

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### THE NECESSITY OF OUR REACHING THE MASSES.

Among the baccalaureate sermons, so numerous at this college season, that of President Seelye, of Amherst, is notable, because of the ability which marks all the work of the author, and especially because of the topic he has now treated. The social question, as the question of the future in America, was made the burden of the sermon. To enforce the arguments, attention was called to the fact, that there are a hundred thousand men in the United States to-day "whose animosity against all existing social institutions is hardly less than boundless. They are forming themselves into societies—sometimes secret, sometimes open, and they openly advocate on the platform or through the press, the destruction by fire, by the bullet, and by dynamite of the property, and the life of those whose way of living they condemn." The President then quotes from one of their journals called *Truth*, published in San Francisco, this amiable bit of dogmatics in dynamite. "When the labouring men understand that the heaven they are promised hereafter is but a mirage, they will knock at the door of the wealthy robber with a musket in hand and demand their share of the goods of this life now." And as leading up to this period of pike, gun and partition of property, we are told that a Sunday paper, *Die Tackle*, published in Chicago, has each letter of its title printed in flames on a background of smoke.

This, with much more like it, furnishes food for both graduates and post-graduates to reflect upon. That the rumbling under European thrones has, as a wave of earthquake which rolls under the sea, crossed to our continent, and sent trembling through our body politic none but an idiot or a demagogue will deny. But whether the sentence from *Truth*, quoted above, has not in it a grain of reason which needs to be planted in the thought of patriots and philanthropists, is not yet a matter of such common consent. Perhaps it may come to be. Possibly it will occur in some of those trying times, to which not only President Seelye, but all far seeing statesmen point ahead, that the nation will see how this firebrand editor of the Pacific Coast was right in his teaching. If heaven is but a mirage, if hell is but a ghost, or if men who reject the rule of Almighty God in this life will have plenty of time between death and the judgment to make things right, then why shall not the hardworking poor either have a share of the hoarded wealth of the rich, or throw away their lives in the effort to get it? Never has our country more needed than it does now a vertebrate theology. Never has our country had as it has now, a jellyfish construction of faith. Never was God smaller in the sermons preached, in the theologies taught, and in the consciences of men. And while He decreases, dynamite may surely be expected to increase.—*Christian-at-Work.*

### UNCROWNED HEROES.

It is rather a strange thing that most of the heroes of history are made famous by deeds of bravery in war, in which they have sacrificed many lives, and in some instances their own, in support of principles and parties. They fought tangible foes for results that were almost sure to have direct effect upon temporary affairs.

There is another class of heroes which also includes many brave ones of the gentler sex, who do not flinch to go where duty calls them, no matter what the danger may be. They face invisible foes, and their victories are renowned for lives saved instead of lost. It requires a brave heart to enter into a conflict in which hundreds will fall, to oppose armed force with force; but how much more courage and constancy are needed to go into the house where deadly pestilence prevails and fight it day after day, week after week, to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion, give hope to the sick in body and at heart, to be patient and watchful through all, and yet have the fact every moment brought to mind that the nurse is just as vulnerable to the attacks of the mysterious foe as were its victims who are now writhing in its clutches.

There is said to be something inspiring in battle, something that makes the naturally brave man lose sight entirely of self and heed only the conflict. The roar of guns, the clash of arms and the sight of multi-

tudes rushing to the charge draw the soldier onward, as the sound of bugle and the tramp of many hoofs influence the cavalry horse, that has lost the rider, but nevertheless keeps his place in the ranks. No battle cry cheers these other heroes. All is quiet except when broken by the rumble of a hearse or doctor's buggy over the stones, and the sobs and sighs of the bereaved and suffering the well-lavaged, the sick and their faithful attendants alone remain.

To the fact that many such noble characters have existed in all ages, the world itself owes its life. Without them disease would soon run rife, cities perish and the gardens of the earth become either wildernesses or deserts. During fearful cholera visitations, and whenever and wherever the yellow fever, small-pox or plague have broken out with terrible effect, human nature has not proved wanting in pity. Heroes and heroines have sprang up on all sides, ready for the labour of love, whose only earthly rewards may be quiet graves, or in extreme cases in a quick-limed trench beside some of those whom they have been trying to save. The true nobility of character that takes such risks for others can never be described, but their example should be kept in mind and with it the thought that there is something traver than imperilling one's life in sanguinary conflict, and that is putting it at stake that those of others may be saved.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

### THE FAMILY BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now;  
Cears will unbidden start;  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,  
She dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear—  
Who round the hearthstone used to close  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said—  
In tones my heart would thrill;  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still.

My father read this Holy Book  
To brothers, sisters dear:  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear!  
Her angel face—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I tried;  
Where all were false I've found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide!  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy:  
In teaching me the way to live  
It taught me how to die.

### PUTTING OFF UNPLEASANT DUTIES.

Most people are good at putting off unpleasant duties. To people who have consciences, duties like debts, are troubles until they are discharged. A duty can no more be performed by putting it off than a debt can be paid by the same process. There is another analogy between a duty and a debt; postponement does not lessen the obligation, but rather increases it. An unfulfilled duty hangs heavy on the heart of a right-minded person. It is like a nightmare disturbing the sweetest repose, and haunting us even amid our keenest enjoyments. The pleasures of a whole month are often marred by the constant recollection that we have been unfaithful to duty. Wherever we go, or whatever we do, there is a painful sense that something is wrong, something has been forgotten or lost. This is God's way of putting us in mind of our best interests. We are so made that we cannot be happy while our account with God and man is unpaid. It is a pity to drag out life under the lash of a faithful conscience. Its poignant sting might so easily be made a thrill of the keenest pleasure.

There can be no real uplift in life while we walk under our duties as if they were heavy burdens. The man who has a duty to perform, and who walks square up to it and does it, is not only a brave man, but a happy man. His life is not continually harassed and vexed by the thought that some known duty has been deferred till a more convenient season. It is so easy to leave an unpleasant task for some other time. We always imagine that it will be easier to speak to a

friend about a disagreeable matter at some time other than now, but it seldom is. This pernicious style of reasoning blocks up life's pathway with hideous obstacles. They are always in our way when we want our best strength. The truth is, no man is ever at his best when his conscience is not at rest. Whoever wants to work with all his powers at white heat, must have a good conscience, void of offence toward God and man. A grain of sand in the eye is a little thing but it has great results. The mind that is not free from perplexing cares and little torments is like an eagle with lead on its wings, or like a ship with tattered sails. It is like running with gravel in one's shoes. The man who lives happiest and sereneest is not the one who shuns or defers duties, but the one who heroically takes up each task as it comes, pleasant or otherwise, and puts it behind him well performed. Success in life does not depend half so much upon ability as fidelity. There is not so much difference in the working powers of men as in their willing powers. We talk about genius as if it were some ethereal dweller of the skies, whereas it is only a day-labourer in the shop, or on the farm, or in the studio. Success is not a hap-hazard thing. It is the reward of fidelity to duty—not great duties only, but to all duties.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

### NO REASON FOR DISCOURAGEMENT.

On a recent occasion, Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., of the Church of the Strangers, New York, said: There was nothing to dampen the ardor of the friends of Christian truth, but much to encourage them. The tone of anti-Christian writers was losing its superciliousness, as they came to find how much brains, science and power were on the Christian side. A prolific literature has been produced showing (1) that much had been assumed as fatal to Christianity had no rational basis; (2) that much other has been shown to be mere conjecture, not knowledge; (3) that in what has been demonstrated nothing appears contrary to the Jewish and Christian religions, and (4) that science is increasing its contribution to the illustration of the Scripture. Beyond that literature more Bibles, prayer-books, etc., are published than ever before, and there is no diminution of Christian effort; more members are added to the Christian Church; more churches built, more thousands of dollars contributed to propagate Christianity than ever before. Christianity has greater hold on the young men of culture, as shown by college statistics. Christianity also is spreading beyond the churches. Outside of Christianity the signs are not discouraging. The rejectors of Christian truth are growing despondent. Words of M. Renan and the late Professor Clifford were cited to show this, the enemy are attacking one another; the Positivists and Agnostics are becoming hostile to each other as either to Christianity. Many men who were active missionaries of unfaith have been converted.

The Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Ryle, is helping to solve the question, "How to reach the masses." He preaches in the open air; in the great ship-building yards at the noon intermission, and among the 14,000 carters, with their wives, children and babies, and to the men employed at large freight stations, oftentimes from 2,000 to 3,000 in one assembly.

Of all the smaller English missions, the Livingstone-Congo stands conspicuous for its overflowing of zeal, and life, and promise, and of all its agents young McCall was the brightest, but he was struck down in mid-work. His last words were recorded by a stranger who visited him. Let each one of us lay them to our hearts. "Lord, I gave myself, mind and soul to Thee. I consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service, and now, if it please Thee to take myself, instead of the work which I would do for Thee, what is that to me; Thy will be done."

Rev. R. W. McCall writes from France to the American McCall Association: Notwithstanding all that your Christian liberality has enabled us to effect and all that the similar aid sent to us from England and Scotland, and afforded in France itself, has rendered possible, we are yet receiving constant appeals for the opening of new stations in towns and districts yet wholly destitute of evangelization. Hence we have need, dear friends, of your combined and persevering efforts to enable us to go forward, and thus to hasten the glad day when in every city and village and household of fair France the good news of heaven's mercy to a lost world shall be made known.