

What the Disciples in the States are Saying and Doing.

CULLINGS AND CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGERS.

(From the *Missionary Weekly*)

A very serious defect in American churches and in American children, said a returned missionary, is the lack of reverence. In England, said he, it is not so. Many persons have often been pained at the secular, irreverent, and even frivolous air of people as they assembled for worship. Instead of beginning the public worship of God in an atmosphere of loving and lowly adoration the minister must often begin it in the chill atmosphere of secularism. The spirit of the world must be ejected and Christ admitted before there can be effectual worship, and this change must be done by the devout efforts of the worshippers themselves before the public worship begins. Some have criticised those who upon entering the sanctuary bow the head in silent prayer, while they themselves have shown a spirit opposed to reverence and better suited to a ball-room or a political election than to the worship of God. After the benediction the greetings and conversation should not be boisterous, frivolous, or secular, but spiritual, cordial, quiet, and in keeping with the object of the meeting. The precious influence of the Lord's house, the Lord's day, the Lord's table, the Lord's assembly, and the Lord's Word should be treasured and used sacredly, and not dissipated by fleshly or worldly conversation after the final prayer is uttered.

Mr. Moody is intensely practical. A man rose in one of his meetings and gave his experience: "I have been for five years on the Mount of Transfiguration." "How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?" was the sharp question that came from Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply. "Have you saved any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't know that I have," answered the man. "Well, we don't want that kind of mountain-top experience. When a man gets so high that he cannot reach down and save poor sinners, there is something wrong." There seems to be two extremes. Some get so high that they cannot reach down, and some grovel so low that they are shorn of all influence. The first will not save sinners, the second cannot. When the soul is truly uplifted to Christ it occupies the happy medium, and finding its wants supplied, it seeks the good of others.

(From the *Apostolic Guide*.)

The most prosperous year in the history of Kentucky University is fast drawing to a close. The enrolment for the year in the two sister colleges has reached four hundred and thirty; one hundred and forty-one in the college of the Bible, and two hundred and eighty-nine in the college of Arts. The institution is deservedly growing in favor with our brotherhood. The crying need of the hour is an increase in the endowment fund, that its rapid growth in patronage may be met with an equal increase of facilities in all branches of higher learning. The efficient labors of J. S. Shouse ought surely to effect this desirable end, sooner or later; for his heart is thoroughly enlisted in his great work.

The readers of the *Guide* may know the standing of Kentucky University among the colleges of our country; it may not be out of place to note that a "Diploma of Honorable Mention" was conferred upon it by the Paris Exposition, in view of the high grade of work done by it. And now the news comes that a recent graduate of our Uni-

versity, J. O. McReynolds, has carried off the honors of a class of one hundred and thirty in the Medical College of Johns Hopkins. The fact is that, in quality and faithfulness of work done, few of the Eastern colleges can compare with the University.—*W. G. Conley*

It has often been said that a self-made man is the best kind of a man, but Chas. A. Dana of the *New York Sun* evidently does not agree thereto. Speaking recently of Horace Greeley he said: "He was a man of almost no education—indeed of no education at all except what he had acquired for himself. The worst school that a man can be sent to, and the worst of all it is for a man of genius, is what is called a self education. There is no greater misfortune for a man of extraordinary talent than to be educated by himself, because he has of necessity a very poor schoolmaster. There is nothing more advantageous to an able youth than to be thrown into contact with other youths in the conflicts of study and in the struggle for superiority in the school and in the college. That was denied to Mr. Greeley. He knew no language but his own; but of that he possessed the most extraordinary mastery. His wit and his humor flowed out in idiomatic forms of expression that were surprising and delightful, and that remain in the mind almost forever." And Mr. Dana is right.—*Geo. Darsie*.

(From the *Christian Evangelist*.)

ENGLISH TOPICS.—But what I started out in this letter to do was to give another item or two in addition to those given last week, in illustration of the significant fact that Mr. Price Hughes and his Forward Movement are in several important particulars in line with our reformatory work. He repudiates ecclesiastical traditions and human creeds and advocates a return to the Christianity of Christ. Here is the opening passage in a sermon on "The Disciples of Christ," delivered two weeks ago in St. James' Hall, London, which is worthy of Alexander Campbell in his palmiest days, barring, perhaps, a single statement:—

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," from which we gather that during the life of our Lord, all through the startling events of Pentecost, and for some years afterwards, those who are now called everywhere, little as we may deserve it, Christians, were called the disciples of Jesus Christ. The word Christian, like the word Methodist, was originally a nickname given by the enemies of the faith in contempt. The word by which the first Christians knew one another and described one another was the word "disciple." Even the greatest of the apostles to the close of his life was called, and delighted to be called, the disciple whom Jesus loved. Disciples! We have not sufficiently realized what that name implies. The elaborate creeds and the bitter controversies of Christendom have bewildered some young people and have alienated others. All the signs of the times point to a fresh start. We must begin again. The traditions of our fathers have befogged us as they befogged the Jews of our Lord's day. Let us, then, get back to Christ. Let us start where all the first Christians and the holy apostles started, as disciples of Jesus Christ. Words, phrases, technical creeds bother and irritate you. Then let us put them on one side. We cannot literally carry out the principle of Descartes, and make a *tabula rasa*—a clean sheet of our minds. But we can go straight to the fountain-head of truth and become a simple disciple of Jesus Christ

Our prophet does not appreciate the name Christian because it is nominally worn by so many unworthy persons who have not a spark of the Divine light in their souls that the word represents, but is assuredly sound on the name "Disciple," and the plea to make the personality of Christ the rallying centre of our faith. If Mr. Hughes fully comprehends the principles of his plea and their bearing on the existing condition of religious thought he is not far from the kingdom of our 19th century reformation. J. J. HALLEY.

Here is the way in which a pastor of twenty-three years' standing in the Presbyterian church writes to Mrs. E. B. Gramme, editor of the *Church Union*, in regard to the visible unity of the church:—

I am pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this place. I was brought up after the most "strict sect" of the Presbyterians in Princeton Theological Seminary, and left there a narrow (bigoted by education) and most uncomfortable sectarian. I look back upon myself as though it was someone else. But I enjoy immensely being someone different from that. I have a deep hatred of Sectarianism and more Clericalism. I believe the sects to be largely of the devil—and of the last of a devil which goes out only by much prayer, and perhaps fasting. I fear much the men who have been said (you will pardon the expression, it indicates popular feeling) "to button their trousers up to the chin." If I see a man ecclesiastically dignified, I look the other way, and think of something else, or pray "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." I believe elaborate theological systems, combined with theological contention, and the zeal to be leaders, the substitution of an immense mass of forms and dogmas, all combined with dreadful and quite baseless threats for the beautiful simplicity of the gospel of Christ, are sufficient reasons why that gospel has not conquered the world. And it seems to me that these evil things will not easily be removed. It will need a new Luther who will thunder against them. Oh for someone to show to the world how supremely ridiculous they are—not commonly ridiculous, but stupendously. Doctor Dix says that "Christian Union is a craze like the silver craze." Clergymen circulating a petition to condemn Doctor Ramsford for having one of the "Sects" to preach for him. Someone is needed to show the colossal absurdity of these things. But alas! who can? There are no human words to express it. It is one of the unspeakable things which it is not unlawful but impossible for a man to utter. How absolutely impossible to think of the Lord Jesus as a rigid Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Baptist. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. How fine that is! But you must be Episcopally ordained—or immersed, or believe in the five points; that is the quintessence of bathos by the side of the other. I having felt in this way for years, you can well see how much I sympathize with your labors, and wish you God speed with all my heart. I know that my position is a very radical one, but I do feel that something positive is needed; that the sin and harm of sectarianism are greater than any of us imagine, and it will not be put away by soft words. I fear that anything that I might write for *The Church Union* on this subject would be too radical for your readers. I speak freely to my own people about it. They are used to it, and stand it well. They have learned with me to enjoy it; but in your columns I should have a very different audience, and by no means so friendly. I have been the pastor of this people for twenty-three years.

The language often used in our own day about an absolute Christianity, separate from the personality of Jesus Christ, is, after all, but a dream. Our Christianity is not merely the abstract truths which Christ taught, but Christ Himself, who lived, and died, and rose again for us, our Redeemer and our God.—*Robertson*.

Selections.

Open the Gates.

Open the gates ye angel bands,
Fling wide the pearly portal;
A weary child comes home to rest,
A ransomed soul to join the blest,
And enter life immortal.

Open the gates! the strife is past
With sin and sore temptation:
I come to join the victor band,
Who clad in robes of triumph stand;
I come for coronation.

Open the gates, that I may see,
In glory overlasting,
The form once marred and bruised for me,
The Lord who bled upon the tree,
The death of Calvary tasting.

Open the gates, that dear ones there
I may at last be meeting,
For those I love, gone on before,
Now sing upon that blissful shore,
And wait to give me greeting.

Open the gates, O earth farewell!
My soul on wings is flying;
Farewell to heartaches and to tears,
Farewell to doubts, and sins, and fears,
Farewell, farewell to dying.
—*New York Observer*.

Christianity and Buddhism.

A recent experience of Dr. Taylor, of the Presbyterian Hospital in Peking, illustrates the difference between Christianity and the tender mercies of Buddhism, which it is boldly asserted are more tender than those of the New Testament faith. He was summoned to attend a boy who had been found helpless and in great suffering in an open field. Some rascal had hired the lad, who was a donkey driver to take him to a place at a distance from the city. He was tempted, however, to steal the donkey, and when reaching an out-of-the-way place he well nigh killed the boy, covering the trachea and cutting him in many places. A stranger passing by found the boy and carried him to an open space in front of the largest temple in the city. A crowd quickly gathered about the lad, but all passed by on the other side, doing nothing for him. This was at noon. The little sufferer lay until the next morning, not one of the lazy, drooping priests of this great temple offering the slightest aid or comfort. At length some one suggested calling the foreign doctor, and Dr. Taylor was summoned. The long exposure and continued loss of blood had rendered the case well-nigh hopeless. Dr. Taylor, however, resolved to do what he could, and earnestly inquired if any one in the crowd of two hundred persons could tell him where he could find a room in which to place the patient, in order that his wounds might be dressed. In the gateway of the large temple directly behind the scene lounged a dozen priests, devout followers of Buddha, but they could not think of allowing the wounded boy to be put into one of their vacant rooms. He might die, and the expense of burying him might fall on them; or if he recovered, they would have the trouble of caring for him for some days; so they refused. At last a stranger gave permission to have him carried to his house, where his wounds were dressed, and he was able at last to be borne to the hospital. It has been a hard struggle to save his life, but at the last accounts the case seemed hopeful of recovery. The little fellow is very patient, and, as the wounds in his neck prevent articulation, he shakes his hands in Chinese fashion to express his gratitude and joy. Such is "The Light of Asia" of which so many are prating, and such are the tender mercies of Buddhism which are "superior to Christianity!"—*Missionary Magazine*.

A Touching Incident

Here is a touching article clipped from *Current Literature*: "The doctor said it was no unusual thing in delirium, but it seemed strange and pathetic to the living watchers that the middle aged, care worn man, tossing wearily on a sick bed, should fancy himself again a child at his mother's knee. The green grave far away in a country village where she slept had no existence so far as he was concerned. She had never died, but was with her boy again. The many trials of life had passed from memory now, and boyish woes and confidences alone were upon his lips.

"When his weeping wife laid her hand upon his fevered brow, he looked up and smiled and called her 'mother.' The hand that held the medicine to his lips, that smoothed the pillow, was 'mother,' and in all the faces that came and went about his bed he saw but hers, the first his baby eyes had known.

"He had forgotten her so many years. He had been so busy all these years, and a thousand worldly things had clouded the image of that kind old mother, but as death's mighty hand had set aside perplexing, fretting distractions, all so little now, clear and sweet to his parched soul came the memory of an innocent childhood and a mother's love. All at once he knew himself, a weary, troubled creature, sick and faint over earth's fevered draught, and he went back to him whose tenderness never failed him.

"Your little boy is tired, mother. The sun is hot."

"His children broke into sobs as he spoke, but his fatherhood was a thing unknown to him now.

"I'm sleepy, and I want to go to bed. I've been a bad boy some to day, ain't I? But I'll ask God to forgive me, and if you do, I guess he will, too. Hear my prayers, mother; I've learned them by heart now."

"They saw that the end was close at hand then, and his wife made a frantic appeal to him to recognize her, but his ears were fast dulling to all earthly sounds, and he only struggled to raise himself to his knees. They would have restrained him but he said: 'Why, I can't go to sleep without saying my prayers. I've been a bad boy to-day, and God would be angry, mother.'

"Then they helped him up, and with tender arms supported the feeble form, while he knelt, with upturned eyes fast dimming with death's film, and, clasping his hands as a little child does by its cradle, prayed the sweet old petition of—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Calling the Roll in Heaven.

An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army. The hospital tents had been filling up as fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded, and unable to speak. It was near midnight, and the surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and, for a moment, all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, calls in a clear, distinct voice, "Here!" The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing!" said he. "They are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name. He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. In the great roll-call of eternity, can you answer, "Here"?