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Go ye into all the World and Preach  
the Gospel to Every Creature.

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN.

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WE PREACH CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EXCEPT THEY BE SENT.

AUGUST, 1890.

## Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July has for contents:—"The Suburban House"—with illustrations from drawings and photographs:—"Bird Cradles"—with illustrations from drawings;—"The Rights of the Citizen. IV. To His own reputation," "Surf and surf bathing" with illustrations; "The Last Slave Ship" by George Horne, M. D., together with stories complete and serial, Price \$3 00 per year, 25 cents per No. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW for July is to hand, and opens with "Recent Discussions in Materialism" by Prof. J. M. Baldwin, giving a succinct view of the present state of opinion upon this subject; Then follow II, "Christ the High Priest of the World" by Prof. S. Woodbridge. III. "Jonathan Edwards as a naturalist," by Rev. Henry C. McCook. IV. "The Author of Robinson Crusoe" by Rev. Dean Murray. V. "Recent Works on Kant" by President McCosh; VI. "What is Animal Life" by Sir J. William Dawson, Prof. Shedd, and others; VII. "Historical and Critical Notes on (1) Presbyterian Union in India, (2) Three views of the Public School Question. (3) Notes on 1 Cor. xv. 20-28, (4) Exgetical notes on the Psalms; VIII. Editorial Notes, (1) Substitutes for the 4th commandment, (2) The Presbyterian General Assembly, by Prof. Warfield. IX. Reviews of Recent Theological Literature.

The contents of this issue may be judged from two things. (1) The themes. These are on a wide range of subjects, but all on what may be called living questions. (2) The writers. Some of the names, at all events, are familiar, and are in themselves a guarantee for the treatment of the subject of which they write.

The price of the Review is \$3.00 per year, 80 cents per copy. Published for the Presbyterian and Reformed Review Association by Anson Randolph & Co., New York.

## HINDU ALARM.

An outcry comes from the Hindu community in Calcutta. There a pamphlet has been issued which contains these sentences: "The life-blood of our society is fast ebbing away and irreligion is eating into its vitals. Looking beneath the surface, we find that the mischief under which we Hindus at present labor is owing chiefly to the influence of Christianity brought steadily and constantly to bear on our national mind for nearly a century and half. . . . The result of the national apathy is that the countless Christian missions at work in this country, especially in Bengal, are in a fair way of achieving their object. The unflagging energy and systematic efforts with which these bodies are working at the foundation of our society will, unless counteracted in time, surely cause a mighty collapse of it at no distant date."—*Church of To-day.*

## THE DISCONTENTED WORKER.

The discontented worker who pines for wealth without being willing to labour for it regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a great motive power to be applied in enterprises that give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life—to "loaf" luxuriously. People who indulge in such sensuous longings do not know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced in obtaining and dissipating the golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the poorest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived of only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of Divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm for the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it and in him who exercises it; and it will not only soothe and tranquillize a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good humor, content, and a gladty of heart.—*Bishop Porteus.*

# THE MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. X.

AUGUST, 1890.

No 8.

The days of religious persecution have not yet ended. Men have yet to forsake all for Christ's sake. A young Hindoo who took his B. A. degree in 1884, and has been head master in a Christian school at Manahad, India, since 1887, was recently baptized by Mr. Hector, principal of the Free Church college at Calcutta. His friends tried to prevent it, but he escaped and reached the place of baptism at the appointed time. He has had to leave his wife and three children, who have been taken possession of by his father, a bigoted Hindu.

In a private letter recently received from Miss Graham, of San Fernando, Trinidad, she says :

"I hope the good people of Nova Scotia will remember that Mr. Grant's vacation begins when he leaves Trinidad, for I never saw or heard of a minister working as he has been doing ever since I came here. He certainly deserves a holiday, and I trust he may enjoy his visit home although I will be very lonely without them, Mrs. Grant is so kind.

## DEATH OF REV. GEORGE CHRISTIE.

The old ministers are going home. On Tuesday, July 15th, at his home in Bedford Rev. George Christie passed peacefully away in the 76th year of age.

He was born in Truro, in 1815 and graduated from the old seminary in Pictou in 1842.

In July of that same year he was ordained and inducted at Shubenacadie. Not long afterwards he accepted a call to Yarmouth where he labored until 1877. Resigning his charge he accepted the care of the stations of Bedford, Waverly, and Sackville, where he labored until growing infirmities compelled him to lay down his work. On application leave was granted by last General Assembly to retire, and now, so soon after, leave to retire has been granted by a higher court and he enters upon a rest that is eternal.

## FRENCH PROTESTANT JUBILEE.

The jubilee celebration of the establishment of French Protestant Missions on the north shore of the St. Lawrence was celebrated Friday, June 20th, at St. Helen's Island, Montreal, under the auspices of the Point-aux-Trembles school. Fully six hundred French-speaking Protestants from parts of Canada and the United States were present.

The day was all that could possibly have been desired, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The morning was passed in strolling around the grounds or in singing hymns to the accompaniment of a string band that had been provided. The afternoon was taken up in listening to addresses. The Rev. Joseph Prevost, who has written the history of French Protestantism in Canada, in an interesting address, gave a sketch of work since its commencement in this country, and showed how it had prospered, notwithstanding all the difficulties that had been thrown in its way, and how it had now developed into a power in the land.

Mr. Chiniquy spoke of the time when he thought that he was pleasing God in persecuting Protestant missionaries: but now all was changed, and he was now one himself, and was rejoicing in the freedom of Christ. He urged that more earnestness be given to the work that the spread of Protestantism amongst the French might be still more rapid.

The Rev. Mr. Amaron, Principal of the French Protestant College, Springfield, who, half a century ago, began this grand work, was present. He is a gentleman eighty years of age, and is still as sturdy-looking as an oak. He told his hearers of how hard it had been in those days to start such a work, but how it had been persevered in, and to-day posterity was reaping the benefit. He had great confidence in the work, and believed that its future prosperity would be far greater than the past.

Before leaving the Island all the veteran missionaries were photographed in a group. After prayer and singing the National Anthem, this pleasant and historical gathering dispersed.—*Montreal Witness.*

## Maritime Notes,

Rev. J. F. Smith has accepted a call from Maccan to Richmond.

The prospects of the Mission station at Louisburg, C. B. are most encouraging.

West End congregation, St. John, has called Rev. G. Shore of St. Stephen, to be their pastor.

Rev. L. R. Glong has resigned the pastoral charge of the congregation of Mabou and Port Hood, C. B.

Rev. G. McMillan, of Princetown, P. E. I., has gone on a furlough of three months to the old world.

Rev. John Ferry has been inducted into pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation at Fort Qu Appelle.

Rev. J. Murray and Dr. Murray are appointed a Committee of Presbytery to visit Mira congregation on 3rd Tuesday of September.

Calvin Church, St. John, has called Rev. T. Fullerton, offering to raise \$750 which they would like to get augmented by \$250.

Sydney Presbytery is making a brave effort in stirring up congregations to wipe off arrears of stipend that have in some cases been allowed to accumulate.

Thirty-two young people in the congregation of Princetown, P. E. I., have repeated the Shorter Catechism correctly and have received from the Session a gift of a Bible.

Rev. J. and Mrs. Robbins and daughter have gone to England where Mrs. Robbins will remain for some time for the benefit of her health. A long illness has left her very frail.

The Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland, lately of St. James, N. B., was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Selkirk by the Presbytery of Winnipeg on the 23rd June.

The Presbytery of Miramichi has agreed to hold six ordinary meetings during the year, as follows:—3rd Tuesday January, 2nd Tuesday March, May, July, September, and December.

Sydney Presbytery has appointed Rev. A. Farquharson, Dr. Murray, and M. A. McKenzie, a committee to visit Loch Lomond and Franboise, on the 26th and 27th of August, and Grand River and St. Peters on the 28th.

St. John's Church, Dalhousie, having been closed for some weeks for repairs has been reopened much improved.

The Sheet Harbour congregation has been taking steps toward division. Subscription papers have been circulated, and the response has been very good. The Eastern Section has raised \$500 and the West \$708.50. In all \$1,208.50.

On Wednesday evening, June 5th, a Young Peoples' Christian Endeavor Society was organized at Blue Mountain by Mr. Henderson, who has charge of that congregation for the summer. The Society was started with a membership of thirty-one.

Rev. R. Cumming, of Westville, and his brother Rev. T. Cumming of Truro, have just returned from their tour round the world, visiting on their way the Holy Land. They come home stored with gathered knowledge, sacred and secular, to aid them in their work.

A fine new church was opened at Five Islands, on Wednesday, July 9th. Nearly all the members of Truro Presbytery were present and some visiting brethren as well. The church is a beautiful one costing over \$5,000, and, when the pews are paid for, will be free of debt. Of this sum nearly \$1500 was contributed by the ladies of the congregation.

The Congregation of Cape North, C. B., has called Rev. E. McKenzie, ordained missionary now laboring there, to be their pastor. Mr. McKenzie has accepted the call, and the Presbytery meets there August 1st, for his induction. Mr. Farquharson to preach and preside, Mr. Grant to address the minister and Mr. McMillan the people.

The Scotch congregation in Boston which is largely from the Maritime Provinces, more especially from Cape Breton, is enjoying continued prosperity. When Rev. S. C. Gunn took charge, August 1st, 1887, there were 49 names on the communicant's roll, since that time 311 names have been added or more than 100 each year.

The Presbytery of Picton met as follows for visitation of congregations:—At Glenelg Wednesday, 22nd, at 11 a. m. At Sherbrooke, the same day, at 7 p. m., Union Centre, 24th, 2 p. m. Rev. K. J. Grant, of Trinidad, was present and delivered addresses on missions at all the meetings, and a collection in aid of the Foreign Mission Fund was taken at every place. Fuller particulars in our next.

**New Hebrides.**

## LETTER FROM REV. J. ANNAND.

SANTO, New Hebrides,  
March 31, 1890.

It is quite a privilege for us to have our mails now delivered every four weeks. Three mails already this year and another due next week make us feel as though we were in civilization again. We sincerely hope that we may not be compelled to return to the old sailing ship. So far as we can judge from the prospects commercially at present we have good reason to believe that the steamer will continue to run. If the present arrangements prove satisfactory, then our *Dayspring* fund may cease, and with about £75 stg. added to our salaries, making in all £250 per year, we can pay our own expenses of shipping and passages, and dispense with the services of the paid agent in Sydney. Thus far the steamship service has been very satisfactory.

There was sad news for us by last mail from Scotland. The young missionary, Mr. Shanks, a nephew of Mr. Watt, lost his wife about a fortnight after marriage when they were on the point of leaving for the New Hebrides. He will not probably be down to the islands this year.

Mr. A. H. Macdonald writes me from Victoria that he hopes to settle on Santo this season. We sincerely hope he may.

There is nothing transpiring here of much interest. Just now there appears to be a struggle between the powers of evil and the gospel. We know who must come off the victor.

Heathenism for some few weeks past has been rampant around us. The temptation was too strong for the Tangoan youth who was with us for ten months. When the night dancing began he left us, and joined it. Our school and Sunday services have been less satisfactorily attended of late. However, we always have at least 30 at church and generally more. We are not the least discouraged, for we always expected to see some open opposition before the victory was gained.

None but the inexperienced anticipate gathering in these people rapidly during the first five years of labor among them. It takes the truth a long time to find its way to their hearts and consciences. The reason of this is evident. Their minds are so deadened by a life time of sin and devil service, and their habits of life so degraded that it is really wonderful that the gospel changes them at all.

Then, perhaps, the greatest difficulty of all in the way of evangelizing them is their language. It is so imperfect and cramped that nothing but constant drilling can bring

home to their minds the real truth that we wish to impart. We come to them with wholly new ideas, and we find no terms in which to express our exact meaning, hence circumlocution and attaching new and enlarged ideas to old terms. Brethren, pray for us that the word of God may have free course and be glorified. We are both well and busy.

## LETTER FROM REV. J. ANNAND.

SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES.  
May 1, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Scott:

Yours of New Year's day came to hand by last mail, being a month longer on the way than most of the letters sent us from N. S. about that date.

Many thanks for sending us the *MARITIME* and *Children's Record*.

Thanks for New Year's wishes. We have no just cause of complaint in regard to our happiness. Our health is now quite good, and we find sufficient work to occupy all our time. We have learned to make the best of our circumstances generally, and we have no quarrel with Providence for not treating us better. Of course we, like most other human beings, imagine that we could be happier under some other conditions, or if we could receive more in accordance with our wishes. However I am beginning to wholly discard that doctrine, and to adopt the theory that all is now transpiring in the best way for us—"that all things work together for good, etc."

We imagine that if the work was more prosperous we should be happier and more contented, but it is questionable if we would then be one degree more happy. The Lord gives us all the success in his work that we deserve, that our faith can receive and anything beyond that might ruin us. The thorn in the flesh is doubtless needed as well as the vision of glory. What a comforting fact it is to recognize that the Lord leadeth us! He it is that opens up our way, going before us always. Some day we shall understand more fully the things that perplex us while journeying through this world.

I am pleased to see that you have got a good man for Couva after so long a delay. Mr. and Mrs. Morton had a very successful visit home and appear to have stirred up the church considerably by their addresses and letters.

I sympathize with Mr. Wilkie in being detained at home to collect money—a most thankless object in many places. I trust that he is back at his work ere this. Honan now will doubtless be the popular field since

Mr. Goforth's diary of their second journey there, has been published. Their reception was certainly very encouraging. However the work is yet to be done which in due time will bring forth fruit to God's glory.

A young man that anticipated settling on Sautc this year, Mr. Shanks, was suddenly called upon to give up a dearly loved bride, one to whom he had a life long attachment. We do not know his present plans, but have heard that he is coming to Victoria this year.

Yours sincerely,  
J. ANNAND.

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MISS GRAHAM.

SAN FERNANDO, Trinidad, June 14, 1890.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant and family left for New York or the 31st ult., and are now, I suppose, in Nova Scotia.

Ere this reaches you, you will doubtless have heard of the pleasant surprise given Mr. Grant a few evenings before his departure. As we neared the beautiful house of Mr. T. Serju where the gathering was held, I could not help wishing that the Church at home—just the missionary part of it I mean—could for a moment view the scene before us, for I am sure they would feel that in supporting a mission among the East Indians in Trinidad they had "cast bread upon the waters," which already was returning to them, and will doubtless continue to do so "many days" hence.

The house has a charming site. In front is a garden which when further cultivated will charm all lovers of tropical flowers and foliage; behind it are beautiful palms through which you have a splendid view of the harbour. The front of the house which is surrounded by a gallery, was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns, and as we entered and were shown to our place at the Oriental table, a march was played on the harmonium and tea was served, being a tea-totaller, I did not indulge therein, until told that it was not ordinary tea, when, always ready for something extraordinary, I was persuaded to take a cup of what they told me was real Chinese tea. But "why prolong the tale, casting weak words."

The address which was read to Mr. Grant, gives you but a faint idea of the Indian people's love for Mr. Grant and their gratitude for his unselfish labors for them.

It is also pleasant to notice in the address that Mrs. Grant's kindness and care for her people has not been forgotten by those to whom she has not only spoken loving words,

but for whom she has faithfully done many acts of kindness. Having enjoyed their pleasant home for six months, I expect to find the six months that Mr. and Mrs. Grant will be absent very long indeed for I have not the contented disposition of my companion at Princetown, and do not like being alone. Miss A. came down on the Saturday that our friends left us, and did her best to comfort me, but I have not seen her since. As Saturday is the only day we can get away, we do not see each other as we would like.

Our school has been very well attended since the beginning of the year. In April the average was 151, and in May 169, so you see it is getting better all the time. In Jan. Mr. Grant succeeded in getting over twenty children from Taruba estate, but lately several of them have been sent to work in the cane fields, so you see how difficult it is to get the estate children to school. The children in town attend more regularly, for by continual coaxing we "gather them in."

Last Sunday, after Sabbath school, I walked to Union Hall estate about two miles distant, taking with me a number of Sabbath school papers which I distributed to the children who seemed delighted with them, although many of them could not read. Quite a number of the children on this estate come to our school, and next morning I was delighted to see two new children who on Sunday had promised to come to school if I gave them papers. I also visited the hospital, but only found one or two who could understand English.

In Mr. Grant's district there is a larger number of Indians who speak English than in any other part of the mission field, so I generally get along very well with the young people, although of course, I often meet many older ones who cannot understand me, nor I them.

LETTER FROM REV. K. J. GRANT.

*For the Maritime.*

PROUD, July 16, 1890.

A few days before we left Trinidad, my assistant, the Rev. Lal Behari, returned home after an absence of nearly three months. He spent March in Grenada, and April and May in St. Lucia, and during the whole time he was at work amongst his East Indian friends in these islands. He converses freely in English, and reads intelligently any English book that comes to hand, but as it is with extreme reluctance he writes in our language, I promised to send in a brief account of his visit from facts furnished by him.

Grenada is about ninety miles north o

Trinidad. There is one Presbyterian Church there in St. George, in connection with the Established Church of Scotland. Quite five years ago, the Rev. Mr. Muir took up Indiau work in addition to his ordinary pastoral duties, and on his appointment to Demertra two years ago, his successor, Rev. James Rae, resolved vigorously to prosecute the work already in progress, and through the aid of natives, furnished chiefly by ourselves, he has had considerable success, and just before we left applied for another catechist, but I regret to say we had not one to spare. Lal Behari thinks that there are probably 1500 Indians in Grenada. The Presbyterians alone do any special work amongst them. Their principal station is Samaritan, about twenty-five miles distant from St. George. There the Indian people have a neat building, provided chiefly through their own exertions which serves both for school and church purposes. The Babu says "my host Jadusingh, a prosperous shopkeeper and elder, gave the site, and contributed very liberally to the building fund. Seennarayan, the catechist, labours with faithfulness and acceptance.—The people generally have their own little holdings and cultivate cocoa. The school, which is mixed, has a daily attendance of about 100. The average attendance at the service on Sabbath evening he gives at sixty. Few places can show such results in so short a time with such a limited agency. Although very few houses are visible from the Church, yet without a bell to summon them, at the appointed hour they come forth from their solitary homes in the hills, by paths, to worship the living God in company. I visited every Christian home, and read the Word of God, and prayed with the inmates."

At Guyave, a less important station, the Missionary spent a few days, and at other places also preached the word. He believes that the mission there conducted is doing very well, and speaks in the highest terms of the deep concern shown by Mr. Rae for its prosperity, who even declared his readiness to resign rather than relinquish this enterprise.

The report of the St. Lucia Mission will be sent in later. Suffice to say at present that the work is advancing satisfactorily, and Mr. Cropper, who fostered it from the beginning, and now supervises it, deserves much praise for the prudence and zeal with which he has directed it.

K. J. GRANT.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MISS GRAHAM.

SAN FERNANDO, May 5, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Rice :

Many thanks for the kind letter and nice

cards which I have received. Will you please thank the girls whose names are on the paper as having each given so many cards. Altho a little late for Xmas, yet when did children ever refuse a pretty card.

During March I enrolled 232 pupils and had an average of 146, although there was a great deal of sickness: Then so many of the children being ill I of course had an extra amount of visiting to do.

Mr. Grant and family are now going home and besides being very lonely I shall have additional burdens of care on my weak shoulders. Mrs. Grant has been kindness itself to me since my coming here, which has made life less lonely for me. If you have leisure please remember this lonely person when Mr. Grant and family are away.

Very sincerely yours,

MAGGIE GRAHAM.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

One of the Secretaries of the Board of Home Missions lately met in a frontier town a man who had been a disciple of Ingersoll, but who was beginning to distrust his teacher and to reject especially his denunciations of Presbyterianism :

"I have been," he said, "in many a frontier town, and in all of them found Bob's speeches, his Ingersollia and Choice Extracts; but persons and property were not safe there, society remained in a chaotic state, morals were shocking, and human life was of little value. I have witnessed, on the other hand, the advent of Presbyterian preachers to those same towns, and have seen them creating a Sabbath, closing many of the saloons and brothels, causing a good society to crystallize around their churches, rendering persons and property safe, and bringing beauty out of chaos, order from confusion, and sweet homes from hells on earth. Depend upon it, Ingersoll is a great fraud, leading the young and inexperienced into paths that lead to misery here and into perdition hereafter."

OVERWORK.

We hear a deal about overwork in these days. In all professions and callings multitudes are complaining that they are driven to death. In some cases this ground is well taken, but in most cases it is not overwork, but overworry, or overeating, or needless exposure, or over indulgence of the appetites that is sending the people to the hospital, the mad-house, and premature graves. Body and mind are so constituted that they will endure an immense amount of work if proper care is taken of the health.—*New York Christian Advocate.*



## SERMON BY REV. JOHN McNEILL.

"HOW WELL HORATIUS KEPT THE BRIDGE IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD." Nehemiah vi.

As workers for God, and especially as those who have a special work in view, let us turn to Nehemiah, the 6th chapter, and consider how it fared with him; the difficulties he encountered; how through grace he remained steadfast, and made all difficulties only feed the flame of prayer to God, and of zeal for the welfare of Jerusalem.

Ezra's special work was to recover the ruin and the disaster that had befallen the temple, and set up again the routine and ritual of the worship of God in that dear old hallowed place. Nehemiah comes in the due course of God's providence after him; and his work is, you remember, the building up of the walls of Jerusalem. He came from Shushan, where he was cup-bearer to the Persian monarch. You remember he introduced himself to the nobles, his countrymen in Jerusalem. He took a walk by night alone around the city. He saw how fire had laid waste the walls and destroyed the gates. After this he called the people of God together; they caught his own patriotic, God-inspired zeal, and said, "The God of heaven, He will prosper us. Therefore we His servants will arise and build." At the very beginning they had to face objectors, they had to face those who were envious; but they faced them firmly and uncompromisingly then, and all through. "Ye," they said to these, "ye, have no portion, nor right, nor memorial in Jerusalem."

As we read on, we note a list, a leaf, as it has been called, taken out of the contractor's note-book, in the third chapter; where we see all the people busy on the wall, high and low, rich and poor, men and women, ladies and gentlemen; all working away busily repairing the walls, closing up the breaches, and getting ready for the finishing touches, setting up the gates, with the doors and bars.

When we come to the fourth chapter, we find the difficulties increasing. Their enemies no longer confining themselves to sneers, threats, and taunts; but gathering together and threatening to fall upon them with force of arms. This, you remember, is met by Nehemiah. He organizes his builders into soldiers. They work with sword and trowel ready at a moment's notice to leave their actual work of building, and to rally to the trumpet note of danger.

So we read on through, until the fifth chapter, where we find Nehemiah doing a work that has more application for us to-day, although we cannot do anything more than just to mention it. The rich had been op-

pressing the poor, although they were all suffering from the common calamity, and all brought back from exile. At this, Nehemiah's blood boiled, and his spirit burned within him; and he made what we should call to-day a ludicrously senseless proposition, namely, that the rich should disgorge, and hand back the lands they had appropriated. Strange to say, the Spirit of God was so with him that the thing was done; and the rich, in a burst of enthusiastic brotherhood, restored to their poorer brethren their olive-yards, vineyards and houses.

Then we come to the chapter before us, in which we have some of account how Nehemiah withstood opposition of a very subtle kind. "Now it came to pass, when Sanballat and Tobiah, and Geshem the Arabian, and the rest of our enemies, heard that I had builded the wall, and that there was no breach left therein; (though at that time I had not set up the doors upon the gates;) that Sanballat and Geshem sent unto me, saying, Come, let us meet together in some one of the villages of Ono. But they thought to do me mischief. And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you? Yet they sent unto me four times after this sort; and I answered them after the same manner."

Notice that these enemies of Nehemiah, Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem were of a bastard race and religion. The one feature prominent in them is hatred of the peace of Jerusalem. Having tried, and failed, to cause the work to cease *by force*, they now resort to cunning.

Now, my friends, we are Israelites, and here in London; and in our own hearts we are called to set up the spiritual temple and worship of God in our own souls; and we are called to build round about that temple the wall of social, individual, family, and national righteousness and peace. There is our whole programme: that our own hearts should be the temple of God, that our own lives should be surrounded by a high wall of practical godliness and righteousness. That in politics and in business, in social life, in family life, and religious life, we should all put our hand to and build up the wall that, alas! alas! lies waste and broken down in all directions. The more we do that, the more we shall find Nehemiah's testimony rings out even to this day with trumpet clearness; and the nearer we come to him—this grand old worker for God—the very light that shines in his eyes, I trust will kindle in ours, and we, too, shall grasp the sword and trowel and bend our backs, get rid of our indifference, which is so ungodly,

which is so unmanly, which is so unpatriotic, and put our hand to the work for God and the cities of our land. Are laziness and lust to eat up the West End? Are poverty, drunkenness, and never-ending toil to swallow up the East End? Are death and hell to prevail in God's England—God's London?

Said Nehemiah in his day "No! no, not, if I can help it. And says every true Israelite in Regent Square this morning, "No! not if I can help it!"

Well, to come to the history, when Nehemiah was coming to an end, and thought he had got through all his difficulties, Sanballat and the others came wheedling and coaxing, and they said, "Come, Nehemiah, let us meet together in one of the villages in the plain of Ono." And they sent messengers four times to try, if they could, to prevent the thorough fulfilment and accomplishing of God's work and Nehemiah's designs. Anything they would do, the enemies of Nehemiah, as our enemies also would do, to diminish our zeal for God and truth and righteousness. Thus we might paraphrase the arguments used: "Now, Nehemiah, you really are a most excellent man and, though we say it ourselves, we, too, are excellent men; and if we can only just meet together in a quiet little spot, we shall soon settle everything. You see, Nehemiah, we have misunderstood one another—a very common thing among good people. You thought we were against you, but there never was a greater mistake. We were misrepresented. Come now, and let us shake hands; and when we have looked into each other's faces, we shall discover amidst apparent diversity of purpose that our hearts, our aims, were really one, that we are seeking the same object." After such fashion, we can imagine they thought to draw Nehemiah from his purpose. "But they thought to do me mischief," says Nehemiah. And Nehemiah answers them after a Scotch fashion—if you ask us one question we ask you another—Nehemiah says, "Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Let them put that in their pipe and smoke it; in the meantime he should go on with the work. "Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

And you will find the more you buckle to God's work—that is to say, to strive to be first of all a sterling, righteous man in lip and life, in thought, in word, and deed—and the more you try to recover the blight and disaster in London or round about you, the more you will find opposition of different kinds, and perhaps to-day the secret, sly, and cunning opposition which is to be dreaded far more than the open, the overt.

I wonder how many invitations you will get to parties this week? because I want you to work for God in this coming ten days' mission. Very likely never so many as this week, and never so plausibly couched, asking you to come out to see some friends in the northern or western suburbs. "We have a nice little party this week. Come down, don't be righteous overmuch. Don't spoil yourself, and take all the pleasure out of life." What do you think yourself? I think that should be easily answered, shouldn't it? Let us make up our mind and heart to work, work, work. "Why should I let the work cease, and come down to you; so as to weaken my interest in God's work, and hinder my pace in the actual doing of God's work? Here is the test and touchstone. How do these things tell upon the work? Do they lower my temperature, and take away my energies from God's work. Then they are of the devil; and to see that, is to be kept right.

"I am doing a great work." It is easy to misunderstand a man like Nehemiah; he speaks so straight. "Why," one might say, "listen how this man rolls out his 'I's.'" That is a misunderstanding. Every soul, no matter how humble, if engaged in this work of testifying for truth and righteousness, is doing a great work. My brother, my sister, remember there is nothing small or low or mean about it. Angels and archangels might envy the doing of the work that lies around on every hand in London to-day. I am sure that if they got the chance, angels would soon change heaven for earth, and would be here, legions of them, if God only took the work out of our hands and gave it to them.

We are engaged in a great work, and nintenths of us don't understand it. And it is because we have low, paltry views of the high calling whereunto we are called, and we are so easily whirled around like weather-cocks, and drawn aside by every temptation that comes in our way. We take up God's work, and then we run away, making a hundred excuses. Something of time, something of earth, something of self is always proved to be more urgent than that work for which Christ died and the Holy Ghost is given. But Nehemiah said, "I am engaged in a great work, and cannot come down. Why should the work cease?" "Let the dead bury their dead," but stick to your work!

"Yet they sent unto me four times after this sort, and I answered them after the same manner," Good old Nehemiah! may his number be increased!

"Then sent Sanballat his servant unto me in like manner the fifth time with an open letter in his hand; wherein was written, it is reported among the heathen, and Gashmu saith it, that thou and the Jews think to re-

bell : for which cause thou buildest the wall, that thou mayest be their king." "And thou hast also appointed prophets to preach of thee at Jerusalem, saying, There is a king in Judah : and now shall it be reported according to these words. Come now, therefore, and let us take counsel together." Anything, then, to get him off that wall. Anything to prevent those gates from being set up. Anything, everything, rather than the prosperity and the peace of Jerusalem. "Then I sent unto him, saying, There are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart. For they all made us afraid, saying, their hands shall be weakened from the work, that it be not done. Now therefore. O God, strengthen my hands."

Now we see from this the great blessing of having pure motives and clean hands ! How it gives guidance in perplexities when we are able to say like Nehemiah, when we are able to say like Paul "One thing I do." My heart is united, my purposes are gathered together and focussed on one thing. My energies are not divided. I have one end in view, one thing to think about. Wherever I am, wherever I travel, night or day, rain or shine, I, like Nehemiah, have God's work to do ; and until that is done, nothing shall seduce me to give it up.

How it enabled Nehemiah to speak out plainly, "For," said he, "there are no such things done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart." Clear speaking.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Oh, for this whole-heartedness in the cause of God ! When our strength is like the strength of ten, because our heart is steadfast, our motives pure : then we are not driven about here and there by every wave, and by every wind, but there comes unto us a solid strength, an unshakableness, like the unshakableness of Nehemiah, and that greater than Nehemiah, the Son of God, who, when on earth, said to the Tobiahs of His day, "Go and tell that fox I work cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." "I seek not my own will, but the will of Him that sent Me."

Nehemiah said, "I will not cease doing the work, for I am sure it is not for my own personal ends, it is not for my own aggran-

disement, my own vain glory. There are no such things as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own heart."

How it should give us courage when people talk ! There is a motto engraved over the gateway of Marischal College, Aberdeen: "They say ! What do they say ? Let them say !" You have it here to-day. "McNeill, they say." Well, what do they say ? Let them say ! And they come to you Christian workers who are here bending your backs to the work, and "they say" you are doing this for your own praise. But do not listen ; bend and work ; don't give your ears to every idle gossip. They say, "Oh, but Geshem says ! Well, Geshem is only a bigger liar than the rest !

They shot sore at poor Nehemiah, when they said, "Nehemiah, it is your own glory that leads you on in this work, not zeal for God." And don't think Nehemiah did not feel this ; that message came with a thump to him. And what preserved him ? His integrity and innocence. He could lift up his voice, and say, "It is a lie ; it is not true. Do as you like ! Say what you like ! I know whom I am serving. You may try all manner of means, but you will never shake me from this, that God has sent me here, given me this work to do ; and in His name I give myself to it, with singleness of heart and effort."

"For they all made us afraid, saying, Their hands shall be weakened from the work, that it be not done."

I believe the last and dreadful day will show that not a few were frightened from God's work by—"they say."

Now, if we had more Nehemiahs, these gossipers would not be so successful. If God promote you, and make you prominent in His work, remember it is He who does it ; and you must stay at your post, do your day's work, and leave your reputation in the hands of the Lord. If people cannot make you leave off your work. If you draw back, they will still go on talking—people who have nothing else to do, and who are ever wanting to talk. They always have plenty to say. And if they go behind you and stab your reputation in the back, don't go back looking for them : leave your reputation to God. Soon they will meet Him face to face. Stand out to the front. Do your work, and leave your credit and reputation to your Master. It is a profitless business, beginning to defend yourself from all they say—a profitless business.

Then come another temptation :—"Afterward I came unto the house of Shemaiah the son of Delaiah, the son of Mehetabel, who was shut up ; and he said, Let us meet together in the house of God, within the tem-

ple : for they will come to slay thee ; yea, in the night will they come to slay thee. And I said, Should such a man as I flee ? and who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life ? I will not go in."

That was a subtle temptation. For, I think, this man, this Shemaidh, was a man who had a particular reputation for wisdom and prudence ; at any rate, Nehemiah yielded somewhat to him, for he went to his house to consult with him ; and Shemaiah said to Nehemiah, "Let us meet together in the house of God, and let us shut the doors of the temple."

"Oh, Nehemiah ! he would say. "Now you are wrong, Nehemiah. You will allow me to speak plainly with you. Nobody rejoiced more than I did when you came from Persia, and I rejoice to see what is going on at Jerusalem. But the position is far different from what you think. And I have been here longer than you ; and I know the currents of thought and feeling, which you don't know anything about. And, believe me, that sometimes the round about road is the nearest ; and sometimes to go straight tramping on, you know, is the way never to reach what you want. You are carrying things, they think, with too high a hand. But if you would take time, stop, and let things blow over a little : you will get it done far more easily. Believe me, Nehemiah, I know the temper of this people (and here he spoke truly), and I tell you they are against you, and are going to seek your life. Now let us meet together in the temple, and let us shut the doors of the temple : for they will come and slay thee."

And Nehemiah said to him, "Should such a man as I flee ?" He virtually stood up and said, "What, Nehemiah fleeing after all he has gone through ! Get thee behind me, Satan ! Thou savourest not of the things that be of God, but those that be of men." The same temptation came to the greater than Nehemiah, to the greatest Worker that ever God sent to work and to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," even the Lord Jesus Christ. And as with the Master, so with the servant. The servant will be tempted and seduced in every way, that the work may cease, that the temperature, the heat of our zeal may go down, and the worse may appear the better reason, and carry us away from our post.

Some men go to the temple, but to them it is simply a coward's castle. This is about all that God gets from some of us. We go sneaking into our churches on the Sunday, but not to do God's work. God pity you ! You never stand up for Him out there on London wall. This is what they like. Oh,

to get into the church upon the Sabbath-day ! Oh, to get the doors shut, and to try to forget all the misery that is outside, and the call of God to work in the world around you ! You would get into the house of God, join in the service, and

"Sit and sing yourself away  
To everlasting bliss."

Exactly ! Well, this invitation from Shemaidh to go into the temple was not good enough for Nehemiah—and he was about as devout a man as most of us. He was a man who feared God with all his heart, didn't he ? But they were going to make the temple a coward's castle.

Listen, brother ! I will bring it nearer to us. There is some young fellow here hard beset with his surroundings. You are set there on that commercial bit of wall, to be true, to be honest, to unfurl the flag there, and to work with and for God there. And the battle is thickening, and coming to you in your business ; the devil as an angel of light is trying to get you to leave your work and go and study for the ministry ! Go into the temple to save your life. It was that kind of thing that was happening to the early Church. Men and women were going to leave the conflict and struggle, to run away into cloisters and convents, with their "dim, religious light." And so you would go and shut yourself up to a life of contemplation, you say. It is all a delusion ; it is all moonshine ; it won't do. Let us see how Nehemiah acted when asked to go into the temple. He would have been spoiled had he yielded to that temptation. He no doubt loved the house of God, the worship of God as we do. We love all its regular services. How sweet it is to us to meet together, to hold communion, to join in our solemn feasts and hymns of love and praise ! But that is on Sabbath days. And the end for which we meet is to strengthen us for the work of testifying for God and Christ. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, for Nehemiah's fidelity to-day ! "Should such a man as I flee ? And who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life ? I will not go in." It was the devil as an angel of light. "And, lo," said Nehemiah, "I perceived that God had not sent him ; but that he pronounced this prophecy against me : for Tobiah and Sanballat had hired him." So let each one of us, in his calling wherein he is called, therein abide with God.

15 ver.—"So the wall was finished in the twenty and fifth day of the month Elul, in fifty and two days. And it came to pass, that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these

things, they were much cast down in their own eyes : for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

That 15th verse has a ring in it like a clarion. "So the wall was finished." Their work was completed ; it was done, all done, thoroughly done, men and devils notwithstanding. "So he built the wall." We don't see much just now. There is a great deal of waste and breakdown and *debris* ; but let every soul be faithful in God's work, and, be sure of it, the day is coming when the truth will be brought out, for "Greater is He that is for us, than all that can be against us."

That kingdom is coming, and our business is to set it up here in London, and day and night to toil on and work on, never to give up, for "there is no discharge in this war." It may not be in my time, or my children's after me ; but the work will be done. As truly as God lives, as surely God lives, the crowning day is coming by-and-bye, and I shall be crowned, and so will you, if you do your day's work to-day. You will be there when the shout fills the universe, "*This wall is finished ! Hallelujah !*" "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ ;" and ye shall reign with him for ever and ever.

Jerusalem is yet to fill the whole earth with her godliness and righteousness. And so the wall was finished in spite of all. May we get the hope and the confidence of it to-day ! When there is so much din and noise that one can hardly be sure of his little bit of building, being building at all. If we could see with God's eyes, we should see far more around us of God's work and preparation for the coming kingdom than we are giving Him credit for, or ourselves either.

Now, let us take a last look at Nehemiah for the present, as we see him in the last paragraph. "Moreover in those days the nobles of Judah sent many letters unto Tobiah, and the letters of Tobiah came unto them." Now here is the point : "For there were many in Judah sworn unto him, because he was the son-in-law of Shechaniah the son of Arah ; and his son Johnanan had taken the daughter of Meshullam the son of Berechiah. Also they reported his good deeds before me, and uttered my words to him. And Tobiah sent letters to put me in fear." What is that ? I think I see Nehemiah with his notebook in his hand after the work was all finished, and he is turning over and going through in his mind all that he had done and suffered. And he is thinking over it all, and wondering what made all the opposition to the building of these walls. "I never could rightly understand," he would say, "why that was such a tough job, and why there

were continually things coming against my legs to trip me up from unexpected quarters. I felt some one was not fighting fair, that the enemy had got int' our own camp and was fighting against me unfairly." And it was the *mother-in-law* that was the whole secret. They—families of God's people and their enemies—were married and intermarried with each other ; and so they had their grappling-irons on the Israelitish vessel. And they pulled the vessel close by this inter-marriage relationship, and they got on board, and could not be kept off. By this marriage relationship Tobiah had got in with the very chief of them, and so struck hard and constantly at Nehemiah. And it was through this marriage relationship they tried to get at Nehemiah and pull him down, and thus cause God's work to cease.

Says Christ, "I am not come to send peace, but a sword ; to set the father against the son, and the daughter against the mother, and the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law : and a man's foe shall be those of his own household." Indeed, you will oftentimes be fairly perplexed. You say, "I feel the devil at my elbow, and he is whispering in my ear with my own flesh and blood, and would overcome me unless I set watch with vigilance." This same thing is working to-day. Now, for example, I know a young fellow, he started with great vigour to build the wall, especially to build the total abstinence wall. But but by-and-bye he married a daughter of a wine merchant, and that brought the building to a stop. Yes. He says now he thinks there are a great many excellent people among the brewers. Was not that the kind of thing they said to Nehemiah ? "Moreover, they reported Tobiah's good deeds," and they said this and said that about him. "And now" I fancy Nehemiah saying, I am so glad that I was faithful. Sometimes I thought that I was over strict and made no allowances. But now I am able to see how they were all jumbled together. Lord, I thank Thee for keeping me so stern and uncompromising as I was. If it had not been for Thee, they would have cut the ground from under my feet, I would have been swept away by them." So you have it. Very innocent-looking things may seduce you and take the backbone out of you. You have got married to a Church of England girl—a new sect to you—and you were originally a Presbyterian. You were very strict, but now you are quite the opposite ; and now you make great excuses for ritualism. And why is this ? It is all the influence of the mother-in-law ! She is the cause of it. Your own heart's affections are as Presbyterian as ever they were. But you have got to be a coward. You dare not say

"cheep"; your marriage has put on you a chain, and the mother-in-law has the pulling of the end of it!

Once upon a time you here used to be what is called "strict." Your friends called you old-fashioned and Puritanical. But lately you got married, and that has brought you into close contact with a class of people with whom you had little or no dealings before. You had nothing in common. And, to make a long story short, you were at the theatre the other evening—with your mother-in-law. She has soon called you in off the wall! Everything is altered now. And instead of your going over to carry war into the enemy's camp, they have come unto you, and you have purred like a pussy-cat where before you were bold and outspoken: and the marrow of principle is being thereby sucked out of some of you. You need to be spoken to, and I would that my words were like fire, and would burn. Oh! that some of you would come back to your earlier faith, enthusiasm in God's work, and the blood heat of your early zeal. For now you are as nambypamby as the devil could wish.

"I used to think," says another, "very harshly of those who didn't hold my views. But now I have learnt to be charitable. I have discovered that many things which I thought were essential are only accidental." Softly, my friend: 'twas the mother-in-law made the discovery. You have gone off on that *charitable* dodge. Ah, God's Word has an eye in every direction.

"Also they reported his good deeds before me" and as good as said, "We know Tobiah; and Nehemiah, you are wrong about him altogether. He is an excellent man, and he gave five shillings to that; and he is a wonderful fellow altogether. He is wonderfully like yourself." Really it is such a pity that two such good men should not meet together and shake hands. But they never could, and Nehemiah kept his hands behind his back and said, "I choose my own company. I know the hands of these fellows too well."

Now long ago I was astonished at one whom I thought would be the last to play fast and loose with the Atonement and Inspiration, and with the need of conversion, and with the eternity of punishment. But now he is off the wall. And why? Because he is married into a certain circle where everything is loose and worldly; and instead of his bringing his new circle of friends up, they have brought him down. And now to see him gliding along the down-grade—with his mother-in-law—is partly ludicrous, and partly saddening, and wholly contemptible, I'm afraid there was more backbone in Nehemiah's little finger than in the whole anatomy of people I shall not name—but you can all

be busy thinking. For all the reasons you should make this principle the touchstone of all friendships, and everything. How does it tell on the work of God? How does it tell on my walk? Does it cool or increase me in love to God, and in love for His righteous cause and His unchanging Truth? May God bless the word!

#### HOME MISSIONS AND CIVILIZATION.

The following, though written more especially regarding the Western Territories of the United States is just as applicable to our own North-West, and will, we trust, help to foster an interest in our Home Mission work.—Ed.

There are some things as certain as the sunrise. Fire burns; sin curses; intemperance, licentiousness, and gambling are the burdens of lawlessness and crime. They are themselves crime. Virtue and happiness walk together. In every community prosperity is linked with morality and piety. The Gospel of our Lord is the divinely appointed remedy for every form of sin and lawlessness. The movements of civilization in all this North-western country have but one speech or language on this subject. The settlement of every town and hamlet reiterates the truth which our people farther East are in danger of forgetting, or at least failing to realize. History on this point is unvarying.

Disease always fastens on the weakest outpost of life. Lawlessness will develop itself where restraint is feeble. So crime basetns to the frontier, where government is feeble and unorganized. There it finds its victims, and the largest immunity from punishment or restraint. The enemy of all righteousness pioneers our civilization. This may not be complimentary to our commercial and religious life, but it is nevertheless true.

Among the first buildings in every town are the saloon and gambling house. Sometimes they are the first, and almost always these twin demons of evil are the dominating power in the coming town, for a time at least.

Our missionary route lies through a village built up on one long street. On that street there are three places of legitimate business—a meat market, drug store and house of merchandize. Every other building is labelled in flaming letters "saloon." They are in the large majority. The merchandize (food and medicinal supplies) are of small consequence. The saloon is regarded as the ever present necessity, the ubiquitous and omnipotent power in the town. There is

scarcely more chance for the man who has been enslaved by the drink habit to go through that street in safety, than there would be for a lost soul to traverse perdition without being singed. You can't wade the ocean without getting wet. Hence an earnest Christian gentleman said recently, "Eight out of ten of the young men coming here break down under the strain." They fall by the wayside, or entering the ways that are devious are trading to-day on the verge of perilous depths.

The home missionary reaches this town about this time. The whole atmosphere is loaded with a moral miasma that is offensive to all Christian taste. He has, however, "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." After a survey of the field he plants the Gospel guns in the only available position, in a public hall over the saloon. Quietly his work begins. There are almost always a few who have not bowed the knee to Baal. They welcome the missionary as they welcome the rains on these arid mountains.

Face to face these two antagonisms, the mission band and the saloon, meet each other. The saloon has the money, the depraved appetites of men, the pre-empted ground, and the crowd; but the missionary has the ear, the heart, and the hand of the mighty God of Jacob. He has the sword of the Spirit and the hand of faith with which to hold it. He has the conscience of the vilest sinner, and the awakening memory among the revilers of other days, of childhood's home and Sabbaths.

The contest seems to sight to be an unequal one, but to faith the result is assured to righteousness. The financial resources of iniquity are large, while those of righteousness are meagre. A bare support for the Home Missionary, which would fall many a time were it not for God's ravens; while thousands of dollars pour into the saloon. The "little flock" whom God is teaching to "fear not," must skirmish around for footstools, boards, and a few cast-off chairs to accommodate their enlarging circle. The fat saloon with its costly mirrors, its blazing chandeliers, clinking glasses, blaring music, and hilarious crew, challenges the Home Mission poverty in the upper room. To a looker-on the contest is quite unequal, with all the chances in favor of the "lower regions." To faith the battle wears a different hue, and the outcome is assured for the praying band. Believing prayer not only reaches upward, heaven-ward, but downward, perdition-ward.

The report goes out that one of God's ministers—one of "the stars that He holds in His right hand"—is in town. The rumor draws. The ranchman who had long sulked

for the want of a leader, creeps out of his place of concealment miles away, and on a bright Sabbath morning is found in the small audience in the upper room.

The singing and prayer awaken strong emotions; and while the sweet story is told, a mighty ferment is going on inside the rancher's jacket. He can scarcely follow the preacher, for the crowd of memories that rush upon him like the coming in of ocean's tide. For ten years he has heard nothing so sweet, so home-like, so refreshing! The message of life drops deep within and plays with the fibres of his soul. The indelible engravings wrought on his boyhood life by mother's hand, that has been covered by the dust and grime of years, are swept clean once more. Memory hears the old lessons again. There is a sweet breaking up in that rugged soul, and the tears of penitence rain down the bronzed face. He does not want to do it, nor to refrain from doing it. The clay is now in the hand of the potter, and is receiving the divine fashioning. One more recruit is enlisted. It is the enlistment of a soul. Ah! reader, think of that! A soul redeemed, enlisted for God and His civilization; and all the ranch goes with its owner into the growth and power of that little flock. No cathedral with its silver-tongued preacher, its thundering harmony of music, its stately ritual and responses, is half so resplendent with glory, with mellow touches from the heavenly world, as that little upper room over the saloon.

As the work goes on, and recruits come in, one, a little braver and more farseeing than his comrades, gives the word for an advance movement. "We must have shelter for the flock. God has done great things, and can do greater. Let us give Him a chance." Before the old year dies there is a Presbyterian house of worship that will seat several of the hundreds in that town. The bell is hung in the tower that "rings out the old and rings in the new year." The lighthouse of Gospel civilization is flinging its rays across valley and mountain.

The saloons are diminished by one-half, and those that drive their infamous trade, have erected screens, as a public confession of indecency. The fight is not over, but is pushed into the enemy's country: it is march and battle and victory, slow but sure. Civilization has come in. The machinery of government is up and is grinding the lawlessness out of vagabondism.

The North-west only wants, and is now waiting for, a larger force to push the work of Home Missions and civilization. O for the young men who are willing to count in the ravens as God's almoners, who are willing to take standing room where there is only room

to stand, who can not only discover but create opportunities: God knows their names, where they are and what they are doing. He is waiting for them to volunteer. They would better make haste lest He be obliged to draft them. The battle is on. There is to be no retreat. Victory is before us, and is to be won on the ground where the forces of evil are to-day encamped. —*On the Frontier.*

#### HOW THE PRESBYTERIANS GREW.

The history of the reformed Churches during the last three hundred years has been a singular illustration of the text "The last shall be first, and the first last." The feeblest and apparently the most insignificant among them all was the Reformed Church of Scotland. That "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," to which the French had given the name of "L'Ecosse la Sauvage" did not probably number more than half a million of people.

During the half-dozen previous reigns it had passed through a constant succession of troubles in consequence of the minority of its kings, its civil wars, the contentions of its rival clans, and its bitter strife with England. It had little wealth, little commerce, little learning, poor agriculture, a Church corrupt beyond all precedent, and a nobility whose great object was to raise themselves and keep down the king.

Through the efforts of John Knox and his coadjutors, the Presbyterian Church obtained a remarkably firm hold of the Scottish people. Knox, while a most vehement hater of popery and the mass, was far from bigoted on the subject of church government. He himself held office as a preacher for several years in the Church of England. He was one of the chaplains of King Edward VI., and though he refused a bishopric for himself, his sons were brought up in the Anglican communion.

All the world knows the struggles and sufferings the Scotch people had to undergo for the sake of their Presbyterian Church. Its very existence in the seventeenth century was due to the endurance of the covenanters. If prosperity at home and great enlargement abroad can be any compensation, they have been abundantly rewarded. For it is the least among the daughters of the Reformed Church that has proved the great means of spreading Presbyterianism over the world. Little could anyone have foreseen this result. What a different destiny the Reformed Church of France apparently had at the start from the Reformed Church of Scotland.

The Church of Calvin got a very firm hold

of France, and bid fair to take the lead among the Reformed Churches of Europe. What a grand country, too, France was, as compared with poor Scotland, and gave splendid men, especially among the laity—Coligny, Duplessis-Mornay, and the like—gave themselves heart and soul to the cause! But France was simply overwhelmed by avalanches of persecution. Could any calamities have exceeded the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685? It was by her refugees that France contributed to extend the Reformed Church, enriching the blood of other countries, as it were, and quickening their zeal by their very presence. In the centre of Europe, the Reformed Church was strong in Hungary, Bohemia, and other parts of the Austrian Empire; but here, too, the light was literally quenched in blood. If Holland and Germany had quieter times, they did not bestir themselves much to spread their Church. It is the Anglo-Saxon branch of the Presbyterian family that has proved the "fruitful bough, whose branches run over the wall."

In her own country, the Scottish Church, which at its first General Assembly (1560) had but six or seven ministers, has now, in its various branches, about 3,000. In the seventeenth century, when the province of Ulster was repopled by colonists from England and Scotland, who proved a troublesome and turbulent lot, some earnest Scotch ministers went to labour among their countrymen; a great revival followed their labors, and a better stamp was put on Ulster, which it has retained ever since.

This was the beginning of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, which now numbers nearly 600 congregations. Then Ireland became in turn a great colonizing country. When its Presbyterian people spread to the United States of America, they carried their Church with them, and so did the colonists from Scotland. And in the great Republic, Presbyterianism has found a very congenial home. It is essentially democratic, and the soil and climate of the United States have fostered its growth. If we include Canada the number of Presbyterian congregations in North America is probably not less than 15,000. In most of the other colonies of Great Britain it has a firm hold. The mission-fields of China, Japan, India and Syria all have their branches.

At home, too, there have been recent extensions. At the beginning of the reign of Victoria there were but a handful of orthodox Presbyterian congregations in England; now there are three hundred. The Calvinistic Methodists of Wales have adopted the Presbyterian form; they have 1,400 congre-



gations and 600 ministers.

It has always been a point of great importance with Presbyterians to give a thorough education to their ministers. Where national universities or other public colleges exist, the undergraduate course is taken in them; but through theological institutions of its own, each church makes provision for the theological and pastoral training of its ministers. From what has just been stated it will be seen how the twenty millions of Presbyterians are made up.—*Sci.*

### CHRISTIANS UNDER A CLOUD.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Every Christian ought to live in the sunlight of Christ's countenance. But there are many who spend much of their time under a cloud. Perhaps the reader of this article is one of them; and he does not seem to understand that it is his own fault that he does not enjoy more assurance of hope, and more of the joys that are promised to believers. My friend, this depression that you complain of is not the result of providential afflictions, or of any other person's sin; it is the direct result of you own sin against both you soul and your Saviour. Christ commands you to believe Him, and you disobey. He bids you look to Him, and you either shut your eyes, or else look elsewhere. He invites you to lean on His everlasting arm, and you seek some prop of your own. He promises that if you seek the grace that is sufficient for you, He will bestow it; and then you insult him with doubts. Instead of opening every window of your soul to the gracious assurance of His lips, and the joy of His presence, you have a pertinacious habit of barring up the windows and then complaining that you live in the dark!

Analyze your own feelings honestly and you must admit that your cloudy life is of your own making. When you read the eighth chapter of Romans, you perceive where Paul found his peace, assurance, radiant hope and abounding joy; but there is a pitiable self-conceit in your own heart which pretends that what sufficed for Paul is not clear enough, or strong enough, or efficacious enough for you! In addition to this perverse view of yourself, there is a perverse obstinacy in your way of treating all of Christ's offers and promises. You hold fast to your doubts, instead of holding fast to Him. If you have ever chased a bat around your parlor with a broomstick, you have discovered that it was easier to keep the bats out, than to try to expel them. Now, when harassing and tormenting doubts come to the doors of your heart, instead of bolting

the door against them, you let them in; you harbor them. Doubting Christ is a sin; and a doubting thought must be treated as Joseph treated an impure thought suggested by a wanton woman; he slammed the door in the face of it. To every skeptical whisper of Satan, you must promptly say "Get thee behind me"! Turn at once from the devil's suggestions to Christ's clear declarations. Cry unto Him for help and lay hold of His promises, as sinking Peter stretched forth his arms to Jesus. This wicked habit of doubting and disbelieving your Lord, must be dealt with as a tippler must deal with his habit of indulging in his wine or his whisky. You must break it up. Lay hold with all your might and main of your Bible—every line in it that God has put there—and then say to yourself "If I go on any farther in this way I shall become a wretched infidel. I will shake off the first serpent of doubt that tries to fasten on my hand, and I will fix that hand on Christ. Lord! I will cling to Thee; help Thou me to conquer this accursed unbelief!"

I have somewhere read that the eminent Swiss writer, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, was grievously troubled with doubts during his student days. He went to his old experienced teacher for help. The veteran refused to discuss them, and said, "Were I to rid you of these doubts, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus Christ be really to you the Son of God, an almighty Saviour; and his light will dispel the darkness and His spirit will lead you into all truth." The old man was right. He saw that the young student was falling into a sinful habit that would grow worse by tampering with it. To attempt to poke away clouds with your own hand, is sheer folly; your true course is to plant yourself in the clear broad sunshine of Jesus Christ, and stay there. "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," is a line that ought to be said or sung every hour of the Christian's life.

Some good people are the prey of naturally despondent temperaments; such need a double supply of grace, and must pray for it. So must they whose digestion is weak and whose nerves are over-sensitive. The worries of business or household cares, the loss of sleep, or the derangement of the bodily machinery, put such Christian folk under a cloud pretty often. To-day they sing like larks; to-morrow the barometer goes down and they are in the dumps again. Such people should look after their bodily health as a spiritual duty. Moreover they should keep their Christian faith where it would not be exposed to every east wind, or drenched to death by every shower that falls. Keep a good supply of tonic Bible-texts

within reach ; and take them freely the next time that an ague-fit comes on.

There is still another class of professed Christians who darken their own lives by wilful violation of Christ's commandments. They sin away their hopes. The darkness that over-shadows them is of their own making. Their transgressions, like a cloud, separate between God and their own souls ; Christ's countenance is hidden as in a gloomy eclipse. Perhaps, my desponding friend, thy own backsliding has carried thee out of the sunlight into the death-shadows. No church member who neglects his Bible and honest prayer, or who pursues crooked paths in business, or who indulges in fleshly lusts, or who is content to live in breach of his sacramental vows, can ever expect to enjoy a clear assurance of hope, or the sunshine of Christ's countenance. Bunyan describes a melancholy group of backsliders groping among the tombs ; and when "Christian" beheld them, his eyes gushed out with tears. Such wanderers may well cry out, "Where is now my hope?" There is no hope for all backsliders except when erring and fallen Peter found his, and that is by speedy repentance and return to a forsaken Saviour. If thy sins have put thee under a cloud, then return speedily unto Him who will abundantly pardon ; and never rest until you get back once more into the sunlight.

#### RELIGION IN THE FAMILY.

Among the many improvements and advantages of this wonderful age, there appears to be one thing which cannot be classed with either. It is the separation of the literary and religious elements in the education of the young. The tendency to this is perceptible not only in some of the institutions for public instruction, but it is to be feared, to a much greater extent than formerly in Christian families. The devotion to the work of mental culture and physical training—both highly important—is so exclusive, as to leave but a slender margin for spiritual improvement. For this, which lies at the very foundation of Christian character, the weekly Sabbath service is regarded as quite sufficient. Such was not at all the view of our pious Puritan-Dutch and Huguenot ancestors. Were they mistaken, or are we, in this matter? They obtained their ideas from the Bible ; where did we get ours? Their home training had been such, that no matter how adverse the circumstances of their flight, and whatever else they left behind them, the Word of God always accompanied them. Many of the little French Bibles which found their way to New Rochelle, were concealed from their persecutors,

being hidden in the back-hair of the women!

This, we are told, was right and proper for them. Their circumstances were peculiar. But the times have changed, and the demand for secular instruction is now so imperative that the old order of education has become inverted—science and literature first—afterwards religion. Besides, a period of almost universal intelligence does not need such strict religious discipline. Which of these theories of education is the true one?

There can be no question which is most in accordance with Scripture. One of the traits most commended in the character of Abraham is expressed in the statement "He will command his children and his household after him." Moses was not permitted to grow up in an Egyptian—that is to say a heathen—family, even the highest ; he must receive a Hebrew training. What was the environment of Samuel's childhood?

Sad were the consequences which followed the neglect of this principle in the family of David. No temple worship could atone for it. Paul furnishes a conspicuous example of its benefits ; so does Timothy.

What hope is there for a nation situated as ours is, if religious training does not begin with the children? Under the tremendous pressure of business cares, or the fascinations of pleasure, how rare the conversions in adult life, where temptator is like the tide in the Bay of Fundy. Nearly every pastor can testify, that in his experience, the additions to his church by profession are chiefly from families where there was family worship and faithful instruction. Even where these were not effectual, we may learn from Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," how deep and lasting was their impression.

It would be interesting if we could ascertain the early religious history of those church members by whom chiefly the weekly prayer meeting is sustained. I have heard a venerable minister in the Presbyterian Church relate the following incident, coming within his own observation, which I cite by way of illustration :

More than half a century ago there lived in one of our large New England towns a manufacturer who was a church member. He had a large family, and among them—as the custom was at that time—a number of the young men in his employ. These were all present daily at family worship, and to them he regularly on the Sabbath gave religious instruction. Afterwards, becoming rich, and his time being absorbed by worldly cares, he abandoned these household services. What was his surprise to receive one day from one of his old apprentices the intelligence by letter that he had united with

the church. He attributed this decision directly to the impressions received as a youth in the family of his employer, for which he expressed the warmest gratitude.

What could the too busy Christian say in answer to such a letter? One thing he could do, and he did it. He wisely concluded that if his Master thus condescended to honor his former faithfulness, he ought to return at once to the path of duty. That very day he re-consecrated the family altar.—*S. I.*

### THE SANTHALS OF INDIA

BY REV. J. A. NORTHROP.

The Santbals occupy a small hilly portion of India called Santbali-stan, about 150 miles north-west of Calcutta. They have descended from the aborigines of the country. According to tradition they lived in the Panjab long before the Hindus entered India, but were gradually driven back by them to their present location.

They are of darker complexion and stronger build than the Hindus, and are divided into twelve tribes, each of which is subdivided into twelve families. They live in villages presided over by a chief and four other officers, besides two priests. One of the officers looks after the morals and etiquette of the young, and of the old, too, when necessary. Courting is not allowed without his knowledge and consent. If he sees an unmarried young couple engaged in conversation he asks the young man whether he will marry the young woman. If he says "yes," he is brought before the court and his father must treat to a drink; if he says "no," the officer thrashes him well with a stick, and says, "You have no business to talk to that girl if you do not want to marry her."

They do not intermarry in the same tribe. If the elder brother dies leaving a widow, children and property, they all fall to the brother next younger. If a man is the youngest of ten sons, with nine married brothers, and the nine should all die, the youngest of ten sons is liable to be saddled with nine widows and all their numerous children. An old bachelor is despised by both sexes. He is classed next to a thief or a witch, and is termed "no man."

In the marriage ceremony, instead of using a ring the bridegroom puts five horizontal streaks of red paint on the forehead of his happy bride. She is then showered with rice and other grain before the people sit down to partake of the wedding supper. She cares more for weight and number of ornaments than for fine workmanship and costly material. She is happy with about

five pounds of brass bangles on each ankle. She is not married in childhood as are the Hindu girls, and she stands higher in the family circle. Polygamy is not exactly prohibited, but is unpopular and rare.

The Santbals worship many gods, which are spirits and may inhabit for purposes of worship a bit of stone picked up on the mountains. They sacrifice fowls and goats and make other offerings to malignant spirits, so as to keep them on good terms, and thus prevent many evils.

Like the Hindus, the Santbals burn the human body after death, but they have some peculiar customs of their own. A live fowl is fastened and burnt with the corpse. From the breast of the corpse a bone is removed, and preserved for the most solemn rite of all. A portion of this bone taken home by the friends of the dead. A small piece of it is thrown into their river in the belief that it will thus pass on to heaven, where it will become the living man from whose body it was taken.

One of the first missionaries among them had his coat eaten by white ants the first night, and had to renew his journey without a coat the next morning.

It was a difficult matter to acquire the Santbal language, as it is hard to pronounce and has twenty-seven tenses. After over a year of hard work and earnest prayer three boys embraced Christianity and were baptized as the first converts. One of the latter converts was a man forty years old. After an absence of three or four days he returned to the missionaries and reported that all the people where he lived wanted to become Christians. In great surprise the missionary replied, "Why, we have not preached to them." "But I have preached to them," the convert replied, with beaming face. And it was so. He had been home and had not given man or woman in his village any peace until they had heard the good word of salvation by faith in Jesus. Many of them approached the missionary with weeping eyes and said: "Yes, sir, we want to become Christians, because these excellent things this man has told us never reached our ears before." Within a month that man brought several villages to Christ. Eighty-five of the converts were baptized in one day, their chief standing by in perfect amazement at what he saw and heard. They were organized into a church, and immediately set about the work of building a house of worship. One old man said: "If I should go to heaven and had never been instrumental in bringing any one else to Christ I would go into a corner and not be able to look at Jesus Christ or any of you." Thus these poor "ignorant savages," as they were called, began to experience the

saving power of divine grace, and confessed the necessity of showing their faith by working for their precious Saviour; for, as one says, "It is not the deep mysteries that save, but Jesus himself."

The missionaries gave the people medicine for their bodies as well as gospel truth for their souls. A Santhal once told Mr. Boeresen that he had "very great pains in his stomach." Mr. B. gave the man a double dose of Pain Killer. After taking it the man remarked that it was "awfully strong," and added, "By the bye, I am not the sick person, it is my son at home."

A Mr. Campbell, writing amid those scenes of ignorance and heathenism, says: "What a terrible thing idolatry is! If all the believers in the Christian Church could, by any possibility, be brought for one month to India what a might change we might expect to see in it! What a deeper interest they would take in mission work in future! How is it that the claims of the heathen lie so lightly on God's redeemed people? How is it that the command of the Saviour to carry the Gospel to every creature is so lightly regarded? The millions of India are perishing for lack of the knowledge of Christ. How long is the oroad of life to be denied them? How long are they to be allowed to wander, groping in thick darkness, seeing no light?"  
—*Carthage, Ill.*

## HOW TO BE A PASTOR.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

What is the chief object of the Christian ministry? It goes without saying that it is to win souls to Jesus Christ. The chief element of power with every true minister should be heart-power. The majority of all congregations—rich or poor—are reached, not so much through the intellect as through the affections. This is an encouraging fact; for only one man in ten may have the talent to be a very great preacher; but all the other nine, if they love Christ and love human souls, can become great pastors. Nothing gives a pastor such heart-power, as personal attentions to his people, for everybody loves to be noticed. Especially is personal sympathy welcome in seasons of trial. Let a pastor make himself at home in everybody's home; let him come often and visit their sick rooms, and kneel beside their empty cribs and their broken hearts and pray with them; let him go and see the business men when they have suffered reverses, and give them a word of cheer; let him recognize and speak kindly to the children, and he will weave a cord around the hearts of his people,

that will stand a prodigious pressure. His inferior sermons (for about every minister preaches such sometimes) will be kindly condoned, and he can launch the most sharp and pungent truths at them from the pulpit, and they will not take offence. He will have won their hearts to himself, and that is a mighty step towards drawing them to the house of God, and winning their souls to the Saviour. "A house-going minister," said Chalmers, "makes a church-going people."

The chief end of a minister's work must never be lost sight of. It is to awaken the careless, to warn the endangered, to comfort the sorrowing, to help the weak, and to edify believers; in short, it is to make bad people good, and good people better. Preaching strong Gospel-sermons is one of the most effective means to this end. But it is not the only one. Outside of the pulpit, every messenger of Christ can come to close quarters with the individual soul and preach eye to eye, no one can dodge such preaching, or go to sleep under it. If the shepherd can only save the sheep by going after the sheep, then woe be unto him if he neglect his duty? As many souls are won to Christ outside the pulpit, as in the pulpit. Every discourse too can be made thoroughly practical, and can be lodged more securely in the hearts of the people, by constant and affectionate intercourse with them during the week. I am firmly persuaded that if many a minister would take part of the time that he now spends in polishing his discourses, and devote it to pastoral visitation, he would have larger congregations, and a far larger number of conversions to Christ. He would be a healthier man for the physical exercise; he would be a more fluent speaker from the practice he would gain in personal conversation; he would be a much more tender, eloquent, and heart-moving ambassador of Christ.

"How shall I become such a pastor?" To this question I would reply, *Determine to become one, cost what it may.* If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; a man has no business to be a shepherd, if he is afraid of the sheep. If you are naturally reserved and reticent, unlock your lips. Go and talk with your people about anything or everything, until you get in touch with them; and then if you have any grace or "gumption," you can certainly manage to say something to them about the "one thing needful." It is not best that a minister should talk exclusively about things spiritual. Talk to them about their business, and show your interest in what they are doing. Encourage them to talk with you about your discourses; you will discover what shots strike, and what

are only blank-cartridges. Watch your chance to put in a timely and loving word for your Master. You are Christ's man on Christ's business. If you can only gain your point by going often to the house, then go often. One soul won wins others. You can reach the parents sometimes, by reaching the son or daughter. These personal conversations with individual souls, will train you to be a closer, more suggestive, and practical preacher. They will make you colloquial and simple and direct in the pulpit. Half of all the preaching is fired into the air. By knowing your auditors thoroughly, you can learn how to take aim. You will gather also most precious material for your sermons, by going about among your people, and finding out what they are doing, what they are thinking, what they are suffering, and what they need.

Resolve to devote a portion of every day to pastoral service. To visit a large congregation consumes a vast amount of time; but can you spend it more profitably elsewhere? Be on the look-out for sermon-hints wherever you go; one hour with a live man, may teach you more than two hours with a dead book. Do your book-work and your Bible study in the forenoon, when your mind is fresh; devote your afternoons to making or receiving visits. Your evenings can be used for religious services and for some social recreations, and for occasional pastoral visits and for general reading. But be wise enough not to burn out your brains in writing sermons by lamp light. Morning is the time which God gives you for study; midnight is the time which some fools steal from needed sleep. A minister who does not sleep during the week, will not long keep an audience awake on the Sabbath.

Go about your pastoral work systematically. Try to visit every family during each year, and some families will require your visits oftener. Go where you are needed most. Never neglect the poor and the unfortunate. If some querulous folk complain that you do not come often enough, and greet you with "O what a stranger you are; we thought you had forgotten us!" do not pay any attention to such gumbler. Do your utmost duty, and even then there will be some who will not stop growling until they get to heaven.

It is a blessed encouragement that the humblest minister can become a faithful pastor. God never intended that this world should be saved by pulpit geniuses, or else He would create more of them. The average Christian must save this world, if it is saved at all. Every minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, who loves his Master, who loves his Bible, who loves his fellow-men,

and who hungers to win souls to the Saviour, can be a good pastor if he honestly tries. When you are studying Jesus Christ, never lose sight of the fact that he was a *model pastor*. "I am the Good Shepherd; the Shepherd knoweth His sheep; He calleth all His sheep by name."

### PREACH THE CROSS?

BY REV. THEODORE L. OUYLER.

To the scores of young men who have lately graduated from the theological seminaries of our land, we offer one suggestion, and that is *Exalt the Cross of Jesus Christ*. "First of all," wrote Paul to the Church of Corinth, "I delivered unto you that Christ died for our sins." The "First of all" does not refer to priority of time; for Paul had sounded the Gospel-trump through the cities of Asia Minor, and under the shadow of Mount Lebanon, before he ever struck its key note amid the volumptuous idolaters of Corinth. But it means that, as the principal thing, he preached the Cross of the crucified Son of God. Whatever else came second, this always came first; whatever else he omitted, he never omitted the very core and marrow of the Gospel of Salvation.

The atonement is the cardinal doctrine of the Bible. Other religious systems make prominent the character of their divinities or the life of their founders, or some sacred rites of worship. But the core of Christianity is the sacrificial death of its divine founder. The Bible does; not underrate Christian ethics, or the spotless example of Jesus; but the atonement transcends all other truths in sublimity and saving power. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation composed of all the nations of the globe, this should be my text: "Christ Jesus died for our sins." This is the text that has rung round the world wherever true Christianity has found a voice. This is the truth that shook pagan Rome and confounded human philosophies; and it is the truth that has lain warmest and closest to the Christian's heart in every age of the Church. The touchstone of every ministry is this, Does the man preach Christ and Him crucified? Wherever the highest spiritual power is developed from a pulpit, wherever sin is most fearlessly assailed, wherever sinners are awakened, and most thoroughly converted, wherever the richest outpourings of the Holy Spirit have been enjoyed, there has been commonly the most faithful preaching of the guilt of human sin, and of salvation only through the atoning blood. It is the imperative duty of every ambassador of God to thunder against injustice and intemperance, and licentiousness, and fraud, and hypocrisy.

and covetousness, and every form of impiety; but the true vantage-ground from which to assail them is beside that cross, where Jesus died to condemn all sin, and to save the sinner. If I were a member of a church seeking for a pastor, my first question would be, Does he make foremost the atoning blood of Jesus Christ! No erudition or eloquence, or "advanced thought" can supply the lack of this one thing needful. From the most brilliant or erudite discourse that has no Christ in it, the hungry unsatisfied believer comes away complaining, "He has taken away my Lord, and I know not where he has laid Him!"

Be careful also *how* you present Christ; for not every theory of the Cross is either Scriptural or soul-saving. Theodore Parker was the apostle of "the humanities," and fearlessly denounced many wrongs; yet he often spoke of the crucified Redeemer in language that makes our blood run cold. Some pulpits teach that Jesus died simply to display His fortitude and his sincerity to a principle. Another pulpit teaches that he died to set a sublime example, another that the only aim of the Cross was to make an exhibition of wickedness, and to lead men to abhor it. Not long ago a very prominent pulpit presented a theory of the atonement from which almost every drop of the vital fluid had been drained away. Neither Paul nor Peter would have recognized their own utterances under the gloss that was put upon them.

The only theory of the atonement that meets the tremendous necessities of a world lying in wickedness, or the mighty demand of the New Testament Gospel, is this plain, simple line, "Christ Jesus died *for our sins*." The three great ideas compressed into this line are substitution, sacrifice, salvation. Christ Jesus became our substitute, and suffered *for* us. Christ became our sacrifice, and laid down his life to take away our guilt. Christ secures eternal life to every true believer and faithful follower. In these three points the vast body of regenerated believers agree; and if the much prayed-for unification of all Christian denominations ever comes, it will crystallize around the core-truth of THE CROSS. It will be an union *in* Christ for a world without Christ.

All success in preaching lies just there. Paul's key-note struck under the shadow of the Parthenon, and in defiance of Cæsar's lictors, has been the secret power for eighteen centuries. Luther preached this Gospel of atoning blood to slumbering Europe, and it awoke from the dead. Amid all his defences of the divine sovereignty, Calvin never ignored or belittled the atonement. Cowper sang of it in sweet strains among the water-lilies of the Ouse: Bunyan made the

Cross the starting point for the Celestial City. John Wesley proclaimed it to the colliers of Kingwood, and the swarthy miners of Cornwall. Mooly's bells all chime to the keynote of Calvary. Spurgeon thunders this doctrine of vicarious atonement into the ears of peer and peasant with a voice like the sound of many waters! The heart of God's Church has ever held to this as the heart of all Christian theology; "Christ Jesus died *for our sins*!" If the greatest of all human preachers made this the foremost text of his wonderful ministry, then, my dear young brother, you have but to plant your pulpit in full view of the Cross, and make every line of your labors converge towards "Christ and Him Crucified."

### PANSY AND WHO SHE IS.

The "Pansy" books are among the most widely read of any series of the present day. May their pure, thoughtful, wholesome teaching spread more widely. Doubtless many who have read her stories with interest would like to know her history. The following story of her life and works is from the pen of one of the ministers of our church, Rev. J. B. Dickson, of Galt.—Ed.

"Who is Pansy? She is the wife of the Rev. G. R. Alden, D. D., a Methodist minister, whose local habitat is not fixed, Sarah K. Bolten has given a very sketchy sketch of her in her book entitled "Successful Women" in which she seems totally to forget the desire we have, who are fond of biography, of definite information. There are fifty necessary things she omits. She does not give us her father's name, and she even forgets to give us Pansy's maiden name, beside much *minutiae* which give crispness and charm to a biography. However, we are thankful for the little she gives us.

We learn from her that "Pansy" was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1842, and that she had two blessings, perhaps the greatest earthly gifts, a father and mother who were wise, patient, tender, helpful under all circumstances. Her father had pronounced convictions on all the great questions of the day. He was a strong temperance man, a strong anti-slavery man, a leader in every moral reform, and pressing forward, often stood alone, fifty years in advance of his time. The mother was a sunny, self-forgetful woman, devoted to all that was pure and "of good report." In this we have the key to Mrs. Alden's life work. She drank in, as the flowers do, the atmosphere about her, and put forth her strength in the beauty and fra-

grance of wise counsel and Christian kindness.

How "Pansy," the *nom de plume*, came into existence was on this wise: While yet a baby her mother had a choice bed of great purple and yellow pansy blossoms, which she was treasuring for a special occasion. One morning the wee child, being in a helpful, loving mood, sallied out, and picked them every one, and bringing the treasures in her arms, showered them in her mother's lap, with the generous statement that they were "every one for her." They were to have been used on the evening following, and the good mother was much disturbed, but the father mounted his baby in triumph on his shoulders, and called her his own little pansy blossom; and from that time the sweet name clung to her.

Mrs. Alden has a fine head, a full dark eye—or as the Bible phrases it—"a healthful countenance"—a round, motherly face, beaming with kindness and grace. Sweetness sits enthroned on every feature.

Her husband is the pastor of a large city church, and she works faithfully by his side. She is president of the missionary societies, organizer and manager of a young people's branch, superintendent of the primary department in the Sunday school, and the private counsellor of hundreds of young people. This, all in addition to her literary work. She says of that: "My rule has been to work when I can get a chance, subject to the interruptions which come to a mother, a housekeeper and a pastor's wife." For seventeen years she has been under contracts (never broken) to keep up a serial story in the *Herald and Presbyterian* through the winter; and for ten years she has given efficient help at the principal Sunday school assemblies all through the States. For twelve years she has prepared the Sunday school lessons for the primary department of the Westminster Teacher, and for two or three years she has been the editor of the *Primary Quarterly*. A busy life has hers been, but it is this that has furnished her material for her books.

What books has she written? It would fill a full page to give the names of all her books great and small. We may mention a few just to awaken an interest, and to whet the appetite of any who may not have made acquaintance with them. "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On" is a volume brimful of shrewd observation and quiet humour as well as piquant wit. It is thoroughly enjoyable and is withal exceedingly instructive. It is a painting to the life of much in society today. It is difficult to select a passage out of a book containing so many good things. It is a rich treat for the one who would

learn how to act in different circumstances. Mrs. Smith is always the true Christian lady. "Crissy's Endeavour" celebrates the Christian Endeavour movement. It gives a good introduction to the understanding of what it is and its special advantages. "The Hall in the Grove," "The Four Girls at Chatauqua," "The Four Girls at Home," and several others discover to us the value of the work at Chatauqua, and in the scientific and literary circles throughout the land. "The Pocket Measure" opens up, illustrates and enforces the Bible principle of proportionate giving to religious objects. "Three People," "Wise and Otherwise," and the "King's Daughter" are capital temperance stories.

"Ruth Erskine's Crosses" and "Judge Burnham's Daughters" exhibit the follies of worldly alliances, and the heart-break that comes of them. "The Randolphs," "Interrupted," and "Household Puzzler" portray the battle of life in society; "The Endless Chain" and "Echoing and Re-echoing" the far-reaching power of influences that flow from character and conduct. "Tip Lewis and His Lamp" shows the worth, the priceless worth, of the Bible to a boy. And so we might go on. Every book has an object, a noble and worthy object. "Jessie Wells" illustrates working for Jesus.

What is the character of her books? That has been suggested already. They are an application of the principles of the Gospel to the lives of men, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. She has a thorough appreciation of the relation of the Christian to the world, and of all that is involved in that. Her books are such that one might easily imagine that we have the essence of a thousand experience meetings in them. The portraits are drawn to the life. She holds the mirror up to Nature. Nothing is overdrawn or to a spiritual mind insipid. Everything is flavoured with the salt of Bible truth and a sound religious experience. The style in which the books are written is attractive. It draws you on, so that you read to the close. And when you are done you have learned something, received something, by way of spiritual awakening, and stimulus, and direction. You have a new love shed abroad in your heart; new desires for service awakened in your soul; new possibilities of holy and helpful action proposed to your consideration; new views of life and new values attached to it. We bless God for Mrs. Alden and her work. Every book of hers is a benediction to the reader. We can conceive of no books more suitable for a Sunday school library or a children's library at home. We would say to those who are able, "Get the whole series" and let the children have full freedom with

them. How many thousands on thousands have run them already? Her pulpit is an high one, and her audience a most impressive one. She speaks to the young, the aspiring, the struggling. And what an audience! It speaks over continents. How highly favoured is one who is called to such extensive service as this!

She is doing much to mould thought, control sentiment, to guide action, to shape life. Her hand with all its tender motherly kindness is laid upon the thousands of her readers, as in reality it is, in benediction!

For eleven years she has edited *The Pansy*, a well-known Sunday magazine for boys and girls, and one of the most interesting things in connection with it is "The Pansy Society," composed of children who are subscribers, and who are pledged to try and overcome some besetting fault, and who take a whisper motto, "I will do it for Jesus sake." All who join have a badge, a beautiful pansy painted on white satin, and fastened at the top by a silver pin. It has in it thousands of members, and the good it has done is incalculable.

Long live Pansy, and her Pansy Society; and may her hand never grow weary at her helpful and holy work."

#### OUR VACATION PARTINGS.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D., IN N. Y. EVAN.

The Mizpah prayer is a good one to have much in our hearts and on our lips these vacation days. As spoken first by Laban to Jacob it meant little that was kindly and tender, but along the years it has gathered much of sacredness through use and association. Mizpah has been written on many a memorial of true and holy friendship, as two friends have parted to be absent the one from the other. Many a time the prayer has been breathed to God out of loving hearts, with deep sincerity, as the goodbyes were said: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." In recent days, many Christian Endeavor societies have chosen these words for their parting salutation at the close of their meetings. Thus the word Mizpah has gained a sacredness of its own, apart from its origin.

We are now entering upon a season of many separations and absences in families and among friends. In these partings, though meant to be but for a little time, what more fitting words could be spoken as hands are clasped in the goodbyes than the little Mizpah prayer?

It is a pledge between friends of faithfulness in absence. It means loving loyalty

and kindly remembrance. We promise our friend to be true to him wherever we go, not to forget him, to be worthy of him, to do nothing that would pain him, or bring dishonor upon him. We take God as witness, that while out of our friend's sight we will be as true to him as if we were in his presence.

The Mizpah prayer is also a commending of our friend to the Divine care while he is absent. "The Lord watch between me and thee," we say. "I cannot go with thee, out upon the sea, away to the strange countries, into the ways and places of danger, but God is everywhere, and God will be with thee." We profess indeed to put just such a prayer of love into our commonest partings. Holding our friend by the hand, we look into his face and say "Goodbye." "Goodbye" is a contraction of the phrase "God be with you." We oftentimes speak it lightly, not even thinking of its meaning, yet when hearts are tender and love is earnest, our "Goodbye" is not only a deep and sincere wish, but becomes also a prayer "God be with you."

The Mizpah prayer suggests also that we should make all our partings tender and kindly. We do not know, as we say our goodbyes, when we shall meet again. Every day there are partings, thought to be only for a little season, which prove to be final. As we scattered for our vacation wanderings we expect to meet again, and we make our plans for many other days of association in friendship and in work. Yet we all know well that there is an element of uncertainty in all these hopes and plans.

The friend who goes from us even for a ten minutes' absence, for a walk down the street, we may not see again for days or for years, perhaps not until we meet in the other world. The lesson from this is not that all our partings should be sad, but rather that they should be affectionate and kindly. If we only truly felt as families and as friends, that any parting, even for the day's duties, may be forever, would it not put a new tenderness into all our speech, a new meaning into our most casual goodbyes? Many a life has been saddened for days and years by the memory of an unkindly parting with one who came not again. Old as the lines are, and oft quoted, their lesson may not come amiss:

"If I had known in the morning

How wearily, all the day,

The words unkind would trouble my mind

That I said when you went away,

I had been more careful, darling,

Nor given you needless pain:

But we vex our own with look and tone

We may never take back again.



"For though in the quiet evening  
 You may give me the kiss of peace,  
 Yet it well might be that never for me  
 The pain of the heart should cease.  
 How many go forth at morning  
 Who never come home at night;  
 And hearts have broken from harsh words  
 spoken  
 That sorrow can ne'er set right."

Thus Mizpah teaches us to make our vacation partings tender and thoughtful, so that, should they prove to be the last, no painful regret would be left behind to make the sorrow more bitter in the heart of the one who remains. We may well take the lesson of Coventry Patmore's lines :

"If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,  
 But for one night though that farewell may  
 be,  
 Press thou his hand in thine.  
 How canst thou tell how far from thee  
 Fate or caprice may lead his steps, ere that  
 to-morrow comes !  
 Men have been known to lightly turn the  
 corner of a street,  
 And days have grown to months,  
 And months to lagging years, ere they  
 Have looked in loving eyes again.  
 Parting at best is underlaid,  
 With tears and pain :  
 Therefore, lest sudden death should come  
 between,  
 Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm  
 the hand  
 Of him who goeth forth :  
 Unseen, Fate goeth too.  
 Yea : find thou always time to say some  
 earnest word  
 Between the idle talk, lest with thee, hence-  
 forth,  
 Night and day, regret should walk."

The Mizpah prayer has its sweet comfort, also, for the partings that are till we meet again in heaven. "The Lord watch between me and thee," we say, "when we are absent one from another." And does not the Lord watch just as really between us and our sainted dead, as between us and our living absent? They are with Him inside the veil; we are with Him too, though outside the veil; yet both they and we are truly with Him. Thus does He indeed watch between them and us. Our separation is only apparent, not real. Love binds us as before, and in Christ we are indeed close together, though we see not each other.

Then is their not another lesson here? Do we not owe something to our sainted ones? Mizpah teaches us fidelity and friendship to our living who are out of sight. Does it not also teach us fidelity to the friends who have passed out of our sight into heaven's blessed-

ness? Surely we should do nothing that we know would grieve or shame them if they could look down from amid the stars and see us. We ought to strive in all ways to be worthy of them. They do not forget us, up there in their blessed home. They do not cease to love us, though their hearts are so full of the love of Christ. The mother in heaven loves her child on this earth just as tenderly and as deeply, as she did when she was here. Should not the child be just as loyal in loving the mother in heaven, just as thoughtful in doing the things that would please her, just as careful in avoiding the things that would give her pain, as if she were back again in her old place?

We need not ask if our dead see us. Our living friends on earth may not always see us; but if there is any honor in our souls, we scorn to be untrue, even in secret or in their absence. Does death dissolve the obligations of friendship? Though our friends in heaven do not see us, and do not know what things we do in this world, and cannot chide us for our unfaithfulness, nor be hurt by our unworthiness, shall we therefore consider ourselves absolved from the duties of friendship to them? Surely not. The Lord watches between, and He sees what we do. Let us then be true to our dead. Let us keep our friendship for them ever warm and tender. Let us cherish their memory. Let us do the things they have taught us to do, the things we know they would have us to do. Let us keep ourselves from all that we know would grieve them. Let us do nothing we would be ashamed to do if we saw their pure faces bending down above us, out of the clouds.

"Whether near or far,  
 On earth or in yon star,  
 Their dwelling be,  
 So live that naught of dread  
 Would make us bow the head,  
 Should we be told 'The dead  
 Can all things see.'"

#### OLD DR. TRUE'S LETTER TO THE MINISTER.

*My Dear Sir:*—Would you kindly allow an old man to give vent to one of the pressing needs of his age? As you know, I have for many years—over fifty—been—been a doctor of medicine, and permit me to say that no one outside of the profession knows what it means to be a faithful, conscientious doctor. At all hours of the day and night he must be ready to attend the sick, the injured and the dying; must listen to the complaints of the first, and the moans of the second, and the last taint gasp of the third. Worst of all and by far the hardest of all,

the family physician must hear the harrowing imploring voice of friends begging him not to let their loved ones die. It is comparatively rare the patient begs the doctor to save him; most frequently when dissolution is imminent there is either a willingness to depart, or the indifference which comes with dangerous illness. But all through his experience, the doctor must be a comforter, not only a healer, but pre-eminently a comforter. He must hold out hope, hope, continually keep hope in view, until the mournful time comes when despite the agony it causes, he must say, there is no hope. Then there is the tremendous responsibility of acting according to one's best judgment in critical cases, of giving a professional opinion when life or death may depend on the treatment to follow. "Is it not wearing" you ask. For answer look at the gray heads of our medical men still in their early prime. The average age of the practicing physician; is at his death so young, I hate to quote it. And I can assure you, sir, it is not the merciless hours, the protracted cases, or the exposure to all kinds of weather which wears us out so fast, half so much as it is the ceaseless strain on our sympathies and our hearts. Well, now, I have no need to remind a person of your intelligence how often matters react in the broad realm of nature. There comes a time when those who have led others must themselves be led; when those who have fed others must themselves be fed, when those who have acted as comforters need comfort themselves, and in just this connection lies the pith of what I have to say. My dear sir, I want now and then to hear comforting, hopeful words of good cheer spoken from the sacred rostrum to old folks in particular. The pulpit abounds in words of warning, hope and encouragement for the young, and it is right that it should. The pulpit glows with stimulating, elevating thoughts and expressions for those in middle life who are in the thick of the world's conflicts, struggles and achievements, and it is right that it should. But are not the old people neglected? Perhaps I should hardly have realized this fact as keenly as I do, only that last Sunday in a neighboring city, I heard a most delightful discourse on old age. From beginning to end the sermon was fairly teeming with everything bright, hopeful and inspiring for the old. When the minister in concluding depicted the closing hours of an aged Christian's life, and said in a low but cheery voice, "Swing low, sweet chariot," it seemed to me I was almost about to be translated from earth to heaven. Yes, there is no mistake about it, the time has come when I want to be comforted and cheered occasion-

ly from the sacred desk. It is not that I feel any manner of doubt as to Whom I have believed or His ability to care for me at the last, but out of the abounding promises of His blessed Scriptures are many adapted to the needs and desires of the old, those who have grown old not only in hard service for their fellow-men, but in faithful service to their God. I feel assured you will take kindly the hint I offer. It often helps the physician to be shown in what particular direction the patient may be specially benefited. It may assist the pastor to have a new line of thought suggested, calculated to particularly benefit some of his listening flock. It is my privilege to take a religious paper which at stated periods devotes a page entirely to "old folks." I cannot tell you how I appreciate the many pleasing things spread before my eyes just adapted to my increasing age and perhaps sensitive longings, now that the rush of active duties have ceased. Once again, begging you will receive this in the friendly, kindly spirit in which it is offered, I remain your aged and obedient servant.

JEREMIAH TRUE.

#### THE STRUGGLE WITH ROME IN GERMANY.

Germany is the historic battle-ground of Protestantism and Romanism. The land of Luther has been not only the seat of the Thirty Years' War, but practically also has been the scene of a struggle covering more than three centuries between the principles of the two great confessions for the control of the heart and mind of the people. There have been truces and periodic lulls of battle, occasional changes of tactics and shiftings of the lines, but peace, never. Since the Jesuitic counter-reformation at the turn of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when Germany from being nine tenths Protestant became one-third Roman Catholic, the authorities of the latter Church have not rested in their endeavors to win back to the Church of error the fair Teutonic lands. While recognizing in Germany a bulwark of Protestantism to such an extent that Cardinal Antonelli, when he heard of the victories of 1870 and 1871, exclaimed in dismay, "The world is coming to an end!" yet the attacks on this bulwark have only been redoubled.

The present method and manner of conducting this warfare is extremely unique and novel, and illustrates anew the wonderful adaptability of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to the surroundings and the exigencies of the case. The matter in hand is also of peculiar interest to Americans, as it is a public secret

that nowhere else are more sanguine hopes entertained of a final victory for Roman Catholicism in our own fair land. Nippold, professor in Jena, and one of the best of specialists on the Roman Catholic question, recognizes this danger, and in his recent masterly survey of the modern literature of that Church, called "Katholisch oder Jesuitisch?" has drawn particular attention to this fact.

Characteristic of the modern Romish struggle are the studied efforts made to influence public opinion in favor of the Church of Rome. While nothing is more abhorrent to the genius of that Church than an appeal to the judgement of the people, yet when such a judgment can be manipulated by those in authority for their own ends and aims, tradition yields to advantage. The Church has clearly learned to understand the value of public opinion, and is determined to modify this opinion for its purposes. The now so popular Catholic congresses, which have in recent months been held in Austria, France, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, England, and America, are peculiarly a German invention, where not only national assemblies of this sort have been held, but also smaller territorial conventions in great numbers, where with great display and determination, the demands of Rome are published to the world.

Hand in hand with these endeavors are those made through the press. The whole Roman Catholic press of Germany is practically in the hands of the so-called *Augustinus Verein* which supplies the local press throughout the empire with editorials and correspondence in a manner agreeable to those in authority. As the resolutions and demands of the congresses are usually prepared beforehand, as is apparent from the almost verbal agreement of the resolutions of assemblies held hundreds of miles away from each other, it is plain that both press and public opinion, as voiced by the assemblies, present the appearance of a thorough unanimity and the impetus of widely extended oneness of mind purpose. In the nature of the case opposition within their own ranks is virtually an impossibility. Over against the world without, Rome thus presents a solid phalanx of men and measures, and this solidity, in the nature of the case, cannot be otherwise than a powerful factor and force in public thought.

Practically the same ends and methods prevail in another department, in which the claims of Roman Catholicism are little short of sensational. To all intents and purposes the development of life and thought has been under Protestant control since the era of the Reformation. Progress and research in their

positive features have been an outgrowth of Protestant principles, while Roman Catholicism has confined itself to adapting itself as best it could to the ideas and ideals of the modern world. It is now proposed to change all this and to bring modern research and thought into subjection to Rome. The keynote of this movement was given by Janssen in his *History of the Germans*, in which he made it his object to show that the Reformation was in reality the greatest calamity that ever befell Christendom, and that it has been the source from which have flowed all the evils that have befallen the Church, the State, and society ever since. The lesson of history is accordingly this: that the panacea for all these ills is a return to Rome.

This line of thought has been eagerly taken up in other departments until now Roman Catholic scholarship and literature have but one end and object; namely, of reconstructing learned investigation, the science and thought in general in *majoram Rome gloriam* (to the greater glory of Rome.) A magnificent critique of the Jesuitic means through which it is attempted to secure this object is found in the work of Nippold mentioned above. Naturally, such a course of procedure has aroused Protestantism. It has resulted in the organization of the *Evangelischer Bund*, now only three years old, but numbering more than sixty thousand members, mostly professional men throughout Germany, the aim of the association being "to fight Rome with pen and tongue." It is doing splendid work, the literature it publishes being the best issued on the interdenominational problem, much of it being discussions of principles and methods that have anything but a local importance merely. All Protestant Germany, with the exception of the most pronounced confessional schools of thought, are united in this work of resisting the aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic faction. The struggle is having a splendid reflex action on the Protestants themselves in making them more deeply conscious of their spiritual possessions, for the retention of which it is a matter of the greatest importance to defend themselves against their would-be despoilers. Recent Church developments in Germany are exceedingly interesting and instructive at present; they present an unusually clear object lesson for many who are not Germans.—*Germanicus in New York Observer*.

#### "THE MINISTER IN THESE TIMES."

This is the title of the address which Mr. Sprague recently delivered at the annual conference of the Pastors' College. The address appears in the current number of the

*Sword and Trowel.* It very clearly and ably shows that the renowned preacher and pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle has not swerved by one hairs-breadth from the good old theology which for well nigh forty years he has been the eloquent expounder and defender of. Not only so, but in this fervent address he loudly and earnestly calls upon all his fellow pastors to stand up for the old theology, and to preach it with all their heart or not to preach at all. It is with all his heart he preaches it. He says—"Some seem to think that we poor souls who are of the Puritanic school are cribbed, cabined, and confined by harsh dogmas from which we would gladly escape. They imagine that we have to check every rising aspiration of our nobler selves so as to preserve the tyranny of a certain iron system. John Calvin is supposed to ride us like a night-mare, and we lead dogs' lives under his lash. Brethren, it is far otherwise. Little do these slanderers know of our happiness and peace. . . . I would like to rise from my bed during the last five minutes of my life to bear witness to the Divine sacrifice and the sin-atoning blood." On the subject of Christ being the sole Mediator and High Priest, Mr. Spurgeon is equally clear and forcible, and he calls upon all his brethren to protest earnestly against the revived superstition—the gospel of priestcraft which teaches that there is a gap between God and man that can only be filled up by a participator in a fancied Apostolical succession. He says—"The church, the altar, the priest, are cried up beyond measure, yet these are not our Lord Jesus, but rivals to His priesthood"—as if sinners might not come to Christ directly on their own account; as if the way to salvation was only by a man appointed priest. This error, says Mr. Spurgeon, even when it is accompanied by a measure of Gospel teaching, is deadly.

But Mr. Spurgeon did not address himself only to the dangers and approaches that encompassed him from without. His keen eye saw dangers from within, and manfully, as might be expected, he grapples with them. He saw even in their avowed evangelistic and revival meeting a little leaven of ritualism and priesthood working in their measures of meal. And we fear the borders of our Church at home are not altogether free from this London leaven, it may not be amiss to listen to Mr. Spurgeon's reasonable advice. This is what he says; "In our revival services it might be as well sometimes to shut up the inquiry room. I have my fears about that institution, if it be used in permanence and as an inevitable part of the procedure. It may be a very wise thing to persons who are under concern of soul to come apart from

the rest, and have conversation with godly people; but if you should ever see that a notion is fashioning itself that there is something to be got in the private room which is not to had at once in the assembly, or that God is more at that penitent form than elsewhere, aim a blow at that notion at once. We must not come back by a rapid march to the old way of altars and confessionals, and have Romish trumpery restored in a coarser form. If we make men think that conversation with ourselves or with our helpers is essential to their faith in Christ we are taking a direct line for priestcraft. . . . You sinner, sitting where you are, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall have eternal life. Do not stop till you pass into an inquiry room. Do not think it essential to confer with me."

We have emphasised this passage because we have reason to fear that the leaven, of which Mr. Spurgeon is afraid, has appeared in Ireland, and that not a few simple minded people receive it as if it was angels' food. It may be of some use to them if they will carefully consider Mr. Spurgeon's weighty and unanswerable words on this subject, as well as on the childish love of novelty which characterizes so many minds in these latter days.—*The Witness (Belfast).*

#### HAVE YOU AN ANCHOR?

BY REV. THEODORE CUYLER.

When Martin Luther was assailed by a tempest of troubles, he used to sing the Forty-sixth Psalm above the roar of the winds; his anchor struck its flukes under the rock of ages. God keeps in perfect peace the soul that is stayed on Him. In these times when doubts are so painfully prevalent—doubts of the inspiration of the Bible, doubts about the future life, or the wisdom of God's providence, or the success of His Gospel, there is nothing that will hold a man but a strong grapple to Jesus Christ. "I know whom I have believed," held Paul; it will hold you and me. We do not see what holds a vessel when the storm is smiting her; and in like manner, when a child of God is assailed by doubts, or adversities, or Satanic temptations, we do not see what it is that holds him so that he is not moved as other men are. But God sees an anchor sure and steadfast down in the secret depths of the soul. It fastens him to Omnipotence.

There is a danger which sometimes proves far greater than the storms of adversity, or the assaults of enemies. It is from the stealthy *under-currents* of temptation. An unanchored vessel may be lying on a calm water as smooth as glass, and yet before the shipmaster is aware the keel may strike a hidden

rock ! Had a wind begun to blow, the master would have taken the alarm ; the under-current was slowly drifting him, and he did not heed the danger. So are thousands of professed Christians carried on the rocks, not by tempests of trials, but by the strong and invisible currents of temptation. One church-member drifts into neglect of prayer, or into laxity in regard to Sabbath observance. Another gets into an under-current of social customs and fashions ; it swings him slowly but surely, away from a spiritual life ; no sudden shock is felt, but when we look for this professed Christian where he used to be, and where he ought to be, he is not there. When the world gets hold of the keel, the anchor had lost hold on Christ, and so the man began to drift. Another one feels the secret power of sensual temptation, but takes no alarm until some open sin is committed, and a hideous rent is made in his Christian character. The under-currents of the world never set towards holy living, but just in the opposite direction. What we call "back-sliding" is really the drift of the heart away from Christ. The heart is not anchored.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm heaven-implanted principle ; for no one is safe in business, or in politics, or in social life, or anywhere when conscience is unloosed from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for awhile, it may even be unsuspected ; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures any one who unites with His Church and yet has no "anchor sure and steadfast which entereth into that within the veil," and "binds fast to Christ himself." And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in, as I often see vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tryed anchor swinging proudly at the prow.

"There are ships," said the eloquent Melvill, "that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea, and sky ; and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows." These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit ; these are the faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Christ Jesus.

### THE HIDDEN WORD.

When the psalmist says : "Thy word have I hid in mine heart," no act of memory may be meant ; yet the word committed to memory, or learned by heart, is potent, and if it be the right kind of a word, may accomplish the purpose, "that I might not sin against Thee."

Memory is the great conservator. Jewish children are said to have been so trained in the law that, were it lost, they could have reproduced it. The preservation is, in part, due to the early instruction in the law and history of the nation. Homer, was the Greek lad's, reading books ; and the intellectual superiority of the Greeks is not unrelated to this juvenile reader and to the custom of committing to memory verses from the great poets. That Roman school-boys memorized the twelve tables is a fact explanatory of the extension and power of the Roman empire. When certain sweeping reforms were instituted in France, Mirabeau said : "There is something more difficult to bar from men's hearts, and that is the influence of recollections."

Do we in Christian training take sufficient account of the memory ? Parents and teachers might dwell with profit on the list of chapters from the Bible that John Ruskin, as a lad, was obliged to learn. Yet of this task he says : "Truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole the one essential, part of my education." Every morning his mother read with him the Bible, and by the time he was twelve years old he completed his sixth reading of the book.

In Christ we have an example of extensive familiarity with the Scriptures, as His numerous quotations prove. True, we may say that in our days of printing the conditions are different ; yet to possess a copy of the Bible avails but little, if it does not through the memory pass into the life. Thus Luther through the medium of God's word, stored up in his mind, received a revelation of the living way : "The just shall live by faith." The holy text taken up to the memory may lie dormant for many years ; but in some unexpected moment it springs up in the waste places of the soul, grateful as "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." More of the word learned by heart, hidden in the heart, is one need of our Christianity.—*Mid-Continent.*

## ALL JOIN.

One characteristic of a live church is the fact that all the people participate in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ loft, while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around lonely and unbefriended, and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody made unto the Lord. In heaven they all sing, though some there cannot sing half so well as others. The Methodist Church has sung all around the world, and gone from conquest to conquest, among other things, because it is a singing church; and any Christian church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty will go on from triumph to triumph. A Church of God that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. We go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn book in the other. Oh ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord, and have got out of the habit, take your harps from the willow,—*Christian Herald*.

## WITH THE HEART.

An employer pointing to two men working side by side in his shop, said to me: "Though I pay them the same wages, one of them is worth twice as much to me as the other, because he puts his heart into every thing that he does. He is interested. He is anxious always to do his best. His neighbor, on the contrary, thinks only of his wages. He will shirk whenever he thinks that he can do so and not be found out. I cannot trust him. I have to watch him closely, or he will send out work that is imperfect, and will injure the reputation of the shop."

"Well, what does the man you commend gain by putting his heart in if you pay the same wages?"

"Nothing at present except the satisfaction one feels in trying to do his duty. But I shall need a foreman one of these days, and he will get the place. I can't discriminate now between them, for the union, to which all our workmen belong, won't permit that. But, in spite of its arbitrary rules, the man who does his best will be rewarded in due time."

While my friend was talking I could not help thinking about Christian workers. Though God says at the outset, "My son, give me thine heart," and, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," yet how

few of us serve the Lord "heartily." I sometimes think that the reason some preachers are more successful than others is just because they put more heart into their work. A man may write a first rate sermon and he may preach it well; the logic, rhetoric and elocution may all be admirable, and yet it will neither edify a Christian nor awaken a sinner. Why? It lacks the element of life. The heart's blood of the speaker is not in it. It does not throb with the spirit of John Knox, when he cried: "Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" If to love the Lord with all the heart is the first and great commandment, surely we ought to serve him heartily. Heart-work is always earnest work, and it is nearly always successful work.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

## EVENINGS AT HOME.

In some families the chapter on evenings at home, if such a chapter were written, would be very brief. It would be as brief, perhaps, as a certain chapter on snakes in the "Natural History of Iceland, which contained merely the statement: "There are no snakes in Iceland."

In too many families there are no evenings at home. Lectures, social entertainments, business meetings, engagements of various kinds, occupy one or another of the members of the home circle, and leave no place for evenings at home. A habit is thus formed of flitting from one place to another, and leaving undeveloped the exhaustless resources of the home, until to the restless wanderer, what he calls home, is only a place to go from and return to while pausing before another excursion, and not a place of refreshment, of rest, of upbuilding and peace.

It has been said that the superiority of the peoples in the temperate zone to those living in the tropics in point of enterprise and civilization is largely due to the necessity the winter season imposes of finding enjoyment and employment within doors, and in the majority of cases within the family circle—at home. The long winter evenings afford opportunity of study and reading, and invite the development of internal resources. When candles come in at five o'clock or earlier, and fresh magazines come with them, or some new book is to be explored, the evenings are too short and bed time comes far too soon.

One can hear so many lectures, can see so many people, can witness so many interesting sights, can get into so vapid and dissipated a state of mind, that his capacity for the simple and normal enjoyments of the fireside is for the time destroyed, just as one can

eat highly-spiced foods, candies and sweets till plain and wholesome foods become insipid. But indigestion waits on the one course of action as surely as upon the other. He that set the solitary in families has so organized the human heart that its purest, highest, sweetest earthly joy is found in the home. While social pleasures are to be cultivated, and may yield much fruit that is valuable and desirable, the most luscious and precious is that which ripens in long and happy evenings at home.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

#### START TO-DAY.

I'll turn over a new leaf, I will. I'll begin next week.

Who has not heard a man make it, too, with the honest intention of doing what he says?

It is Thursday; perhaps he has had a bad week—idled away his time, or wasted it in even worse fashion, and now his conscience reproaches him, and he listens to it.

'Yes, I have done wrong,' he says. 'I know better; I can do better, God helping me, I will begin to be a different man.' All this is fair speech enough, but the conclusion spoils it. 'I will begin next month—next week—to-morrow.'

My friend—you whose conscience is pricking you—listen to me, and I will tell you *when* you must begin that new life: Not next month, when you have wiped off old scores; not on Monday next, when you can start with a resolute heart for a steady week's work; not to-morrow, when you mean to get up early and be a different man altogether, but *now, this very moment.*

Not one second must you wait: everything depends on the present moment. Do not say, 'I am too ashamed, or miserable, or tried to begin. I must wait a bit and gather myself together for the start.'

All these are false excuses made for you by the father of lies, who knows how weak you are, and wants to hinder you from making a fair start.'

You must start to-day—at once. Never mind if you cannot do any great thing to prove to the world that you are making that start. Start with yourself—with God.

Wash your face as a beginning, and then say a prayer four words long, if you do not feel able for more; 'Help me, O God,' and then begin the new life, if it is only fetching a pail of water for the house, or saying a kind word to your little child.

There is a bit of rhyme which runs in my head as I write—

He who Heaven wins  
Starts for it *to-day.*

I always mistrust the man who says he is going to mend his ways *to-morrow.*

Besides, how does he know he will have a to-morrow? No man can say he will not meet with an accident any moment, and be brought home dead, unable to make any new beginning.

The Master has come and found His servant doing—what? His best? No. Doing nothing, waiting for to-morrow to mend.

Waiting is not doing, it is idling. The Master may well call that man 'Wicked and slothful servant.'

But I do believe that you will not be found in this sad case; you have repented of your past wickedness, now you have only your sloth to conquer.

Shake yourself and say, 'I will mend my ways; I will begin; not next month, nor next week, nor to-morrow, but *to-day.*' To-day, this moment, is yours—yours to turn to the best account.

Use it then. Say thankfully, 'I hear God calling me to amend my ways, and I will do so. I will begin this day, this moment.'

With such a resolve in your heart, on your lips, God will, must help you, and to-morrow's course will be easy since you make the start *to-day.*

#### FORGIVENESS.

The duty of Christian forgiveness does not require you, nor are you allowed, to look on injustice, or any other fault, with indifference, as it were nothing at all, merely because it is you that have been wronged.

But even where we cannot but censure, in a moral point of view, the conduct of those who have injured us, we should remember that such treatment as may be very fitting for them to receive may be very unfitting for us to give. To cherish, or to gratify, haughty resentment, is a departure from the pattern left us by Him who 'endured such contradictions of sinners against Himself,' not to be justified by any offence that can be committed against us. And it is this recollection of Him who, faultless Himself, designed to leave us an example of meekness and long-suffering, that is the true principle and motive of Christian forgiveness. We shall best fortify our purchase under injuries by remembering how much we ourselves have to be forgiven, and that it was "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Let the Christian, therefore, accustom himself to say of any one who has greatly wronged him, "That man *owes me an hundred pence.*" An old Spanish writer says, "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is god-like."

WHATELY.

## IMITATE GOOD MEN.

BY REV. A. J. REYNOLDS.

Paul says to the Thessalonians, "ye became followers of us." We ought to imitate good men. Be manly. We are creatures of imitation. The child imitates the parent, the scholar the teacher. A leading man in the nation impresses his character on that nation; thus with Washington. The Centennial of his inauguration testifies to the fact that he has made his mark, so with Lincoln. Who can tell how much good he has done by his example?

Even in society, a leading lady will be followed for good or ill by all her neighbors.

Imitate good men and women. Imitate Jacob praying at Bethel, Moses worshipping at the burning bush, Elijah bold at Mount Carmel, David singing psalms, Peter preaching at Pentecost. Imitate Luther before the Council, the Pilgrims forsaking England, Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation. Imitate, ladies, Sarah, Hannah, the Mary's, Elizabeth Fry, Harriet Newell.

It is easier to see the imperfections of the saints than to imitate their virtues. An oak may be tall and beautiful, but if it has a knot or a crooked branch, men point to the defects. This is unfair and ungenerous.

It is a glorious privilege to follow the example of good men and women. To write your name with the names of apostles and martyrs. To record your name with the Huguenots and early martyred Christians, and with Ridley and Latimer and Tyndall who printed the first English Bible. Not that we need die as they did, but we should live like them.

The Roman Church canonizes and worships the saints. We would not erect altars to the saints, nor worship their images, but we ought to imitate good people as far as they followed Christ.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery; to imitate good people is to honor them truly.

Many people brag of their descent from the Puritans, and yet fail to imitate the good in them and instead ridicule their sterling piety.

Paul says—"Be ye followers of me even as I am of Christ" 1 Cor. 11: 1. "Be followers of the Church of God." 1 Thes. 2: 14.

Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. 6: 13.

Imitate good men.

## CALLOUS FEELINGS.

Those fortunate people who are really busy are apt to know the value of time, and to use it somewhat wisely; but you who have say, two or three hours daily for reading, and who give those hours to the newspapers, periodical literature, or sensational trash, do you realize what you are doing? Do you know that you are riveting about your mind claims, formed, perhaps, years ago, which it will take wondrous strength to break? Have you never stopped to think what it is you are depriving yourself of? What is it you are accustoming yourself to. Do you not know that you are binding yourself down to narrow limitations by doing as you please? Let us illustrate—one trembles before illustrations, but perhaps this may clear the way somewhat: A friend of mine has been learning the guitar; the other day I took her hand and noticed that the ends of certain fingers were hard and callous; she explained that she had made them so by playing. She could not play unless her fingers were hardened, it would be too painful. That is just the way your emotions have become hardened by bringing them again and again into contact with those *strings* of sensational novels, until you do not find even the most horrible details of human suffering "too painful." If you are not fully satisfied of the truth of this, and are fond of experiments, take one of the society novels you are in the habit of reading, one of the "awfully interesting" kind, the kind you can't bear to put down unfinished, and read it aloud to any intelligent boy or girl of from twelve to fourteen years of age; take a youngster of whose freshness and innocence you are assured, and in whom you are specially interested (I beg you won't take one in whom I am interested); now do you see what I mean? Do you see how you have calloused your mind and heart? or do you think the illustration unfair, and that you have a right to read what children should not? I admit that you can understand what they cannot; but for that very reason your feelings ought to be more, not less, keen than theirs. The effect of right education should be as to cause your soul to be at least as much shocked at sin and shame as the soul of a child. That was Christ's meaning, I think, when he made becoming "as little children" the condition of entrance into the kingdom.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.



## SCANDAL.

A whisper broke the air—  
A soft light tone, and low,  
Yet barbed with shame and woe  
Now, might it only perish there,  
Nor further go!

Ah, me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound!  
Another voice has breathed it clear,  
And so it wandered round  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart,  
And that—it broke!                   --London.

## OUR SALVATION IS NEARER.

For now salvation is nearer,  
'Tis nearer than when we believed;  
The light on our pathway is clearer,  
And duty's less deeply perceived.  
He shall know of the doctrine who ever  
His Master's commands will obey,  
God's Spirit shall teach him and never  
Permit him to wander astray.

For now our salvation is nearer,  
The seed in our heart grows apace,  
The cross unto us has grown dearer,  
We're nearer the end of the race.  
The kingdom of God is like leaven,  
Its workings though hidden are sure,  
We are growing in meetness for Heaven  
We're daily becoming more pure.

For now our salvation is nearer  
Then when the dear Lord we first knew  
The light on our pathway is clearer,  
No shadow o'er flits o'er the view.  
The path of the just is still brighter,  
E'v'n unto the glad perfect day,  
At evening time it is lighter  
With Heaven's own glorious ray.

S. S.

The following notice has been sent to us for publication.

Each Christian Endeavor Society in Nova Scotia is earnestly requested to send two delegates to the Provincial convention, which is to be held in Pictou on August 13th, 14th, and 15th of this year. Secretaries of Societies will please notify Miss Jean D. Falconer, Pictou, of the names of their representatives. Each society is respectfully requested to send a financial contribution to the expenses of the convention.

## FUSSING.

There was once a Prime Minister who fussed and fretted very much over the state of the country. He almost fretted himself into a fever. At last his old servant went to him and asked him, 'You believe in God, my lord?'

Yes, the Prime Minister did.

'You believe He cared for the world before you were born?'

Yes, that was true.

'And He will direct it after your death?'

Put your trust in the Lord and give up fretting, my friends.

That boy you have to send out into the world, whom you long to follow, and guide, and protect, hand him over to God. Pray for him day and night, but do not weary yourself and God by fretting over him.

That sick relative over whom you yearn, desiring to watch every breath, only your daily duties forbid it, commit to God's keeping. He or she will be none the better for your fretting.

That business matter which is a worry to you, because, as you say, you can't be at every end at once, take that to the great Unsleeping One too.

'Yes, yes.' The great man impatiently waved his servant away.

But the old fellow had one thing more to say. 'Then can't you trust Him to manage it while you are in it?'

I often think of this story when I see people fussing over troubles and perplexities, and foreseeing all sorts of dangers in the future unless they keep an eye on everything. Why can't you believe that God rules, and does not leave the world to the chance management of a shortsighted man?

Do your best and leave the rest. Depend upon it, fussing never did any good.

The heavy cloud is often 'big with mercy.' The trouble in the distance grows less terrible as it comes nearer.

How many times have we not heard people say of an ill that has come and gone, 'It wasn't half so bad as I expected?' And yet they fussed and fretted, and wore people's patience out with their complaints beforehand.

Take to heart the old servant's advice, and trust God to manage things for you when everything looks in a tangle. Ask Him to bring you safely through it all, and continually check the fretting spirit which would mistrust His care.