

ly the whole second story. The pulpit was about as high as the gallery and was little more than a neatly made box with a side door at the top of a high flight of stairs, and over it was an octagonal sounding board hung by a chain, and under it, in front, was a hinged shelf used for a communion table. And here, too, under the pulpit were the orthodox seats for the deacons, who always sat there away from their families, entirely out of sight of the preacher, and facing the congregation. At the close of the sermon it was quite common for the preacher, leaning over, and looking downward, to ask one of the deacons to speak or lead in prayer, and that, too, after a sermon of an hour, and often much longer. The congregation sat during the singing, and stood at prayer with their backs turned to the preacher. In my earliest recollection Allan Sharp was chorister, and always set the tune with a toot on his pitch-pipe, which was made like a large willow whistle, with an adjustable movement inside. The pews were little more than small closets, with doors fastened with wooden buttons. The seats were uncushioned boards with perpendicular backs, on the top of which were thin rails or caps projecting inward, perfectly constructed for provoking weariness and wakefulness. There were no chairs, not even in the pulpit. If I do not err, the church that worshipped in this old house has sent out more Baptist preachers than any other in the Dominion of Canada.

N. Springfield, Vermont, May 11th, 1905.

Just What to Do

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

"What must I do to be saved?" You are emphasizing that little word "do," for your Saviour having already done his mighty work for providing an atonement for you, the next thing must be on your side. If anybody tell you to do nothing at all, but simply trust yourself to Christ, he or she may only confuse you. Jesus himself never gave any such advice. He said "Follow me," and that means go where I lead you, and do what I tell you. In Peter's case that meant the quitting of his nets and his fishing-boats, and in Matthew's case it meant the leaving of his toll booth; and in both cases they did it to please the Lord Jesus. No waiting for more feeling, you observe; no bargaining with him for an easy time or any reward. They obeyed Christ. That was their decisive step.

Now, in the very first thing that offers itself to you, so act as to please your Saviour. Consult conscience. Jesus speaks to you through the conscience, it is your moral telephone, listen and obey. Last evening, a young lady friend who is now very thoughtful about her soul's salvation was invited by a friend to a social prayer-meeting. She had also been invited to a party. The party was not in itself a sinful place of entertainment, but her conscience said within her: "The prayer-meeting is the safest place and the best place for me to-night." She was more likely to meet Christ, to honor Christ, and to get needed help for her soul among his people than among a merry company of pleasure-seekers. Her going to the house of prayer was a decisive act, it was a following after Christ rather than after a worldly indulgence. Did she do that in order "to be saved"? Yes, because she wanted to be saved from frivolous, soul-dissipating influences and from reproach of conscience, she wanted to put herself distinctly on Christ's side, and she did it. Her step was like casting a ballot on election day, it showed which side she was on. The prayer-meeting could not convert her soul, but her act of going there was an evidence that she was being converted, for conversion signifies a turning round towards Christ.

We have cited the above case as an illustration of what is implied by "following" Christ. The same principle may be applied in a hundred different directions, every right step taken in obedience to the voice of an awakened conscience is a step toward salvation. Christ speaks through the conscience. "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." Very quietly the Holy Spirit often opens the heart, just as he did the heart of Lydia. What is done by that awakened heart commonly settles the great question. She opened her lips for Christ and opened her house to his servants, and that proved that she had admitted Jesus into her heart. What she did was the decisive step on her part, because she did it in trust and love in order to obey and honor her divine Saviour. If she had done the opposite, who supposes that Lydia would have become the first convert on the soil of Europe and have found her place among godly women? Her actions spoke louder than words. "What makes our Fred so wonderfully kind and obliging this week?" inquired a wife of her husband. "I don't know unless he was converted by that sermon last Sabbath." The husband was right; the youth had been quietly changed under the influence of a faithful sermon, and began at once to act differently. That boy's conduct at home was his way of "following Christ"; his conversion proved itself by his acts, and has lasted ever since. The result proved that God's hand was in it.

Salvation is a joint process; it is all free grace on the side of the atoning Savior; it is all free obedience on our side. Jesus works, and you must work—he in you, and you for him. Doing nothing at all in the damning sin. Just observe what answers Peter and Paul gave to the question: "What must we do to be saved?" Peter's prompt, pithy answer at the time of Pentecost was, "Repent!" Repen-

tance is more than shame or sorrow for sin; it is a turning from sin with a full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience to Christ. This means doing, not mere feeling. My friend A—repented of his sin of dram-drinking when he signed a pledge and forsook his bottle. It would have been absurd for him to have said that he was penitent and trusting Christ, while he was yet taking sly drinks out of that decanter. It would in his case have been a quenching of the Holy Spirit. An awakened inquirer once said to me: "My besetting sin is to swear." Then I replied: "Confess your sin to God and stop swearing. At whatever point the Holy Spirit convicts you of sin, there is the point to yield and repent. Repentance proves itself by acts."

Paul's answer to the question was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." This was also an act, and a very impressive one. Trusting in the jailer's case was not a babe falling asleep on the bosom of a mother—as some people define faith. It was a resolute step, into which he puts the whole energies of his soul—as I would put all my bodily energies into grasping a rope if I fell overboard from a ferryboat. His was the quick cleaving to Jesus; God was working in him, and he in turn was "working out his salvation with fear and trembling." My friend, your faith must be a laying hold on Jesus Christ and a cleaving fast to him. That is your doing. He will cleanse you, strengthen you and hold you to the end. That is His doing.

Finally, the whole great question of your salvation must be settled between you and your Saviour. Go to him, go with your Bible, go on your knees, go and surrender yourself to him. One hour with Jesus is worth years of sermons or inquiry meetings. No pastor, no friend, can save you; Jesus can. "Whosoever he bids you do, as he speaks to your conscience, do it.—Sel.

Forgiving one Another.

BY IAN MCLEAREN.

We shall suppose that during past days, it may be long ago, someone has injured you. It may have been by an insulting speech to your face, or by detraction behind your back, or by act of treachery, or by some deed of substantial injustice. You have suffered loss in some shape, and you feel that you are justly angry. A flame of anger has been lit in your heart, and you have not tried to quench it. You have, indeed, fanned and fed it—with the assistance of foolish friends—and it blazes wonderfully at a time till you grow dramatic and eloquent at the remembrance of your wrongs. Your grievance has become a cherished possession—one might almost say a luxury—and you have gone the length of saying that you will never forgive that offender. And now I am going to ask you to do what you said you never would, and my hope is that I shall succeed. You will change your mind and signalize the event by an act of forgiveness.

Forgiveness is, in fact, an attitude of heart. And I plead that you forgive, because it is not unlikely that you were mistaken. You have heard for instance, what he (or she) said about you, and, as you believe, on good authority. Are you certain that the account—which ought never to have reached you—was verbatim? I cast no doubt on the good faith of your informant, especially as nothing less than a sense of duty would have induced him to say anything, as he explained with emphasis. I only remind you that not one person in ten can give an accurate account of a conversation—neither misplacing nor replacing, neither transforming nor deforming. Besides, were you told the connection in which your name was treated with apparent disrespect? Had the conversation to do with you or your opinions? Why, a man may love you and laugh at your opinions, political or commercial. And were the accent of the voice and the look of the face conveyed to you? No? Then you have not the most important evidence before you, and could form no judgment. "Rascal" is, I suppose, a libelous word but it might be so said, with such a comical shake of the head and such a twinkle of the eye, that this opprobrious word becomes a compliment and a caress.

You are not shaken, because you have seen what was said, or you know what was done, and you stand on facts. Then let me remind you that it is quite possible the offender was conscientious. What, you say, in a heat, could possess any respectable man to use such language or take such action? and you ask your friends whether they could imagine you following such a course. They consent they could not, and you are confirmed in your opinion that this action was pure mischief, an inspiration of the devil. Your conclusion is, perhaps natural; but are we not all too apt to consider any unpleasant opposition as pure cussedness, and not give credit to opponents for honesty? Perhaps you would not do what he has done but then that need not be because you are a better man; it may be because you are good-natured, whom nothing but an absolute outrage would goad into doing anything disagreeable, because you have inherited or were taught good manners and can state your mind courteously; because you were brought up in a genial, liberal, conciliatory atmosphere, and are not inclined to burn any person who belongs to another school than your own. This man, whom you have called unscrupulous, venomous, vindictive, vulgar, is, for all you know, an excellent father and a hard-working citizen and a sincere Christian, and he may also be

very able, but he is of an acrid disposition, or he has been imperfectly educated, or he has lived with sour-blooded people. When he vilifies you he is simply doing what he thinks from his standpoint is right, and, if he does it badly, then that is a cause for your compassion rather than your indignation. May I suggest that there are people with whom you ought not to be angry, whom you ought to pity?

And then, if I have not touched your case, because you are sure you have been willfully injured, and you are sure you have given no cause, then let me now entreat you to forgive, that you may escape the curse of an unforgiving temper. No amount of hatred or ill usage can injure any one, if only he possesses his soul in patience. From this discipline of suffering he may rather win the virtues of meekness and charity. His one danger arises, not from his enemy, but from himself—that he should dwell upon petty wrongs, and grow garrulous about himself, and in the end become peevish and irritable. Persecutors in history never injured their victims by fire or sword, they sadly succeeded when the blood of the persecuted turned into gall. He who thinks kindly of his enemy gathers a quick reward into his own bosom. How soon will it all be over! How little does any man's word matter! How great is the love of God!—British Weekly.

The Triumphal Entry.

How sorrowful it must have been to Joseph to come to his own brethren and where he had expected the revelation of love, to find the enactment of an awful treachery. How such things as these crush the heart and make death preferable to life! Or to trust words and fair promises, and alas when too late to remedy, discover the fickleness and falseness of those whom you trusted. If the departed spirit of Toussaint L'Ouverture could speak from the circumspatial skies that France and Napoleon could hear the wail would be deeper than that of the widows whose dead have made spectral the fields of battle. He trusted words and promises, and history says he found a prisoner's cell and death in a dungeon. But even more striking than this is the sorrow of Joan of Arc, captured by John of Lenxemburg and sold to the English for 10,000 livres. In her desperate condition and helpless estate she turned for succor to the country she had saved.

Such sorrows as these are the things that age men and women in a day, or silver the hair in a night! They traduced her reputation, and one of the purest names in the annals of the good and the great was soiled by falsehood. She turned unto her own, they delivered her to the enemy, and keener were these pangs of rejection than the flames of martyrdom, through which her spirit mounted to God. I will not mention the ingratitude of children, of employe or employer or that of pupil or patient or client. To do this would be to open the flood gates of memory, too numerous and bitter for hearts to bear. Only God can stand such neglect or bear such rejection. The clanking chains of Columbus will still be telling of the ingratitude of Spain when the annalist shall have written "finis" at the close of the last chapter of a wasted greatness. No, the triumph was too short-lived to deserve the appellation. "He came unto His own and his own received him not." They wanted a king, but their ideals and his were at variance. It was for this reason that they rejected him, and for this reason that their house would be left unto them desolate. The rejection passes over a few days and on until the scene of the final trial, and Pilate asks the question, "Which will ye that I will release unto you, Jesus or Barabbas?" and they chose Barabbas. Then

"Hushed were the glad hosannahs
The little children sang,
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill."

But if you would understand this rejection look for a moment at that master painting by Tintoret. Nature is in the throes of violent quaking, darkness veils the scene, save a ray of light falling across the central cross, this light does not reveal muscular suffering, but plainly shows the anguish of rejected love; over against this he shows the disappointed pride and fickleness of the people. How could this be done so well except by this central point in the picture? In the outer rim of the crown, and behind the cross, a man riding an ass colt, is pointing back to the cross, the ass eating the withering palm leaves. It was with these leaves that they had welcomed him, but now—Oh, it is a sad story, but soon told—"He came unto his own and his own received him not." Thus the shouting and the tumult died and the grave received him.—G. H. Simmons.

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The most important world to master is the world within each man.—Rev. Dr. Raymond.

A thankful heart is not the other the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.—Cicero.

"Attachment to Christ is the only secret of detachment from the world."

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—Joseph Addison.