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Facing the New Century.

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THAT great clock of Time which measures the march of man, and the progress of Christ's kingdom, has struck the completion of another century. We are facing a new century. The one whose history is just completed brought to us, in the good providence of God, many great material benefits, and many great spiritual blessings. It gave us manifold useful inventions in steam and electricity, in telegraphy and photography, and divers other practical contrivances. It gave us foreign missions. When it began, five godly students at Williams College were praying beside the historic "haystack" that God would show them how to reach the lands of heathenism; when it ended, there were a million and a half of converts in foreign missionary churches. It gave us the noble and heaven-blessed AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, with its millions of evangelical publications; it gave us Young Men's Christian Associations and the Christian Endeavor Society, and a vast number of benevolent and philanthropic institutions.

The history of all the converting work wrought upon immortal souls by the glorious gospel of redemption has gone up to swell the praises of heaven. The widespread revivals in our land during the first two years of the nineteenth century checked the progress of French infidelity and put a wholesome leaven of religion into the newly settled West and Southwest. From 1825 to 1835 there was a great tide of revivals under the preaching of Finney and Nettleton and Lyman Beecher and other rousing preachers. In 1858 occurred the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, whose chief characteristic was the noon-day prayer-meetings. During the latter quarter of the century one of the most conspicuous figures has been Dwight L. Moody; and in Great Britain the late Charles H. Spurgeon. These two fearless servants of their Master made a deep and abiding mark on the souls of thousands and on the religious history of their times.

There is no denying that several evil things have drifted out of the by-gone century that are now an ugly obstruction to the progress of Christ's kingdom. We have got to face them in this outset of the new century. About the worst of these bequests of the dead century is a lamentable lowering of respect for God's holy day. In America are pouring not only millions of foreign population, but the pernicious Continental ideas as to the Sabbath. Godless Sunday newspapers are about the worst inventions of the departed century; they block the way to Sabbath worship; they block the way to the gospel in multitudes of hearts. I wish I could say that all church members are guiltless of supporting these desecrators of the day which their Creator has commanded to keep holy.

We have to face also a sadly shaken faith in the perfect infallibility and supreme authority of God's revealed word. The subtle poison that is doing so much mischief is the really the vital element in the Bible. Cut that out, and you cut out the divine authority and the spiritual power of the Book of books; and you cut the courage and confidence out of the ministers and Sunday-school teachers who preach and teach the Bible. I have no doubt that this deplorable knocking of the under-pinning out from under God's day and God's Word have done more to "hyprotize" the churches and to hinder the work of converting souls than any other two evil agencies. The enormous growth of wealth has had its effect in making too many Christians worldly-minded; it is this increased self-indulgence that sends so many to the theatre and the haunts of pleasure who ought to be at their prayer-meetings or in benevolent labors. To keep up a high tone of spiritual life in adversity is a great deal easier than to do it in the flush of prosperity. "It is the sunny day that brings out the adders."

There are several other evil customs and tendencies that we have got to face as we enter this century—such as the growing neglect of family worship and the growing rage for light reading, often of a poisonous character. In short, Satan has come into this new century, and he has come to do all the mischief he can and to stay as long as he can. What then? Are we, who profess to be the servants of the omnipotent Lord Jesus, to turn white in the lips, and play the coward? Are we to lose faith in prayer and the precious promises? Shall we say that the gospel of redemption has lost its power and the armor of God which he gave to our fathers is worn out? Shall we listen to the current nonsense that "revivals are obsolete," and that the new century demands a new theology? Nothing would delight the devil more than to have Christ's churches and ministers swallow such deadly delusions.

Christ's order to his people now is "to go forward!" In China missionaries have become martyrs; but their blood calls aloud not for revenge or retreat, but for *advance* in the holy cause. The time demand fearless, faithful preaching to the unconverted. Rich men and women are called now to do what Arthur Tappan and William E. Dodge did in the last century, and that is, give their money, time and influence to Christ and their fellow-men. Personal effort to win souls will do again what it did when Harlan Page and Mary Lyon made it their meat and drink to lead sinners to the Saviour. Good books and awakening tracts will accomplish the same blessed results they ever did. Brethren and sisters, God has infinite blessings ready and waiting for us if in facing this new century we set our faces right towards Christ—right towards Calvary—and right towards Pentecost.

Hating Sin.

C. E. WETHERBE.

POSSIBLY some of us who think that we hate sin do not hate it to the extent that we often imagine that we do. It may be that it is the effects of sin which we hate, instead of sin itself. Perhaps it is the results in ourselves of the sins which we have committed that we hate, rather than the real sins themselves. There is a wide difference between the two things. To hate sin, because I suffer from the pain which it gives me by its indulgence, is not necessarily hating the sin itself; it is hating the suffering. The question is, Do I hate the suffering from my sin more than I hate the sin itself? Is the damage to one, as the result of my sinning, of greater concern to one than is the fact that I have committed the sin? If I be sorry, is it because I have committed a certain sin, or rather because I am enduring the penalty of that sin? Perhaps I, in supposing that I was hating my sinning, have been hating only the pain and shame which my sinning has brought on me. I have been thinking more about what I have been suffering from my sinning than I have thought of the wickedness of my sinning. In other words, I have been hating the effects upon myself of my sins rather than the sins; or, I have been hating the effects in one of my sins more than I have been hating the sins themselves. Is it wrong, then for one to hate the results of his sins? No; but one ought to have a far greater hatred of sin itself than he has of any of its results. Is it not a great deal easier for us to hate sin while we are suffering from the effects of it than it is for us to hate sin as a principle, or because it is opposed to God and all goodness? It seems so. It ought to be as easy for us to hate sin as an abstract principle, as a thing which is itself hateful, as it is for us to hate it while we are suffering personal damage as a result of its operations. And I am confident that the nearer like God that we become the more strongly inclined we will be to hate sin itself, rather than its con-

sequences. Then, too, I think that, as a general thing, we are far more apt to hate sin as seen in the lives of other people than we are to hate sin when committed by ourselves. Moreover, we hate the effects upon ourselves of other people's sins, but are not apt to hate the effects upon others of our own sins. This is sinful selfishness. We ought to hate all sin, because God hates it, and also because it is opposed to righteousness and holiness.

The Imperial Protestant Federation, with headquarters in London, has sent out 28,000 copies of a petition against the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. The petition is being extensively signed in all parts of the country. The Federation enrolls voters pledged to support only such candidates as will oppose the schemes of Rome. Such enrolment of voters has been in about four hundred places in the United Kingdom, and a considerable number of elections are influenced. It is well for Protestants everywhere to stand together against the wiles of the Papacy.

Life Sweetened By Work

SAYS the *Church Record*: It is wonderful how much the genuine manifestations of our appreciation of others do brighten and sweeten our relations with them. In the home especially we are wont to take too much for granted. We reason that the members of our families know how much we think of them, and there is no need of our telling them about it. That is true; but, there are other ways of showing our kindness than that of telling about it. Tone may be quite as significant as words, and manner always carries with it a multiplicity of shouting. But then there are times when words are not out of place, and they carry with them a blessing that is not forgotten. Sometimes the most precious thing in the world is a few words.

The Story of the Chain.

DID you ever read the story about the chain that an old blacksmith made? He lived in the heart of a great city, and all day long people could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew that he was forging a chain. Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work, and as they saw how faithful and patient he was and how he would never pass over a link till it was absolutely perfect, they laughed at him and told him he would get ever so much more accomplished if he did not take so much pains. But the old smith only shook his head and kept on doing his best, making every link as strong as if the whole chain depended upon it. At last he died, and was laid away in the churchyard, and the great chain which lay in the corner of his shop was put on board a ship. One day there came a fierce gale. The ship toiled through the waves and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. They let go her anchor, and the great chain went rattling over the side of the deck into the gloomy waves. At last the anchor touched the bottom, and the chain, made by the old blacksmith, grew taut and stiff as a bar of iron. If one link, just one link, was imperfect and weak they were lost. But the faithful old smith had done his best in each link; and the vessel, and all her precious lives, were safe.

What had saved her? The chain, you say. Well, yes, but what was the quality that had been wrought into the chain? Fidelity. And don't you see what a parable it is of our daily character-building? Link by link, deed by deed, we fashion it, and when temptation comes, it will test our work.