinks he) let the Lord Jesus look to that, he hath taken on him to die for my soul, and he hath promised to receive it, and he hath said he will not cast away those that come to him. I have cast my soul on him, sink or swim, I will not trouble my head with that, but all my thought and care shall be how I may please Jesus Christ, and love and glorify him. It is a blessed piece of grace when a saint can come to that carelessness that a man is not thus distrustfully thoughtful for his soul, but when he hath brought it to Christ, leave it there, and think not of it, but think of the work and will of Christ, and how to honor Him.—*Walter Cradock.*

Dean Stanley and Colenso.

We verily believe that the most lawless gentleman living is Dean Stanley. He has no more respect for prescriptive wrong or immemorial nonsense than if he were born under the baleful star of the Ninth Thermidor. Scarce had he ceased to hear reverberating around him the abuses of High Churchmen for inviting Max Muller to discourse in Westminster Abbey a year ago, when he doubled the fault by inviting the Presbyterian Dr. Caird to his pulpit; and Dr. Caird has scarcely descended the steps, leaving High Churchmen shivering with worse horror, when the reckless Dean angers the Low Churchmen quite as much by extending a similar invitation to Bishop Colenso. The bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, and London had inhibited him from preaching in their respective dioceses. But a dean is superior in his own cathedral or abbey to bishop or archbishop, and Dean Stanley exercised his right to invite the Bishop of Natal to occupy his pulpit. He accompanied it with a letter to the Bishop of London, in which he told of Bishop Colenso's championship of the natives against the abuse of the Cape Colony authorities, reminded his superior that the attempted deposition of Bishop Colenso was decided invalid by the highest courts, and that as Dean of Westminster Abbey he was independent of his diocesan. Bishop Colenso, from motives of delicacy, declined the invitation; but that does not diminish the significance of the fact that he was invited. We quote a sentence or two from Dean Stanley's letter:

"It is now 98 years ago since an English bishop selected, for the office of preaching his consecration sermon, an eminent divine whom the primate of that day refused to admit into the pulpit of Lambeth Chapel on account of the offence which it would give to the clergy. That Bishop was Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, and that Preacher was Thomas Arnold, Head Master of Rugby. . . . Like the Bishop of Natal, Dr. Arnold was regarded by the clerical, I might almost say the religious world of the time, of course, with many bright exceptions, as a dangerous heretic—was denied to be a Churchman or even a Christian. It is not too much to suppose that the change of feeling honorable alike to him and to them, which in a few years altered the judgment of the clergy with regard to the Head Master of Rugby, might also in a few years effect a corresponding transformation of opinion with regard to the Bishop of Natal. Any acts which may tend to hasten such triumphs of charity and reason, in which, when accomplished, all must acquiesce, are worth attempting, even at the cost of some temporary disturbance."

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who invited Bishop Colenso to preach in St. James's chapel, received a note from the Bishop of London expressing the hope that the matter would be dropped quietly, in order that he might not be compelled to issue his inhibition. For this reason the engagement with the Bishop of Natal was cancelled. It is said that the Rev. H. R. Haweis, who was willing to defy the Bishop's authority, invited the heretic to preach in his pulpit, but the invitation was declined. The result has been, of course, to make quite a hero of Bishop Colenso, and to call the public attention to the really noble service he has rendered in his mission field to the cause of justice and the rights of man.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A Good Introduction.

A missionary in one of our western territories once lost his way when travelling through an extensive forest. Wearied with efforts to find a path through the almost trackless wilderness, tired and hungry, for he had been in the saddle long before daybreak, he became at last completely worn out and discouraged. In this situation he could only lift up his heart to God in earnest prayer, and asked to be delivered from the perils that surrounded him; for the shadows of night were already falling, and the country being newly settled, there was great danger of an attack, either from wandering tribes of Indians, or the hardly less savage beast of prey.

After a while he resolved to allow his faithful horse to become his guide, so, throwing the reins on his neck, he left him to pick out his own way through the woods. The wearied animal began to prick up his ears, and quicken his pace into a trot. After a few miles he neighed frequently, as if they were coming into the neighborhood of civilized life, and, to the gentleman's great joy, there soon appeared the forest broken by the clearing of a settler, with its little log hut and neat paling fence.

The traveller alighted and went into the house, intending to ask for shelter and food, both for himself and his tired animal. But he found the man and his wife, who were the owners of the cabin, rather unwilling to receive him as their guest for the night, although it seemed impossible for him to continue his journey. The woman, especially, as she placed some eatables on the table, looked at him with suspicion and distrust on her countenance.

The good man, who could not help seeing that he was an unwelcome visitor, felt not a little embarrassed, and noticing two bright eyed boys playing about the room, he began to talk to them in the winning way that children love. Taking from his pocket a book with colored pictures, which at once drew them to his side, he went on to tell them about Jesus, and how he loved and blessed little children such as they.

The woman listened with much emotion. A tear stole down her cheek.

"O John," she exclaimed, as the husband came in from attending to the traveller's horse, "this is a good man, we need not fear lodging him to night. Now, sir, you will tell us something about the Saviour we both love. We have not heard preaching for years."

The good missionary complied, and when, in the course of years, the settlers grew, and a church and Sunday School were formed, neither he nor his entertainers had cause to regret that he had once lost his way in the wilderness.—*Child's World.*

John the Baptist and Christ.

To this preaching, to this baptism, in the thirteenth year of his age, came Jesus from Galilee. John was his kinsman by birth, but the circumstances of their life had entirely separated them. John as a child, in the house of the blameless priest, his father, had lived at Juttah, in the far south of the tribe of Judah, and not far from Hebron. Jesus had lived in the deep seclusion of the carpenter shop in the valley of Galilee. When he first came to the banks of the Jordan, the great forerunner, according to his own emphatic and twice-repeated testimony, "knew him not." Though Jesus was not yet revealed as the Messiah to his great herald-prophet, there was *something in his look, something* in the sinless beauty of his ways, something in the solemn majesty of the aspect which at once overawed and captivated the soul of John. To others he was the uncompromising prophet; kings he could confront with rebuke; Pharisees he could unmask with indignation; but before this presence all his lofty bearing falls. As when some unknown dread checks the flight of the eagle, and makes him settle with hushed scream and drooping plumage on the ground, so before the purity of sinless life, the wild prophet of the desert becomes like a submissive and timid child. The battle-brunt which legionaries could not daunt—the lofty manhood before which hierarchs trembled and princes grew pale—resigns itself, submits, adores before moral force, which is weak in every external attribute, and armed only in an invisible mail.

John bowed to the simple, stainless manhood before he had been inspired to recognize the divine commission. He earnestly tried to forbid the purposes of Jesus. He who had received the confessions of all others now reverently and humbly makes his own, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" The response contains the second recorded utterance of Jesus, and the first word of his public ministry, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."—*Farrar's Life of Christ.*

Get Rid of the Bible.

Three Roman Catholic bishops gave this advise to the Pope on the day when consulted as to the mode of strengthening the Church of Rome:

"Lastly, of all the advice we can give your Beatitude, we have reserved to the end the most important, viz: That as little as possible of the gospel (especially in the vulgar tongue) be read in all countries subject to your jurisdiction. The little which is usually read at mass is sufficient, and beyond that no one whatever must be permitted to read. While men were contented with that little, your interest prospered; but when they read more, they began to decay. To sum all: That Book is the one which more than any other, has raised against us those whirlwinds and tempests whereby we were almost swept away; and in fact, if any one examines it diligently and then confronts therewith the practice of the Church, he will perceive the great discordance, and that our doctrine is utterly different from, and often contrary to it; which thing if the people understand, they will not cease their clamor against us till all be divulged, and then we shall become an object of universal scorn and hatred. Wherefore even those few pages must be put away, but with considerable wariness and caution, lest so doing should raise greater uproars and tumults."—Imp. Library at Paris, fol. B, No. 1,038, vol. II., pp. 641-642; also Brit. Mus. 7, c. 100, 11, Fasciculus Berum, Lond. 1690 fol.

The Pope was Julius III., and the document bears date—"Bologna, Oct. 23, 1553." The genuineness of this extract has been verified by reference to the original in the library of the British Museum.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"Bible First."

The Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D., tells the following little story in the *Sunday School Times*:

"About forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbing up into his lap, snatched away the paper, exclaiming: 'No, no, papa! Bible first! Bible first, papa!' That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in that man. Death soon came, and rudely tore away the sweet little preacher; but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. 'Bible first, papa,' was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in his business. Wealth accumulated. Business increased. Friends multiplied. But uppermost in that man's heart was the precious Word of God. He read and studied it. As a teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath School, he taught it. He did more than this—he practiced its precepts." Would not the child's cry "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday School teacher in the land?

The Ideal Occupation.

There are doubtless many who will say that the ideal occupation for any person is the one which is most intimately connected with the objects of his sympathies and his aspirations. I have certainly known cases which seemed to prove this view correct. But, on the other hand, the congenial occupation almost invariably becomes an old man of the mountain. It gets upon his back, twists its legs around his neck, and sometimes makes it hard for him to breathe. You see how this works, moreover, with some religious people. No one could be more unpleasant than certain persons who get into certain half business, half spiritual positions. Perhaps you have heard the agent of a Holy Land exploring society talk professionally, and from a business point of view, of some sacred place mentioned in the New Testament.—"*The Old Cabinet*;" *Scribner's.*

Random Readings.

WHILST you cannot feel too keenly, do not wait for feeling. No sorrow for the past can be too poignant; but do not wait for that sorrow. If the prodigal had not arisen till he was satisfied with his own repentance, he would have died in the far country. The tears which do not flow from the gaunt eyes of famine will come unbidden at the feast of fat things; and the fountains of the great deep, which freeze in the winter of remoteness and estrangement, will break up and brim over in the sunshine of Mercy. The word which you take, be it what it may—"Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:" "Take away mine iniquity, and receive me graciously"—whatever the word may be, let it be a true one, and swifter than your return will be the footsteps of forthcoming pardon; and great as may be your own joy in rescuing and restoring grace, no less will be the joy in heaven over your repentance."—*Rev. James Hamilton D.D.*

"SOME of our educational doings seem very ridiculous," remarks the *Friend of India*. "We put into the hands of Hindoo students such works as Prescott's 'Essays on Walter Scott,' and expect them to understand it. How can people wonder that one of these gentlemen writes to the editor of that excellent publication the *Madras Journal of Education*, asking him to explain such words as 'the Tolbooth lintels, the blunderbuss, and spleuchan of Rob Roy?' Again, the student is puzzled, as well he may be, by 'If it is no weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.' Further on he asks what is a 'gangrel scrapegut?' By all means, if it is thought judicious, let us have Professors of Scotch in our universities, and let prizes be given for proficiency in it. But, as matters stand, we must protest against the injudicious reading too often laid down for the guidance of men who are seeking only to understand modern English as it is spoken by the best scholars of the day.

A FORCIBLE but disheartening opinion upon the effect of drink, upon the prevalence of lunacy in Ireland, is expressed by *the inspectors of Irish lunatic asylums* in their last report. They express their opinion that indulgence in the use of ardent spirits, and unfortunately of the most deleterious quality, is becoming more prevalent from day to day in the country, instigating its victims to the wildest acts of violence and depravity—maddening, without actual delusions, and terminating for the most part *in epilepsy, or in ease of the brain, but not* in genuine lunacy. Melancholy, however, as may be the immediate consequences of drunkenness to those unceasingly addicted to it, the results are occasionally far more deplorable in regard to the offspring of inebriate parents, who are born imbecile, idiotic, mutes or malformed, as the inspectors have known to be the case in two, or *even three, members of the same family.*—*Medical Press and Circular.*

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Guardian*, the present crisis in the Reformed Catholic Church has been long foreseen by Lord Camoys, Lord Acton, and others of the same views in England, who were fully prepared for the rupture which they felt to be inevitable between themselves and their spiritual guides. They knew that a crisis was impending which must have led to an explosion sooner or later, and would have done so whether Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet had been written or not. The dissentients have no intention of yielding a single point. Archbishop Manning, on the other hand, has expressed himself as determined to have absolute submission, or he *will drive out of his church those who* in any degree dispute its authority.

THE pleasures of death by hanging are set forth by a correspondent of the Calcutta *Englishman*, who has been collecting the experiences of persons who have been rescued from that generally supposed painful decease. One old woman who thought herself in a green meadow, a gentleman who was brought to life by an attempt at dissection had been wandering in a beautiful field, and a criminal saved by the breaking of a rope declared he had seen an avenue of splendid trees, and on being offered pardon refused it, considering it a most enjoyable thing to be hanged, and the easiest possible mode of death.

"I HAVE loved the habitation of thy house," said David; and, in making this declaration, he expressed the feelings of every true Christian. The sanctuary of God is loved by every real child of God. He has a seat there—is found in it every Sabbath—worships the Lord in the beauty of holiness, receives with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save the soul, and sanctified by the truth and the Spirit of God, in having drawn upon him the lineaments of Christ, becoming meet for the heavenly Jerusalem, of which St. John tells us, that the "Lord God and the Lamb are the temple."

THE *Jewish Times*, just issued, is the organ of what are known as the Reformed Jews, for even the Israelites are not exempt *from the religious diversions of the age*. There are the Orthodox Jews, who accept the Talmudical books as well as the Pentateuch, while the Reformed Jews reject the Talmudical books and keep to the five books of Moses only. It is not a little strange that a good many Jews show an inclination towards what may be called Tyndallism, and hold opinions not unlike those of *the materialistic professor.*

THERE is something in this. It is said that the Pope on hearing that the Westchester Catholic Protectory, New York, had been burned, sent six articles to be raffled for, for the benefit of the institution. How is it possible that Infallibility was ignorant that raffling was a crime in the State of New York? Had he known it, he would not have sent the goods. If he did know it, he was mistaken and not infallible.

WHAT you can effect depends on what you are. You put your whole self into all you are. If that self be small, and mean, and lean your entire life-work is paltry, your words have no force, your influence has no weight. If that self be true and high, pure and kind, vigorous and forceful, your strokes are blows, your notes staccatos, your work massive, your influence cogent—you can do what you will.—*A. F. Peabody.*