

Pastor and People.

Father Chiniquy's Lecture on "Christ, the Gate of Heaven."

DELIVERED IN COTE STREET CHURCH, ON SUNDAY, 16TH FEBRUARY.

After prayer and reading of the 10th chapter of John's Gospel, Father Chiniquy made a few introductory remarks concerning the Shepherd and his sheep, illustrating the subject by scenes that he had witnessed in France of the care of shepherds for their flocks, and the intelligent affection exhibited by the sheep towards their shepherd.

Christ came to make known a great yet simple mystery, that God loves the sinner, and that He, the Good Shepherd, was to lay down His life for the sheep that had gone astray in the world's wickedness. David, long before, had had some intimation of this, when he was able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd!"

As a priest, he had believed that Jesus was hard to find and dangerous to approach. Jesus, as your priests tell you, is angry with you. But as the mother has a more sympathetic nature and greater love than the father, so the Virgin will receive you, while God would cast you out. Hence, in the words of the litany, you have cried, "Mary, gate of heaven, pray for me!" As a priest he had prayed thus to the Virgin; but now in John's Gospel he had learned that Christ only is the door.

Those who say that Mary is the door of heaven are what the scriptures call them—"thieves and robbers." Can you hope to please the Virgin by blaspheming Christ, who is the only door. This is a serious matter. As for the Virgin, I say nothing against her. God forbid. She is the mother of Jesus after the flesh. Woo to him that contemns her who was blessed among women; the loving heart that bled for her Son; the last at the Cross, where all the disciples forsook the dying Saviour!

Tell your priests to read to you the 10th chapter of John, or come to me and I will read it to you. There, in that Divine Word you will find that Christ is the only door. (Here a young man tried to interrupt the speaker, but was summarily ejected from the church and handed over to the police by part of the efficient guard that occupied the more important posts in the building, meeting with little sympathy even from his fellow countrymen.)

Father Chiniquy said that he was himself a man of years and learning, and that his time was too important for discussions with children. Let them bring a priest or an educated man, and he would gladly meet and dispute with him. He spoke of all he had lost in leaving Rome, and what he had suffered, and thus won the entire sympathy of the vast assemblage.

Who are you to believe—the Pope or the Bible in regard to the gate of heaven? If I were to present myself before your wife, and to say, "Madam, you are the Queen of England, or the Empress of France," would you not turn me out of doors as an impudent fellow or a lunatic? Yet we read in the books of Rome that all the graces of heaven come to us through the Blessed Virgin. Again, they say God gave to Christ the office of judgment, but to Mary that of mercy. Go and say this to the Virgin, and if she could reply to you she would answer, "I have saved none, and never can. It is my Son Jesus Christ who has done all."

Here is the reason why the priests will not let you read the Bible. You would learn that the Bible and the Roman Church, Christ and the Pope, are opposed to each other. "Who is my mother and my brethren?" asks Christ; and Himself answers, "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven." Christ, as the first Protestant, protest against the worship of the Virgin. He will have no other being worshipped but Himself. Has He not a right to be a jealous God, seeing all He has suffered and done for us. It is Christ and not the Protestants who tells you that if you love Him He regards you equally with His mother.

The priesthood refuses to allow you to read the Bible, not because it is too obscure—but too clear. So once England was under similar bondage; but bishops and priests, and almost all the people, got the Bible, left the Roman Catholic Church, and turned to the truth. God grant that Canada, my beloved country, may do the same.

Read with me the story of the marriage of Cana in Galilee. See how Jesus almost repels His mother: "Woman, what have I to do with thee." But, on the other hand, read Liguori's "Glories of Mary." There is a vision of two kindlers; on one is Jesus, on the other Mary. After having vainly tried to ascend that on which Jesus was, the worshipper hears a voice which says, "If you will enter heaven, you must get on the ladder of Mary;" and thereupon her hand was extended to lift him up. Ah, this is not Christ at all! He says, "Come to me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Again Father Chiniquy spoke in terms of the utmost admiration of Mary's character, and affection for her. She never abandoned her Son; yet, on the cross, that Son committed her to the care of John. There were two thieves crucified with Jesus, and one repented. He wished to get to heaven. Did he turn to Mary and say, "Your Son is hard and pitiless; pray intercede with Him for me." Would she not have repelled him with words like these, "Ignorant and ungrateful one! Can you behold my Son dying for sinners, and doubt His love?" No; he turned to Jesus, and that day was with Him in Paradise. That was 1800 years ago. But what are 1800 years to God? It is the same Saviour yesterday, to-day and forever, that is crucified for you and calls you to Himself. Oh, friend, come to Jesus! He will receive you. He never cast any out.

Jesus loves sinners, though he hates sin. Then Father Chiniquy very touchingly and naturally related the story of the woman who was a sinner, and the parable of the lost sheep. It is Christ alone who saves you, and who is so willing to save all that come to Him. It is to insult His dying love, to insult the Virgin herself, to have recourse to her rather than to Him. Do not go to Mary or the Saints, but straight to Christ. Then there will be joy in heaven among the angels and saints of God, and the Virgin herself will rejoice over the soul saved by Jesus. Oh, to see Canada, my beloved country, coming to the feet of that adorable Redeemer!

At the close of the meeting, more than a thousand friends of father Chiniquy escorted him to his lodgings, and thus effectually checked any evil intentions on the part of his enemies.

Brother Harkliss, or Changing Places.

A LESSON FOR PULPIT OR PEW.

An aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be sent, as so much of it usually is, in the travelling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me, brudder," replied Harkliss, with a piteous air.

"I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"So is mine, brudder!" exclaimed the visitor, with a dignity which startled the minister. "You and I both servants of de King, an' His business always quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help. I suppose, after the war. Well I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de de Church Universal, and dat has got de Mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn't go begging of nobody! I come to give and not to az, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort. I come up from my old home 'cause my chile and gran'chile was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on de banks of de Great Ledge as I ever 'specks to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere, as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songary in dere views, and mighty 'strolcheus in carryin' on 'em out. Dey got a notion—poor things—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's spirit, and that de arth yielded like it did afore de cuss fell on it—widout labour or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar ne man had to say to his neighbour."

"Love ye de Lord," kase dey all loved Him already. I told 'em dere was work and poverty and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I've seen Northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was too! But my chile dey 'plow'd' at me, and said 'mong demsels', 'Daddy, he's hind de times. If we goes he'll soon feller.' Now de was right dere, for dere to de Lord. I loves my chile and gran'chile. When I see dey was comin', I packed up my bundle and came too. It 'peared like I saw a great shinin' flagger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north."

"Dan says I, 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and whar I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work all laid out ready for me. So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; on de contrary, I wants to set you to work! Dat's what I'm com'ed here for dis mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked in a tone of surprise, "What do you mean, brudder?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sun days, and I've made up my mind dat you're off de track! You talk like it was a chance anyhow, whether we saints gets to heaven after all. Dere was too many 'ifs' in you; sermons. De Master hadn't no 'ifs' in His preachin'. His Gospel is 'Him dat believes shall be saved.' 'Him dat comes I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto Me, you dat is tired and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Dere is no condemnation to dem dat are in Christ Jesus.' 'Whar I am, dere shall My people also.' 'I give eternal life unto as many as My Father give Me, and none shall pluck dem out of My hands.' Isn't dat good gospel, sir?"

"Yes, and I believe every word of it," replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, thank you, for Satan to slip in by a trick and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Den why don't you tell people so? One sermon o' your'n was tellin' and 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord's people. Why dat sermon was morn' 'bout 'devil' all through! and another was 'Him de saints dat dey must do dis and dat and t'other, to get peace and comfort here and heaven beyond. If you believes dat Christ died and rose again, and dat 'kase He lives we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone for 'while in your preachin' (you'll get 'nuff to him widout makin' so much on him), and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat fear name, while I stays here in de flesh. I rises every mornin' to Christ, and I walks wid Him all day. Whon night comes I lies down and sleeps wid Him, like it was my last sleep, and I thought wcke next mornin' wid Him in glory!"

"I'm black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I'm fair and rich and fresh in His sight, kase I'm in Him. All dat He has got is mine, and dere ain't a king on arth dat old Harkliss would change wid. No, no, no!"

"But whils you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptances with Him, haven't you?" asked the minister, who was, by this time, seated meekly taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was 'eeding sorrowful, like de Master's when He was in de garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyond. I hated my ha' massa, and I most hated God too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de cane-brake all alone, a mile away from any livin' aratur'. I felt like I wanted to kill myself 'kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint in my soul what hell was; and as I sat dere a thought came into me and I spoke it out. 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words sheert me so't I sprang right off de ground whar I was lyin'! I was bewildered, I rakkons; for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back de dark night, and a light shined all 'round 'bout me I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor, aching head was leanin' on somebody's breast and oh, what a place dat was to rest on! Den a voice said, 'Come unto Me, poor, tired and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest.' Den I knowed dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of His Son in my soul. I've been a uow man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, like you risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin'; such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not!"

"I was a writer in dem days, and was a good deal wid de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, whon dey talked 'ligion; and used to forget dat night in de cane-brake; and fell into de fashion of de cane-folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my own way out of de swamp; but de more I tried de faster I stunk. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low til I was glad to get peace free; and to take away all chance o' bragging from me. He generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me; but dere was plenty else in me besides Him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother; it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of de tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"Oh well, it isn't no great story, but here it is.—Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsy, a sort of a preacher-like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she come down to her death bed, she done call all massa people and de neighbourin' black folks 'round her, 'kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lift up her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one pra'er of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsy's last pra'er. Bring dese poor chile'n into de light like you bring me into de light fifty years ago. Don't let Brudder Harkliss cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtin' of dy word which is truth! I humble proud Jenny, and in massy (mercy) punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring a t'rest to dy feet here, and to dy house up dere by-an'-by.' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sermon all to herself. She den call me. 'Come here, Brudder Harkliss, and take my cold hand in yours.' I went, and she said, 'Oh, servant! You's half de time barn' false witness again de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat His Word ain't for to be trusted,—dat He don't always speak truth!"

"No, no," says I, 'auntie, I never done dat; I trust Him wid all my heart.' 'Mebby you'd 'bout here on de verge o' heaven; but quick's you gets out you'll say 'Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not.' Harkliss, says she, 'de yo yo hebe' o' de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of His hands, and His name on your forehead!"

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun, as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says, 'Yes, auntie, He has told me time and again dat He is mine and dat I am His.' 'Do you believe He speak de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I know now He does. I sees His word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she. 'Harkliss, if you'd been as dis-respectful to your ownor as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone round sayin' he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll not keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! B-ter cut off yer right hand and pluck out yer right eye dan so doubt de truth of His Word. You is His, for He bought you wid His own precious blood; and as sure as He's in heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired, chile, and must go to sleep. Good night."

"Dere, sir, den was old Gimsy's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was 'Glory' fore de throne."

"Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out since. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, whar I can feel His presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may bes' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me, 'De Lord says dat I am His, and dat whar He am, dar shall I be also; and His Word endureth for ever.' Den de 'ifs' all fly off like they were unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me, only de

sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day. De Lord's chile'n got a good right to glory; and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such 'count on—can't take it 'way from 'em! Now my errant's done here. You stook to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people, and soon see them a trampin' on de world. Good-bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me write your name down brother; for I want to see you again and to know you better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"Hark-less—I don't guess I can 'member it, for it's nigh unto forty years since I learnt how to spell it from my young master. He said I was named after one of dem heathen's goddesses dat dey use to make behove dey had in old times. He s' 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He s' de fellow dat killed lions and monsters and such like wid his club. You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddess of all—Harkliss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brother Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, and sat down before the fire to meditate on the words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. Taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his flock whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of heaven.

Popery.

"Popery is playing for a great stake—for Britain's wealth, for Britain's power, for Britain's resources, that with these it may win the world for the Pope. That is what Popery is aiming at. To accomplish its ends it will speak smooth things as it suits; it will meek an humble as the lamb, or fierce as the tiger, and roaring as the lion. But Popery, however it speaks, is Popery still—black, dark, cruel as hell itself—the Popery of the Inquisition, the Popery of St. Bartholomew, the Popery that hunted to death the Waldenses, the Popery that has made Italy, Spain, and other countries what they are, and no words of priests or prelates will make us believe that this is ought else. Let no one be deceived by the fine words that Popery speaks. It is Popery always the same—more violent, more cunning, more audacious than ever; but the same old Popery, now crowned with infallibility. We would have believed that it was not the same Popery that persecuted in days of old had it put on sackcloth and ashes, and reported of its former doings, when it proclaimed its famous Decrees in 1870. Our answer to the appeal that Popery is now making to us is that we will have none of these—we will not have thy infallibility, thy immaculate conception, thy Mariolatry—we will not have thy penances, thy indulgences, thy masses, thy crucifixes, thy sacramental grace, none of thy cowed priests, nor ghostly fathers."—Reformed Presbyterian Magazine.

Take the Gospel Away, and What?

Take the gospel away, and what a mockery is human philosophy! I once met a thoughtful scholar who told me that for years he had read every book which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ. He said that he should have become an infidel if it had not been for three things:

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. I am to-night a day nearer the grave than last night. I have read all that they can tell me. There is not one solitary ray of light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind."

"Secondly, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley whar I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of a mother. I know that was not a dream."

"Thirdly," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I have three motherless daughters. They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you could blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."—Bishop Whipple.

Medieval Story of the True Cross.

"When Adam lay in his death sickness he sent Seth to Paradise to beg for some of the oil of the tree of mercy. The archangel Michael replied that the oil of the tree of mercy could not be given to men for the space of six thousand years; but instead, he gave to Seth a wand which he was to plant upon the grave of Adam after his death; or, as some say, a seed which he was to lay under his tongue. And presently Adam died, and Seth fulfilled the command of the angel. From the wand planted upon the grave of Adam, or, as some say, the seed set under his tongue, there grew a goodly tree. And by and-by King Solomon, seeing its goodness, bade them cut it down and fashion it for a summer house they were building for him. But the builders could not fit nor fashion it: first it was too large for its place, then too small; so they threw it aside, and cast it for a bridge across a stream in Solomon's garden. The Queen of Sheba coming to visit Solomon, was aware of the spirit of the miraculous virtue of this tree, and would not treat upon it, but fell down and worshipped it. And as she was gone she sent messengers to Solomon, bidding him beware of that tree, for on it should be hang ed one with whose death the kingdom of the Jews should pass away. So Solomon caused the tree to be buried deep in the ground. And later, the Jew unwares dug a well in the same place; this was the pool of Bethesda, and not only from the descent of the angel, but from the tree which was at the bottom of the well, the water dro' healing virtues. About the time when Christ's ministry drew to an end, the tree of its own accord floated to the surface of the water, and the Jews finding it ready to their hand used for a cross wherewith to crucify Christ."—Cornhill Magazine.

Quench Not the Spirit.

Quench not the Spirit! You quench Him in many ways—you quench him with your unbelief—you quench Him with the world—you quench Him with your folly—you quench Him with your lusts—you quench Him with your idle company. How awful! You quench your only light! You strive to put it out, and in doing so, to make your destruction sure. For without it, how can you find your way to heaven? O! beware of "doing, despite to the Spirit of grace." Beware of disbelieving His testimony to the Saviour; beware of denying His love; beware of resisting His power.

Quench not the Spirit! For if you quench Him, then what remains for you here but darkness; and what remains for you hereafter but the blackness of darkness forever?—Christian Treasury.

Immersion and Baptism.

The pithy and striking comment made by Dr. A. A. Hodge, in his "Commentary on the Confession of Faith," on the text 1 Cor. x. 1, 2, where the Israelites are said to have been baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, we have before quoted, but it is worth repeating. "The Egyptians who were immersed were not baptized, and the Israelites who were baptized were not immersed." The same point is put in a good-humored way in an anecdote told of Dr. S. H. Cox, who was conversing on the same subject when a Baptist friend suggested "that Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, had said that the Israelites 'were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea'; if this did not mean immersion, it would be hard to say what could." Dr. Cox, promptly, and with a smile, replied that "he thought it possible that the Israelites, in passing through the sea might have got a sprinkling from the waters, but he always supposed that immersion was a privilege reserved for Pharaoh and his hosts."

A Plan for Raising Salaries.

The plan we propose has the advantage of having been tested, and with success. One of our most eminent pastors in a south-western city tried it, and these are, as near as we can remember his words:—"My church kept getting behind in paying my salary. This was not the worst of it; they got behind in everything else. And as they did not pay up my salary, this was excuse enough not to help anybody or anything. I determined, after prayer and perplexity, to attack them at another point. So I said to them, 'You shall not wrong me and the church of God. You must give for the church work. I presented that year, with all the power I had, every cause that I could find in the church, urging them to give, and to several objects outside. I sent every body needing money, after them. It gave me a grand opportunity to touch them up indirectly in their account with me, which delicacy would not permit, and at the end of the year I found, to my amazement, that my church had given twenty-five per cent more to every church object, besides giving considerable sums for outside objects. My salary was all paid up, and at the beginning of the incoming year they increased the amount \$500.'"

One Sermon.

Jonah was but one man, and he preached but one sermon, and it was but a short sermon as touching the number of worlds, and yet he turned the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We be many preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, and yet the people will not repent and convert. This was the first fruit, the effect and the good that his sermon did, that the whole city, at his preaching, converted, and mended their evil living, and did penance in sackcloth. And yet here, in this sermon of Jonah, is no great seriousness, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor of painted eloquence; it was none other but "Yef forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It was no more. This was no great curious sermon, a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite; it was a rough sermon, and a sharp, biting sermon. Do you not here marvel these Ninevites cast not Jonah into prison? that they did not revile and rebuke him? They did not revile him nor rebuke him; but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon?—Bishop Latimer, 1590.

The New Testament.

"If you analyse the New Testament, you will find that it accords throughout with its title. First comes a history of the events on which this covenant is founded. The four Gospels contain an account of the life and death of Jesus Christ, through whom the offer of eternal life is made to the world. The book of Acts contains an account of the advent of the Holy Spirit, whom Christ promised to send after His ascension, and of the results in the early church of the work of the Spirit, through whom the promise of eternal life is secured to them that accept Him. These books are fundamental to those that follow; for the new covenant, of which Paul writes, and of the fulfilment of which John gives a glimpse, is all based upon the life and death of Jesus Christ and the advent of the Holy Spirit. Next to this history of the romances follow the 7 epistles, most of them by Paul, mainly didactic and philosophical; that is mainly devoted to explaining the necessity for such a covenant as the New Testament, or the nature of it or the conditions on which we can avail ourselves of it, or to urging the reader to accept it and comply with its conditions. Finally, the volume is appropriately closed with a prophetic picture, in the Book of Revelations, of the final fulfilment of the new covenant or agreement of God with His people in the second coming of Jesus Christ, the complete and final overthrow of sin and suffering, and the manifest and perfect triumph of God and goodness throughout the universe."—Evangelical Magazine.