

Pastor and People.

"SOME TIME."

Some day when the winds are soft and the skies
are clear,
And the fresh-lipped flowers are everywhere,
And the bird-songs float on the balmy air
Perchance I'll see
O'er the troubled waters a gleam of sail,
And you will know that the boatman pale
Has come for me.

It may be at noon on a summer's day,
'Mid the heat of toil I shall pass away,
And sweetly rest through the livelong day
Forgetting all care,
And the sheaf shall drop from the reaper's hand
And lie unbound where the stubbles stand,
And there'll be grief in the family band
I shall not share.

Perchance when the sheaves are all gathered in,
And the corn is drawn to the waiting bin,
And the golden apples are stored within,
And the bright leaves fall,
I shall look my last on the sunset's gold,
And joyfully pass by the heavenly fold
At the Master's call.

It may be at noon of a winter's night,
I'll slip from the darkness into the light,
On the other shore.
It matters not where the place may be,
Or the time, if the Saviour waits for me,
At the heavenly door.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN
THE COLOR LINE.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

One day in San Francisco I noticed a funeral passing into a church. I went in too, and took a seat near the door. The minister and all the congregation were colored people, but, seated where I was, I could see no one's face directly, except that of the minister, and he was about half white. So I partly forgot that the people were colored, and realized more that they were human beings with the same joys and sorrows as ourselves. And this feeling became more intense when after a little they sang the familiar words to the familiar air:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Ah, I thought, we can all sing that; those words make us all one; that touch of nature makes the whole world kin. But then this thought struck me suddenly, and for the first time: Is it not strange that these colored people can have such familiar thoughts of Christ? We know how strong is the prejudice of color; he was not of their color; yet here we find them exulting in the thought of being in his arms, and reclining on his breast. Is it not strange? It certainly did strike me as rather strange. For, profess what we may, we have all a more or less strong prejudice of color. We may admire at a distance the great or good qualities of those of different color from ourselves but we do not want to come into very close or familiar, or endearing relations with them. Be it right or wrong, that is the usual feeling, so much so, indeed, that when we hear of any marked exception, we express ourselves as shocked or at least astonished, as though violence were done to some fundamental, natural law. Yet here these negroes were exulting in the idea of being in the arms, and reclining on the breast of One whom they knew to be of a different color and race. Well, I rejoiced in the fact, though for the moment I did think it strange. For while we know that Christ is Divine, we certainly do think of him being human as well; and any marked difference of color between him and ourselves would be a bar to familiar and affectionate intercourse. But then I suddenly had another thought which seemed to me to be a solution of the enigma. It suddenly occurred to me that if Christ was not black neither was he white, but nearer brown than anything, perhaps about midway between black and white. So in point of color, he may be as near to the negroes as to ourselves; and if we realize—as we do—that he is near enough to us to win our love and confidence

he is near enough to the negroes to win theirs. This seemed to me a happy thought; but it prepared the way for a happier one, which was this: What if Christ deliberately assumed this central position as to color that he might attract the whole human race? We have been accustomed to think we see several ways in which it was most fitting that Christ should come of the Jewish race, and be born in Palestine. But may we not also in the matter of color have an element of fitness that has been overlooked? If he is to draw all men to himself, as we know he will, he know the best vantage ground to take for that end. And knowing the strong color prejudice inborn in all races, may he not have deliberately taken the central place as to color that he might the more easily and naturally draw all races to himself? This is no disparagement of his spiritually attractive power. That is his main attraction. But as he knows how to give that main attraction its best opportunity, I can easily believe that in taking upon him our human nature he selected the best conditions—and color would be one of those conditions—whereby he would draw all men to himself. And when we all come together in Him—not till then I think—we shall realize that we are truly one, though we be of every nation and tongue and clime and color. Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Toronto.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND: SOME LANDMARKS IN HER HISTORY.—I.

BY REV. SAMUEL HOUSTON, M.A.

It was a landmark in the history of the Church when the Revolution of 1688 took place. The persecutions under the rule of the Stuarts came to an end, freedom to worship God as men pleased was granted. In some respects the tolerance was not much to boast of, in another respect there was on the part of the State a recognition of the Church in that a grant was made by the king, which is known in history as *Regium Donum* or Royal Bounty. It was not the king's fault that the fullest tolerance was cut short. There was liberty of worship, but there was not political equality. For more than a century there were Test Acts on the statute book, and these prevented, as they were intended to prevent, Presbyterians from enjoying their full share of political privileges and emoluments. Unless they took the sacrament in the Anglican Church they could not sit in Parliament, they could not act as aldermen or as members of Council in the cities and towns. And there were many other vexatious restrictions. We refrain from further enlarging on this phase of the experience of our forefathers.

When the Revolution was accomplished and there was a settling down in the new state of things there was for a time, as might be expected, a good deal of confusion in Church matters. Ministers that had been in hiding came back to their flocks, at least many of them did. Some indeed who had fled to Scotland did not return. Presbyteries were reorganized, and from that time onward the Synod assembled year by year with tolerable regularity. The waste places began again to be built up. As time went on new congregations were formed and additional Presbyteries were formed. For a time they looked to Scotland for a supply of ministers and they were not disappointed. In looking over the Wodrow Correspondence it is interesting to note how intimate the great annualist was with the ministers in Ireland in the early part of the eighteenth century. An extensive correspondence, if letters were sent in the ordinary way, was a costly business then, but Wodrow and his friends had often recourse to other means than His Majesty's mails. Merchants and travellers of other kinds were passing too and fro, and by them, as opportunity offered, were letters and pamphlets sent. There

was hardly a current of thought affecting the brethren of Ulster that escaped the notice of Wodrow. His advice was often asked and it was freely given when difficulties presented themselves. Other leading men, who were in the confidence of Wodrow, were consulted at times and their counsel was freely given.

The eighteenth century had not gone far in its course when signs were apparent of ministers in Ulster weakening in their grip of evangelical truth, and as we come up to the middle of the century these signs become more and more visible. Affection of literary culture and philosophical research took the place of the simplicity of the gospel. The orthodox began to be sneered at as illiterate and old-fashioned. At length there broke out the subscription controversy which raged for many years. There were those that at first qualified their adherence to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and as time went on some refused to subscribe at all, even with a qualification. Sceptical criticism was in the air. The Professor's chairs in Glasgow, as well as elsewhere, became tainted with the miasma. Teachers like Simpson and Hutchison could not but leave the young men who studied there. The latter was himself the son of an Irish minister. We see here when and where originated winds that were far-reaching in their consequences. The two oldest congregations in Belfast began at an early date to be infected with the new way of thinking, and in course of time they were altogether lost to the Church.

Now we pass at one leap to the early part of the present century and when we compare or contrast the two periods what do we find? We can set up here another landmark and gauge the advance or the retrogression as the case may be. A reaction has begun to set in so far as the free thinking and coldness of the eighteenth century were concerned. Those however who had started down the inclined plane not only did not stop and retrace their steps, they showed that they are bent on going further and further from what Presbyterians regard as saving knowledge. The non-subscribers of a century ago begin now to be known as Unitarians. At the same time the power of revived doctrine and life increases so that the Arians are ere long cast out of the communion of the Church. About the middle of the previous century the leaven of secession had been brought across the channel and had diffused itself with wholesome effects. No doubt the working of this leaven had its unpleasant side, it came not in many cases to bring peace but a sword. The bitterness of controversy was to be deplored but that in the circumstances is inevitable. The gospel was preached with great fervency and discipline was administered in something like the old-time sternness. If bitter controversy was stirred up, there were compensations. Even the divisions within the secession itself into Burgher and Anti-Burgher hardly checked the wave that swept over the Scotch settlements in Ulster. As the tide of new life rose and began to flow on in increased volume there were some curious results, what may be called wayward currents having in them something of the grotesque in the shape of founding new sects. As examples of what we mean we may refer to two men who were ministers in one county, that of Londonderry, at the opening of the century. They were strong rugged men, giant oaks and solitary, fitted to stand alone and send out branches on every side as trees in a thick forest cannot do. They were in no way connected; each stood by himself and worked out his own destiny.

The man who is willing to do wrong in secret will after a while be willing to do so in public. The fear of God is a better protection than the fear of man. The drink habit is indulged in secret only for a little while. Where principle is lacking, policy will not long restrain.

RELIGIOUS HATRED REBUKED.

Race prejudices are among the most tenacious and lasting. Even the power and influence of the teaching of Jesus, thus far, has not been able to overcome them. We have had a recent illustration in a case reported by the New York *Evangelist*. One of the most prominent private schools for girls has for years admitted Jewish scholars, and hitherto the question of race or religion has not arisen. The chief stress was placed on character and fitness of preparation. The reputation of the school has steadily increased. No distinctions were made in the playground or class-room. Now the prejudice of the patrons rises up, and demands that all Jews shall be excluded, simply on account of their race and religion. It is but just also to add that the Jewish patrons have so deep a gratitude to the teacher for her brave friendship and important personal influence upon this class of her pupils that they brought no reproach to her while deplored the state of mind which led the government of the school to this decision. Some of the mothers in their letters to the teacher expressed a hope that some day the Christian ladies to whom is due the exclusion of their daughters will become more like Christ. If the boy Jesus were to come to New York at the close of the nineteenth century of Christendom, would He find an entrance into our private schools? Yet even he, the founder of the Christian religion, was a Jew.—*Christian Register*.

THE ONLY WAY OF PEACE.

It is Paul who teaches so clearly that peace, true and lasting, comes to a guilty soul only by reconciliation and justification. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." If God be just and holy, as He is, man can not live happily in His presence until his sin is atoned for, and his guilt is pardoned, and his peace made with God. If God be holy, as He is, it is not more the teaching of the Scriptures than the dictate of reason, that until men be also holy, and in full sympathy with all that is holy and good, he can not be made happy even in heaven. Yea, man is not truly saved till he thinks like God, till he loves what God loves and hates all that God hates; till every throb of his soul is in full harmony with God. Not till every cloud of separation between the soul and God's face, beaming with love, is swept away; not till the soul is overflowing with love to God, and is consciously full of God's love to it, is it really blissful, or can it be. "Thy favor is life and thy loving-kindness is better than life." Perfect harmony with God is perfect bliss. This is why good men pant after God, and their souls thirst for the living God.—From a Sermon on "Trusting the Soul in Christ's Hands," by Rev. W. J. McKnight, D.D., Washington, D. C., in *The Homiletic Review*.

LAST HOURS OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

His (the Archbishop's) last illness showed his principles; then he spoke plainly. To one who observed his sufferings and asked him if he suffered much pain, he said, "Some time ago I should have thought it great pain, but now I am enabled to bear it." His intellect was unclouded by illness. He could think and speak. Some one said to him, "You are dying as you have lived, great to the last." The reply was, "I am dying as I lived, in the faith of Jesus." Another said, "What a blessing your glorious intellect is unimpaired." He answered, "Do not call intellect glorious; there is nothing glorious out of Christ!" Another said, "The great fortitude of your character supports you." "No, it is not the fortitude of my character supports me, but my faith in Christ." With such a witness on his lips and in his acts, Archbishop Whately passed away.