

Editor and People.

Religious Journals.

One of the great natural needs of the world is a newspaper. The desire for one was evident long ago as Paul's time, when it was said of the Athenians that they did nothing else than to tell or hear some new thing.

The Boston Record began the campaign of religious journalism in this country in 1816; but the work has gone until now all the denominations of Christians have their organs of information, while there are other newspapers which, discarding and overlooking the bounds between the different denominations, work for the evangelization of the people irrespective of religious party.

I argue to-night in behalf of the taking of religious newspapers into all the families of the Church and of the world. You take a morning paper—perhaps two morning papers. You take an evening paper—perhaps two evening papers. They are secular. Certainly the ought to be a religious newspaper in every Christian household.

But how unutterably stupid is that Christian man who sits down with no religious newspaper, ignorant of the grand achievements of Christ's kingdom. During the last war, the army was divided into three divisions. You watched their marching, you read the list of the killed and the wounded. You kept yourself well informed in regard to the victory or the defeat of those armies; yet have you no interest in the fact that there are scores of divisions in Christ's army, all in the field to-day?

I argue also in behalf of taking religious newspapers in all the families of the Church, because we need something to preach to us all the week long. We go into the house of God, we hear the Gospel for an hour on Sabbath morning, and an hour on Sabbath evening. But we want something on the stand, something on the library shelf, something by us to preach on Monday, on Tuesday, on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, and on Saturday. We want a religious newspaper, that we may take it up five minutes while we are waiting for breakfast, that we may take it up in the half-hour of leisure after tea. It may be we only have time to read a sonnet about Christ or about heaven, or read some call to a heavenly life, or learn some fact in regard to Christ's kingdom.

Again: in your choice of religious newspapers, I would advise you to seek those that are out-and-out evangelical. If you have in your house for one or two years a paper that is shaly shally, at the end of that time you will be occupying a position in religion that is shaly shally. The man who tries to carry water on both shoulders will succeed in keeping those on both sides of him sopping wet! You take a religious newspaper which hardly knows whether Christ is God or not, and you will end a Unitarian. You take a newspaper that does not know whether there is a hell or not, and you end a Universalist. You take a newspaper whose editor believes that he

heard once or twice spirits knocking around about his table, or on all fours going across the room, and you will end a spiritualist.

There is nothing more pestiferous in a household than a religious paper, un-sound on the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel.

Select those papers that will give you help for both words. Such a paper will teach you how to be a better man, to be a better woman, to be a better child. It will help you in merchandise, in mechanism, in your studio, in your law office, in your school teaching—in anything you are called to do. But, above all, if it is the right kind of a paper, it will open before you the gate of heaven. A religious newspaper that calls to no repentance, exhibits no Christ, kindles the soul with no exultant anticipation of heaven, is a dead failure. A religious paper that pretends to tell you how to live in this world without telling you how to prepare for the next world, will help you neither for this nor for that. Oh! that all our religious journals might come up to a higher standard of influence. May God help us to an intelligent and saving choice in the selection of religious news papers.—Rev. T. D. Tabmage.

The Living Vine.

I do not know a more expressive or suggestive portrait of the true church of the Lord Jesus Christ, than that which our blessed Lord presents in the opening part of the 10th chapter of John. He likens himself to the vine, full of life and vigour, he likens all true Christians scattered throughout the world, by whatever name they may be distinguished or branded among mankind, as the living branches united to that vine. And he tells them that the fruit they bear is the evidence of their living union with him, and gives, by its fragrance and its plentifulness, glory to him who grafted them on the vine, and he invites to accept the blessed relationship them that are by nature aliens, and strangers, and foreigners, without God, without Christ, without hope in the world. It is easy to see, therefore, what is true Christianity. It is no incorporation with a church, however excellent, it is not a name, however musical; it is not a profession, however loud; it is not a subscription to a creed, but it is a living, vital, the most close, the most intimate, union and communion with Christ, the vine, the root, the life, the way, the truth. Are we not united with him? The best evidence that we are is the fruit we bear, and if we be not united unto him, our privileges will only aggregate our ruin, our light will only guide us steps to misery. Were men to think less of the church they belong to, and more whether they are branches of the living vine, the whole church would be happier, Christ's cause would spread faster, and the people would make ready for the coming of the Lord. Our Lord tells us that "every branch that beareth not fruit, he taketh away."—Cumming.

Tenderly.

The gospel is love, and must be preached from the heart. We are sent to the sick, to heal, help the weak, lead the blind, save the lost, and that can only be done by a tender, sympathizing ministry. The same truth is not the same when uttered in a combative spirit. The love of God, the tears of Jesus, become hard and repulsive when the preacher is a combative frame; and wrath becomes subduing, drawing, when poured out of a soul inspired by love. We have heard hell portrayed in a style that made men angry with God, caused the feeling that he delighted in torment, gloated over the horrors of the lost, took profound satisfaction in the darkness and miseries of perdition; and we have heard it presented so regretful, so much as Christ spoke of it, with such deep sorrow and concern as to make the impression that it is an infinite hardship and grief to God to banish a soul to the regions of woe. We are unfit to preach any truth of the gospel, unless deeply moved by the love and sympathy, and ought never to touch upon the awful fate of the lost when our hearts are cold, or combatively excited. It is a terrible thing to be lost, and a cruel thing to have the danger forced upon one's attention in a flippant style, with the impertinence of a casuist, or indifference of a stoic. Only under the highest inspiration of love should one venture upon this solemn and awful theme.

The Want Met by Christ.

Strauss neglected in his work the point which should have been most essential—the origin of Christianity, the supreme and critical epoch in which the doctrine arose. Liberty and the republic had died in Rome. The philosophers of Greece had been converted, with the Stoics, into practical moralists. Jerusalem, which always endeavoured to preserve its God apart from the world, experienced the desire of the Sadducees to give Him in communion to all nations and make Him known to all the world. The deserts were filled with saints, with ascetics and hermits; who clamorously demanded the dew of heaven for their desolate, thirsting souls. In Egypt, wherever there passed a conqueror, a tribune, or a poet, the people asked if this was he they hoped for. Alexandria brought together the ideas of the East and West, as if to form a new dogma. The Ebionites and Essenes were scattered about Jerusalem, making public profession of poverty, with the presentment of the rich renovation of the spirit. The Gnostics brought in vague echoes of the Oriental religions, reflections of the early twilight of the religious conscience. And all this crisis was collected and personified in a youth of the most benighted religion, the most oppressed people, the divine Youth who annihilated religious caste and gave His life for the two grandest ideas of future civilization, for the moral liberty of our souls and religious equality before God for all men.—Emilio Castelar, in Harper's Magazine for May.

ALL good comes from God and must be ascribed to him.—Starks.

Romanism and Liberty.

(From the Christian Register, May 15.)

Romanism is not one thing in Germany or Italy and another thing in America; it is a worldly kingdom, with a worldly animus, and looking to worldly ends, which it seeks to accomplish by worldly means. That all this is disguised under religious professions and ceremonial, and marches to its conquests in the name of God, does not change the fact, except to make it more alarming. The more sincere and earnest the human instruments of such a monstrous despotism may be the worse for the liberties of mankind.

At the conferring of the berretta on the new American Cardinal, in only one of these documents addressed to him was John McCloskey saluted as "Prince;" and nothing could be finer or fairer than his own declaration of the firm attachment of Catholics to American institutions. But beside the throne of this most Christian prince stood one silent figure—an Italian nobleman in the uniform of the Papal Guards. As the gorgeous and impressive scene dissolved, the last object which disappeared from the eyes of the wondering multitude was the guardsman—a soldier with a sword dangling from his belt. Very stately and as the handsome Italian nobleman, standing a little apart from the ecclesiastics in the grand tabernacle; very picturesque is the uniform of a soldier of the Pope; by all means let us admire it, was it not designed by Michael Angelo nigh four hundred years ago? And why is it here, but as a pretty bit of accessory in the superb and painted pageant? Do Americans know what use Peter may have for a sword? Do Catholics know? Does it represent in New York a thing quite different from the same sword, never long in its sheath, beside the papal throne in "Rome as it was"? Bloody centuries are behind us; there is no higher reading than Church history. Let us close it up, and trust that the Church has learned something from the world. Certainly, let us say, this sharp knife of the priestly butchers has become a plaything, a relic, and is going innocently on its way to some museum of the near future. Still, as Popes are Popes, clothed with an authority which no man may question without peril of eternal burnings, and as, being infallible, they cannot reasonably be expected to change merely to suit the whims of an upstart democracy, let us turn our faces to a few facts, since we cannot turn the facts to our faces. An "Old Catholic" book of 1870—"The Pope and the Council"—shall be our authority:

It is a fact that in 1868—not yet gone into antiquity as far as we might wish—the Court of Rome entered into a Concordat with the Republics of South America, in the eight article of which "it is laid down that the civil authorities are absolutely bound to execute every penalty decreed by the spiritual courts."

It is a fact that in 1864, there was published, in the *Allegemeine Zeitung*, a statement addressed by the present Pope—whom heaven protects from mistake in such matters—to Count Beaulieu, wherein, "the power of the Church over civil government, and its direct jurisdiction in temporal matters, is expressly guarded."

It is a fact that the *Civiltà Cattolica*—a Roman paper which Pius IX. has commended in a "Brief" as being "the purest journalistic organ of true Church doctrine"—in an article on the power of the church, which appeared some time before the meeting of the Vatican Council, "maintains the necessity of the Church visiting her opponents with fines, fasts, imprisonment and scourging, because without this external power the Church could not last to the end of the world."

It is a fact that the present Pope—speaking, let us not forget, with the only voice that can announce the contents of the Divine Mind with authority—has formerly condemned as "error" the doctrine that the Church cannot rightly employ "temporal power," that is, force.

It is a fact that in 1868—only one prophetic "week" ago—Pius IX. issued an allocation declaring "null and void" the new liberal Constitution of Austria, which allowed Protestants and Jews to set up schools, and which required that the cemeteries of the Church—created, we suppose, by public expense—should be used for the burial of heretics who had no burial-place of their own. Thus did the "apostolic" power at Rome claim political supremacy over the Austrian Empire.

It is a fact that every Roman Catholic bishop—and every authority adds every teacher in the service of the Church—takes an oath, "to maintain, defend, increase, and advance rights, honors, privileges and authority of our lord the Pope."

It is too much to say, that just so surely as the President of the United States would violate his oath should he fail to wield the great powers of his office in maintaining supremacy of the Constitution, so surely Cardinal McCloskey and the whole body of archbishops and bishops who acknowledge his authority as a prince of the Church, will violate their sworn obligation to that Church if they shall fail to wield steadily and persistently the whole power of the Catholic population and the Catholic institutions—so far as these are under their influence or control—for the purpose of establishing the will and authority of "their lord the Pope" as the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding.

It would be monstrous injustice to accuse the mass of American Catholics or their priests of being in a secret conspiracy against their own liberties and ours. They are conscientiously innocent of any such wickedness, and we need not wonder at a measure of indignation in their honest disavowals. But it may some day appear to have been a piece of stupidity equally monstrous should we and they fail to calculate the direction and force of a system which lodges the supreme power of Christendom in the hands of one man, and makes the most devout priest his subaltern. It is an amiable fashion, just now, to prophesy smooth things; to take for granted that these mediaeval claims of the Papacy are obsolete; to scout as "alarmists" all who

point to the unwelcome facts and growing danger; to compliment the enterprise, piety and charity of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Piety? charity? What has Papi pretension or Papi infidelity to do with these virtues but to deforma them and use them as a part of its capital? Nobody in America or Europe has any quarrel with Catholic piety and charity. But we would "take care that liberty receives no detriment," we must not allow the plea of piety and charity to delude us into any concession which may tolerate intolerance. And when the controversy which again thr at ens to shake Europe shall fairly open in America, we must be prepared to stand still by the standard of impartial liberty and impartial law, guaranteeing to every religious corporation the rights of other corporations, and no more, and to every priest, bishop or Cardinal—or to the Pope, if he please to come—the general rights of other citizens, and no more.

"Catchin' Souls."

Then there's just one thing more about this catchin' souls. 'Tis a most so good for ourselves as us for those we try to save. There's nothin' else, I believe, that'll make a man so watchful an so careful about all he says an' does as this will. When I used to go fishin' with a rod and line, an' caught sight of a big fish under the bank, why I could keep so still as a raccoon for half a day. Other times we might run about on the bank an' jump about so much as we liked. But now a shadow musn't fall 'pon the water, there musn't be a sound, only just lettin' the bait drop in, so gentle and quiet. Ah, you go an' try to catch a soul, if you want to be watchful! No lasty words then, that would scare the soul away in a minute. No bit o' quick temper or angry ways, that would spoil it all. Pick out your soul and begin to pray for it. Only set to work the right way. It isn't those who try, but those who try in the right way—the wise—that shall shine as the stars. An' as for wisdom, for all 't is the rarest thing in the world, bless the Lord we can get so much of it as ever we mind to, and all for nothing. 'If any of you, never mind how dull a scholar he is, or how big a fool he is, 'if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and a plentifully not, and it shall be given him. So let us all say as Simon did, an' mean it, too, by the Lord's help 'I go a-fishin.'—Daniel Quorn and his Religious Notions, by the Rev. M. G. Fears, in the City Road Magazine.

Mr. Spurgeon's Cow

My grandfather was a very poor minister, and kept a cow, which was a very great help in the support of his children—he had ten of them—and the cow took the "stagers" and died.

"What will you do now?" asked my grandfather.

"I cannot tell what we shall do now," said he, "but I know what God will do; God will provide for us. We must have milk for the children."

The next morning there came £20 to him. He had never made application to the fund for the relief of ministers; but on that day there was £5 left when they had divided the money, and one said, "There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down on Essex, suppose we send it to him." The chairman—a Mr. Morley of his day—said, "We had better make it £10, and I'll give £5." Another £5 was offered by another member, if a like amount could be raised to make it up to £20; which was done. They knew nothing about my grandfather's cow; but God did, you see; and there was the new cow for him. And those gentlemen in London were not aware of the importance of the service which they had rendered.—Spurgeon.

The Revival Services in London.

The revival meetings commenced again on Friday with a noonday prayer-meeting at Her Majesty's Opera-House, which was again crowded. In the afternoon the place was again filled in every part. Previous to the commencement of the service notice was given that a large convention of ministers would be held next week in reference to the past work now going on. Mr. Moody then asked Mr. Sankey to sing the 32d Hymn. Mr. Sankey said he had received a large number of letters requesting him to sing the favourite hymn, "There were ninety and nine who safely lay in the shelter of the fold," and as he would like to comply with the request he preferred to sing it. Mr. Moody then preached on "Hell." He said he had previously preached on Heaven, and as most all present believed the Bible, they must believe Christ's Word and warnings in reference to the torments of the wicked in a future state. He then quoted a number of passages of Scripture, dwelling chiefly on the passages, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." After depicting the horrors of such a place, he said that there would be no kind friends there to soothe the burning brow or cool the parched lips. No kind mother there as now with so many. In conclusion he said there were many mothers who so loved their children that they would not even allow their daughters to go out into the streets of London for fear they should get into bad company, and yet there were many parents who permitted their children to live in the rounds of pleasure which would eventually sink them in hell. Did those mothers who allowed their children so to do ever think for one moment that their daughters if they went to hell would be shut up for ever with the harlots and the prostitutes, the thieves and the murderers, together with the devil and his angels, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. He concluded with an earnest appeal to decide and come to God at once for mercy and for life. After the singing of another hymn the proceedings closed with prayer and benediction, and many afterwards stayed to the inquiry meeting. The Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Westmeath occupied the Royal box. Among the ministers on the platform were the Bishops of Ely and Melbourne. The other meetings were as usual, largely attended.

No Sheaves.

A suffering child of God, who was lately laid in her grave, said to her pastor a few hours before she died, "I feel as if I were going to heaven without any sheaves." She had lingered long with consumption, which wasted her young life away just as she had finished her first score years; and her chief wish for a longer life was that she might "do more for Him who had done so much for her."

But the patient sufferer knew not how her quiet testimonies for Christ, and her exemplary submission to his will, and her latest joys rising even into rapture, had ministered to those who saw and watched her during her illness. And she went home with her pale, thin hands full of golden sheaves—the sheaves of sanctified trial and ripened faith.

The garner of our Lord is full of such harvestings. Active exertion is not the only way of ingathering. The passive virtues are often the most fruitful. They are the only sheaves which multitudes of God's reapers can gather. In the stirring external Christian work of our times these truths are apt to be forgotten or overlaid. Our Saviour's obedience was both active and passive, and his followers should never forget the prominence which is always given in the Scriptures, not merely to his expiatory sufferings, but also to those which were sympathetic and exemplary. To know "the fellowship of his sufferings" is to know also "the power of his resurrection." And they are greatly mistaken who think that "no sheaves" are to be gathered in the Valley of Humiliation. In no part of the wide harvest field are there more of those who "go forth weeping, bearing, precious seed," and who shall "doubtless come again, bringing their sheaves with them."—Christian Intelligencer.

Random Readings.

"THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver." INWARD spiritual power lies in humility.—Heubner.

CHRISTIANITY sanctifies even our physical life.—Ibid.

THE Christian church is a garden; ministers the gardeners.—Heubner.

THE more gifts received from God the more cause to be humble.—Ibid.

NOTHING is sharper and more penetrating than rebukes of love.—Starke.

OLD Adam does everything for himself. The New Adam does everything "unto the Lord."

SHALL I grudge to spend my life for him who did not grudge to shed his blood for me?—Beveridge.

"HE that passeth by, and meddeth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

TO the beautiful city of heaven there is but one gate. Do you know what it is? Christ says, "I am the door."

THE readiest and best way to find out what the future day will be, is to do present duty.

HARVEST never comes to such as sow not, and so experience will not, unless you do what God has commanded.

GOD is so gracious that although He is the source of all goodness, yet he rewards; His servants as if they had done it all.—Gosner.

BE satisfied with planting and watering. Should no crop ripen except it as God's will.—Starke.

IF you wish to live the life of a life and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, charitable, sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

WHAT, already satisfied! This is self-deception. Satisfaction, without hungering and thirsting, comes only when we "see God's face in righteousness, and awake in His likeness."—W. T. Deaser.

IT is not every suffering that makes a man a martyr, but suffering for the Word of God after a right manner, to wit:—In that holy, humble, meek manner which the Word of God requireth.

THERE is something great in the power of a Christian freeman; but no where does the devil baffle his little enapels more cunningly than right by the side of the temple of Christian liberty.—Deaser.

"IF I am enabled to look forward to death with comfort, which I thank God is sometimes the case with me, I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings. Death is always formidable to me, except when I see him disarmed of his sting, by having it sheathed in the body of Jesus Christ."—William Couper.

We must not hope to be mowers, And to gather the ripe, gold ears, Unless we have first been sowers, And water'd the furrows with tears. It is not just as we take it, This mystical world of ours; Life's field will yield, as we make it, A harvest of thorns or flowers.

MAN is like a harp strings, and the music of his soul's living strings is discordant; his whole nature wails with sorrow; but the son of David, that mighty harpist, has come to restore the harmony of humanity, and where his gracious fingers move among the strings, the touch of the fingers of an incarnate God brings forth the music sweet as that of the spheres, and melody rich as a seraph's canticle. Would God that all men felt that divine hand.—Spurgeon.

COVERTOUSNESS is a deep, desperate, planable sin. It is something which has got into the place of God, (Psalm xli: 6; Ezek xxxiii: 8). There is no sin more hardening and stupefying to the conscience. Covertousness involves the loss of power, cloastrous, honor, and grandeur, as well as money. For the infidelity of covertousness was I worth, and scolded him. I smote him by my messengers, by my word, and by my providences.