

bring them to perfection. We dare not suppose that this great movement is over. As well might the newly ordained minister imagine his intellectual equipment complete. We are but on the threshold standing upon it and looking into a land rich with promise and richer in fulfilment to those of us who will enter and possess it.

Some minds must think and plan for the future of the Church. Upon the floor of the Assembly the first evidence of this careful thought is given, and there are not wanting those who say that this thing is all cut and dried before hand, and that the business of the Church is run by a few, who arrange all details, then skillfully engineer them through the Court. Were none to plan before coming to the General Assembly the first to grumble at chaotic condition of the business submitted would be the men who most earnestly protest against the bureaucracy of the present methods. A little Christian charity would help the thing out.

### A NATURAL LEADER.

In reporting the address of one of the missionaries at the General Assembly on Foreign Mission night, the representative of a daily paper described his address as full of a wonderful personal magnetism, compelling the attention and enlisting the sympathies of his hearers. We know the speaker of whom this was said. He is not an attractive man in appearance. His voice and manner are repellent rather than winning. Quiet, and restrained, one would never think of him as a natural leader of men. Something awakened within him as he stood before that great audience that night, for the whole Presbyterian Church in Canada was there and he rose to the occasion.

Leadership among men does not depend upon outward things. A great soul is often encased within an insignificant or even uncouth body. Napoleon was known as the "Little Corsican." His great rival and ultimate conqueror was almost repulsive in appearance. The great religious leaders, from Paul onwards, have been men whom it would be hard to fit with the regulation dress suit. But beneath an exterior that men would not turn to look at a second time a soul richly endowed lay concealed, and at times looked out of the eyes and thrilled in the tones, and directed the energies of the man to whom God had given it.

The natural leader does not think of leadership. He is sublimely unconscious of his power. If he does become conscious of it at any time, he weakens it, for self-consciousness in such a man soon becomes arrogance. Such a man is often possessed of a simple direct nature, that looks right on, and sees what should be done, and sets about having it done. His power lies in this, that he can enlist, and even compel the energy of others to carry out his will. We yield to that power unconsciously, and, laying aside our own plan take up the plan of the man whose leadership we acknowledge.

There are not many leaders of this

stamp. There are a host of would be leaders, and the fact that they would lead bars them out of the class of great leaders of men. But the Church needs a leader. Thousands stand ready to follow if but one would lead. Perhaps we have more of the spirit of consecrated service in the Church to-day than ever before. It may not be greater in the individual, but in the aggregate there is more of the desire to be up and doing than in any former period. But leaders are born, not made. By dint of persistent effort one man may push himself to the front, and become an acknowledged leader; but we merely acquiesce in his leadership. There is little heart in the service we give under him. To one whom God has gifted with the power to compel the wills of other men unconsciously, the heart would go out naturally; and every earnest worker would draw towards him as steel to the magnet.

We are praying that the Lord of the harvest would thrust forth laborers into the harvest. May we not be more specific. May we not ask for one whom we should instinctively follow, whom the Divine Master shall endow with discernment, that he may choose the way for those of us who can follow, but who may not lead. Is this a confession of weakness? It would be were we responsible for the gifts we possess. But we are not. We are responsible for the use we make of them. If we have been fitted to follow we have no business in the place of leader, nor should we seek to do the leader's part.

Some set themselves to discover arguments says the (London) Presbyterian, for the divinity of the Scriptures and of the Son of God. We never more needed such arguments than at the present time, when we are being assailed with all manner of doubt-begging propositions, and when a German professor discourses frankly on the Christian mysteries, but denies the miraculous birth and the resurrection of our Lord. The late Professor Romanes was, as many know, cast in a sea of doubt, and all its waves went over him, but he tells us that one fact that stayed his soul was that Christ never taught a single doctrine which had to be unlearned. The advances of science do not antiquate a single point in His teaching. Where Plato and Socrates and Confucius have become old, Christ lives with an immortal youth, and in every century is still in the van.

### The New Covenant—A Forgotten Secret.\*

BY ANNA ROSS.

"The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, \* \* \* took the cup, when He had supped, saying, 'This cup is the New Testament in my blood drink ye all of it.'"

So there is a new covenant which is also a New Testament, the bequest of our dying Redeemer purchased for us at the price of His blood, and surely worth a good deal. What is it? and what is the use of it? The Church has forgotten. Ask ten ordinarily intelligent Christians what are the terms of this new covenant. Will anyone interest himself to make the experiment. If his experience is at all like the writer's, at least nine out of the ten will answer practically after the

fashion of the Ephesians, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any new covenant."

The Church was not always so ignorant of the New Covenant. Francis Enzinas, the young Spanish Reformer, was negotiating for the printing of his translation of the New Testament. "Before he had sent the copy to the printers," writes D'Aubigne, "an old Dominican monk, who scented some heretical design underneath it all, presented himself at his door. After the customary salutations, he took up the first page, which lay on the table in manuscript, and contained the title and one epistle to the emperor. The monk read, '*The New Testament, that is the New Covenant, of our Redeemer and only Saviour Jesus Christ.*' Francis had said Covenant because he had noticed that the word Testament was not well understood."

\* \* \* 'Covenant,' said the monk, 'your translation is faithful and good, but the word *Covenant* grates on my ear; it is a completely Lutheran phrase.' 'No, it is not a phrase of Luther,' said Enzinas, but of the prophets and apostles.' 'This is intolerable,' resumed the monk; 'a youth born but yesterday or the day before, claims to teach the wisest and oldest men what they have taught all their life long! I swear by my cove that your design is to administer to men's souls the poisonous beverages of Luther craftily mixing with them the most holy words of the New Testament.' \* But Enzinas knew what he was doing. It was not to him a small matter that many readers were losing the power of the word Covenant in their careless familiarity with the word Testament.

Samuel Rutherford had learned the secret of taking covenant hold upon his "sweet Lord Jesus" when he used the words, "Where there is fire, it is Christ's part, which I lay and bind upon Him, to keep in the coal."† Such bold trafficking in Covenant terms brought him into the banqueting house where the banner over him was love.

There was a time when there was a Covenant Theology, and "there were giants in the earth in those days."

That the force of the words Covenant and Testament were the precious property of the ordinary christian in those early times is illustrated by the following story. It was in the times of Claverhouse. A communion was to be held among the hills, but exactly where had not been ascertained by the enemy. The dragoons were scouring the country early that Sabbath morning seeking for traces of its whereabouts. They met a peasant servant-girl running barefoot over the heath. "Where are you going my lass?" sung out the captain of the band. The girl stopped. She could not tell a lie. To tell the plain truth meant—she knew too well what. Her knowledge of "the secret of the Lord gave her a ready answer. She said promptly "My brother has died, Sir, and I am going to hear his will read, and to get my share." Her story and her appearance pleased the soldier. "Well, well lass," he said, "you will run better with a pair of shoes on your feet," and he opened his purse, and handed her a half crown.

Where now will you find a young communicant giving such an account of a communion service, or of her object in going to it?

\*D'Aubigne, 8th Vol. 2nd series, page 63.  
†Rutherford's Letters, page 322.

The New Covenant a Lost Secret, by Anna Ross, Author of "The Men with the Book" or "Memoirs of John Ross, of Brucefield." The new book with this title is now in the printer's hands. Beginning with the present issue, extracts from its successive chapters will be given in "The Dominion Presbyterian" that readers may understand its drift and its style. Orders may be sent to this office. P.O. Drawer 169, Ottawa.