

in a pastor. In addition it gives anyone who is disaffected a chance to air that disaffection. Few pastors can go on for a series of years and give no occasion for fault finding. If these grievances or fancied grievances are not ventilated, they will do little harm. The yearly employment of a pastor gives chance for their ventilation. We trust there are not many churches throughout the country who act in accordance with this plan, but we know there are some. One pastor in New Jersey has recently resigned because unwilling to submit to this system. We are inclined to think he did a meritorious thing. He protested against a system that he deems belittling. If the church values him, let it seek to have his resignation recalled, and let it change its methods. Let others if there are such, follow suit. The true way, as it seems to us, for the engagement of a pastor is to call one with whom the people are in harmony, and then let the relation continue so long as such harmony continues to exist.

#### Dedication.

On Lord's day, 7th inst, the new house at Stewarton (Crownwell Hill), Kings Co. was opened for the worship of God. This interest it will be remembered received much attention from the late S. D. Irvine, who, while pastor of the first Springfield church labored with unselfish devotion to secure the erection of a meeting house in the place. For many years Baptists have had some footing here. As long ago as the year 1855 a church was formed, known as the Fourth Springfield, Kars being at that time the Third Springfield. Rev. James Trimble resided in the place and for several years ministered to the little flock. The church book is still preserved and shows a regular record down to 1866, Joseph Paris being the clerk. The preaching services and conference meetings are faithfully reported and among the names of ministers are Bros. Trimble, Lockey, Thorne, Harris, Smith, Springer, Titus, Spragg, Steadman, Bonney and others who visited the interest and preached occasionally for them. The church never had a public place of worship, but assembled in the homes and here kept up its discipline and worship for eleven years. It had some twenty-five members.

Since its dissolution occasional services have been held in the locality by the ministers of the First Springfield church until during the pastorate of the writer in 1884, an agitation began for the erection of a house. But little however was done until the time of Bro. Irvine, when steps were taken to begin the construction of a building. The interest is now regarded as a branch of the First Springfield church, and so will be entitled to regular attention from the pastor of that church. This would have been the better way at the outset and would have secured more permanent results.

The dedication service was held at 3 p. m., Pastor Field being assisted by the writer, who preached from Ephesians V. 27. A large congregation gathered, and an offering of \$30 was taken, nearly extinguishing the remaining indebtedness. W. E. MCINTYRE.

#### A Yoke for Two.

By D. J. Burrell, D. D.

"My Yoke is easy." This is singular. It is a paradox. Yokes are not easy as a rule. Ask the slave in Pharaoh's brickyard, making bricks without straw under the lash of a hard taskmaster, whether he finds his yoke easy; and he will tell you that he wets his pillow with his tears. Ask the captive dragged at the chariot wheels of his conqueror, if he finds his yoke easy; and he will answer: "It is bitterer than death." Ask the sensualist who has pursued pleasure until pleasure has turned upon him with a whip of scorpions—who has lived in self-gratification until the last Sodom apple has changed to ashes on his lips—whether his yoke is easy. Now, ask the old father sitting with his Bible on his knee, burdened with his years,

and searching out with dim eyes the exceeding great and precious promises, how he has found Christ's burden; and he will tell you that it has been light as the feathers on a bird's wing, with which it mounts toward the skies. But why is this? What makes the Christian yoke easy, while all others are so heavy to be borne?

It is because His yoke is always for two. It is not His will that any of His followers should bear it alone. Did He not say, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?" No friend is so near; He is nearer than seeing nearer than touching. His help is more than sympathy; omnipotence is behind it.

Have you been making a brave effort to conquer a darling sin? Have you gone out full armed with holy purpose to overthrow a habit that has gained dominion over you? and have you failed, failed again and again ignominiously? Ah, my friend, you left Him out of the reckoning! Try it again, and try it with Jesus at your side; the Mighty One who never lost a battle, and who longs to fulfill to you His great promise, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against you." It is not you alone who are to get the better of your sins; it is Christ and you.

Have you a difficult duty to perform? Do you shrink from it as hard and forbidding? Remember that this yoke is for two, and when you go to meet this responsibility, say to yourself, "Not I, but Christ and I."

Have you been offering a prayer for years, and mourning because there was no answer nor any that regarded—a prayer, perhaps, for the conversion of a dear friend or the reclaiming of a wayward son? You have sprinkled the mercy-seat with your tears in vain, crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Alas for your intercessory success! You have made your prayer alone. Now kneel again at the mercy-seat and feel that close beside you is kneeling the One who ever liveth to make intercession for you, and say within your heart, "It is not I who make this prayer, but Christ and I."

We are appointed as ambassadors to preach the gospel of salvation, ascend our pulpit stairs with trembling knees, saying, "Who is sufficient unto these things?" O brethren of the ministry, we forget. This is not our work; we are but underlings. We do not preach alone; He stands beside us in the sacred place. It is not I, but always Christ and I. "Lo I am with you," is His word. And ours should be, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

#### Why the Yoke is Easy.

The yoke is also easy by reason of the *mens conscia recti*; that is, the sense of doing right. In all the world there is nothing so uplifting as a good conscience. I know that it is right to love God. I know that it is right to surrender myself as a living sacrifice to the Lord Christ, who gave Himself for me. I know that it is right to spend and be spent in the behalf of my fellow-men. If a bad conscience makes cowards of us all, by the same token a good conscience nerves the heart and strengthens us like a girdle about our loins.

An old chronicler says of St. Perpetua that as she was brought from her dungeon and led under the great arch to the arena, her inquisitor called her attention to the roar of the lions and said: "There is yet time to speak the word and live." She laid her hand upon her heart and answered: "I have that here which makes me fearless," and so passed on to death. As the wild-beasts fell upon her, she lifted her eyes and hands to heaven and sang: "Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." A little later her mangled body was carried out on a bier; and the old bishop of the city laid his hand upon the blood-stained face, gently parted the clotted hair, and said: "I give thee this joy, my daughter!" A strange word at such a moment. And yet why not? There is nothing better in heaven or on earth than the sense of right doing. There is nothing better to live by, nothing better to die by.

#### The Reward.

And there is still another consideration which makes the yoke easy and the burden light; that is the great reward. No man hath given up aught for Christ but that he shall receive in this present time an hundredfold and in the time to come life everlasting.

In this present time an hundredfold! Here is a rare investment in gold-bearing bonds. If there were no eternity, if there were no heaven, the service of Christ pays for itself here and now. We take of the grapes of Eschol before we reach the Promised Land. There are moments when we enter the closet bowed down under great burdens and meet the Lord; and presently come forth with something glistening on our eyelashes and something throbbing fast in our veins, to tell of a joy the world cannot give, a joy which is found only in communion with God. These are earnest, foretastes partial payments for our encouragement along the way. They are like the chaff which was thrown upon the Nile, to tell the starving people by the Delta that there was plenty and to spare in Joseph's granaries higher up. They are momentary joys given to cheer up while we bear the heat and burden of the day.

How little will seem all the cares and burdens and cross bearings of this present life when we are yonder. In the time of King Herod an indiscreet youth named Agrippa was fond of singing the praises of his friend Caligula, who had a presumptuous claim to the throne. For this he was cast into a dungeon and loaded with chains. One day there was a footfall in the corridor and a voice cried: "Caligula reigns! Long live Caligula!" The door was thrown open and Agrippa was led forth. Purple was exchanged for his rags, a tetrarchy for his narrow cell; his chains were weighed and their weight in gold was given him. O friends, the crowning day is coming when we shall triumph over all. Then what shall be the joy, the satisfaction, the honorable promotion, of those who have followed and faithfully served Him?

Is there one among you who is cast down and discouraged? Has the way seemed rough, the burden heavy? Have you been thwarted, opposed and perhaps inclined to give up? Take heart, my friend, *Per crucem, ad lucem! Per aspera, ad astra!* By the rough road to the stars! I hear the songs of heaven coming this way. I see the light streaming through the gates. The odors of the King's garden flow toward us. O the hosannas and hallelujahs! The glory dazzles like a sunburst. Life! Life! eternal life!

#### Why I Became an Abstemious.

BY B. W. RICHARDSON, M. A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Dr. Richardson, of London, author of the celebrated "Cantor Lectures on Alcohol" and "The Temperance Lesson-Book," published by the National Temperance Society, gives his reason for abstinence in an address in Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, from which we take the following:

"Let me say, that at the commencement of the labors which brought me to the conclusion above stated, I had no bias in favor of or preconceived opinion respecting alcohol.

"Like many other men of science, I had been too careless or too oblivious of those magnificent labors which the advocates of temperance, for its own sake, had, for many previous years, through good report and evil report, so nobly and truthfully carried out. But for what may be called one of the accidents of a scientific career I might, indeed, to the end of my days, have continued negative on this question.

"The circumstance that led me to the special study of alcohol is simply told. In the year 1863, I directed the attention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, during its meeting at Newcastle, to the action of a chemical substance called nitrate of amyl, the physiological properties of which I had for some months previously been subjecting to investigation. My researches attracted so much attention that I was desired by the physiological section of the association, over which Professor Rolleston most ably presided, to continue them, and, in the course of pursuing them, other chemical substances, nearly allied to that from which I started, came under observation. Amongst