

be immersed. The woman died without being buried with *Christ* by baptism according to the interpretation of the passage by Baptists. Now here was a person of a sound mind who professed faith in Christ but whose bodily infirmities debarred her from being immersed. This, to my mind, is sufficient to refute all the arguments ever used by Baptists in favour of immersion. It was the custom some time ago to cut a hole in the ice in order to immerse converts, and I well remember, some thirty odd years ago, a young woman who was immersed in this manner and contracted a disease from which she never recovered. She confessed to a minister who attended her on her deathbed that the immersion was the cause of her death. D. K.

#### OBITUARY.

In the death of Elizabeth Lang, widow of the late John Jack, Chateaugay Basin, the Presbyterian Church has lost a true friend. She was a native of Greenock, Scotland. Her father was an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and she was a true child of the covenant, a Christian of that good old Scottish type that is passing away.

With her husband she came to Canada in the year 1833 and settled at Chateaugay Basin. Her influence and no small amount of time and toil were given to advance the interests of the church here struggling for an existence. Her home was known as "the ministers' home." Many who are in the ministry to-day will think of it as such, and will recall how her happy child-like disposition, combined with her energy and sound judgment, threw a charm over her life, which attracted all to her. Little children loved and matured people revered her. Her faith was manifested not so much in her words as in her sympathetic, untiring work for the intelligence, welfare, and happiness of all. The new church, now nearly completed, was dear to her. We hoped that she would witness its opening; but God willed otherwise.

After six weeks of gradually failing strength, during which judgment, memory, sight and hearing continued unimpaired, the long continued loving and loved one, on the morning of the 27th day of December, 1880, left for her home in the eternity above. Her age being eighty-six years and ten months, we can truly say, "She came to her grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." She is mourned by the community as one of the venerable pioneers to whom we are indebted for many of the present blessings of social and church life. She has left a large number of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who mourn her departure as a void made in the fire-side circle that can never be filled; but who mourn with bright memories of her past, and bright thoughts of her present and future. "The memory of the just is blessed." T. B.

THE Rev. Dr. John MacIntosh, of Belfast, Ireland, has declined the call recently presented to him from Chicago to succeed Dr. John Gibson. He has, however, accepted the one he received about the same time from Philadelphia. In doing so it seems that Dr. MacIntosh is only going home, as we learn from an exchange that he is a native of the Quaker City.

THE "Foochow Herald" states that another assault upon missionaries has taken place in China. This time (it says) it is not the Fohkien province, the place of the assault being Canton. The threatened outbreak at that place a few days ago, although not of serious import at the time, has not been without its evil results, as the following extract from a letter dated September 24th will shew: "The trouble of the Roman Catholic Cathedral had hardly subsided when a most daring and unprovoked assault was committed by the Chinese upon the Rev. Messrs. Selby and Morris, of the Wesleyan mission. It seems that these gentlemen intended to visit a place called She-kok, about sixty-five miles from Canton, after which they were to proceed further inland, for religious purposes. These two gentlemen arrived on September 24th, and upon passing a large crowd of people enjoying a 'sing song' loud murmurs were heard, denouncing the foreigners who created the disturbance at Canton, and both parties were at once assailed with threats of being drowned, and afterwards with stones and other missiles, Mr. Selby receiving a very bad cut on his wrist, both gentlemen barely escaping with their lives; in fact, they only did so by retreating towards the river and getting on board a boat, thus escaping further violence from the angry crowd."

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### I PRAY THEE HAVE ME EXCUSED.

The following are some of the reasons of the intelligent and moral classes for non-attendance upon church: The first case was a young man of twenty-eight, an accountant on a moderate salary. "And so you want to know why I don't go to church? Well, I appreciate your desire for exact information, but I don't know as we have ever drawn up and declared our reasons, have we, wife?" appealing to a little lady who was an interested listener. "The fact is," he continued, "we can't afford it; that is, we can't afford to hire seats where we want to go, and we have natural antipathies to dead-beating it. If it was absolutely indispensable to our souls' welfare for us to go to church somewhere, of course we could find a place. But we don't so regard it, and the places that are open to us under conditions where we would feel comfortable are the ones where we haven't the slightest desire to go." "There are seat rentals within your means, of course?" "Yes—and if one church, and one preacher, and one service, were as good as another, it would be all right. But they ain't. And nobody can make me believe that it is my duty to go and hear a man who murders the Queen's English, or reads a dull essay, or flaunts in my face doctrines that are abhorrent to me. I won't do it, that's all. I was brought up in an orthodox way, and don't dissent from the main facts of religion, as I understand it. I would like to go to church, for the habit of the thing, and for the good it does me, under proper conditions. There are the free seats and the free churches, of course. But how does a fellow feel in them who is in the habit of paying his way? It's a Potter's field for the living—that's about the size of it."

A widow lady gave the same reason that was given to a Chicago pastor by one of the financial pillars of his church for wanting him to leave. He was "tired of what you call the Gospel!" The lady remarked: "I don't go to church because I had too much of it in my youth. It was church morning, afternoon, and evening, and prayer meetings besides, for ever and ever—amen! I came to dread and then to hate it, and the first use I made of my freedom—my marriage, you understand, or you will understand if you get the right kind of a wife—was to stop going to church, except now and then to hear the music. Besides, I like new things, and it is the same old story from the pulpit."

The next was a music teacher: "I don't go to church regularly," she said, "because I can't dress well enough to feel comfortable where I want to go, if I go at all. If it were in the line of duty, or something that I felt to be essential, I would go in calico, if need were. But church-going is now largely either a fashion or a habit. I can't afford to be fashionable, though I don't deny that I should like to be. If I were able, and had been bred to it, I have no doubt I should don my camel's hair, my laces, my love of a hat, and my most modest diamonds, and sail into my reserved seat quite as a matter of course, without thinking at all of making the plain little thing in the back pew, in her poor best dress, feel as though she were sitting on pins and needles. I don't blame the fine dames at all. It is all natural to them. Only I do my penance in a less conspicuous manner."

A shop girl was asked. She replied: "My employer goes. He is one of the pillars of the church." "Well?" "That's reason enough why I shouldn't go. I know how he treats his help. We girls are barely able to keep soul and body together—and neither of them in good condition!—under the pitiful wages we can earn. Would you think Christianity did much for you, sir, if you were a poor girl, compelled to work for four dollars a week, and expected to dress and appear respectably, while your employer lived in a palace, and paid liberally to support a church, in which his operatives, who are popularly supposed to have souls, would be and feel as much out of place as in his house?" "But many employers do treat their help generously." "Yes; but they are quite as often world's people as so-called Christians; and then we girls are so shut in that we must look only at what is nearest to us."

The next was an employing blacksmith, an honest, fair-dealing man. "You do not habitually attend church, sir. May I ask why?" "Certainly. The church to me is a sapless trunk of a still standing tree. For me it has no fruit. And yet I go to church occa-

sionally. I go when any man of note is to be heard. I go to hear if he has any new ideas—if he has any convincing proofs to give me of an immortality which I hope for, and a hereafter which must accompany it. I tell you, I have hungered and thirsted for information on those things, but have never found any one to satisfy me—ministers least of all." "How long did you regularly attend church, and what denomination?" "I attended Sunday school and the Lutheran Church until I was about fifteen years of age. Up to the time I left the Church I had no religious convictions. There was nothing in the preaching that was attractive to me. It seemed wrong and cruel to my conceptions of justice and mercy and truth. It repelled me from the time I began to think, and the more I have thought of the doctrines preached, the more repellent they are to me."—*Examiner*.

### SERAPHIC FERVOUR.

I venture to ask that we shall interrogate ourselves to-day whether there be not a miserable self-consciousness in the pulpits and Sunday schools of all the churches, whereby preachers and teachers seem afraid to let loose the vitality that is in them. I must avouch that, in my judgment, refinement (so-called), and culture, and scholarliness, are sorry substitutes for such heart-warm, passionate (because compassionate), utterances as the multitudes heard from Richard Baxter. I can make allowances for dread of what is termed vulgarity, and enthusiasm, and fanaticism. I can, in a sort, sympathize with that fastidious reserve that dares not "lift up the voice," or startle the occupants of cushioned pews. I know it is a terrible thing to some—admittedly gentlemanly and scholarly, and really men of God—for I do not for a moment question the equal genuineness of their Christianhood—to have their pulpit bands awry, or their pulpit gowns tossed (I limit myself, as a Presbyterian, to Presbyterian pulpit gear)—something shocking to find forehead, or cheek, or lips perspiring. But as mainly addressing ministers of the Gospel, and students, and young men, I feel constrained to pronounce all that a profound mistake. Essays are not sermons, ethical or philosophical disquisitions are not messages; symphonious elocution is not preaching, but saying. The secret of Richard Baxter's prodigious vitality was his seraphic fervour. We urgently need more of it; more and still more. Without fervour there is no vitality; without vitality, no power. Above all, without fervour there is no sympathy, no electric laying hold of the people, no sending home of "Thus saith the Lord." I do not see how a preacher or teacher can hope to fire his hearers if he be not himself fired. I do not believe that it is possible, humanly speaking, to make men realize the momentousness of the truths declared unless these truths rouse and agitate the speaker himself, ay, though men should call it "frenzy."

It is far from my wish to lessen the amount of pains taken to inform, and cultivate, and dignify candidates for the ministry and other service, but I am increasingly convinced that if God's kingdom is to come by the preaching of the Word, the Gospel of salvation, the preachers must stand prepared, not only to be earnest, but to shew it; not only to declare the *whole* counsel of God, but by manner, and bearing, and tone, manifest that it is their own all in all; and that they believe that everlasting issues, for weal or doom, are suspended on acceptance or rejection. I summon all of us to work, not in frost but in fire; not only every sermon, but every phrase, shaped in the glow of a divine heat. It was because Richard Baxter was the most earnest man in England of his century that he wrought such work for God, and informed, with his own prodigious vitality, generations of men. I covet for to-day his seraphic fervour. I want to stir all whom I can reach, to put heart into their preaching and teaching, as well as brains.—*From Representative Nonconformist, by Dr. Grosart*.

### A POPULAR MINISTRY.

A ministry that pleases everybody, especially in the Presbyterian Church, may well suspect itself. Look at the doctrines we preach—human depravity, our Lord's true deity, the atonement on the cross, the personality and work of the Holy Ghost, the need by every man—the most amiable and cultivated—of being regenerated, the Bible the sole rule of faith, self-denial a part of true Christian living, retribution on the impenitent concurrent with natural immortality, the obligation of the Sabbath; and all this with a