

## Contrary Winds.

BY REV. F. C. WRIGHT, TROY, N. H.

Mark 6: 48. He saw them distressed in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them, (R. V.)

Let us notice the picture: (1) Mark the lake: A little sheet of water, egg shaped, thirteen miles long and about six miles across. Lying there, just without the clasp of the Lebanon Mountains. Sunk in a deep depression, six hundred feet below the level of the neighboring Mediterranean Sea. Subject to the onset of very sudden and furious storms.

(2) Mark the rowers. The apostles of our blessed Lord. They were precisely in the way of duty. But we find that they were set upon by one of these sudden and furious storms. They were toiling in rowing, and that word toiling, as the authorized version has it, means buffeted and hard bested or as the revised version puts it distressed even to exhaustion. And all their distressful toil amounting to very little. Panting, breathless almost, with the tremendous labor of attempting to make head against so terrible a tempest.

(3) Mark the absent master: Alone. Praying. Regarding them. Both the storm and toll. He saw and noted. This man of Galilee is he who says, I am the Regarding One. In certain moods, to me, the most shining words in all the Scripture are just these: "And he saw them toiling or distressed in rowing." This is what the Person Christ is steadily saying to us, amid the storms, distresses, problems, disciplines of life, as really as he said it to those buffeted rowers in the pitiless clutch of that howling tempest. Yes, he still is saying, "It is I, be not afraid." Although he may seem to us, to be the delaying one. Even bear in mind, then, that the regarding one, the blessed master, though sometimes it seems that he is the delaying one most surely becomes the reaching one in his own time and way.

Keep on rowing, brother, sister. He will not fail you. Somehow, does not this picture appeal to you and seem in a most real way to set forth and symbolize parts and passages of your own experience? These contrary winds are certainly full of lessons to us. Let us attempt to gather a few:

(1) They teach us that sometimes the way of duty is precisely where there wind-gather and blow. Abraham was certainly in the way of duty when he got out of his country and from his kindred and from his father's house into the land that God should show him, as God ordered. And yet how he met the storms of trial!

Moses was certainly in the way of duty when, according to the command of God, he went to lead forth the Israelites from Egypt. How he met the storms of adversity from Pharaoh, from stiff-necked Israel, etc.

Daniel was certainly in the way of duty when he opened his window toward Jerusalem three times a day and kneeled upon his knees and prayed and gave thanks before his God. And yet how he met the storm of the lion's den!

Stephen was certainly in the path of duty and yet how he met the whelming storm of his martyrdom.

Paul was in the line of duty and yet think of the storms he met! How they raged against him! Listen to what is written in his second letter to the Corinthians, eleventh chapter and beginning at the twenty-third verse. In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once I was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, etc. Yes, even the Master met the storm of the cross in the way of the Father's will. Storms often strike in the way of duty. Let us be prepared to meet them.

(2) Note some of the contrary winds: (a) Homelessness. Young man in the great city. (b) Harassing winds which spring out of our environment. Temptations in associations. (c) Winds of obstacle. There may be a thorn of some kind. (d) Then there is the contrary wind of bereavement. Oh, how this tries us, and sometimes what prolonged effects it produces in many instances. But how consoling to hear the regarding one say, "It is I, be not afraid." I am with thee, I will go with thee through it all. Let us grip his hand as never before. He rescues by inward stilling, in the special impartation of his own peace. My peace I give and leave with thee. What an invaluable boon at such a time!

(3) Observe here some advantages of these contrary winds. (a) They keep from temptation. These disciples fighting this storm, could not be caught by the popular clamor on shore to crown Jesus a merely temporal king. It might at times seem salutary to be removed just a little from certain popular movements whether they were worful or ever amounted to anything of importance or not, and if we were busy plying the oar of duty, we need have but little fear as to the issue. (b) They fit for higher service. These disciples, toiling in rowing thus, with their Master absent, were learning fitness for their great duty after his resurrection and ascension. May we learn well this lesson in each individual Christian life. Lastly:

(4) Seek heartening amid such hindering storms.

(a). Everybody must feel them. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (b). For many of such hindering winds you are not responsible. They simply come to you in the way of duty. Do not then unduly blame yourself. How many look differently at this matter, for instance: Something hard to endure has come into their life and home and we hear them saying, I wonder why God has brought this upon me! It is possible that much blame and worry is carried by them all because a wrong view and interpretations has been taken and given to the buffeting wind and trouble. (c). Keep rowing, anyhow, keep at the daily duty. Lay not down the oar in weakness and despair but make it a life and death struggle by clinching it with a determination to surmount every difficulty. God will be with you in it. (d) Jesus knows: Forget not this above all else. He saw them distressed in their rowing and he sees you dear fellow toiler, buffeted and harassed and weary at the oar of daily duty. (e). Jesus will come to your help at the right time and in the right way. He came thus to these disciples. Let us continue to seek heartening amid the raging tempest.

## Pulpit Fervor.

BY REV. THEODORE L. COVLER, D. D.

A member of the Stock Exchange told me, recently, that he had gone into one of the noonday services in Trinity church, and had listened with deep interest to an eloquent Lenten discourse by a young minister, which was delivered with such fervor that the sweat started on the speaker's face. After describing the effect on himself and other business men around him by this impassioned discourse, he inquired, "Why don't all ministers put more fire into their sermons?" This question of my friend, the stock-broker, is a very pertinent one for every man who addresses his fellow-men as the message-bearer from the living God.

The preaching of the gospel is spiritual gunnery; and many a well-loaded cartridge has failed to reach its mark from the lack of powder to propel it. Preaching is, or ought to be, a message bringing from the Almighty. The prime duty of God's ambassador is to arrest the attention of the souls before his pulpit—to arouse those who are indifferent, to warn those who are careless, to convict of sin those who are impenitent, to cheer those who are sorrow-stricken, to strengthen the weak, and to edify believers. An advocate in a criminal trial puts his grip on every jurymen's ear. So must every herald of gospel truth demand and command a hearing, cost what it may; but that hearing he never will secure while he addresses his audience in a cold, formal, perfunctory manner. Certainly the great apostle at Ephesus aimed at the emotions and the conscience, as well as the reason, of his hearers, when he ceased not to warn them night and day, with tears.

It cannot be impressed too strongly on every young minister that the delivering of his sermon is half the battle. Why load your gun at all, unless you can send your charge to the mark? Many a discourse containing much valuable thought has fallen dead on drowsy ears, when it might have produced great effect, if the preacher had had what the Trinity church preacher had—inspiration and perspiration. Many and many times a sermon that was quite ordinary as an intellectual production has produced an extraordinary effect by a direct and intensely fervid delivery. The minister who never warns himself will never warm up his congregation. I once asked Albert Barnes, "Who is the greatest preacher you have ever heard?" Mr. Barnes, who was a very clear-headed thinker, replied: "I cannot answer your question exactly; but the greatest specimen of preaching I ever heard was by the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, before my congregation during a revival. It produced a tremendous effect." Those of us who knew Mr. Kirk knew that he was not a man of genius or profound scholarship, but he was a true orator, with a superb voice and a pleading persuasiveness, and his whole soul was on fire with a love of Jesus and a love of souls.

It is not easy to define just what that subtle something is which we call magnetism. As near as I can come to a definition, I would say that it is the quality or faculty in a speaker that arrests the attention and kindness and the sympathy of auditors, and, when aided by the Holy Spirit, produces conviction in their minds by the "truth as it is in Jesus." The heart that is put into the speaker's voice sends that voice into the hearts of his hearers. As an illustration of this, I may cite the celebrated Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the rector of St. George's church, of New York, who was one of the most magnetic speakers I have ever heard, in the pulpit or on a platform. Every sentence he uttered went like a projectile discharged from a gun. I remember that one evening Henry Ward Beecher and myself were associated with him in addressing a public meeting called to welcome John B. Gough on his return from a temperance campaign in Great Britain. When we had finished our speeches, we went to the rear of the hall and listened to Dr. Tyng's rapid-

rolling oratory. I whispered to Beecher, "That is fine platforming." "Yes, indeed," replied Beecher; "he is the one man in this country that I am afraid of. I never want to speak after him, and when I have to speak before him, when he gets going, I wish I had not spoken at all." And yet Dr. Tyng's sermons or addresses, when put into cold type, lost most of their power! Everybody wanted to hear him; very few ever cared to read his books. His soul conveying power was in the pulpit.

It is an undoubted fact that pulpit fervor has been the characteristic of nearly all the most effective preachers of a soul-winning gospel. The fire was kindled in the pulpit that kindled the pews. The discourses of Frederic W. Robertson, of Brighton, were masterpieces of fresh thought and pellucid style; but the crowds were drawn to his church because they were delivered with a fiery glow. The king of living sermon-makers is Dr. Maclaren of Manchester. His vigorous thought is put into vigorous language and vigorously spoken. He commits his grand sermon to memory, and then looks his audience in the eye and sends his strong voice to the farthest gallery. Last year, after I had thanked him for his powerful address on "Preaching" to the thousand ministers in London, he wrote to me: "It was an effort; for I could not trust myself to do without a manuscript, and I am so unaccustomed to reading what I have to say that it was like dancing a hompipe in fetters." Yet manuscripts are not always "fetters;" for Dr. Chalmers read every line of his sermon with thrilling and tremendous effect. So did Dr. Charles Wadsworth, in Philadelphia, and so did Phillips Brooks, in Boston. In my own experience, I have as often found spiritual results flowing from discourses partly or mainly written out as from those spoken extemporaneously.

Finally, while much may depend upon conditions in the congregation, and much aid may be drawn from the intercessory prayers of our people, yet the main thing is to have the baptism of fire in our own hearts. Sometimes a sermon may produce but little impression; yet that same sermon at another time and in another place may deeply move an audience and yield rich spiritual results. Spiritual conditions may have some influence on a minister's delivery; but the chief element in the eloquence that awakens and converts sinners and strengthens the Christian in the union of the Holy Spirit.

Your best power, my brother, is the power from on high. Look at your auditors as bound to the judgment-seat, and see the light of eternity flashed into their faces! Then the more fervor of soul that you put into your preaching, the more souls you may bring to your Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.—Sel.

## Discovering a Man.

BY S. C. MITCHELL.

All are familiar with the remark of Sir Humphry Davy, when he was praised for his great discoveries, "My best discovery was Michael Faraday." This noble saying has long spurred my interest to know more of that famous "find," and on yesterday my curiosity was gratified by the perusal of Thompson's excellent "Life of Faraday." It is reassuring to our common humanity to learn that the generosity of the master was matched by the genius of the pupil; that, as one may well have suspected, there had been a double discovery—Faraday discovered himself before Davy enabled him to reveal his powers to the world. Faraday—the son of a London blacksmith, without schooling, apprenticed to a book-binder—thirsted for knowledge, read as well as bound the books, knocked boldly at the door of opportunity, and by the sheer weight of his talents forced an entrance. On the other hand, it is true that Sir Humphry did him an inestimable service by making him his assistant and valet. The story may well quicken the ambition of struggling youth and at the same time lead men in the meridian of their careers to encourage aspiring boys, however untoward their circumstances.

TENTATIVE STEPS.

The article on electricity in a cyclopedia which came into Faraday's hands to be bound first turned his attention to science. "I made," he tells us, such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder—a machine now sacredly preserved at the Royal Institution. Walking near Fleet street, he saw an advertisement of some night lectures on science; admission fee, twenty-five cents. With money furnished him by his brother Robert, a blacksmith, he attended twelve lectures. "During my apprenticeship in (1812) I had the good fortune, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, who was a customer of my master's shop, to hear four lectures of Sir Humphry Davy. Of these I made notes, and then wrote out the lectures in a fuller form, interspersing them with such drawings as I could make." He ventured to write Davy, telling him of his desire to study science, and sending lecture notes "as a proof of my earnestness." Sir Humphry first advised him to stick to his bookbinding, but later employed him