

**Pastor and People.**

**Eloquent and True.**

The sermon of Rev. Arthur Mursell before the recent session of the Baptist Union, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, was a masterly reply to Tyndall. It closed with the following eloquent and tender words: "It is, after all, but the flourish of a rhetorical clarity to say that the man who works and studies to investigate phenomena is a worshipper in nature's temple, just as truly as we are worshippers in the temples of the creeds. He may, or he may not be. If he accepts God as his starting-point and invites him as his teacher and companion, then he is devoutly studying, and his study is a sacred worship. But if he leaves God out or passes God by, he is a presumptuous Atheist. He may say he is a truth-seeker, but he begins his quest with a lie. The man of faith has the start of him. One is seeking truth, the other is waiting on the truth. One is a peevish vainly cudgelling his own weak brain for light, the other is a child sitting at his Father's knee. One is a would-be wise wise orphan, the other is a trusting son. Truth is not God, not only the emanation of God. To know truth you must postulate God and then ask God to show it to you, not try to find it out for yourself. It is certain that I have a father—there is no need for documents and certificates to verify it—I am myself the living proof. But enough. We have not meant to say a word in disparagement of human inquiry, and might have said much in eulogy of the splendid industry, the heroic intrepidity, and the opulent results of the work of scientific men. We gather up the largesses they have given us, and are grateful. And it is because we are solicitous that they may win wider and yet nobler spoils that we would fain offer them the lamps of faith and of religion to aid them in their search. It did not balk the genius of Newton to confess a God, it did not narrow the mind or cramp the horizon of Faraday that he believed and prayed. The last sentence of Faraday's address to his students as he closed a course of lectures was to warn them to look higher than the laws they studied—to the Lawgiver who enacted them. But there is a bitter contrast in the final line of the address which has so lately sounded from the learned chair of the parliament of science. A wail of sadness seems to vibrate from it, for it proclaims no finality, no rest from this bloodstained search for truth by the seekers who will not carry with them the candle of revelation and of faith. Having landed himself in a mist, the learned teacher leaves his hearers in the fog to which he leads them, confessing that he must quit a theme too great for him to handle, 'but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.' Such is the best horoscope which godless science can cast for you, for me, and for itself. To 'melt into the infinite azure of the past.' This is not thank God! The hope set before us in the gospel. We look towards the infinite azure of the future, and in its light we see a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and an environment amidst that righteousness we see our ignorant and sinful selves needing no candle of illumination but the glory of the Lord, and with the robes that were defiled made white in the blood of the Lamb. While the seer of materialism describes his successors still toiling in the same darkness, and panting across the same illusory mirage, waving the incense before a deity who still mocks the homage and disdains the censor, the prophet of our faith beholds the children of the regeneration flinging their crowns before the living God, and serving him who hath loved them day and night in his temple. Which will you choose, the truth that makes you free, or the slavery of a drudge who is ever learning but never winning knowledge? Which, think you, is the brighter prospect, that of the army of the faithful holding fast the form of sound words amidst the gibes of wittlings and the scorn of scribes, or of a succession of bewildered Pilates, crying, 'What is truth?' and quibbling with a Christ they mean to crucify, instead of embracing an Immanuel they mean to love? What need to cry 'What is truth?' while the light of the world is blazing, and solving every problem as he brings life and immortality to light? Sad that he should shine before sealed and perblind eyes which cannot see his sheen! Brethren, we despise not learning. We would rot our pilgrim and detain no adventurer through the fastnesses of discovery. We have nothing but a shrill 'Excelsior!' to shout after the climber who would dare Olympus. But we would say, 'Search the world as God's world, and the God who made it shall reveal its mysteries.' And we ask you, by the dust which lies upon your sainted fathers' graves, by the blackened stakes which mark the martyr-path behind you, and by the cross which is at once the beacon and bourn of Christian chivalry, shall your children's children be graduated through universities into this commedia of learned gloom, to inherit a bequest of splendid slavery from ancestors who melted into 'the infinite azure of the past,' declaring, but with polite periphrasis that there is no God? Or, will you, faithful to the traditions in which religion is baptized, teach them to fling the arm of faith round Jesus and his cross, and through the open portal of the open heart to break at once to liberty and light, until the truth hath set them free? O, first let the heart rest in an accepted revelation, and then let the mind strain and speculate if it will with the solid standpoint of a living God behind it; but do not begin from the chaos which is dead, and which man can never quicken, instead of the living voice which cast it into order when he cried, 'Let there be light.' The inquirer, who begins at matters, twines his useless skein around the white ribs of a corpse; while the starter from the faith which trusts in God winds his throbbing fibres round the beating heart of central life. One is the dull silkworm, spinning its poor cocoon out of itself around the cold body, and drying up and dying in the midst of its own brittle work; the other is a nascent fly lying, waiting for the wings to grow out of the love which shel-

ters it within the nest, and preening the plumage of its immortal flight through the closeness of its heart to the eternal. I catch a truer and a holier strain from the parnassus of the poet than I do from the chair of the philosopher.

While here the wisest sage must live  
By faith, and not by sight,  
For duty only heaven will give  
Enough for guiding light.

But when at length, from life's dark road,  
We climb heaven's heights serene,  
All light upon the hill of God,  
In God's light shall be seen.

All kingdoms of the truth shall there  
To tearless eyes be shown,  
And, dwelling in that purer air,  
We'll know as we're known.

In that serene expectancy I wait and trust. And meanwhile I will not have the man who mocks my prayers and spurns my faith to be my teacher; but I will swear my truth to him who calls me to his bleeding side, and shows me his pierced hands; who offers me his bosom for a pillow, his smile for my light, his strength for my defence; and who, as he lays his yoke upon my shoulder, gives rest to my soul. The true philosopher will hold a language more like that which false philosophy despises. "I have wandered through the schools, and they have struck more props from underneath me than they have given me hopes to hold by, they have quenched more lights than they have kindled. I have heard the so-called new philosophy, but it is but the echo of the old lie. And now I come back to the sea-shore at Galilee, and the cornfield in the valley of the Kedron. I ask to rest under the jacinth thatch at Bethany, beside the sisterhood, and hear the Master speak again, for 'never man spake like this man.' Yes, Jesus! I come to thee. Thou wilt not spurn me. Thy feet shall be my study; Thy cross shall be my token over! I will live by this, will die by this, and trust my sin-stained soul to this alone. 'Sentiment! emotion! sneer these schoolmen—yet I love thee still. 'Fool and fanatic!' shouts the wisdom of the world—but still I stand beside the cross, and say the nursery creed, as the creed also of my death-bed at the end, 'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son—MY LORD.'"

**To-day and To-morrow.**

To-day and to-morrow are closely related. They are consecutive periods of time; but we set a higher value on the latter, because we look to it as the time in which our hopes shall be realized, and in which we may do what we are reluctant to do now.

And yet in reality to-day is of more importance than to-morrow, for it is the present time that gives shape and character to the future. The causes now operating produce effects in the future, the agencies now at work produce results in subsequent time. The thoughts of to-day are the seed from which the deeds of to-morrow grow. In the blossom of the present is concealed the germ of the fruit of the future. We cannot separate these two periods or regard them simply as successive times. We enter each into the other. We carry with us our motives, our hopes, our power. We have no power to say to-morrow shall not come, or to hasten its coming, but we have the power, within a certain limit, to determine what it shall be to us. If the character formed now is pure, if the powers we acquire are good, if our purposes are righteous, we have not only made a good use of to-day but secured peace and joy for to-morrow. If our lives are impure, if our powers are perverted, if we are living for unworthy objects, we have wasted the present time and set at work agencies that will bring to us a terrible retribution of sorrow.

The opportunities of life are in to-day. To-morrow is not for waiters, but for workers—for those who use the present wisely and faithfully. Every day has its own possibilities for us, and if these are permitted to pass unimproved, they are gone forever. Whatever may be given at another time, these never return. How great the possibilities of each day are we cannot estimate, for we do not know the results of even a word that is spoken. Upon what is seemingly of no importance the great events of life, the eternal destiny may turn. In the right use of to-day's opportunities lies the success of to-morrow and the blessedness of eternity.

To this must be added our entire ignorance of what may be to-morrow. We have records of the past; the events of the present are flashed to us on a thousand wires; but of to-morrow, who can speak with certainty on those things which affect us most? We hear the footstep on the doorstep, and the hand on the latch, but what is the message? Even the king's anxious heart must wait for the tidings until the messenger comes. One day may change our relation to everything. He who knows this gulf of uncertainty that is before us very solemnly says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what what a day may bring forth." He presses our most important interest upon our immediate attention. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

To-day!—In one view it is more important than eternity. If it is rightly, be it tant than eternity, because eternity will be full of ever-growing blessedness. It is wasted if we live as if this is all, if we allow the fields of life to lie unbroken and unown, if we consume the stores given for future use, the eternity that folk will be one of want and misery. Because eternity is so great the present is of unspeakable value. The Spirit of God, therefore, wisely urges us to present duty in order to future glory. To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.—Pittsburg United Presbyterian.

He who has pursued business in such a way as to have neglected all just mental culture, has sacrificed the end to the means. He has gained money and lost knowledge; he has gained splendor and lost accomplishment; gained tinsel and lost gold; gained an estate and lost an empire.

**Brother Moody.**

Mr. Charles T. Collins thus writes to an American Exchange:

An analysis of Mr. Moody's power over the Scottish people is no easy matter. To say that his power lies in his reputation is no solution. How did he win his reputation? His power lies greatly in the force of novelty—style, language, argument are all novel. The Scots have not been gospel hardened to such preaching, and it storms them where the defenses of sin are weak. But this power consists not merely in the fresh garb of his thought—the thought itself springs out at a vivid, real, fresh apprehension of Christian truth by himself. He talks of the Bible as though he had lived among its personages, been present in its events, and as though every word was a felt word of God. To earnestness and personal magnetism he joins a wonderful insight into human nature, and this gives him remarkable success with inquirers, while it enables him to sway all who labour with him. Where he works, he rules, and the forces concentrate themselves. Forgetful of names, he remembers faces a long time and has a wonderful power of recalling the spiritual condition of those who come to him, so that after months, meeting an inquirer, he astonishes him with a pointed and pertinent question. But all these are secondary causes. The great primary cause of success is that God's spirit is working in him. It rests on the man himself. Those who have been constantly with him do not detect inconsistencies in his life, and universally testify that he bears himself with perfect humility. Fawned upon and flattered, meeting with a success which would intoxicate an ordinary speaker, one can detect no enhancement of self upon this success, nor even the momentary flash of selfish pride. Dr. Andrew Bonar, the gentle biographer of McOheyne—a man whose sensitive spirit would feel intuitively anything springing from pride—spoke to me the other day in great admiration of Mr. Moody's "wonderful humility." It is not possible that one should keep his balance in this way unless God's spirit were upon him. No trickster at words, no hypocrite in feeling, no one working for and out of self, could stand for months in the full light before a whole nation and not fall into contempt. When we turn from the man to the work done by him, the same power is seen. A more excitement would expend itself, but after months of a revival the full deep tide of this religious life still flows on. Both in the work and in the man we see then this power of the Holy Ghost, and are forced to conclude that Mr. Moody is such a power here, because God has raised him up to be his own instrument in blessing Scotland.

**Christianity and Self Interest.**

Christianity opposes many a craft by which men have their wealth. In proportion as the Gospel prevailed in Asia, the great goddess Diana was despised. No wonder that the thought filled all Ephesus with confusion. To realize the power of this form of opposition, think of the great price that men pay for such pleasures. How they weary themselves to commit iniquity. Truly, the way of such transgressors is hard. Sins of dissipation impair the health, produce pain, and shorten life. And yet how little power there seems to be in these facts to restrain the wicked! The appalling sight of 60,000 men dropping into a drunkard's grave annually does not check the sin of intemperance. Dishonesty results in less of self-respect and of reputation; often brings upon its victim the punishment of civil law; and yet the confinement and disgrace of prisons fail to deter men from crime. We have another illustration in the struggle within each soul between sin and grace. Grace is given to resist sin, but the will is too weak to avail itself of this help; and until redemption is complete the seventh chapter of Romans is the universal experience of men.—Rev. C. A. Van Ande.

**Long Pastorates.**

Long pastorates are not as common now as they were formerly in New England. The longest pastorate in New England, if not in America, or anywhere in any age, was probably that of Dr. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut—a brother of Dr. Eliphalet Nott, late President of Union College. He was settled in Franklin in 1782, and died in 1852, the period of his ministry being seventy years, two months, and thirteen days. Dr. Ebenzer Gay, of Hingham, Massachusetts, was a settled minister there from June 11, 1718, to March 8, 1787, or sixty-eight years, nine months, and seven days. Thomas Smith, of Portland, Maine, held the pastoral office from March 8, 1727, (O.S.), to May 25, 1795, or sixty-eight years, two months, and six days. He was succeeded by Dr. Samuel Deane, whose ministry lasted for fifty years and twenty-six days; and he by Dr. Ichabod Nicholas, whose pastorate began in 1809 and ended in 1855. The united periods of these three successive pastorates in Portland being upward of one hundred and twenty-seven years, while the total period of their ministries, as pastors and colleagues, covered one hundred and sixty-three years, three months, and two days! Rev. Joseph Richardson, of Hingham, the second successor of Dr. Gay, was settled in 1806, and died in 1871. His pastorate lasted sixty-five years, two months and twenty-three days. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Braintree, Massachusetts, remained pastor of his church from 1811 to his death, in 1873.

In fact, long pastorates are so rare, so much the exception nowadays, as always to excite special remark. The causes of this change it is not difficult to discover. One of these causes, and perhaps the most potential, is the breaking down of the health of city ministers, owing in part to the unreasonable appetite and demand of the people for what is popularly styled "able sermons" twice a day on Sunday. If we could be content with one sermon, and could be persuaded that we might spend the after part of the day in Sunday schools or in social religious meetings, we should not only save the pastor much labor, but benefit ourselves, Few

people can digest two sermons or one day, and if we had less preaching and more praying, perhaps we should be none the worse for the change.—Western Christian Advocate.

**St. Paul on Marriage.**

[In his posthumous volume, *The Ties of the Family*, the late Count Agenor de Gasparin, the well-known French Protestant publicist, deals in an uncompromising spirit with any principle or person that appears to him to underrate the sanctity of the family relationship, and its power as a safe-guard of society. Even St. Paul himself does not escape. Having ventured, collocate that he was (we are quite aware that Mr. Renan says he married Lydia, the purple-seller of Thyatira), to express an opinion somewhat unfavorable to wedded life, Mr. De Gasparin attacks him thus:—

The passage (1 Cor. vii. 6-40), circumscribed, marked off, the only one in Scripture, so placed by itself, enclosed within bonds that separate the human from the Divine word, and thus marked off in order to prevent the wisdom of earth from being confounded with that from above—this passage is the only one containing, in opposition to the whole Bible, a doctrine which has misled many a conscience and corrupted the Church of Christ—the doctrine of sacred celibacy. All who, since St. Paul's time, have spoken of marriage as an act of condescension to human weakness, as a concession granted to the flesh, a miserable condition not to be continued in eternity—all such persons have quoted, in support of their views, the words which Paul uttered as his own opinion, and not as the result of Divine inspiration.

"He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord." Are you quite sure of that, Paul? Have you not often seen unmarried persons—I mean amongst thoroughly Christian people—troubled themselves about their own affairs, seeking to please themselves; paying special attention to their own person, and thus unconsciously displaying great selfishness?

"He that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife." Are you sure of that, Paul? Have you not seen, on the contrary, married people mutually stirring up each other to duty, to struggle, to self-denial, and showing an example of self-sacrifice, and sealing their union by Christian martyrdom? Have you forgotten Aquilla and Priscilla, and many other married witnesses, who found in the love called forth by the Gospel a motive for loving God more, a zeal that led them to serve Him better?

"He that gives his daughter (our version says *virgin*) in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." That better which Paul urges upon fathers who do not marry their daughters makes its appearance here—take good note of the fact—for the first time in Scripture. The word of God knows nothing of such *bettors*. The Gospel does not admit of exceptional holiness or of a cheap sort of holiness. Perfection is placed before all, is made obligatory upon all, and to the same degree. I defy you to find anything else in Scripture. And what sort of a God would it be, I should like to ask, who should demand anything less? And what sort of a soul would that be which would be satisfied with anything lower? The Divine seal is seen in this, that, while human religions talk of different degrees of holiness, God, who is perfect, requires perfection. Now, the perfect God ordained marriage, the perfect Saviour restored marriage in its integrity; and Christian marriage and the Christian family, this was the noble and holy lesson proclaimed to the heathen world. If the Gospel, as Pagan socialism, poorly disguised beneath the monk's dress, affirms—if the Gospel established not the family, but the convent; not marriage, but celibacy; not the individual, but the unit (*unicum*), then it has brought nothing, has taught nothing, has changed nothing; no revelation, no restoration, no transformation, has marked or followed the coming of Jesus Christ! Open your eyes, look at the ancient world and look at the modern world, observe in the modern world the two streams, compare the nations that receive the Bible with those that follow the Latin tradition, the Christian stream with the Pagan stream, and decide for yourself.

WINTER MISSION TO INDIA.—The Rev. A. N. Somerville, Free Anderson Church, Glasgow, officiated on Sunday for the last time before his leaving for India. There was a large congregation, and the rev. gentleman preached an impressive and appropriate discourse from 2 Cor. i., 11—"Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons, thanks may be given by many on our behalf." At the close he referred to the invitation he had received from the London Committee of the Anglo-Indian Christian Union, and adverted to the numbers, need, and occupations of our countrymen in India, he said he was not going directly to the heathen, but to seek out their countrymen there, very much in the same way as our American friends have visited us. Mr. Somerville stated that, while expenses are paid, no salary is given, so that the Free Church and the congregation virtually give a pecuniary contribution to the cause. He intimated that the Rev. Mr. McQueen, M.A., B.D., had been engaged to supply his place during his absence, and he was happy to add that in harmony with the union spirit of his own mission to India, ministers of the various Protestant churches in Glasgow had consented, during his absence, to exchange with Mr. McQueen for one service each Lord's Day. Mr. Somerville adverted to the connection between his going and the times of blessing. At Belfast Mr. Moody had expressed a deep interest and said, "If you find that one is needed to assist you or follow up your work, telegraph to me, and I shall find the man, and money to send him." After some pastoral counsels, a service of no common interest was closed.

It is not enough that we swallow truth, we must feed upon it, as insects do on the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and shows its food in every fibre.

**An English View of Mr. Beecher's Preaching.**

A writer in the London *Hornet* says in a sketch descriptive of Beecher's style of preaching: "Walking up and down, gesticulating freely, he soon warmed to his work, and lashed himself into an oratorical frenzy. The resources of his vocabulary seemed illimitable. He never paused for a word, but poured forth a flood of glowing sentences with an energy and rapidity perfectly marvellous. With the reporters plying their quick pencils before him, and knowing that his sermon would confront him in cold print on the morrow, he ventured upon the most astonishing extemporaneous illustrations and metaphors, building them up, phrase by phrase, with a dexterity, fluency, and decision which extorted admiration and respect. Now he scattered a shower of polished epigrams; now he drew out long, laboured sentences, as a conjurer draws ribbons from his mouth; now he ploded with his congregation, while tears rolled down his cheeks; now he thundered against sin, with flashing eyes, and his whole frame quivering with electric life. As he tossed himself about the platform, his long hair shaking about his shoulders, he irresistibly reminded you of a lion, and he often completed the resemblance by roaring like a lion. No one could see him then without feeling that he was one of the Homeric Kings of men. No one could hear him then without fully appreciating the reason why his followers worshipped him instead of the God whom he professed to preach. It must not be supposed that Mr. Beecher ever condescended to the vulgar tricks which report (we hope falsely) attributes to Mr. Spurgeon. He never slid down the balusters, nor blew out a candle. His tricks were all oratorical, and in a certain sense, legitimate; but you left the church thinking a great deal of Mr. Beecher, but no more of religion. Tillon's charges explain this, by showing that the sounding brass of the preacher's eloquence had no real heart behind it. The sound was loud, because the brass was hollow. Of the popularity of the display, however, there could be no question. In Plymouth Church the congregation affected no religious ecstasy—they left that to their pastor, who was paid for it—but they listened, and looked at the performance admiringly, and when a sentiment pleased them particularly, they applauded by clapping their hands. This was not indecorously, nor did it seem inconsistent with the sort of religion which was being preached, and which the witty Americans have christened "Religion-huffed." Mr. Beecher liked to hear the applause; he encouraged it; he manoeuvred for it. Upon his nervous temperament it acted like a whip and spur; and we know why he needed stimulants and excitement in order to preach acceptably."

**Random Readings.**

They also serve who only stand and wait.

For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection.

Better to be humble with one talent, than proud with ten.

Respect to age and kindness to children, are among tests of an amiable disposition.

He that would be angry and sin not, must not be angry with anything but sin.

Remember you grow older every day, and if you have bad habits they grow old too.

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owes stock in the happiness of all mankind.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follow him and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, than his natural size.

A good man is murdered; no immediate protest comes from God. Thus Herod and his ambitious councillor lost their throne and died in obscure exile, but the dancing princess married, first her uncle, then her cousin, and history loses sight of her as the mother of princes. But "that awful day will surely come," when the service of God shall be seen to be honorable and safe, and when destruction shall overwhelm his enemies.

How mournfully we write it or speak it at times, "We have nothing left but God!" As though that were the extreme of destitution, just one spark of hope to save from despair, one faint star only, glimmering through the deep, black, night! Nothing left but infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love! Why having this, we have all the blessedness and wealth of heaven, the full joy of immortals, the glory and peace of the redeemed in the mansions of light.

If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded. It is God that maketh thee to differ. The more bounty God shows, the more humility he requires. Those stars that are rearest are deepest; those mines that are highest are smallest; the godliest buildings have the lowest foundations. The more God honoreth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more fruit the lower the branch on which it grows. Pride is ever the companion of emptiness.

It is a common and a true observation regarding that sort of gain which the Scripture denominated "filthy lucre," that those who obtain much, instead of being satisfied, rather than more eagerly for more. The gain obtained in winning souls is in this respect like its carnal namesake, as an angel of light may be in some sense like an angel of darkness. It is true of those who win souls—both of the head and his members—that the more of this gain they get, the more they desire to obtain.—Arnold.

Dr. Woods, in addressing the students at Andover, said that when he commenced his duties as Professor of Theology, he feared that the frequency with which he should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in his own mind in reading them; but after more than fifty years of study, it was his experience that with every new class his interest increased.