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The Evangelical Churchman,

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THE CRY OF MISSIONARY HEARTS.

No gold! No gold!
Our hearts are heavy and full of care,
For the woes of others are hard to bear;
For the breadless table we have no bread,
No couch for the wanderer's weary head,
No raiment to wrap round the shivering form,
No fire with its flushes so rosy warm.

No gold! no gold!
There are sick in the city, we hear them moan,
Soul and body are sad and lone,
A Double Healer we pine to give,
But the Healer hath need of gold to live.
There are lost in the city, the fair young girl,
The trodden snow and the tarnished pearl.
There are boys in the city, *not* like the boys
That cheer our hearth with their half-child noise;
For wild and tawny and grim to see,
The city "Arabs," alas! they be;
We want to gather these lambs that roam,
But there needeth gold for the lost ones' Home.

No gold! no gold!
There are souls that are wandering all around,
Who have never heard the gospel sound;
In rags and in tatters of divers hue,
The many shrink from the wealthy few;
The waifs of the city we want to call
To "theatre service" or "mission hall."
'Mid the desert sands, or under the palms,
There are voices ready for grave sweet psalms;
In idol courts, or by Ganges' tide,
There are hearts awaiting to open wide:
But our hands are heavy, our feet unshod,
For we have not the gold to go forth for God.

Where is the gold, the fair bright gold,
Which is given the church for her Lord to hold?
I see it! the flash of the diamond's ray
Tells of its place in a saint's array.
I see it gleaming on mirrored walls,
Where the ransomed sit in their ceiled halls.
I see it shine in yon robes that change
Their costly beauties so sad and strange,
"Adorning" the lovers of God's meek Word,*
Who say that they strive to be like their Lord.
I see it glowing in costly wine,
In dainty banquets I see its sign,

And its shreds are lavished on trifled store,
To please self's idol a moment more.
Weep for the gold, God's gifted gold,
Which He gives to His saints for their Lord to hold!

But I see the gold in another light,
Doth it too shine like a meteor bright?
I see it in temples which Christians raise,
Not pure and fair like "the pearl of days,"
But with gorgeous windows and trappings rich,
With gothic spire and with statued niche,
With pillars and friezes and crimson gaud,
The Father of Spirits to honour and laud;
While e'en in the land of the simple Knox
Strange splendours rise 'mid the pines and rocks.
But pause, O Christians, and think awhile
Ere ye give your gold to the sculptured aisle;
Must ye gild the gospel's priceless wealth?
Must ye rouge the hue of the gospel's health?
Must ye gem the scabbard of God's own sword?
Must ye tinsel the casket which holds the Word?
Must ye lend the aid of a foreign "power"
To the message sent in the Spirit's hour?
Doth your risen Lord, with His glorious brow,
Need the costly vase and the ointment *now*?
'Twas but for the "buried," the shamed and the
dead,
But "the poor ye have always," the Master said.

Pray o'er the gold, God's gifted gold,
For it is but given for Him to hold.
Scatter the gold in the seedtime brief,
For the glory cometh with harvest sheaf.

M. M. G.

* See I Peter iii. 3.

REALITY.

A great secret in Christian life is to cultivate reality. We all know the difference between mere knowledge and realized experience; between truth merely known and that which has real power in the heart. It is a common expression that the head gets in advance of the heart—in other words, that there is more merely mental knowledge than heartfelt experience of truth.

There is great danger in mental knowledge when it goes no farther. It accustoms the heart to the form and sound of truth which it does not follow. This accounts for the low spiritual attainments of many Christians. They are often painfully conscious of knowing much blessed truth, which has little power in their lives. This discourages them. They feel the difficulty of bringing their experience and life up to the level of their knowledge.

But it surely is not the will of our Father that this great distance should exist between our knowledge and our experience. There must be some fault when it is so; and it is most important to search out the remedy. This will not be found in seeking new views of truth. These may for a time occupy our minds, and an inward revival may seem to result; but too often the effect is more on the mind than the heart. It is emotional more than solid and real, and for this reason it is not lasting.

If we are conscious of unreality, and our experience does not answer to our knowledge, the remedy lies in seeking *real* views of the old truths, rather than in searching hither and thither for something new.

But let us guard against a mistake. The Holy Spirit of God alone can give us real views of truth. But many wait drearily on, hoping that some day He will grant a revival. This

is the mistake. The Holy Spirit imparts power to believe, but He does not believe instead of us. He enables us to believe aright by acting in and through the faculties which God has given us, and we must recognize the responsibility of giving up ourselves, in child-like confidence, to His gracious leadings. The divine rule is that "he that seeketh findeth" (Matt. v. 8). Merely to know our need and to confess it has no promise of blessing. We too often forget the *seeking* to which the Spirit is constantly leading us.

If we want to experience the reality of what we know, we must definitely *seek* to do so. But how? it may be asked. First of all, of course, in simple believing prayer. All our efforts without this will avail us nothing. But are we beyond this to be merely passive—to do nothing? Surely not. We must cultivate reality; we must earnestly avoid unreality.

With regard to revealed truth which does not seem real to us, it will help us, if we remark that, whatever we feel, it *is* real. But if we want to realize it more, we must learn the secret of *just living as if it were true*.

But some will say, "This is what we want to arrive at." Dear reader, it is what you must *begin at*. Truth seems unreal, because we get into such habits as unreality. The slightest thing knowingly allowed in our life inconsistent with what we believe has a terrible result. The mind cannot forget the truth, but we act in spite of it, and hardening of heart follows. It may be in very little matters, but the effect is the same. The truths which ought to have an increasing power over us gradually cease to appear real to us.

To realize truth we must give up expecting, even in answer to prayer, certain emotions which we call realization, until we have learned over again the lesson of simple faith. It is, after all, not what we feel, but what God says, that constitutes truth. And, starting from this, we must diligently put aside everything which we suspect is grieving the Spirit, whose office it is to make truth real to our hearts.

Many very earnest souls are often kept long in darkness while seeking a deeper realization of truth. They pray for and expect some feelings about it which will make them happy, and inspire them, as they think, with some new power. In this they err. The secret of deeper reality is in more simple faith exercised upon the truth itself, and in simple obedience, in the least detail, to the line of conduct which it suggests. Faith, and not feeling, must be the motive to obedience; and obedience is the condition in which "joy and peace in believing" will result.

It is true that it is God's part to "fill us with all joy and peace in believing" (Rom. xv. 13). It is ours to trust Him for it, and to expect it from Him. But while there is any permitted disobedience, the slightest indulged which His truth would condemn, and tempers are manifested inconsistent with our belief, we cannot expect much "joy and peace." These, it is true, are vouchsafed to us "in believing," but a faith which is not united with simple obedience will never know any real joy in the Lord. Indeed, we might go a step farther, and say that it is no faith at all which does not regard God's truth as so real as