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"FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD."—Paul.

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THE MODEL PREACHER.

BY W. TAYLOR.

To preach the Gospel effectively, you must first arrest the attention of your hearers. The mind of every man, woman or child you meet is pre-occupied, either revolving some theme, or, more probably, indulging a reverie.

The same is true also of every person who comes to hear you preach. Every memory and imagination constitute the scene of a vast panoramic display of images and associations as wide as the world. If, like the prophet Ezekiel in the ancient temple of Israel, you could dig a hole through the wall, and look into the secret chambers of the souls of your hearers, you would see, right there in the Lord's house, farms and farming implements; horses, hogs and cattle, lumber-yards and merchandize of every kind; railroads and canals; bank stocks, commercial contracts; deeds and bonds, houses of every style of architecture, household furniture and instruments of music, an association of old friends and new ones; engaged in public discussions and private confabs on all the exciting subjects of the times. In many minds you would see a train of gloomy associations—mistakes, forgets, mishaps, and wrongs unredressed. All these images, and a thousand more, pre-occupy the minds of your hearers and hold their pre-occupancy, passing in and out in almost endless succession and variety.

Now it avails nothing for you to arise before such an assembly and say, 'Please to give me your attention.' They can't do it. Not one in a thousand has sufficient mental discipline to give you undivided attention, till you arrest it by some power stronger than the sparkling reverie tide which bears him along so gently as scarcely to awake his consciousness of the fact. High intellectual development and piety on the part of your hearers, do not enable them to give you their attention unless you arrest it.

Your friend selects a good position in the chapel, from which he can see every gesture and catch every flash of your eye, determining to give you undivided attention. Just as he gets himself well fixed for receiving and digesting every word of truth you may dispense, his attention is arrested by the opening of the door behind him; he involuntarily turns his head towards the fellow-worshipper, as he walks up the aisle, looking for a seat, and says to himself, 'That man looks very much like an old friend of mine—my old friend. He went to Chicago and bought land—increased in value—sold it for one thousand dollars per acre—went to California—wrought in the mines—made a pile—went to trading and lost it—made another raise and went to Oregon—was in the Indian wars there—came very near losing his life—went to Australia, was shipwrecked on his voyage, and came very near going under. I wish I could hear what has become of him. Fudge! what

am I thinking about? I've lost a part of the sermon.'

He then tries to gather up and connect the loose ends of the chain of your discourse, riven and cast out of his mind by the image of his old friend, and now he is intent on hearing you, through without interruption. Eyes and ears open to receive some stirring truth that will wake the sympathies of his soul. Following along in the path you have marked out for his thoughts, he hears you say, 'Some fastidious persons are like the old Pharisees, of whom our blessed Saviour said, 'Ye strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.'

'Yes,' says he to himself, 'the boys at school used to read it, 'Strain at a gnat and swallow a sawmill.' A great set of boys. Bill Moore married his cousin. Bart got drowned, poor fellow! Andy Snider went to Shenandoah and learned the blacksmith's trade. Bob McCrown is a poor old bachelor,' &c. He chases those boys nearly all over creation before he wakes up, arrests his reverie, and comes back to the subject of discourse. Now he's your friend, and doing his best to give you his attention.

Around him are others who don't care much whether they hear you or not. There sits the architect, criticizing; not your sermon, but the style of your church.

In the next seat is the physiognomist, scanning the faces of his neighbors, and by his side the phrenologist, counting the bumps on their heads.

Farther back is the young lover, casting his glances towards the other side of the church.

Up in the amen corner sit the good old fathers, looking up at you with longing eyes and thirsty souls, thinking about the good old times they had long ago under old Father Miller.

The good sisters; on the other side, are as variously and fully engaged, some examining bonnets and ribbons, some taking patterns of the new style of dress, some pricing goods.

The mother imagines she sees her boys in neighbor Jones' orchard stealing apples, which excites her holy horror. Another just remembers that she forgot to return the clothes-line she borrowed last week, and regrets it. Another wonders if poor little Jimmy mightn't get into the well before she gets back. Another is wondering who did up your linen, saying to herself, 'It's a pity our preacher can't find somebody who can do up a bosom for him.'

Others are praying and trying to get their spiritual strength renewed, but in spite of their efforts to gather in the wanderings of their minds, and to have their souls watered under the droppings of the sanctuary, their roving thoughts will run to and fro in the earth, while you are proclaiming the tidings of mercy to guilty souls.

They are there to hear the tidings, and waiting to be arrested and interested. Some, to be sure, care not for you nor your message, but you have them within range of your Gospel gun, and ought to draw a bead on them and fetch them down.

Frank Dodge once said in my hearing, 'The best time I can get for maturing a commercial

scheme, or planning a sea-voyage, is at church while the preacher is preaching. Away from the care and bustle of business, under the soothing sounds of the Gospel, I have nothing to disturb my meditations.'

Now, my brother, do not suppose that these cases of inattention I have enumerated are rare cases. I have only given you a glimpse at the mental workings, or, rather, wanderings, of every congregation you address, and of every congregation that assemble anywhere, till their attention is arrested. Not all indulging in vain thoughts, to be sure, for many are thinking of God, and his law do they meditate day and night. All occupied with their own favorite themes and thoughts, but none closely following the train of your thoughts, till you take them captive, and draw them after you, by the power of truth and sympathy.

You have no right to complain of their inattention, and it will do no good to scold them about it. It is your business to arrest them; knock their thoughts and reveries into pi, and, sweeping them away, insert your theme in their minds and hearts. To do this, you must wake them up, stir the sympathies of their souls, and thrill them, by all sorts of unanticipated means, with the joyful tidings of sovereign mercy, or the thundering peals of common retribution.—*Ecclesiastical Observer.*

EVENING WOLVES.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

Returning sometimes to New York by a train which brings me into the city at a very late hour in the evening, or near midnight, I am always impressed by one suggestive fact. At that hour the windows of most private residences are darkened, the inmates are in their beds. All useful shops and stores are closed up. But along all the thoroughfares conspicuous lamps are blazing over the dram-shop doorways. While honest folk are asleep the "evening wolves" are awake and ravening for their prey. While the traffic in useful commodities is suspended, the accursed traffic in human bodies and souls is driven forward, and death is dealt out by the dram. If the day is the time for toil, the night is the time for temptation.

Four fifths of all the mischief to the characters of our young people is wrought during the hours of darkness. Not only "they that be drunken are drunken in the night," but the chief temptations to drunkenness, whether at the social board or in the drinking-saloons, are presented at that time. And happily are the tempters to the bottle described by that Scripture expression, "evening wolves." They rend and mangle and destroy thousands who have been the joy and pride of the home-flock. "Ah," said a heart-broken father to me beside the silent form of a beloved daughter, "this affliction does not distress me as much as the sight of my own son going right towards the drunkard's grave. He had become the prey of the evening wolves, and forsaken a Christian home for the convivial club-room. And the most