

Pastor and People.

Moody as a Preacher.

Two years ago Moody and Sankey set sail for England. Little did they or their friends imagine the career which was opening before them. Their journey, like the journey of Saul of Tarsus, was a memorable one, and marks, we honestly think, the dawn of a new period in the history of the Christian Church. Certain it is, that a flood of light has been thrown upon that most perplexing of religious problems—how to reach offensively with the Gospel the unsaved masses of the large cities.

The Evangelists began their labors in the town of York. Their progress at first was slow, for they had to win their way to the confidence of the people. At New castle they met with great success. Then they were invited to Edinburgh, and had the rashness, as it seemed then, to accept the invitation. How could a man like Moody, whose culture was small, voice and manner blunt, get a hearing among the intelligent Scotchmen of that University city? Yet, judged by the results, the rashness of the Evangelists proved to be a mighty faith in God. The city was taken by storm. Free Assembly Hall was crowded again and again to its utmost capacity. Prejudice against "inquiry rooms," and singing religious songs with the accompaniment of an "American organ," melted like frost before the sun. The clergy of all denominations crowded the platform, and were glad to work as directed. The heart of Scotland was stirred more than it has been for many a year before, and from multitudes of pious lips fell the exclamation, "What hath God wrought!"

We cannot trace in detail the marvellous work of these Evangelists. Nor, indeed, is it necessary, for it is familiar to our readers. Best of all, the record of it is on high. The work is enduring, and the good done is not to be estimated merely in the number of conversions, but in the impetus to Christian activity given to the members of the churches.

In London the number of people reached by the Evangelists has no parallel in ancient or modern times. The largest halls and theatres were too small for the overwhelming crowds. The record of four months' labor in that great city is briefly as follows: In Camberwell Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 480,000 people; in Victoria Theatre, 45 meetings, attended by 400,000; in the Opera House, 60 meetings, attended by 880,000; in Bow Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 600,000; and in Agricultural Hall, 60 meetings, attended by 720,000.

That the hand of God is in this great religious awakening we gratefully acknowledge. There is, however, a human as well as a divine aspect. Mr. Moody has certain gifts which, when used in the service of truth, will always give him a hearing and make him a centre of influence. In speech and in executive ability he shows a wisdom which is the result of walking with God.

1. He preaches the great truths of the Gospel. As his stay in a place is limited he has no time, nor indeed inclination to speak on any subjects which do not bear directly on the theme of personal salvation. Christ, repentance, heaven and hell, divine grace, salvation for all, these are the subjects which he brings into prominence. His heart is full of them, he has felt their power, and believes that it is his work to make all he can reach by his voice or influence feel them also.

2. He preaches these truths with a faith that is marvellous. He has confidence in God, and he has confidence under God in himself. He expects that the multitude will hear him tell the "Story of the Cross," and that they will receive it. The word "doubt" seems to be banished from his vocabulary. He intends to be heard, and he is heard. He trusts God, and then goes ahead. Sometimes his faith is ridiculed. The mammoth building erected at his suggestion in Liverpool was "Moody's Folly," until to the surprise of all it was crowded to excess through a month of meetings. Then the laughter ceased to laugh. "Let us praise God for what he is going to do in London," said Mr. Moody at his first meeting in that city. Such a sentence, the utterance of a mighty faith, exposed him to the short-lived ridicule of the hour. Now it is seen that he was wiser than his critics.

3. He uses plain Saxon language. He talks so that plain people can understand him without a dictionary. He could not talk in any other way unless he had spent four years in a college and three years in a theological seminary. How often it has been said, "It takes a good deal of education to talk plainly." We dissent from that proposition and call for the proof. Chalmers and Robert Hall were men of the most thorough education, and the most eloquent preachers of their day. They were of course far superior to Moody or Spurgeon in the higher qualities of pulpit oratory, save in this: they were not such masters of plain Saxon. Hall would speak of the "luminaries of the firmament" when he meant the sun, moon and stars; and of "ambinary existence" when he meant "life on earth." Chalmers is open to the same criticism. An educated preacher has too many words for his preaching vocabulary.

4. Mr. Moody abounds in illustrations which he tells in a way that moves the feelings. His pathos is an element of power. His plan of sermonizing seems to be to study parallel passages with the aid of a Concordance, and to wing each arrow of truth with an anecdote. He has with great industry collected materials from books, experience and observation; and practice enables him to use them with telling effect.

5. What impresses us most is his executive ability. No man can excel him in getting up a monster mass convention. At Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester and London, he was not only the presiding officer, but he was what sometimes the presiding officer is not, the life and soul of "two days' conventions" at which there were hundreds of the leading clergy and thousands of church members. He is a captain in the Church militant, and can alike organize a spiritual army and inflame it to

a white heat of enthusiasm with a stirring proclamation. His energy is contagious. "To every man his work" is his constant motto. That God may continue to bless him and raise up many like him should be the prayer of the Church and Christ.—J. I. Boswell, in New York Methodist.

The Invalid at Bethesda.

He is called, in our version, "the impotent man," and is spoken of as having "had an infirmity." These terms intimate want of strength, rather than positive suffering. In this, they correctly represent the original. Our word invalid is of the same import. An invalid may be also a sufferer, but that which the word directly expresses is rather inability of some kind— inability to walk, to work, to do the things which healthy and strong persons can do.

This man had been so disabled, a long time—thirty-eight years—several years more than Jesus's whole life. When Jesus was born in Bethlehem, when the angel foretold his birth to Mary, this man had been five or six years disabled from active movement. Surely a tedious time to must have had. How much pain he suffered we do not know. It is plausibly conjectured that he was disabled by paralysis. There may be paralysis (debating from labour and motion, but not affecting the nerves of sensation. These may ache with neuralgic torture, while the sufferer cannot move. Or the nerves of sensation may be also paralyzed. Then there will be no sharp pain, but neither will there be any sharp pleasure. Loss of power to suffer, and loss of power to enjoy, are gone together. It is hard to tell which condition is the worse. Our ability to feel, is a wonderful gift of God, connected though it is, like all God's gifts, with a fearful liability. We cannot be too careful not to abuse such a curious, such an exquisite frame. We cannot be too careful to obey the rules for using it, which its maker has given us—both those which appear in its very structure, and those which he has written in his Book.

Had this impotent man made himself so, by some sinful imprudence or sinful indulgence? Some have inferred this from the Lord's saying to him, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." That does sound as if this thing had come from his sinning. Yet possibly our Lord only recognizes the general connection between human sinfulness and human suffering, and exhorts this man not to rest satisfied with bodily health, but, by getting cured of sin, to save himself from the worse evil to which sin, unrepented and unforgiven, is sure to lead.

We are not told that this man had been waiting at Bethesda all the thirty-eight years, but only that he had been disabled so long. Yet it seems probable that he had lain right there a discouragingly long while. He had seen the water troubled and had heard it bubble many times. He had seen a number of poor cripples hobble down and step in, and then walk away with recovered strength, or with such brightened faces and more vigorous motion as testified of their consciousness that healing was happily begun. But he was too feeble to go down unaided, and he had no one to help him. Poor man! No wonder that our Jesus pitied him.

But what a strange way does the Lord take to heal him! He does not lift him into the pool. He does not lay his hands on him, as he sometimes did, as if to impart strength and healing by contact of his wonderful person. He does not say that he will heal him. He peremptorily orders him to do what is impossible until he is healed. The man at once does it. He does not wait to be made sure that he has strength, before he will obey. He at once obeys, and in obeying finds that he is "made whole."

There are some who will read these words who have been more than thirty-eight years near to the Gospel Bethesda; have listened, many hundreds of Sabbaths, to the Gospel; have seen the waters troubled a good many times, and seen numbers of their neighbors made whole, or at least made convalescent; and still they remain impotent. To have no violent symptoms, no frightful convulsions, no torturing pains—but a miserable numbness and inaction.

My friend, are you waiting still, hoping that by-and-by the waters will bubble and foam with a mightier agitation than ever, and that then some more nimble attendant than you have yet seen will come and put you into the pool? Are you waiting thus for some Moody, or Varley, or Whittle, or Hammond, or Earle?

A greater than either of these stands near you now, and gently speaks to you. If you will obey him you shall be made whole, and shall know that you are by finding that you can and do obey. "Take up thy bed and walk" he said to the paralytic at Bethesda, and in his prompt, obedient effort to do it, came the strength in which he did it.

What is the duty to Christ, which you conscientiously owe? Whatever you feel it to be, it is that which he bids you do now. Obey—obey—obey. He who bids you do it, will give you strength to do it. Believe. Rise up and walk. The Lord bids thee.

Pastoral Support.

The last speech made by Dr. Guthrie in an ecclesiastical meeting, if we remember correctly, was upon the subject of ministerial support. He plead with the people of the Scottish Free Church to take the matter into the most serious consideration, telling them that the prosperity of the cause of the Master depended on it. What he said then is still true, not only in Scotland, but in this country and everywhere. If we expect young men of talent to go into the ministry we must make provision for their support, and if we expect those already at work to succeed and to keep up the credit of the Church through their own growth and their singleness of devotion to the cause, we must lift them above the necessity of higgling and haggling over money and the way to get it, and put them in a condition to

buy libraries and surround themselves with all that is necessary in the prosecution of their calling.

The late Assembly of the Presbyterian Church passed an act requiring every minister to preach on the subject of ministerial support, that "laying aside all falldelency, they enlighten the people on this or on any other branch of Christian duty, pleading not for themselves, but for the Master." This is right, and we trust every pastor will see to it that he obey his instructions. There is a delicacy on the part of pastors in advertising to a subject that has so near a relation to their temporal interests, and we do not wonder they feel it; yet it is a false delicacy after all. The people need instruction on this subject as on any other, and they have no way of getting it except from the pastors who are over them for that purpose. The pastors, too, as they are required to preach the whole Gospel, have no right to abate any part of it through the fear that people may misconstrue their meaning and incontinence. It is for them to preach the entire truth and leave the result with God. Besides, contributing to a Church fund is not simply paying a minister. A congregation wishes to exist, and it can only do so through the services of one who shall have the oversight of it and act as leader and teacher. It stands also as part of the Church at large, representing a certain set of principles which it wishes to maintain because it thinks them necessary, or at least useful, and it is bound to contribute to these. It is the cause and Church it is to support and not the man. He as a pastor is only a part of the machinery which God has appointed and made essential in building up and conserving his interests, and they who as Christians give money are not to think they are giving it to any person, but to the kingdom to be expended in its advancement. We would wish that in our Church, without the passage of an act, the pastors would, each and all, preach on this subject, doing it fully, strongly, sincerely and in a kindly way, and that they would feel, and the people feel with them, that it is all done as a duty demanded of God.

"He left a Large Property."

This is the closing sentence of a recent obituary, and it suggests some reflections.

What a pity he was obliged to leave it! He had taken great delight in accumulating it. As he adored field to field, and farm to farm, he looked with pride upon his extended domain, conscious that he was the largest landholder in his district. His cattle, if not wandering upon a thousand hills, ranged over more than that number of acres of rich pasturage. Stocks, notes, bonds, mortgages, crowded his safe, and it was all the fruit of his own industry, energy, and good judgment. The rust of usury and the canker of exhortation had not scarred any of his gold. It was well and fairly earned, and he loved it all the more because it was so. It grieved him to leave this large property, to depart from this world as poor as he came into it, and to enter the other world utterly destitute of his wealth he so much loved in this. But he had to leave it, every farthing of it.

He might have taken it with him. Rather let me say, he might have sent it forward in advance of him. As the capitalist, who contemplates removing to a foreign country, converts his property into drafts, and remits from time to time to the land of his future residence, he might have made remittances to that undiscovered country, so that on his arrival there he would find abundant treasures laid up in heaven for him. Every pound which he had given (consecrating it with true prayer) to assist in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the ends of the earth; every contribution in aid of the many Christian enterprises for the glory of God and the good of man; every cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple; every tear of pious sympathy for the suffering; every gift of kindly charity to the needy, would have added to the store of his durable riches. He might have been rich towards God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. If it was sad for him to leave that large property, how much sadder that he sent none of it before him!

It is much more pleasant to go than to leave a large property. The man who, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, closed his eyes on this life, goes to take possession of a large property. He owned a foot of land on earth, but for him "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green." His food here was coarseness, perhaps scanty; but there he will eat freely from the Tree of Life, which yields twelve manner of fruits. His garments here were plain and poor; but there he shall be clothed in white robes, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. He associated here with those who are despised and rejected of men; but there his companions will be an innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and Church of the first-born. Who would not rather go to a large property than to leave it?—Southern Cross.

New Every Morning.

Here is an utterance that has the sun-beam in it: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfarings through this world! The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." The morning yet to break upon us may be heavy with storms. No matter: the new mercies will not fail. Come, live a comfortable, happy, and thankful life. Don't borrow trouble. Don't be cast down with care or work. Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that whatever it lay upon you to do or bear, it will bring new mercies for new needs.

Morning Land.

So near the goal, so near! The portals open with a sound like song; The path is lost in brightness that so long Wandered 'mid shadows O, my soul, be strong, And do not fear.

Do you, too, feel the woe; The mist that blinds my eyes, all cold and gray; The fog that settles round my troubled way— The clouds that settle? But they cannot stay— Rise up and watch them go!

So near the goal I stand; O, weary heart, thy task 'tis well-nigh done! I see far off the golden, setting sun; The work well wrought that was so long begun; Welcome, O, Morning Land.

Preaching to Others.

FOREIGN MISSIONS A DUTY.

Christians must send the Gospel to those who have it not:

1. Because of the command of Christ. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This command was founded upon infinite wisdom and truth. It was designed for our own highest good. As the laws of nature cannot be violated without detriment, so neither can the command of Christ be disobeyed without injury. In proportion as the church has obeyed the precepts of Christ, has she prospered. The apostolic age was one of great missionary enterprise. The Gospel was preached from city to city. Intense devotion and zeal characterized the followers of Christ. Christianity in less than three centuries after its establishment became the religion of the Roman Empire. It was only when the church ceased her activity that she ceased to prosper. The dark ages, as they are called, are a melancholy testimony to the fact that the church cannot violate the command of Christ with impunity. The reformation may seem to be against the truth that the church cannot prosper without missionary enterprise, but it is only a seeming contradiction. For while the Gospel was preached mostly at home, it was preached to those who had it not. Rome had taken away the Gospel, and left in its stead a mass of silly abominations. Whenever and wherever a revival of religion has taken place, and not been followed by activity and zeal in sending the Gospel to those who have it not, whether they be at home or abroad, spiritual light has fallen upon the church.

2. Because we are to have the same spirit and the same object Christ had. His great object in leaving heaven was to bless men. During his earthly life He never once lost sight of the object for which He came into the world. He prayed and labored and longed for the salvation of souls. Sometimes He preached from the deck of the vessel, sometimes from the roadside. He wept, He bled; He died upon the accursed cross to save man. The object for which Christ lived and died is to be our object. We are not our own. We are to do his will. If we refuse we are none of His. "Whosoever doth not bear His cross and come after Me, cannot be my disciple." What is the duty of the individual Christian, is also the duty of the whole church.

3. Because the heathen are not safe. They will be judged by the light of nature. They will not be punished for rejecting Christ, but for disobeying conscience. "Bad as their creed is, their character is worse." But while they will not be punished for rejecting Christ, yet they cannot be saved without the Gospel. To be saved they must have a change of heart. These can only be changed by the presentation of the gospel and acceptance of Jesus Christ. There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

If men can be saved without the Gospel there is no need of Christ's leaving his throne of glory to redeem them. The bloody scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary need not have been inaugurated as far as they were concerned. The Apostles need not to have gone forth to reclaim a world lying in wickedness.—Christian Observer.

Pray More—Worry Less.

A lady correspondent inquires if this is not a good text for an article:—"Pray more—worry less." Yes, manifestly; and the text "preaches itself" scarcely needs an extended homily for its illustration and enforcement. Worry is the bane of the times. It is everywhere. It comes in a thousand forms, and from ten thousand sources, and its inlets are wide open in the hearts of the multitude. People fret, and fume, and chafe themselves into disease and wretchedness, and finally to inaction and an untimely grave. And our correspondent is right in the suggestion that the true antidote to excessive worry is more prayer.

There is a passage in the Divine Word (Phil. iv. 6) of which a burnt-out Chicago friend gave an impromptu and almost inspired analysis, as with his family he sat down in his hired residence on the evening after the great fire:—"Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "There," said he, "that means just this—that we must be care-burdened with nothing; that we must be thankful for anything. Let us pray." And he knelt down and poured out his heart in the spirit of that exegesis, and went forth to his rest calm and tranquil as a lake untroubled by a ripple. We commend the prescription to everybody; for these times and for all times:

"O, to live exempt from care, By the energy of prayer, Strong in faith, with mind subdued, Yet sit to thank gratitude." —Religious Herald.

"One should think," said a friend to the celebrated Dr. Johnson, "that sickness and the view of death would make men more religious." "Sir," replied Johnson, "they do not know how to go about it. They have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation."

Handout Readings.

That is the most absolute faith which trusts God in the dark.

No one but God can give the sentence of death in a man's soul.

Nature gives us volumes of fruit, which she always produces with flowers.

Happy are they who are very jealous of any healing but by the blood of Christ.

All His have no more to do with the payment of the debt than if the debt had never been incurred.

God never acts below Himself! man always does, regenerate and unregenerate—God never does.

Faith is the beggar's hand which comes, not to give, but to get Christ, and all with Him, for nothing.

Thomas Carlyle once said, "Great is bankruptcy; it brings to an end all the shams under the sun."

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a large dealer in that article. "Bringing men to crime and death, and women and children to want," was the reply.

The only hope of escape is through temperate restraint. The soul can never find satisfaction on earth. The Gospel alone meets the case and supplies the need. Without this, all is misery and delusion.

The Advance describes Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as "the inner centre of far preaching and easy practices"—a description which has the sharpness of truth in it, and the severity of a just judgment.

"What a man eats, that he is," says an apostle of materialism. Whereupon a German theologian, Luthardt, observes that under such a philosophy, "morality ceases to exist, and ethics is converted into a bill of fare."

God's ways seem very slow sometimes. What we would see done waits long for the work, and we grow impatient. But if we believe in God we should possess our souls in patience. In His own good time every thing will come right.

A thoughtless youth? Be thou thoughtless in after years, rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his deathbed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.—Ruskin.

The true life begins only when self is lost sight of—when we devote ourselves to others. This is the most difficult of reforms; yet it is also the greatest, as it removes the most formidable obstacle to the spread of Christianity.

Goodness and truth are of more weight than brilliant talents, and good temper goes farther than a great gift. We cannot expect people to believe either in our principles or our sincerity, when they see them failing to amend our faults and strengthen our virtues.

Many of us have to lament not so much a want of opportunities in life as our un-readiness for them as they come; and "it might have been" is oftener the language of our hearts than complaining words. God sends us "flax," but our "spindle and distaff" are out of repair.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

Is Cicero, and Plato, and other such writers, I meet with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion, but in none of them do I find those words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—St. Augustine.

When all is over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that, instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our acre—and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadows of the cross.

Daniel O'Connell said, on the death of Wilberforce:—"He has gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hand." He referred to the fetters of the slave. We are all fettered by sin and slavish habits, and happy is the man who, by the grace of God, delivers himself from these shackles.

Rev. Dr. Bethune was holding divine service in a log school house in Maine, while on a summer fishing excursion. In speaking of it afterwards he said: "Just as I pronounced the benediction, a man arose and said 'that he had lost a first-rate jack-knife; that if any member of that congregation had found it, he wished they would sing out.'"

Many people do not seem to have heard, or if they have heard, to appreciate the shrewdness and wit of the late Dr. John Ritchie's reply to one who disapproved of his going up and down the country and resorting to agitation. "Agitation," said John, "what good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot make butter oven without it."

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

"He breathes." A laborer fell from the top of a building on which he was working, and was taken up insensible. For a time it was supposed he was dead. At length one whose powers of observation were particularly nice, remarked, "He breathes." It was true that the lungs had begun to perform, in a very feeble manner indeed, their office. His friends were thus encouraged to make renewed efforts for his full recuperation. There are Christians who fall from their steadfastness, and seem to be dead to all spiritual life. In such, those who watch for the slightest indication of spiritual life may see something to encourage effort. They follow the example of him who never quenches the smoking flax. Instead of leaving them to perish, they strive to bring them back to life.