# WRITINGS OF THEODORE CUYLER

by Theodore Cuyler

*A collection of theological writings, sermons, and essays by Theodore Cuyler, compiled for study and devotional reading.*

45 Chapters

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Chapter 1

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Chapter 2

# 01.00. God's Light on Dark Clouds

God’s Light on Dark Clouds Theodore Cuyler, 1882

"A most delightful and experimental little volume. None of the Christian literature of the day is fresher, healthier, or more spiritual."

"Words of sympathy, comfort and encouragement for the weary pilgrim!"

Burning the Barley Field

Short Views

Flowers from the Tomb of Jesus

Trusting God in the Dark

God’s School, and its Lessons

God’s Unfoldings

Christ Shepherding His Flock

The Everlasting Arms

Words for the Weary

The Lord Reigns

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Right Seeing

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Healthy and Happy

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Our Two Homes

God’s Light on Dark Clouds

Today as I sit in my lonely room, this passage of God’s Word flies in like a white dove through the window, "And now men see not the sun which is in the clouds; but the wind passes and clears them." Job 37:21. To my weak vision, dimmed with tears, the cloud is exceeding dark, but through it stream some rays from the infinite love which fills the Throne with an exceeding and eternal

brightness of glory. By-and-by we may get above and behind that cloud—into the overwhelming light. We shall not need comfort then; but we do need it now. And for our present consolation, God lets through the clouds some clear, strong, distinct rays of love and gladness.

One truth which beams in through the vapors is this—God not only reigns, but He governs His world by a most beautiful law of compensations. He sets one thing over against another. Faith loves to study the illustrations of this law, notes them in her diary, and rears her pillars of praise for every fresh discovery. I have noticed that the deaf often have an unusual quickness of eyesight; the blind are often gifted with an increased capacity for hearing; and sometimes when the eye is darkened and the ear is closed, the sense of touch becomes so exquisite that we are able to converse with the sufferer through that sense alone. This law explains why God put so many of His people under a sharp regimen of hardship and burden-bearing in order that they may be sinewed into strength; why a Joseph must be shut into a prison in order that he may be trained for a palace and for the premiership of the kingdom.

Outside of the Damascus Gate I saw the spot where Stephen was stoned in a cruel death; but that martyr blood was not only the "seed of the Church," but the first germ of conviction in the heart of Saul of Tarsus. This law explains the reason why God often sweeps away a Christian's possessions—in order that he may become rich in faith, and why He dashes many people off the track of prosperity, where they were running at fifty miles an hour, in order that their pride might be crushed, and that they might seek the safer track of humility and holy living.

What a wondrous compensation our bereaved nation is receiving, for the loss of him who was laid the other day in his tomb by the lakeside! That cloud is already raining blessings, and richer showers may be yet to come. God's people are never so exalted as when they are brought low, never so enriched as when they are emptied, never so advanced as when they are set back by adversity, never so near the crown as when under the cross.

One of the sweetest enjoyments of heaven, will be to review our own experiences under this law of compensations, and to see how often affliction worked out for us the exceeding weight of glory. There is a great lack in all God's people who have never had the education of sharp trial. There are so many graces that can only be pricked into us by the puncture of suffering, and so many lessons that can only be learned through tears—that when God leaves a Christian without any trials, He really leaves him to a terrible danger. His heart, unploughed by discipline, will be very apt to run to the tares of selfishness and worldliness and pride. In a musical instrument there are some keys that must be touched in order to evoke its fullest melodies; God is a wonderful organist, who knows just what heart-chord to strike. In the Black Forest of Germany a baron built a castle with two lofty towers. From one tower to the other he stretched several wires, which in calm weather were motionless and silent. When the wind began to blow, the wires began to play like an aeolian harp. As the wind rose into a fierce gale, the old baron sat in his castle and heard his mighty hurricane-harp playing grandly over the battlements. Just so, while the weather is calm and the skies clear, a great many of the emotions of a Christian's heart are silent. As soon as the wind of adversity smites the chords, the heart begins to play; and when God sends a hurricane of terrible trial—you will hear strains of submission and faith, and even of sublime confidence and holy exultation, which could never have been heard in the calm hours of prosperity.

Oh, brethren, let the winds smite us, if they only make the spices flow! Let us not shrink from the deepest trial, if at midnight we can only sing praises to God. If we want to know what clouds of affliction mean and what they are sent for, we must not flee away from them in fright with closed ears and bandaged eyes. Fleeing from the cloud is fleeing from the Divine love that is behind the cloud. In one of the German picture-galleries is a painting called "Cloudland"; it hangs at the end of a long gallery, and at first sight it looks like a huge repulsive daub of confused color, without form or loveliness. As you walk towards it the picture begins to take shape; it proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces. If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim! How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub-face it would see "Those whom I love—I chasten." Another angel would say, "All things work together for good to those who love God." In still another sweet face the heavenly words are coming forth, "Let not your heart be troubled; believe also in Me. In my Father’s house are many mansions. Where I am—there shall you be also." Today my lonely room is vocal with such heavenly utterances.

God’s ways are not my ways—but they are infinitely better. The cloud is not so dense but love-rays shine through. In time the revealing "winds shall clear" away the dark and dreadful mystery. Kind words of sympathy steal into the shadowed room of suffering. If Christ does not come in visible form to our Bethanys, He sends His faithful servants and handmaidens with words of warm, tender condolence. The fourteenth chapter of John never gleams with such a celestial brightness, as when we read it when under the cloud. No cloud can be big enough to shut out heaven—if we keep the eye towards the Throne. And when we reach heaven and see the cloud from God’s side—it will be blazing and beaming with the illumination of His love. The Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall be our Shepherd, and shall guide us to fountains of waters of life, and God shall wipe away every tear from our eyes!

Burning the Barley-field A great many precious spiritual truths lie concealed under the out-of-the-way passages of God’s Word, like Wordsworth’s "violet by a mossy stone, Half hidden from the eye."

If we turn to a certain verse in 2 Samuel 14:1-33, we shall find such a truth hidden under a historical incident. The incident goes this way: Absalom, the deceitful aspirant to his father’s throne, wishes to have an interview with Joab, the commander of David’s army. He sends for Joab to come to him, but Joab refuses. Finding that the obstinate old soldier pays no heed to his urgent request, he practices a stratagem. He says to one of his servants: "See! Joab’s field is next to mine, and he has barley there. Go and set it on fire!" And Absalom’s servant set the field on fire. Then Joab arose and came to Absalom. Now, just as the shrewd young prince dealt with Joab in order to bring him unto him—so God employs a regimen of discipline very often in order to bring wayward hearts to Himself.

Many a reader of this article may have had his barley-field set on fire; there are some even now whose fields are wrapped in flames or are covered with the ashes of extinguished hopes. With backsliders this method is often God’s last resort. He sees that the wayward wanderers care more for their earthly possessions than they do for His honor or His service. So He touches them in the

tenderest spot, and sweeps away the objects they love too well. They have become idolaters—and he sternly dashes their idols to atoms.

There was a time when our nation had shamefully backslidden from the fundamental principles of our Declaration of Independence. The value of cotton crops outweighed the value of liberty. The righteous God saw that we cared more for the perpetuity of our prosperity, than we did for the rights of four million of His children. But when the first flash of a national conflagration lighted up the Southern sky, then millions of affrighted voices began to cry out, "Why is our magnificent Union given to the flames?" We could sleep while God's righteous law was trampled under foot; but when the national peace and power and pride were trodden down by the same remorseless heel, we awoke, as a man awakes at the cry of "fire" under his own roof. God saw what we prized most—and He touched that. In like manner, many an individual sinner finds his way to Christ by the light of a burning barley-field. Sometimes the awakening comes in the shape of a bodily chastisement. The impenitent heart has never been moved by sermons and never been brought to repentance by any sense of gratitude for God's mercies. So the All-wise One sends a sharp attack of sickness, in order to reach the diseased and hardened heart. The sinner is laid on his back. He is brought to the very verge of eternity. As a past life of transgression rises before his conscience, and the terrors of a wrath to come seize upon him, he cries out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" When he recovers his health, and goes back into a world that looks very different to him now—his grateful song is, "It was good for me to have been afflicted, for I had gone astray; my feet had well-near slipped!"

I honestly believe that many a sick-bed has delivered the sufferer from a bed in hell! Pain often drives to prayer. The door which shuts a man out from the world—shuts him in to reflection, and finally into the ark of safety. "There it is," said a young man, as he pointed to a diseased limb, which was eating away his life; "and a precious limb it has been to me. It took me away from a life of folly. It brought me to myself, and to this room of trial, where I have found Christ. I think it has brought me a great way on the road to heaven."

It was the testimony of a Christian who had lost his eyesight, after a long confinement to a dark room, "I could never see Jesus—until I became blind!" We sometimes wonder why God takes one of his ministers out of the pulpit and lays him on a bed of dangerous illness. It is to give the man a look into eternal realities. He gets clearer views of life and of eternity. Three weeks on the couch of pain and peril teach him some things which he never learned in three years at a theological seminary. Sharp bodily affliction, even if it does not endanger life, is often a wholesome process. Paul's thorn in the flesh, Robert Hall's excruciating pains, and Richard Baxter's physical sufferings—were a very expensive part of their education; but they graduated with higher honor and a brighter crown! Fiery trials make golden Christians! When the balsam-trees in God's garden are cut deep with the knife—they emit the sweetest gums.

During the last five years a great many barley-fields have been consumed. One Christian had his fortune swept away in the commercial conflagration of 1873; but his heavenly hope was locked up in what was more fire-proof than any iron safe, and his Christian character came out like pure gold from the flames. One of the most benevolent and useful Christian merchants in America has recently seen the flames of ruin go through his field of barley, and the earnings of an honest life are now ashes! He has an inheritance left which the Rothschilds could not buy; and the very loss

of his stocks and "securities" has led him to inventory afresh the blessed treasures which he has been laying up in heaven. So, from being a bankrupt, he finds that his best investments are untouched; and there has been no depreciation in his real estate, which lies very near to the everlasting throne! God often sees that a career of unbroken worldly prosperity is becoming very fatal to the soul. Therefore he puts the torch to the barley-field. Not only are the impenitent thus dealt with, to bring them to consider their ways, but His own children are often put through a process which is marvelously improving to their graces—for a career of rapid success is seldom healthful to piety. Very few even of Christ's choice ones can travel life's railway with perfect safety at forty miles an hour. The heated axle is very apt to snap, or else the engine flies the track of conformity to God, and goes off the embankment. Prosperity brings out only a few of a good man's graces; it often brings out a great many secret lusts, and no little pride, and selfishness, and forgetfulness of the Master. When a favorable wind strikes a vessel right—it fills every inch of the sail. Good reader, if the Lord is so shifting the winds that they reach your undeveloped graces of humility and faith and patience and unselfish love—do not be alarmed. He does not mean to sink you, or crash you on a rock; he only intends to give you a more abundant entrance into the desired haven. Count up all the wordly losses you have had, and see if you are not the gainer—if these losses have but sent you closer to your Savior. You have less money, perhaps—but more enjoyment of the treasures you found at the cross. You are richer toward God. Our loving God has a purpose in every trial. If any heart-broken reader of these lines is crying out like Joab, "Why have you set my field on fire?" I beseech you not to flee away from God in petulant despair. He is only burning up your barley to bring you closer to Himself. Let the flames light you to the mercy-seat. The promises will read the brighter. It is better to lose the barley—than to lose the blessing.

Weeping and Working The smallest verse in the Bible, is one of the largest and deepest in its heavenly pathos. "Jesus wept." What mysterious meanings may have lain behind those tears—no one need try to fathom! But, for one, I prefer to see in them the honest expression of grief for a friend who was dead, and of sympathy for two heart-broken women. Christ's power displayed at that sepulcher overwhelms me—it was the power of God. But His pity touches me most tenderly—it was the pity of a man. Those moistened eyes are my Elder Brother's. The sympathy that walked twenty miles to Bethany, that drew Him to those desolate women, that started the tears down His cheeks and choked His voice with emotion—that sympathy links us to Him as the sharer and the bearer of our own sorrows!

There is something vicarious in those tears, as there is in the precious blood shed on the cross a few days afterwards. His love seems to "insert itself vicariously right into our sorrows," and He takes the burden right into His own heart. But it was a practical sympathy. Had our Lord come to Bethany and taken the two bereaved sisters into their guest-chamber and had a "good cry" with them, and then gone away and left Lazarus in his grave and them in their grief—it would have been all that our neighbors can do for us when we are in a house of bereavement. But it would not have been like Jesus. He did not come to Bethany simply to weep. He came there to work a marvelous miracle of love. He wept as a man—He worked as the Lord of power and glory. He pitied first—and then helped. The same love that moistened His eyes—moved His arm to burst open that tomb and bring the dead Lazarus to his feet! A few days afterwards He wept for sinners—and then wrought out salvation for sinners by His own agonies on the cross! Is there no lesson for us in this? What are tears of sympathy worth—if we refuse to lift a finger to help the

suffering or to relieve distress? And what a mockery it is to weep over the erring—and do nothing to save them! Only when we "bear one another's burdens" do we "fulfill the law of Christ."

There is another connection that weeping has with working. We relieve our own suffering hearts by turning the flood of grief upon some wheel of practical activity. An eminent minister of God who was under peculiar bitter trial, once said to me, "If I could not study and preach and work to the very utmost—I would go crazy!" The millstones grinding upon themselves soon wear themselves away to powder. But useful occupation is not only a tonic, it is a sedative to the troubled spirit. Instead of looking in upon our own griefs until we magnify them—we should rather look at the sorrows of others, in order to lighten and lessen them.

Some of the best work ever done for the Master, is wrought by His servants when the "hammer of affliction" is not only beating away on the heart—but is breaking down selfishness and unbelief. When sorrow is allowed to settle in the soul, it often turns the soul into a stagnant marsh of bitter waters, out of which sprout the foul weeds of self-will and unbelief and rebellion against God. If that same sorrow is turned outward into currents of sympathy and beneficence, it becomes a stream of blessings. A baptism of trial—is often the best baptism for Christ's service. If tears drive us to toil—then toil will in turn drive away tears, and give us new and sacred satisfactions. When our blessed Savior wept, it was on the eve of His mightiest works—one in raising the dead, and one in redeeming a dying world. Weeping and working may even blend profitably together; for the chief of Christ's apostles tells us that during three busy years of his life—he ceased not to warn perishing sinners, night and day, with tears.

Short Views

Among the manifold improvements in the Westminster Revision, we are happy to find that our Lord's discourse against sinful worrying is given in the right English. Our common version of the closing portion of the sixth chapter of Matthew has always been very misleading to the average reader. Christ never commanded us to "take no thought for the morrow"; such counsel would contradict common sense, rational prudence, and other explicit commands in the Bible. What our Lord so emphatically forbade—was sinful anxiety, or the overloading of today's work with worry—about the day that has not yet come. The revisers have hit the nail exactly on the head, by introducing the word "anxious" into a half-dozen verses of that portion of the Sermon on the Mount. "Be not anxious for your life—as to what you shall eat," etc. "Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to the measure of his life?" This whole remonstrance against borrowing trouble in advance—is summed up in the happily translated sentence, "So don't worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will bring its own worries. Today's trouble is enough for today."

We may be sure that our blessed Lord knew what was in man—when He gave so much space in His sermon to this one tormenting sin, and repeated six times over, His entreaties to avoid it. Worry is not only a sin against God—it is a sin against ourselves. It sometimes amounts to a slow suicide. Thousands have shortened their lives by it, and millions have made their lives bitter by dropping this gall into their souls every day. Honest work very seldom hurts us; it is worry which kills. I have a perfect right to ask God for a strength equal to today—but I have no right to ask Him for one extra ounce of strength for tomorrow's burden. When tomorrow comes, grace will come with it, and sufficient for the tasks, the trials, or the troubles. God never has built a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of present duties and all the tons of tomorrow's duties and sufferings,

piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down!

There is only one practical remedy for this deadly sin of needless worry—and that is to take short views. Faith is content to live "from hand to mouth," enjoying each blessing from God as it comes. This perverse spirit of worry runs off and gathers some anticipated troubles and throws them into the cup of mercies—and turns them to vinegar! A bereaved parent sits down by the new-made grave of a beloved child and sorrowfully says to herself, "Well, I have only one more left, and one of these days he may go off to live in a home of his own, or he may be taken away; and if he dies, my house will be desolate and my heart utterly broken." Now who gave that weeping mother permission to use the word "if"? Is not her trial sore enough now, without overloading it with an imaginary trial? And if her strength breaks down, it will be simply because she is not satisfied with letting God afflict her; she tortures herself with imagined afflictions of her own! If she would but take a short view, she would see a living child yet spared to her, to be loved and enjoyed and lived for. Then, instead of having two sorrows, she would have one great possession, to set over against a great loss. Her duty to the living would be not only a relief to her anguish—but the best tribute she could pay to the departed. That is a short view which only takes in immediate duty to be done, the immediate temptation to be met, and the immediate sorrow to be carried. My friend, if you have money enough today for your daily needs and something for God’s treasury, don’t torment yourself with the idea that you or your family may yet get into a poor-house. If your children cluster around your table, enjoy them, train them, trust them to God, without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may some time be carried off by the scarlet fever, or the older ones may yet be ill-married or may fall into disgrace. Faith carries present loads and meets present assaults and feeds on present promises—and commits the future to a faithful God. Its song is, "Lord, keep my feet;

I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step’s enough for me."

We shall always take that one step more wisely and firmly and successfully, if we keep our eye on that one step alone. The man who is climbing the Alps must not look too far ahead, or it will tire him; he must not look back, or he gets dizzy; he has but to follow his guide, and set his foot on the right spot before him. This is the way you and I must let Christ lead, and have Him so close to us—that it will be but a short view to behold Him. Sometimes young Christians say to me, "I am afraid to make a public confession of Christ, I may not hold out." They have nothing to do with holding out; it is simply their duty to hold on. When future trials and perils come, their Master will give them help for the hour, if they only make sure that they are His. The short view they need to take is a close, clear view of their own spiritual needs, and a distinct view of Jesus as ever at hand to meet those needs.

If the fishermen of Galilee had worried themselves over the hardships they were to encounter, they might have been frightened out of their Christian labors, and their eternal crowns. We ministers need to guard against this malignant devil of worry. It torments one pastor with a dread lest, if he preaches certain truths boldly, he may offend his rich pew-holders and drive them away. Let him take care of his conscience—and his Master will take care of him. Another is worried lest his cruse may run dry, and his barrel fail. But his cruse has not yet run dry. Oh no, it is his faith which is running low. Some of us, at the beginning of a year’s work, are tempted to overload ourselves with the anticipation of how much we have to do; we need not worry if we will only remember that

during the whole year, there will be only one working day, and that is TODAY. Sufficient to each day, is the labor thereof.

Once more we say—let us take short views. Let us not climb the high wall until we get to it; or fight the battle until it begins; or shed tears over sorrows that may never come; or lose the joys and blessings that we have—by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace God gives us—for today's burdens and today's battle. Tomorrow belongs to our Heavenly Father! I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know Whom we trust, and that He is able to keep all we commit to Him until the last great day!

Flowers from the Tomb of Jesus Our Lord was crucified in the season of early flowers. During the month of April, the rains and sun made vegetation leap forth into wondrous beauty. The gardens were brilliant with the crocus and the hyacinth, and the plains were snowy with the white narcissus. Jesus was buried in a rich man's garden, and no one can tell how many flowers and odorous vines had been planted by the gardener round Joseph's family tomb. The spices within and the flowers without, may have made the spot in which our dear Master slumbered, exceedingly fragrant. That hallowed tomb was itself buried up centuries ago, and the very spot cannot be identified. But there are certain flowers of grace which will bloom upon the grave of Jesus to the end of time. FAITH grows there in beautiful profusion. A sad company of ignorant doubters, were those disciples in regard to their Master's resurrection; even when the three women came back from the sepulcher and pronounced it empty, and that they had seen the Savior alive—some of the Apostles treated it as an "idle tale—and believed it not." Thomas stood out until an actual sight of his Lord silenced his unbelief. From that day, faith in Christ's victory over death has been a cardinal feature in every Christian's creed. With it is linked that other faith—that if Jesus rose again, so would everyone who "sleeps in Jesus" rise also from the dust! This perennial flower of faith, which blooms like certain roses, in all seasons, has been set out on innumerable graves all over our death-cursed world!

HOPE is another fragrant flower which springs from the burial sod. On one leaf of the plant we read, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He who believes in Me, though he dies—yet shall he live." On another leaf is inscribed, "Brothers, we do not want you to be ignorant about those who fall asleep, or to grieve like the rest of men, who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again—and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him." The expectation of every faithful pastor, that he shall yet "break open the grave" and ascend with his flock, cheers his soul when he stands beside the grave in which his faithful ones are being laid—dust to dust. This hope is an anchor that has held many a poor heart-broken mother who has moistened her darling's resting place with her tears. To her Jesus draws near and says, "Weep not—this believing child shall rise again!" And so she tills that little sacred soil until it is covered over with the blossoms of hope as thick as white lilies of the valley. The original seeds of this fair flower came from Christ's tomb in the garden. It grows best when it is watered by prayer. That is a desolate grave indeed, over which there does not creep out a single sprig or blade of hope! Are these all the flowers which thrive in the hallowed mold in which Christ's successors lie? No! There is one modest lily, called RESIGNATION. Jesus Himself declared that it was better that He should have died, for He said that He "ought to have suffered and to enter into His glory." His road to glory lay through the tomb—and so must ours! Never did our Lord set this world above the heavenly world. He only brought three people back to life (that we read of), and then only for a high and special purpose to be gained. Truly, if some of the crowned ones in Paradise were driven back to

this sin-stained earth—they might well go about mourning for their own loss. To die is gain! That is the sweet word which I detect in every bud and leaf on the plant of Resignation. God has better things in store for us; may His will, not ours, be done.

It may seem a strange place to set out the flower of THANKFULNESS, but that flower, too, grows and emits its sweetness from Christ's sepulcher and those of His followers. Paul, standing by that grave over which Jesus had triumphed, shouts aloud, "Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!" His triumph over death is our triumph. Because He rose and lives again—we shall live also. Not only on Easter Sundays are these flowers to be found on our Lord's emptied sepulcher—but every day, in every climate, wherever death hollows a grave, these precious plants of grace may be made to bloom, and to scatter their delicious perfumes.

Perhaps some sorrowing child of God may read these lines and inquire, "Where shall I go to find faith and hope, and resignation for yonder freshly piled mound over my dead beloved one?" We answer, Go to the tomb where Jesus vanquished death—in the garden!

Trusting God in the Dark

Sometimes we have a sorrowful experience in life, which seems like walking through a long dark tunnel. The chilling air and the thick darkness make it hard walking, and the constant wonder is why we are compelled to tread so gloomy a path, while others are in the open day of health and happiness. We can only fix our eyes on the bright light at the end of the tunnel, and we comfort ourselves with the thought that every step we take, brings us nearer to the joy and the rest which lie at the end of the way. Extinguish the light of heaven which gleams in the distance, and this tunnel of trial would become a horrible tomb!

Some of us are passing through just such an experience now. We can adopt the plaintive language of the Psalmist and cry out: "O Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger or discipline me in your wrath. For your arrows have pierced me, and your hand has come down upon me. I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me!"

One of the most trying features of our trial—is that we cannot discover the "why" or the "wherefore" of our particular afflictions. Our Heavenly Father did not consult us before the trial came, and He does not explain to us why He sent it. His ways are not our ways—nor His thoughts our thoughts; nay, they are the very opposite! The mystery of the sorrowful providence perplexes and staggers us! "Why has this happened to me?" Jeremiah 13:22 For example, I open my daily journal, and read that a godly pastor, whom I left a few months ago in the prime of vigorous health, and wide usefulness, is cut off in the midst of his days. All his preparatory training for his office by eighteen years of missionary life comes to nothing. This very day I am called for the sixth time in a few years to bury the dead from a certain Christian household. This time it is the father who is taken, and the children are left to orphanage. Beside me now sits a mourning mother, whose aching heart cannot understand why a beloved child is snatched away when she seemed the most indispensable to the happiness of the home.

Every week I have to confront these mysteries in the dealings of a God of love. To the torturing question, "Why does God lead me into this valley of darkness?" I can only reply, "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Your sight!"

We are forced into the dark tunnel, however we shrink back. There is no retreat; we have nothing left to us but to grasp the very Hand which brought us there—and push forward. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we can only say, "I see that my road to heaven, lies through this very dark valley."

Just in such trying hours it is, that the Adversary assails us most fiercely. He stirs up in our hearts, bitter thoughts against God. He points us to the actual and realized loss, and tells us that heaven is utterly unseen, and no one comes back to assure us of its reality. And so he endeavors, with devilish suggestions, to blow out the lamps of divine promise which we have, to shatter every staff which we carry, and to make the pathway of trial more dark and desperate than before. This is not imagination; it is the actual trial to which the faith of thousands of God's people is at this moment subjected. Under these severe experiences, more than one Christian has been sorely tempted to turn infidel, and to "choose death rather than life." To my own mind there is only one solution for these mysteries, and only one support for these days of terrible affliction. The only relief I can find, is in the certainty that this life is not the end—but simply the preparatory school for the real and the endless life which is beyond. The moment that I accept this truth fully and hold it firmly—I find solid ground for my feet, and light for my sorrowing soul. Then I discover that the whole journey of the believer is "portioned out" to him, and that the dark tunnel on the road is just as surely appointed wisely—as is the most flowery meadow or the happiest walk over the "Delectable Mountains."

Nay, more, when we reach heaven, we may discover that the richest and deepest and most profitable experiences we had in this world—were those which were gained in the very roads from which we shrank back with dread. The bitter cups which we tried to push away, contained the medicines which we most needed. The hardest lessons which we learn—are those which teach us the most, and best fit us for service here and glory hereafter. It is the easiest thing in the world—to obey God when He commands us to do what we like, and to trust Him when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark—and through the dark!

Let us be assured of this—that, if the lesson and the rod are of His appointing, and that His all-wise love has engineered the deep dark tunnels of trial on the heavenward road—He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us—is not to deny and desert Him. Let us also keep in mind that the chief object of the discipline is to develop character and to improve the graces of His children. Those whom He loves—He chastens, and corrects every son whom He receives. Every branch which bears not fruit—He prunes it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

"Why do you cut that pomegranate-bush so cruelly?" said a gentleman to his gardener. The answer was, "Because it is all running to useless leaves, and I want to make it bear fruit." Ah! it is a sharp knife that our Divine Gardener employs, and He often severs the very heart-strings by His discipline! But "afterward it yields peaceable fruit unto those who have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness."

God has a great many crucibles for His gold, where He may refine it. There is so much alloy of pride and self-will, or covetousness, or sinful idolatry in genuine Christians—that they require the "refining pot" and the furnace! Sometimes prosperity is tenfold more damaging to us—than sharp adversity! A fit of sickness may do more for soul-health, than years of bodily strength and comfort. To all my readers who are wondering why a loving God has subjected them so often to the furnace, my only answer is—that God owns you and I, and He has a right to do with us just as He pleases! If He wants to keep His silver over a hot flame until He can see His own countenance

reflected in the metal—then He has a right to do so. It is my Savior, it is my loving Teacher, it is my Heavenly Father; let Him do what seems good to Him. He will not lay on one stroke in cruelty, or a single one that He cannot give me grace to bear.

Life's school days and nights, will soon be over. Pruning-time will soon be ended. The crucibles will not be needed in heaven! So, to all my fellow-sufferers who are threading their way through the tunnels of trial, I would say: "Strengthen yourself with the promises, and keep the strong staff of faith well in hand. Trust God in the dark! We are safer with Him in the dark—than without Him in the sunshine. He will not allow your foot to stumble. His rod and His staff never break!"

Why He brought us here we don't now know—but we shall know hereafter! At the end of the gloomy tunnel—beams the heavenly light. Then comes the exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

God's School—and its Lessons A certain gray-haired pupil in the school of his Heavenly Father, once said, "O God, You have taught me from my youth!" His experience in that school had been very remarkable, from his early beginnings among the sheep-cotes of Bethlehem. Constantly seeking instruction, he had prayed, "Teach me Your statutes." "Teach me Your way." "Teach me to do Your will." David had received sharp schooling, in those days of humiliation, when a traitor-son drove him out of Jerusalem. Terrible punishment did he bring upon himself once when "lust brought forth sin—and sin brought forth death," in the crime against Uriah. But had David not been under the instruction and discipline of the Holy Spirit—we never would have had many of the richest, profoundest, and most majestic Psalms—many of their most piercing wails and of their most jubilant thanksgivings. That same school in which David was a pupil nearly thirty centuries ago—is open yet. The time of the schooling—is as long as life lasts. It has its recreations and its rewards and its medals of honor—but no vacations. School is never "out" until death comes to the door and beckons the pupil away! And oh! how happy many a scholar has been, when the messenger has said to his heart, "Now, my child, you have learned the hard lessons, and have finished your course. Now you may come home!"

God Himself is the Principal or Superintendent of this wonderful school. The supreme purpose of it is to form character and to fit the immortal soul for the after-life of eternity. If there is no immortality of being, and if "death ends all"—then this world is an utter failure, and what we call Providence, becomes an unintelligible jargon! The moment we recognize the fact that this life is only a training-school to fit us for the eternal world, that the Bible is its infallible text-book, and the Holy Spirit its instructor, and the Lord of glory its all-wise and all-loving Head—then dark things become light, seemingly crooked things become straight, and mysteries become plain! If I am a student—I must submit to the rod for my own correction, and remember Who has appointed it. If I am a student—I must spell out the hard lessons and submit to the sharp tasks, even though the pages of my diary are often blotted with tears. The things which I don't understand now—I "shall know hereafter," when I have graduated into heaven. My Divine Teacher seems to have two great methods in this earthly school of His: instruction and discipline. I am utterly ignorant and terribly wayward, therefore I need both; and they often blend together. Part of my instruction I get from His wondrous Word, and it is very inspiring and fascinating. A part I receive from the Holy Spirit's work, and it is very sanctifying. But no part of our schooling costs so dearly or yields such gracious fruits as the process of chastisement. The most famous teacher in Philadelphia, in his day, once said to a rich, indulgent father, "You must take your boy out of my school—if you are not willing to have

me chastise him. Both he and the school will be ruined—if I have no discipline!" Our Heavenly Teacher conducts His training-school for the very salvation of His scholars, and thus for His own honor and glory. The very word "disciple" signifies "a learner." The first essential to discipleship of the Lord Jesus was the willingness to deny self—and to bear a cross at His bidding. That principle runs through all the deepest, richest Christian experience, and will do so to the end of time. Often when the hard lesson starts the tears, and the aching heart cries out in anguish, the hands of the dear Master point up to the words: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Be zealous therefore, and repent." "Whom the Lord loves—He chastens, and scourges every son whom He receives. No chastening for the present seems to be joyous—but grievous. Nevertheless, afterward it yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness." It is the "afterward" which justifies the rod—and reconciles us to the stroke.

Grand old Richard Baxter exclaimed after a life of hard toil and constant suffering, "O God, I thank You for a bodily discipline of fifty-eight years." Paul was indulging in no hypocritical cant, when he said, "I rejoice in tribulation!" God’s ripest and most royal scholars are made such by an expensive education. His brightest gold comes out of the hottest furnace. In this school of grace he employs many tutors. Sometimes he employs POVERTY, which sinews the strength and develops force of the soul. More than one Christian who was getting too prosperous for his spiritual good, has been turned over to this severe tutor—and he has sent him down to a humbler bench. As the purse was emptied—the soul grew richer in humility, and began to bear the fruits of the Spirit.

Another of God’s tutors is DISAPPOINTMENT, and some of the best lessons in life are taught us by that stern-visaged schoolmaster. One of his lessons is—"A man’s life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." A second lesson is—that our losses are often the very richest blessings. We had "devised a way" for ourselves, and it would have led to certain danger. God could not have sent a severer judgment on us—than to let us have our own way; so He sent disappointment to drive us back. We cried out bitterly at first—but by-and-by we saw what we had escaped, and blessed the Hand that had smitten us in the face! When I reach heaven, I would like to raise a monument of gratitude to the stern-visaged old tutor—who so often helped me on by turning me back—and stripped me that I might travel heavenward the lighter and the freer.

Ah, brethren, this is a marvelous school which Divine Wisdom has opened, and a Father’s love is superintending! He never spares the rod—when the child is in danger of being spoiled. His pruning-knife cuts deep—but the clusters of grapes are all the larger and the sweeter. When Michael Angelo saw a block of marble lying in the dirt, he said, "There is an angel in that marble—and I will bring it out!" His hammer and chisel struck hard and deep—until the angel came forth. Just so—God’s hammer of trial, blow on blow, brings out such angels as Faith, and sweet-visaged Peace, and strong-limbed Patience, and Sympathy, and the Love which has the likeness of Jesus Christ. This school of God will soon close for us; the term-time is shortening every hour. Let us not shirk a lesson, however hard—or wince under a rod of chastisement, however sore and heavy. The richer will be the crown—if we endure to the end and graduate into glory. What a promotion will that be—for hearts which so often ached, and for eyes which so often wept, and for the faith which so often bled under the blow—to be lifted into the magnificent inheritance of the saints in light!

God’s Unfoldings

Sitting today in Christ's school—let me say a few words to my fellow-students. "The meek and the teachable—He will guide in His way." There is room for us all in that spot where Mary sat—at the feet of Jesus! And the encouragement to us is: "Call to Me—and I will answer you and show you great and wondrous things you do not know." This does not mean everything, even though our hearts may ache to understand many mysteries. The "secret things belong unto God." Over certain doors the inscription is affixed: "No admittance here." In heaven we may know these things—but now they are wisely hidden from our eyes. Yet our all-wise and loving God is constantly unfolding Himself to His earthly children.

Every scientific discovery is the passage from the unknown into the known; every truth discovered is a fresh unfolding of the Creator. Very slowly, very gradually is this progress effected. Centuries passed away before Galileo discovered the rotation of the earth, and Newton the law of gravitation. Yet these laws were in existence in the days of Noah and Abraham; only they had not yet been unfolded.

I once spent a night on Mount Righi, and there was nothing visible from my window. But when the morning broke, the icy crowns began to glitter in the early beams. They had been there all the night, waiting for the unfoldings of the dawn. Just so, have all God's laws of the material universe, and all His purposes of redeeming mercy through Jesus Christ been in existence from the beginning. They only waited for the dayspring of discovery. And one of the most delightful occupations of a devout mind, is to watch the unfoldings of God, and to drink in new truths as He gradually reveals them. The more closely I study my Bible, the more I detect a steady progress of divine doctrine, from the first line of Genesis to the closing grandeur of the Apocalypse. That little altar of turf on which Abel lays his lamb points onward to Calvary. The whole Jewish dispensation goes on step by step, until the Messiah comes. Then I find four sections of the Book which photograph the life of Jesus to me, each one presenting some particular view of my Savior's face and footsteps, and miracles and teachings. Calvary and the resurrection only prepare the way for the descent of the Holy Spirit.

Then comes the visible manifestation of the Gospel, in the life and organization of the New Testament Church. Peter's tongue, and Paul's brain, and John's heart, and Dorcas's needle—all get into motion. These new converts require spiritual instruction, and the whole series of inspired epistles are produced. The man or the minister who asserts that the writings of the four evangelists are "Bible enough for him," and that the epistles of Paul are only surplus, worthy of small attention, simply writes himself down an ignoramus. There is as veritable an unfolding of heavenly truth in Romans 8:1-39—as in the Sermon on the Mount. And when the laws of our spiritual life have been unfolded in the inspired epistles of Paul, John, Peter, and James—then the magnificent panorama of the Apocalypse is unrolled, and we get a glimpse of Christ's final triumphs and the glory of His celestial kingdom!

After John lays down his pen, HISTORY takes up hers, and carries us on through the martyrdoms of saints, and the councils, and the conflicts, and the Reformation period, and the inauguration of modern missions to the nations which sit in darkness. At the foot of every page she writes, "The earth is the Lord's—and the fullness thereof!" In no direction do we behold more wonderful unfoldings of God than in what we call His PROVIDENCE. This is a department of God's school in which we are learning fresh lessons every day. In Providence, divine wisdom is married to Divine

love. All things work together for good to those who love God, and trust Him. The sceptic jeers at this—but the trusting Christian knows it from actual experience. It is often a dearly-bought experience, for some of God's truths are beaten into us by hard blows; and some lessons are spelled out through eyes cleansed with tears. Our perverse mistake, is that we demand that God shall explain Himself at every step, instead of waiting for Him to unfold His intricate purposes at His own time and in His own way. Why one Christian is elevated—and another Christian (who seems equally deserving) is cast down; why the only little crib in one Christian home is emptied by death—and the nursery in another home is full of happy voices; why one good enterprise prospers—and another one is wrecked—all such perplexing puzzles terribly shake that faith which is not well grounded on the Rock. To all these pitiable outcries, the calm answer of our Heavenly Father is: "Be still—and know that I am God. I lead the blind by a way they know not. What I'm doing you don't understand now—but afterwards you will know." These are the voices of love which come to us from behind the cloud. If we wait patiently, the cloud will break away or part asunder—and our eyes will behold the Rainbow of Mercy overarching the Throne!

Twenty years ago, on a day of thick fog and storm, I ascended Mount Washington by the old bridle-path. Over the slippery boulders we picked our toilsome way, unable to see anything but our surefooted horse and our guide. A sulky company were we, when we reached the mountain top. But before long—a strong wind swept away the banks of mist, and revealed the magnificent landscape, from the mountain's base to the great wide sea. As the wonderful vision unfolded itself to our delighted eyes, we could mark the pathway by which we had been led up to that mount of discovery. Tenfold more delightful was the view, because we had gained it by such hard toil and it had been so long hidden from our sight. That day's experience was a sermon to my soul. It taught me afresh, just how a believer must leave God to order his footsteps, and how he must wait for God to unfold the hidden purposes of His love.

Faith's stairways are steep and slippery. They can only be climbed by a sure foot and a steady hold on the Unseen Hand. In the hard ascent, we are often thrown down on our knees. Cry as loudly as we may in the driving mist for "more light," we do not receive any other answer than this: "Don't be afraid! Only trust!" If we unloose our hold on God's hand for an instant—we go over the precipice. But the more tightly we cling to His strong arm—the steadier we walk; the more willing we are to be humbled, the more certain are we to get upward! The more crosses we bear for Christ, the lighter will be our hearts; and by-and-by we shall reach that gate of pearl, the opening of which will unfold to us the everlasting flood of glory!

These are among the thoughts which came into my mind as I have sat today in Christ's school, while some of the scholars around me have been singing; but, alas! some others are sobbing and weeping.

Christ Shepherding His Flock

"The Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd—and shall guide them unto fountains of living water!" This carries on into the heavenly world, one of the most tender and profound relations which Jesus bears to His redeemed followers. To us, in our land and times, this Oriental figure of a shepherd, loses much of the vividness that it has to one who visits Palestine and sees a Judean shepherd among his flock. He is the master of a flock of sheep—as much attached to his fleecy friends as daily sustenance and nightly watchings and personal exposures

for them, could make him. He searches out fresh pasturage for them; if a sheep is caught in a thicket, he hastens to rescue it; if a lamb falls into a swollen torrent, he is at hand to lift it out; if a wild beast shows himself at night near the sleeping flock, the shepherd seizes club or crook—and gives him battle. Not only the savage beast—but the Bedouin robber must sometimes be encountered. Thomson, in his "Land and Book," says that one faithful shepherd, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedouins, until he was hacked to pieces, and died among the sheep he was defending.

"I am the Good Shepherd. I lay down My life for the sheep." This is the supreme act of His devotion to His flock. To analyze the theology of the Atonement is for most believers, as futile as an attempt to analyze the maternal feeling before a mother who has just given the parting kiss to a dying daughter. The Christian's heart understands the Atonement better than the Christian's head. It is a difficult doctrine for the brain—but a sweet and simple one to the affections. Jonathan Edwards himself, could not apprehend the Atonement one whit more clearly or feel it more intensely, than the Dairyman's Daughter, when she sang to herself—

"How glorious was the grace— When Christ sustained the stroke! His life and blood the Shepherd pays, A ransom for the flock."

True faith simply believes what Jesus said, and rests implicitly on what Jesus did for us, and will do for us to the end. This is the core of my practical theology, and so it is with millions of others. All we like sheep, were going astray—and God has laid on Him, the Divine Shepherd, the iniquities of us all. This tells the whole story as to the ground of my hope for salvation. This also establishes such a relation between my Shepherd and myself, that I am under supreme obligation to follow Him wherever He leads. If we ever expect to be guided by Him to springs of living water in heaven—we must learn here to submit to His guidance completely.

Three things our beloved Shepherd assures us. The first one is, "I know My own sheep." He does not recognize them by any church-mark, for some people may hide an unbelieving, unrenewed heart—beneath a false profession. Others, who never have enrolled themselves in any visible church membership, may belong to the blood-bought flock! Jesus recognized the penitent sinner through her tears—as distinctly as He saw through Judas behind his treacherous kiss. However obscure in lot, or however overlooked or misunderstood by others—it is a precious thought to a true believer, "My Master knows me! He has me on His heart! He is a brother to my griefs. He knows what pasture I require; yes, and He understands when I need the chastising stroke. He detects my sins; therefore let me be watchful against temptation. He sees all my tears, and all my heartaches; therefore let me be cheerful under sharp trials!" The second thing our Shepherd assures us is: "My own know Me." This knowledge is gained by a sacred instinct. His own know Him by the witness of the Spirit—who witnesses with their spirits. How do I know my mother? By somebody else's description of her, by her picture, by an analysis of her mental qualities? No; I know her by the instinct of love. I have tested her sweet fidelities. I believe in her both for what she is to me—and what she has done for me. The sincere Christian has a heart-knowledge which is gained by being sought out by the Shepherd, saved by the Shepherd—and by trusting and following the Shepherd. Of this experimental knowledge—no scoffer can outwit him—and no enemy can rob him! He has heard Christ's voice when He "calls His own sheep by name and leads them out." No one can counterfeit that voice. Sometimes in Palestine or Syria a stranger will

try to mimic the shepherd's call; but the flock pay no heed to it. As soon as the genuine voice is heard, every head is up—and the flock is in motion. The third thing that Jesus assures us, is that "He goes before His sheep, and they follow Him." Ah, what pathways of trial He sometimes appoints to us! Never has He promised us an easy road or a smooth road—or such a road as our selfishness may select. He never consents that the flock shall decide as to the field in which they shall be pastured; or over what steep hills he shall conduct them; or through what valley of death they shall walk, listening to His voice through the dark. More than once faith stumbles and falls—but He lifts up and restores. Sometimes the burden breaks us down; But He says tenderly, "Cast that burden on Me!" Sometimes we cry out in anguish for some lost treasure of heart and home; but His firm reply is, "I will take care of your treasure— FOLLOW ME."

Those whom He loves—He chastens, and in proportion to the love—is the discipline. The trial which tests graces and purifies character—must be something more than a pin-scratch. It must cut deep—and sharply too, or it does not deserve the name of chastening. It is hard to be poor—while others prosper. It is hard to lie still and suffer—while godless mirth goes laughing by the door. It is hard to lose our only wee lamb—while our neighbor's fireside is surrounded by a group of rosy-cheeked children. It is hard to drink the very cup that we prayed might pass from us—but the loving Shepherd comes very near at such times, and puts His arm about us and says: "I know My own sheep—and My own sheep trust Me. If Mine—then an heir to all I have. Where I am—there you shall be! Let not your heart be troubled. What is poverty, or failure, or sickness, or bereavement to you? Follow Me! If your feet are sore—the green pastures will be all the softer by and by. If your cross is heavy—I have borne a heavier one. Let Me share this cross with you. Shall the disciple be above his Master? Shall the sheep fare better than the Shepherd?" And so, through every step in life the Shepherd offers to guide us—if we will but hear His voice and follow Him. He never promises us smooth paths—but He does promise safe ones. When we obey His voice, we may often be called to severe toils and self-denials, to encounter opposition and to perform services of love to the unlovable and the thankless; but we shall never be called to sacrifice virtue—or commit a sin. Our Shepherd will never lead us to a precipice of error—or into a quagmire of doubt. He will never lead us into sensual temptations or up dizzy heights of pride. If we follow Him we may find the steepest cliff a "path of pleasantness;" and the lowest valley of humiliation a "highway to peace".

Brethren of the flock, we may have some hard climbing yet—before we reach heaven. Let us keep close to the Shepherd and take short views. If we look down—we may get dizzy. If we look too far ahead—we may get discouraged. With steady grasp on the Great Shepherd, let our hearts continually pray—

"Lord, keep my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step is enough for me." The Everlasting Arms

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the Divine support! The first idea of infancy is of resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick-room experiences confirm the impression, when we have seen a feeble child lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our Heavenly Father, the arms are felt—but

not seen. The invisible support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness or trouble; for God knows our feebleness, He remembers that we are but dust.

We often sink very low under the weight of sorrows. Sudden disappointments can carry us, in an hour, from the heights—down to the very depths! Props which we leaned upon—are stricken away. What God means by it very often—is just to bring us down to "the everlasting arms." We did not feel our need of them before. We were "making flesh our arm," and relying on human comforts or resources. When my little boy dashes off to his play, brimful of glee, he does not stop to think much about his parents; but let him be taken suddenly sick, or an accident befall him—and his first thought is to run to his mother! God often lays His hand heavily upon us—to remind us that we have a FATHER. When my neighbor broke in business, and twenty-four hours made him a bankrupt, he came home, saying to himself, "Well, my money is gone—but Jesus is left!" He did not merely come down to reality—he came to something far more solid—to the everlasting arms! When another friend laid her godly boy in his coffin, after the scarlet-fever had done its worst—she laid her own sorrowful heart upon the everlasting arms. The dear little sleeper was there already. The Shepherd had His lamb.

There is something about deep sorrow which tends to wake up the child-feeling in all of us. A man of giant intellect becomes like a little child—when a great grief smites him, or when a grave opens by his fireside. I have seen a stout sailor, who laughed at the tempest, come home when he was sick, and let his old mother care for him—as if he were a baby. He was willing to lean on the arms which had never failed him. So a Christian in the time of trouble is brought to this child-feeling. He needs to lean somewhere, to talk to somebody, to have somebody love him and hold him up. His extremity becomes God’s opportunity. Then his humbled, broken spirit cries out, "O Lord, a little helpless child Comes to You this day for rest;

Take me, fold me in Your arms, Hold my head upon Your breast."

One great purpose in all affliction—is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. What new strength and peace it gives us—to feel them underneath us! We know that, as far as we may have sunk—we cannot sink any farther. Those mighty arms can not only hold us, they can lift us up. They can carry us along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a resting on the everlasting arms. It is trusting them—and not our own weakness. The sublime act of Jesus as our Redeemer was to descend to the lowest depths of human depravity and guilt, and to bring up His redeemed ones from that horrible pit—in His loving arms. Faith is just the clinging to those arms—and nothing more. This first lesson in conversion, is to be practiced and repeated all through the subsequent Christian life. To endeavor to lift our own souls by our own strength—is as absurd as to attempt to lift our bodies by grasping hold of our own clothes. The lift must come from God. Faith cries out, "O my Lord, You have a mighty arm—hold me up-and I shall be safe!" The response from heaven is, "I have found you—My arm shall strengthen you—on My arm shall you trust." Here lies the very core of the doctrine of "Assurance." It simply means that every true Christian can feel perfectly sure—that the everlasting arms will never break and never fail us.

I am not so sure that in some moment of waywardness, or pride, or self-sufficiency, I may not forsake those arms, and trust to my own wretched weakness. Then the curse which God has pronounced on those who depart from Him and "make flesh their arm" is certain to come upon me. I learn from bitter experience what a pitiable object even a Christian can be—when he has

forsaken the Living Fountain, and has nothing left but his own broken cistern!

God’s Word is full of precious encouragement to faith—but it contains terrible warnings against presumption and self-confidence. And while Presumption is swinging on its spider’s web over the perilous precipice, Faith calmly says—

"All my trust on You is stayed, All my help from You I bring."

While Unbelief is staggering through the darkness, or sinking in the waves of despair, Faith triumphantly sings—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast, Here, by His love o’ershadowed, Sweetly my soul does rest." This is the theology for times of temptation. Such times are sure to come. They are the testing processes. A recent violent storm tested every tree in the forest; only the rotten ones came down. When we read or hear how some professed Christian has turned back to the world, or lapsed into drunkenness, or slipped into open disgrace—it simply means that a human arm has broken. The man had forsaken the everlasting arms. David did it once—and fell. Daniel did not do it—and he stood. "The Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation." This is a precious theology, this theology of trust—for the sick-room. This week we visited one of Christ’s suffering flock. We talked for a time about the ordinary consolations for such cases as hers. Presently we said, "There is a sweet text which has been running in our mind recently—Underneath are the everlasting arms!" The tears came in a moment; that precious passage went to the right spot; it did good like a medicine; and our suffering friend lay more comfortable on that bed of pain from feeling that underneath her were the everlasting arms! Reader, may they be under your head in the dying hour!

Chapter 3

# 01.00a. God's Light on Dark Clouds

Words for the Weary

Opening one of those rich chapters of Isaiah, which are as full of nourishment as a wheat-field, our eye lighted upon this passage: "The Lord God has given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him who is weary." This set us to thinking about the restfulness of God's Word—and of Christ's supporting grace. A very different thing is this—from dreamy indolence. God abhors the idle man as a monster—and laziness as a cardinal sin. But rest is not only refreshing—but invigorating. The farmer's noonday rest under the shady tree—refits him for the hot afternoon's toil in the harvest-field. Nothing fits an army for battle—like a good night's sleep and a full morning meal. If some constant toilers would oftener halt and rest—they would live the longer.

All around us are multitudes of weary people. They are tired out with life's daily battle, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Some carry a great load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall pay the bills for rent, food and clothing. Others are worn out with anxieties. A burden of spiritual despondency weighs down "Brother Little-Faith" and "Mrs. Much-Afraid." Another one has grown tired of waiting for success in his labors, and is tempted to throw down his seed-bag and sickle in sheer despair. Others still are weary of waiting for recognized answers to prayer. For all these tired and burdened hearts—Jesus, the relief-bringer, has His word in season. To the Christian with a small purse He says: "Your life does not consists in the abundance of things you possess. I counsel you to buy from Me gold tried in the fire, that you may be rich. In My right hand are infinite treasures!" Only think how rich a man is—who has a clean conscience here and heaven hereafter! To the doubting and desponding Jesus says: "Fear not, little flock—for it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!" There is a wonderful restfulness for worried hearts—in this single assurance, "Surely I am with you always—to the very end of the age!" This may be called Christ's richest and sweetest promise. The believer who lives on that promise, can often sing—

"Lonely? No, not lonely, While Jesus stands by; His presence always cheers me, I know that He is nigh.

"Friendless? No, not friendless, For Jesus is my friend;

I change—but He remains A Brother to the end.

"Tired? No, not tired, While leaning on His breast, My soul has full enjoyment, Of His eternal rest." The most common cause of weariness—is the attempt to carry an overload of care. And this is not a wise forethought for the future—or a proper storing-up for life's "rainy day." It is sheer WORRY. The word in season for such overloaded Christians, who toil along life's highway like jaded pack-horses, is this: "Cast your burden on the Lord—and He will sustain you." If we will only drop everything that is sinful and superfluous in the shape of worry—He will enable us to carry the legitimate load. One more word for the weary is, "Cast all your anxiety on Him—because He cares

for you!" The literal meaning of this tonic text is: "He has you on His heart." What an inspiring, gladdening thought! The infinite God from His everlasting throne—has poor little sinful me on His Divine heart! My big load—is not even a feather to Him! He knows my frame; He remembers that I am but dust. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pities us poor weaklings. He says to us, "Give Me your burdens." He who piloted Noah and all the precious freight in the ark, who supplied the widow's waning cruse of oil, who put Peter to sleep in the dungeon and calmed Paul in the roaring tempest—He says to me, "Cast your anxieties over on Me—I have you on My heart!"

What fools we are—when we strap the load more tightly, and determine that nobody shall carry it but ourselves! Suppose that a weary, footsore traveler were trudging along an uphill road on a sultry day, and a wagon overtakes him. The kind driver calls out: "Ho! my friend, you look tired. Throw that pack into my wagon—I am going your way." But the silly wayfarer, eying him suspiciously, as if he wished to steal it, churlishly replies, "Go along—I can carry my own luggage." We laugh at this obstinate folly, and then repeat the same insane sin against the God of love. When God says to us, "Give Me your load—and I will help you," He does not release us from our share of duty. No more does the atoning Savior when He bears the guilt and penalty of our sins, release us from repentance of those sins or from obeying His commandments. God's offer is to lighten our loads by putting His grace into our hearts, and underneath the load. He then becomes our strength. His all-sufficient grace is made perfect in our weakness—so that God really carries the load. It was the Christ in Paul who defied Nero and conquered the devil. This Divine doctrine of trust—is a wonderfully restful one to weary disciples. It takes the weariness out of the heart. As the infant drops on its mother's bosom into soft repose—so Faith rests its weary head on Jesus! He gives His beloved sleep, so that they may wake up refreshed for their appointed work. It is not honest work which really wears any Christian out. It is the fever of worry which consumes strength, and furrows the cheek, and brings on decrepitude! That spiritual giant who drew the Gospel chariot from Jerusalem to Rome, and had the care of all the churches on his great heart—never complained of being tired. The secret was that he never chafed his powers with a moment's worry. He was doing God's work—and he left God to be responsible for results. He knew whom he believed—and felt perfectly sure that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord Jesus.

Just a word, in closing, to those who are getting tired of a life of sin and of serving Satan. Friends, you are serving a hard master. His wages are damnation! Again and again you have become disgusted with yourselves, as an immortal being leading a frivolous, foolish life. All the pleasures you have ever paid so dearly for, all the accumulations you have earned—do not satisfy you. There is a hungry, aching spot in your soul. There comes many a moment in which you wish you had something solider, sweeter, stronger, something to live for—and to die by. You need Jesus Christ! Why do you spend your labor for that which does not satisfy? Open your weary ear to that voice of His love: "Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden—and I will give you rest." Learn of Him; live for Him; labor for Him. Life will glow with a new charm; your soul will then mount as with an eagle's wing—you will run, and never weary; you will walk with Jesus—and never faint! The Lord Reigns!

What a magnificent outburst of loyalty opens the ninety-third psalm! "The Lord reigns, he is robed in majesty; the Lord is robed in majesty and is armed with strength. The world is firmly established; it cannot be moved. Your throne was established long ago; You are from all eternity!" Here we

have the empire of love, the royal robe, the belt of omnipotence, and the immovable throne! The psalmist would seem to have been thinking of the problems of life, its dark things and its mysteries. So many things seemed irreconcilable with the Divine goodness, that he admits that "clouds and darkness are round about Him." But this truth flashes out through the clouds—the Lord reigns! That is enough. He does not try to pry into God’s secret council-chamber. He cannot get behind the cloud. But love reigns there, and justice and righteousness are the foundations of that throne.

None of us has any trouble in accepting the doctrine of God’s sovereignty--as long as things go to our liking! We are perfectly satisfied to let God have His way--as long as He does not cross us! We all believe in His administration, and are ready to "vote God in as our governor" as long as our business thrives, and our crops are plentiful, and everyone around our own table is healthy and happy. As long as His mercies are poured out in wine--we drink of them gladly. But as soon as the same cup begins to taste of wormwood--we push it away in disgust, or cry out piteously, "Let this cup pass from me! Any other cup I would have swallowed--but not this one! If God had only tried me with the loss of property, and spared my health--I would have borne it! Or if He had sent the sickness at some other time--I would not murmur so! Or if His blow had struck me somewhere else but in my most tender spot--I would not cry out so bitterly!" In short, if God had only consulted me as to the medicine I should take, and as to which branch His pruning knife should lop off--I would have been perfectly submissive!

Every pastor encounters this kind of faith in God’s sovereignty wherever he goes. If the Lord governed so as to please everybody, there would not be a rebel in all His universe. As some of our readers may just now be smarting under God’s strokes of discipline, or letting their hearts fester into rebellion—let us whisper a few precious truths into their ears. The first is that our Heavenly Father never afflicts one of His children—but for a wise purpose. He never strikes at random—or deals one blow in cruelty.

Sometimes His chastisements are punitive. Christians deserve punishment as truly as ungodly blasphemers do, when they violate God’s laws. A lazy Christian will come to poverty—as soon as a lazy profligate. If as holy a man as Edward Payson breaks some of God’s sanitary regulations by overworking his body, and allowing himself no rest—he must expect shattered nerves and early paralysis. One of the excellences of God’s government, is that He never alters His laws to suit special cases. They are unchangeable. I have heard of a great many "mysterious providences" which had in them no mystery at all. They were simply righteous retributions. There is no mystery when a bad manager, even though he is a Christian, fails in business, or when a Christian merchant who has robbed himself of indispensable rest, is stricken with illness. A thousand so-called "dark providences" might have been prevented by the exercise of a little common sense. If we break God’s commandments—we must pay the penalty.

Sometimes our Sovereign sends afflictions that are preventive. They save us from something worse. As the headache and the self-loathing which follow a first drunkenness, are intended to warn us against touching another bottle—so God often puts a chastisement at the entrance to a path of danger. There is even a conserving influence in some severe trials, just as the early snows that are now falling on our northern hills will conserve the winter wheat. I can recall more than one chilling providence which came in time to keep me from losing what I could not afford to spare.

Still other afflictions are sent to purify character. "I have refined you in the furnace of affliction." Isaiah 48:10. God sits as a refiner beside His furnace. He heats it until the metal melts—and the dross surfaces and is taken away. He keeps His silver in the furnace—until He can see His own face reflected in the clear metal of the heart, as in a mirror. Then the affliction has done its work. God has made the vessel "unto His own honor." There is such a wretched amount of self-will and pride and covetousness and unbelief even in the best of Christians—that they require the refining-furnace very often. Many a man and woman has been the worse for lack of this kind of discipline. It is a wholesome process to be "mowed down" occasionally. The grass in every lawn requires to be cut down by a mower. The oftener it is mowed—the richer and the thicker is the growth. The lawn never looks so beautiful as after the sharp-edged mower has gone over it. I have observed that some Christians have never appeared so attractive in their humility and heavenly-mindedness, as when God's mowing-machine has been passed over them! The great Apostle's career, showed in almost every page—the effects of "God's mower". There was prodigious growth from the roots. Yet no man exalted God's sovereignty more heartily than Paul—he gloried even in the tribulations which God permitted him to suffer, knowing that tribulation works patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. This too he knew, that in all this painful process—the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit given unto him.

We have discussed in this short paper just one aspect of God's government, namely, His personal rule of our own personal lives and lot. We are not touching upon His sovereignty on the grander scale of the natural world, and of His vast spiritual kingdom. It is a blessed thought that the Lord reigns over little short-lived me—as truly as over the whole Church or the whole universe! He numbers the hairs of my head, and orders my steps! Let it be my daily and most devout aim—to lay the plan of my life on God's plan. If His immovable laws push me back and hedge me in from sin—then all the better. If His sharp knife prunes me—then I am only the more sure that He loves me!

Afflictions are like the cactus plant of His making—very unsightly and full of thorns—but they bear marvelous flowers in their time. God's sovereignty is the most solid ground of my confidence and joy. It underlies all my theology, and is the very rock-bed on which I rest my salvation. While Jehovah reigns—let me rejoice to obey Him. To oppose Him—is to invite His retributions, and that means—Hell! To submit to Him is to win His favor, and to secure His love—and that means—Heaven! The nearer we get to the eternal throne—the more loudly shall we sing, "Hallelujah! For the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigns!" Revelation 19:6

Up to the Hills

Psalms 121:1-8 is one of the most soul-inspiring Psalms in the whole Psalter. It is named "a song of ascents"; that is, a song of ascents, leading from the lower up to the higher. Whether this was originally intended as a musical expression, or as a description of the ascent to the sacred mount in Jerusalem—we don't know. It accurately describes the spiritual idea of the Psalm. The key-note is in the first verse (Psalms 121:1): "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills [or mountains] from whence comes my help. My help is from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." The grand idea is—that we must look higher—if we would live higher. We must have help from heaven—if we would reach heaven. In material things, and in spiritual things—not one of us is created to entire independence.

From infancy, when we depend on a mother’s milk for nourishment; and childhood, when we depend on our teachers for instruction; clear through the activities of manhood, which require the aid of customers and clients in order to prosper—we cannot ever live a year in and by ourselves. Still more true is it—that our moral life is one of personal weakness, and of dependency on God. The important question is: Where shall we find the supplies for the soul’s needs—and the help for the soul’s weakness? The fatal mistake so often made—is that the soul does not look high enough to secure substantial help and to insure a complete victory. For example, we are exposed to perpetual temptations, which draw us toward sin and thus tend to drag us downward. How are we to meet them? We may employ worldly arguments and means. But these have no motives which are not essentially selfish. They do not recognize anything higher than self-interest, or appeal to any supernatural power for aid. Here is a young man of ardent temperament, who is strongly tempted to sensual indulgence. He may say to himself: "This sin will not be worth my while. I shall injure my health; I shall stain the reputation of another; I may be discovered and disgraced."

Assuredly the young Hebrew who was put to the strain of a tremendous temptation in the house of Potiphar, laid hold of vastly higher motives than these! He lifted his eyes to the hills—and made his appeal to God. "How can I do this great wickedness," he cries out, "and sin against God!" That appeal lashed him, as it were, to the everlasting throne, and Divine grace made him temptation proof. Here is the only safeguard under the pressure of assaults against conscience, or of powerful enticements to some sinful selfish gratification! The young man who is too fond of the champagne-glass needs something more than the conviction that the bottle is endangering his health and his pocket—in order to keep him abstinent. He must recognize sin, as well as sorrow—in the sting which the "viper in the glass" inflicts, and seek his help from Almighty God. That is no genuine and trustworthy honesty, which spurns the enticement to fraud—simply because detection may bring disgrace; because the man may persuade himself that in his circumstances, that detection is impossible. He is only safe when he looks up from these paltry motives—up high enough to see God! In these days, when the press teems with reports of crime and fraud, it ought to be known that the only principle which can hold a merchant, or a cashier, or an accountant, is a Bible-conscience, which draws its strength from the "Everlasting Hills of Right".

There are some of us who have known what it is to drink bitter draughts of affliction, and to have the four corners of our house smitten by a terrible sorrow. At such times, how hollow and worthless were many of the stereotyped prescriptions for comfort! "Time must do its work," was one of them. As if time could bring back the dead, or cruelly eradicate the beloved image from the memory! "Travel," is another of these quack recommendations for a wounded spirit. Just as if God had ever made an Atlantic wide enough to carry us out of the reach of heart-breaking misery! Wretched comforters are they all. The suffering heart heeds not the voice of such charmers—charm they ever so wisely!

Never, never have I been able to gain one ray of genuine consolation—until I lifted my eyes unto the hills from whence comes Almighty help. As soon as I have begun to taste of God’s exceeding great and precious promises—my strength has begun to revive. As soon as His everlasting arm got hold around me—the burden grew lighter—yes, it carried me and the load likewise! Help flowed down to me from the hills—like the musical streams which flow down from the Alps. This sublime passage from Psalms 121:1-8, throws its suggestive sidelight on the question why many of my readers have never obtained a solid and satisfactory Christian hope. You will admit in your

honest hours—that you are not what you ought to be, nor what you yet intend to be. You admit that you are sinners. You have no expectation of being lost to all eternity. Certain steps you have taken in past times—but they all left you as low down as when you started. Both your motives and your methods were pitched too low! All attempts at self-salvation were as futile as would be the attempt to lift yourself by grasping hold of your own shoes! Even your religious services failed to bring you any substantial change of heart and character, because you did not get your eye or thought above them. The best sermon ever preached, is only a cup after all. It may bring the water—but the cup itself cannot quench thirst. What you need is to lift your eyes above your sinful, needy self; above your church-goings and other religious observances; above everyone and everything, to the only mountain whence comes your help! That mountain is Calvary! The crucified and now living Son of God—is the object on which you must fix your eye! As a living man—you need a living Christ! You do not need a theological system or doctrine—but a personal Savior! You do not need someone to lay your hand upon—but one who can return the grasp of that hand. The lift must come from Him. The new life must come from Him. "His blood cleanses from all sin" is a mere abstract truth—until you come up to that atoning blood for yourself. Submit to its cleansing, as Naaman submitted to be washed in Jordan. "A living trust in Jesus has power unto salvation, only because it is the means by which the saving power of God may come into your heart."

Faith is not a mere intellectual opinion. It is a heart transaction—by which you lay hold on Jesus, and Jesus saves you. His sacrifice for sin avails for you; His strength becomes yours; His example teaches you how to live your own daily life; His Spirit comes to dwell within you; His armor protects you; and His service becomes the inspiration of your whole being. When you ascend into Christ—you reach a loftier, purer atmosphere. Security is gained up there—as in a stronghold on a high cliff. Six times over in this Psalm, the inspired penman tells us how the Lord is your Keeper—and how He shall preserve your soul to all eternity. My friend, lift your eyes upward! Let your voice go up in fervent prayer to the everlasting hills! Put your feet firmly on the path which leads straight toward God. When you reach Him in this world—you have reached heaven in the next world!

Seeing Correctly

"The Lord said to me—You have seen correctly." These were God’s words to Jeremiah when he called him to his life-work as a "seer" or prophet to the people of Israel. God puts to the sincere, self-distrustful young man—the question, "What do you see, Jeremiah?" Jeremiah replies, "I see a branch of an almond tree." This is just what the Lord meant that he should see. The almond was a tree of rapid growth and early bloom; it typified speedy action. As the young Jew had shown his capacity for right discernment, the Lord commended his wise answer, and said to him, "You have seen correctly."

There is a right way and a wrong way of looking at almost everything. To a man who has no eye for beauty, an artistic masterpiece of a landscape, is merely so much paint on a linen canvas. To another, it is a masterpiece of golden sunlight bathing field and forest with its glory. To many it was predicted that Christ, the Messiah, would be as "a root out of dry ground—having no form or loveliness. When they shall see Him—there is no beauty that they should desire Him. He will be despised and rejected by men." When He came, therefore, to His own people, they received Him not. As many as beheld Him rightly— received Him—to them gave He the privilege of becoming

the children of God. He is to them the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely one. Christ never changes. The difference between the thoughtless sinner and the same person after he is converted, is—that he looks at Jesus with a new eye, and sees Him to be the very Savior that he needs!

Some people look at God only as a consuming fire—and are struck with despair. Others go to the opposite extreme, and see in Him nothing but pity and pardoning mercy; they easily slide off into Universalism. The man who magnifies God's mercy at the expense of His justice, and who does not believe that He will punish sin as it deserves, has not "seen correctly." He will be cured of his delusion on the Day of Judgment.

Those wise men at Westminster saw the Divine Being, our Heavenly Father, in the right proportions of His attributes when they framed that wonderful answer to that question in the Catechism, "What is God?" In nothing are we all apt to make more terrible blunders, than in looking at God's providential dealings. Even some Christians have a heathenish habit of talking about "good luck" and "windfalls" and "bad fortune," and other expressions which convey the idea that this life is a mere game of chance! Blind unbelief may be expected to err, and to scan God's work as either a riddle or a muddle. But a Christian, who has had his eyes opened, ought to know better!

Yet how often do we all regard God's dealings in a wrong light—and call them by the wrong name! We frequently speak of certain things as "afflictions" when they are really "blessings in disguise!" We congratulate people on gaining what turns out to be a terrible snare, or worse than a loss! Quite as often we condole with them over a "bad circumstance" which is about to yield to them mercies more precious than gold!

Old Jacob probably thought that he was a fair subject for commiseration, on that evening when he sat moaning in his tent-door, "Joseph is no more and Simeon is no more, and now you want to take Benjamin! Everything is against me!" Genesis 42:36. But the caravan was just approaching which brought him Simeon and Benjamin, and glorious tidings about the long-lost Joseph! He had not "seen correctly" what sort of a God he was serving!

Let us hesitate before we condole with a brother who is under the chastisement of our loving Father in Heaven. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost all his money—and saved his good name; or congratulate the man who has made a million—at the expense of his piety. When a Christian is toppled over from a "dizzy and dangerous height of prosperity"—and "brought down to poverty," he is brought down to Christ, the solid rock at the same time. In the valley of humiliation he has more of the joy of God's countenance, and wears more of the herb called "heart's-ease" in his bosom, than he ever did in the days of his giddy prosperity.

SICKNESS has often brought to a man spiritual recovery. SUFFERING has often wrought out for him an exceeding weight of glory. Personally, I have lately been led through a very shadowy pathway of trial; but it has never been so dark—that I could not see to read some precious promises which glowed like diamonds! The adversary tries hard to break our lamp, and to steal our diamonds in those dark passage-ways of trial. We need good eyesight in such times of trouble, so as not to stumble, or to lose sight of the Comforter, or of the bright light which shines at the end of the way.

I have seen people tenderly condole a weeping mother whose godly child has flown away home to heaven. But they never thought of condoling another mother over a living child who was a frivolous slave of fashion, or a dissipated sensualist, or a wayward son, the "heartbreak of his mother." A hundred times over have I more pitied the parent of a living sorrow—than the parent of a departed joy. Spare your tears from the darlings who are safe in the arms of Jesus—and spend them over the living who are yet dead in sin and obstinate impenitence.

Let us learn to see things correctly—and call them by their right names! We too often drape our real blessings with a shroud—and decorate our dangerous temptations with garlands! The sharpest trials this nation ever knew—have turned into tender mercies.

Let us all pray fervently for spiritual discernment. Lord, open our eyes! Then we shall see this world to be a mere training-school for a better world; we shall see a Father’s smile behind the darkest cloud; we shall see in duty done—our highest delight; and at the end of the conflict—we shall see the King in His beauty, and know Him even as we are known! The Lord Our Strength The first lesson of childhood—is human weakness. The earliest cry of the infant displays it. At the other end of life we often see a pitiable senility, such as I encountered lately in the case of a man who was once a luminary of the American pulpit—but now cannot remember the names of his own children! But the weakest side of humanity is its moral side. Colossal intellect is often found lodged in the same person with a conscience of swine! For the sake of morality, I rejoice that an author has lately been stripping away the glamour which has hung around that stupendous embodiment of selfishness, Napoleon. They show us that the intellectual giant was continually swayed by his base lusts. The chief lesson of such a career as Napoleon’s is to demonstrate what a contemptible creature man is—the moment he cuts loose from God.

One of the chief purposes of our Divine religion—is to teach man where to find this indispensable element of strength. The Divine Word, coming from the very Maker of man, who knows us completely, declares that "he who trusts in his own heart is a fool!" We have no spiritual strength in ourselves. Just as our bodies derive all their strength from the food we eat, and every oak draws its strength from the surrounding earth and air—so our souls obtain all spiritual power from a source outside of us. The Psalmist David, whose native weaknesses were deplorably conspicuous, was only strong when in alliance with God. His declaration is, "The Lord alone is my strength!" This is the only strength which the Bible recognizes. Who are the Bible heroes? Men of genius, wits, orators, philosophers? No! They are the Enochs who walked with God; the Josephs who conquered sensual temptation because God was with him; the Elijahs who stood like a granite pillar against the tides of idolatry; and the Daniels who never quailed at the lion’s roar. Daniel gives us the secret of his strength in his three-times-a-day interviews with God. The Lord fed his inner soul as the subterranean springs feed a well and keeps it full during summer droughts.

God’s strength is "made perfect in our weakness." This means that the Divine power is most conspicuous, when our weakness is the most thoroughly felt. We have got first to be emptied of all self-conceit and self-confidence. A bucket cannot hold air and water at the same time. As the water comes in—the air must go out. The reason of some hard trials—is to get the accursed spirit of SELF out of our hearts! When we have been emptied of self-trust, we are in the condition to be filled with might in the inner man, by the power of the Holy Spirit. When Isaiah felt that he was but

a child, and an unclean one at that—he received the touch of celestial fire! Peter had immense confidence in 'Peter'—when he boasted of his own strength; but after his pride had got its fall, Peter is endued with power from on high, and then the apostle who was once frightened by a servant-girl, could courageously face the whole Sanhedrin. A Christian must not only realize his own utter feebleness—but he must give up what worldlings rely on, and admit that "vain is the help of man." That poor woman who had tried all the doctors in her neighborhood, and had only grown worse in body, and poorer in purse—is a touching illustration of our invalid souls. She, having despaired of human help—came crouching to the feet of the Son of God. One touch of His garments sent a new tide of health through her veins. Just so—contact with Christ brings currents of the Divine power into our souls—so that we can do all things through Christ who strengths us. At the very outset of the spiritual life, this Divine strength becomes recognized. Many have testified that they have gained victory over "the bottle" by the influx of a new principle and a new power into their hearts. The essence of conversion with them, was that the seven devils of lust for the bottle were cast out—and Christ came in. This was a supernatural work, the very thing which modern skepticism hoots at; but a Bible which did not bring a supernatural element into weak and wicked humanity—would not be worth the paper on which it is printed! If the Christ of Christianity cannot and does not endow a frail sinner with supernatural power to resist terrible temptations, then is Christianity a confessed imposture and delusion! But it does stand this very crucial test.

Multitudes have given the triumphant testimony that, under the pressure of great temptation, the Lord stood with them and strengthened them. Their testimony has always been, "When I am weak—then am I strong!" That is, when I get emptied of self-trust—then Jesus comes in and strengthens me. Charles Finney has left us some wonderful experiences of the prodigious tides of power which poured into his soul and into his work—when he humbled himself before God, and put his own soul, like an empty vessel, under the Divine power, until he became filled "unto all the fullness of God." This is the real office of faith. It is simply the linking of our utter weakness—to the omnipotence of Christ! We furnish the weakness—and He furnishes the strength—and that makes the partnership. The baby furnishes a hungry little mouth—and the mother furnishes the nourishing milk. The mother is happy that she can give the full supply—and the rosy darling is happy as it draws in the sweet contentment. What a beautiful picture of my poor, weak, hungry soul—resting on the bosom of the Infinite Love! There is no danger that the supply will ever give out, for my Lord, my Feeder, my Supporter—is constantly saying unto me, "My grace is sufficient for you." In this way we are strengthened with all might according to His glorious power. A better translation of the verse would be, "enforced with all force." We have retained the word "reinforce" in the English language, and it is a pity that we have dropped the older word "inforce," for it describes exactly—the impartation of the Divine strength to a believer's soul.

Alas, how easily we run dry, and how constantly we need replenishment! Yesterday's breakfast will not feed me tomorrow. The Christian who tries to live on the experiences of last year—is as insane as if he attempted to labor on the strength of the food eaten a month ago! Lord, evermore give us this bread! Those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength—the depletion shall constantly be filled up, and the new task shall be met with a fresh supply.

One great purpose in all afflictions—is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. We had become presumptuous, and had made flesh our arm. We were trying to go alone—and then came a fall. Trouble, and even bereavement, may be a great blessing—if it sends us home to Jesus! A boy

often forgets that he has a home—until a cut or a bruise sends him crying to his mother's side, for the bandage or the medicine. God often strikes away our props—to bring us down upon His mighty arms! What strength and peace it gives us—to feel the everlasting arms underneath us! As far as we may sink—we cannot go farther down than those outstretched arms! There we stop, there we rest! The everlasting arms not only sustain us—but carry us along, as on eagles' wings. Faith is just the clinging of my weak soul—to the Omnipotent Jesus! Its constant cry is: "I am weak—but You are mighty! Hold me with Your powerful hand!" To that omnipotent hand—let me cling with all the five fingers of my faith! It will never let me drop—until it lands me in glory! A Constant Salvation A clipper ship crossing the Banks ot Newfoundland in heavy weather strikes an iceberg. She begins to sink rapidly—and her captain and crew barely have time to leap into the life-boat! The question, "What must we do to be saved?" is pictured by their prompt leap into the life-boat, which is an act of faith. They trust their lives to it for salvation. From immediate death they are saved. But, afterwards, the ship has sunk, and the crew are still out in the deep and dangerous sea.

There is a second process necessary. In order to keep out of the belly of the sea, and to reach the distant shore—they must stick to the boat, and pull vigorously at the oars. They must "work out their salvation" now by hard rowing. But this is a continued process of salvation, day after day—until they reach the shores of Nova Scotia. Never for a moment, however, are they independent of the life-boat. That must keep them afloat—or they go to the bottom of the sea. At last, after hard rowing, they reach the welcome shore. This is their third, final, and complete salvation, for they are entirely beyond any perils of the treacherous sea. Now they are at rest, for they have reached the desired haven. This homely parable will illustrate, with sufficient clearness—the three ways in which the word SALVATION is employed in God's Word, and in human experience. The first leap into the lifeboat illustrates that decisive act of the soul, in leaving all other worthless reliances—and throwing itself on Christ Jesus in simple, believing trust. This is conversion. By it the soul is delivered from the guilt and condemnation of sin. The Holy Spirit is active in this step, cleansing and renewing the heart. By this act of surrender to Christ—the sinner escapes from death into life. He may joyfully cry out, "By the grace of God I am saved!" Yet this converted man is no more independent of Christ as a Savior—than those sailors were of that life-boat! For until he reaches the haven of Heaven—he must be clinging to Jesus every day!

It is this daily and hourly salvation that we wish to emphasize at present. Too many people limit the word "salvation" to the initial step of converting faith, and falsely conclude that nothing more is to be done. A certain school of rather mystical Christians so magnify this act of receiving the "gift of eternal life in Christ" that they quite forget the fact that a vast deal of head-winds, hard rowing, conflict with the devil and remaining lusts—must be encountered, before we reach our final haven.

There is a very important sense in which every true servant of Christ is obliged to "work out his salvation" every day of his life—even if he lives a century! It was not to impenitent sinners or anxious inquirers that Paul addressed the famous injunction, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He was addressing the blood-bought Church at Philippi. And if he were alive today he might well ring these solemn words into the ears of every Christian in the land. For if our original deliverance from the condemnation of sin, and from the desert of hell, depended on our surrender to Christ—so our constant salvation from the assaults of sin—depends upon our constant clinging to the Savior and our constant obedience to His commandments. Faith without

’works’ is dead.

Brethren, we may be in the life-boat—but the life-boat is not heaven! There is many a hard tug at the oar, many a night of tempest, many a danger from false lights—before we reach the shining shore! To the last moment on earth—our salvation depends on complete submission to Jesus. Without Him—nothing; with Him—all things.

Yonder is an acre of weeds which its owner wishes to save from barrenness—to fruitfulness. So he subjugates it with plough and harrow and all the processes of cultivation. If the soil would cry out against the ploughshare and the harrow and the hoe—the farmer’s answer would be, "Only by submission to this discipline can I raise the golden crop which shall be to your credit—and to my glory." In like manner, by absolute submission to Christ’s will, by constant obedience to His pure commandments, by the readiness to be used by Him entirely for His own purposes—can you be saved to life’s highest end. The instant that I realize that I am entirely Christ’s—I must also realize that my TIME must be saved from a wasted life—and all must be consecrated to Him.

All accumulation—is by wise saving. Sin means waste, and ends in ruin and remorse. The honest, devoted Christian, is literally "working out his salvation" when he is daily striving to redeem his time, and employ his utmost capacity, and use his every opportunity—to make his life a beautiful offering and possession for his Lord. If we were not worth saving, our Lord would never have tasted the bitter agonies of Golgotha to redeem us! If every saved follower is by and by to be presented by Christ "faultless, with exceeding joy"—then is a Christian life, a jewel worthy of His diadem. O my soul, let Him work in me to will and to do, according to His good pleasure, if I can be made to yield this revenue of honor to my beloved Lord!

There is another sense in which Christ furnishes us a constant salvation. His presence saves me in the hour of strong temptation. He keeps me from falling in a thousand cases—where I do not directly recognize His hand. When I wake up in the morning, after a night ride in a Pullman car, I do not know how many human hands have been busy in order that I might ride safely through the pitch darkness. Just so—when I get to heaven, perhaps I may find out how often Jesus interposed to save me from threatened ruin and from unsuspected dangers. He was saving me in a hundred ways that I did not dream of! My invisible deliverances were all due to His watchful care.

Daily grace means a daily salvation. Paul lived thus in constant dependence, realizing that if Christ withdrew His arm—that he would sink in an instant! Not for one moment, can I dispense with the life-boat—until my foot stands where "there is no more sea." If these things are true, then we ought ever to be praying: "O Lord, what must I do now to be saved—to be saved from waste of time; to be saved from dishonoring You; to be saved from secret sin; and to be saved up to the fullest, richest, holiest service to Yourself?"

Only He can help us to accomplish all this—for His grace can bring us a full salvation. When we reach heaven, we shall no longer need to be saved. The voyage will be over—and the dangers ended. The multitudes who have been saved—will then walk in the light of the New Jerusalem, and cast their crowns at the feet of Him who purchased for them—so ineffably glorious and transcendent a salvation!

Healthy and Happy The clock of time will soon strike for the birth of another year—when every man will wish his neighbor a "Happy New Year!" To many, it will no doubt be a day of sadness, for

it will remind them of the loved ones whom the past year has buried out of their sight. But every genuine disciple of Jesus, every heir of heaven, ought to possess deep and abiding resources of joy—which lie as far beneath the tempests of trial as the depths of the Atlantic are beneath the storms that have lately torn its surface into foaming billows. Every healthy Christian ought to be a happy Christian—under every stress of circumstances. A living Christian who is worthy of the name—must possess more or less of that holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. There is a misconception and a prejudice in the minds of some good people in regard to this word—on account of the abuse of it by certain visionaries of the "perfectionist" school. But holiness signifies health of heart and life. To be holy—is really to be whole or healed. Sin is soul-sickness; regeneration by the Divine Spirit, is recovery from that sickness. There is no condemnation of guilt—to those who are in Christ Jesus; He is the physician who delivers them from deadly the disease of sin. If good health means misery—then is a sincere Christian a miserable mope; but if health means a happy condition, then should Christ's redeemed ones be the most cheerful, sunny-hearted people in the community!

There are several characteristics of a true child of God. One of them is that he is forgiven. To be pardoned has made many a prison door—like a gate of paradise. The sweet sense of forgiven sin—has been an ecstasy to thousands who had "groaned, being burdened under a sense of sin," but had found relief at the cross of Christ!

Another evidence of spiritual health is a good conscience—a conscience enlightened by the Bible, a conscience kept sweet and wholesome by prayer, a conscience which comforts it possessor, instead of tormenting him by a certain fearful looking-for of judgment. What a diseased liver is in the body—is a bad conscience in the spiritual man; it breeds continual mischief and misery. The Christian never suffers from spiritual dyspepsia—who keeps a conscience void of offence towards God and man. A healthy soul has a strong appetite for Divine truth. He enjoys the daily manna of the Word, and has no lustings for the "flesh-pots" of the world. It is not the sugared candy that he is after—but the strong meat of the gospel as well as the honeycomb. His soul "delights itself in the fatness" of God's Word. To some people Mr. Moody's style of talking about the banquet which the Bible affords him, seems like extravagance. The reason is, that their spiritual taste is utterly corrupted by feeding on such sugared candy as novels and newspapers. A combination of Bible-diet and Bible-duties would soon make them as vigorous as Mr. Moody! If he did not show in his own conduct and condition, the "nourishment" which he lives on—he would not make so many converts.

Holiness is constant agreement with God. It is the agreement of love—even deeper and sweeter than the most unbroken wedlock. From this harmony of soul with the Divine Will—flows a great, deep, broad river of peace, which passes all understanding and all fathoming! This stream grows deeper and wider, until it empties into the ocean of eternal love! The holy believer—who accepts God's promises more readily than the best government bonds—who shapes his life in conformity with Christ—who keeps his soul's windows open towards the sun-rising—who makes each painful cross, a ladder for a climb into a higher fellowship with Jesus—who realizes that just before him lies the exceeding and eternal weight of glory—cannot be made a sour or peevish or melancholy man—by any outward circumstances! The holy-minded Samuel Rutherford of Scotland, wrote most of his immortal "Letters" within the cell of a martyr's prison. They read like leaves from the tree of life, floated down on sunbeams! "Come, O my well-beloved!" he exclaims; "come fast that

we may meet at the banquet!" "I would not exchange one smile of Christ's lovely face—for kingdoms." "There is no room for crosses in heaven." "Sorrow and the saints are not married together. Or, if it were so, heaven would divorce them." The holiness of such a man is not the enthusiasm of a visionary or the mere outburst of transient emotion; it is the normal condition of the man, the wholeness of a soul who has been transformed by grace—into the likeness and the life of Jesus Christ.

Keeping Christ's commandments—keeps the eye clear and the temper sweet, and the will submissive, and the affections pure—in these things, lies the rich reward. The highest type of piety is cheerful piety. The more we study the lives and examples of the healthiest Christians—the more we find them to be the men and women who walk in the sunshine of God's face. They are the living illustrations of the truth—that close contact with God is the most supreme source of happiness. There is such a thing as "joy in the Holy Spirit." There is food for the soul to feed on—which this lying, deceitful, and deceived world, knows nothing of. The measure of our holiness is the true measure of our happiness; it will be the measure of our final enjoyment of heaven. The Angels of the Sepulcher In the most beautiful cemetery in Washington, stands a marble statue carved by the skill of Palmer's chisel. It represents "The Angel of the Sepulcher." On every side the dead are sleeping; but beside them sits this silent sentinel, as if to guard the slumbering dust until the resurrection trumpet sounds the wake-up signal on the judgment morn. That angel which Palmer's chisel fashioned, is of solid stone; but the "angels in white" whom Mary of Magdala saw in the deserted tomb of Jesus—were pure immaterial spirits. They assumed a visible form; but angels are never described as material beings of flesh and blood like ourselves. Excelling in strength, they go forth as God's messengers to do His will, to watch over God's children, to bear home the departed spirits of God's people, and to encamp round about His covenant ones who fear Him. From those angelic appearances at the tomb of our Redeemer on His resurrection morn—we may gather some cheering lessons. When the anxious Marys were on their way to that tomb with their spices, the thought flashed into their minds, "Who will roll away that rock at the sepulcher for us?" But the difficulty is solved in a way that they had never dreamed of. An angel from heaven had already been there, and had opened the rock gate—to let the King of Glory out. In like manner, God often sends an Angel of Help to roll away our hindrances. Some of them are real obstacles, some of them are created by our fears. The awakened sinner often encounters difficulties in a stubborn will, or in long-formed habits, or in obdurate appetites. As soon as he submits to Christ, he finds these difficulties give way. Divine power achieves for him—what his own unaided weakness could not accomplish.

Many a child of God has been brought under a sore bereavement, and the first thought has been, "Oh, how can I bear this burden of grief! How can I surmount all these new hardships and difficulties!" A widow left with a family of orphans, and with scanty provision to feed and clothe them—is tempted to give up in despair. But when she reaches one difficulty after another, look—the stone is rolled away. A friend provides for this lad; a home is offered to another; a third begins to help himself and mother too; and she soon finds that she can do a hundred things—which she thought impossible.

Beside the mourning widow, walked an angel in white, which strengthened her. God always has an angel of HELP for those who are willing to do their duty. How often have we been afraid to undertake some difficult work for Him—but as soon as we laid hold of it—the rock of hindrance

was removed. The tempter told us that if we attempted to save some hardened soul—that we would encounter an immovable rock. We had faith enough to try, and prayer brought the power which turned the heart of stone—to flesh. The adversary is continuously busy in frightening us from labors of love for our Master. Yet if our single aim is to reach Jesus and to honor Jesus—no hindrance is immovable. The world thought Paul a madman, and Luther a fanatic, and Wilberforce and Duff but pious visionaries. When the Omnipotent Help came down, opposing rocks were swept away, and the Devil's guards were put to flight! The very lions which frightened "Mistrust" and "Timorous"—are discovered to be "chained" when a persevering Christian comes up to them. But Help is not the only angel which God sends to His believing ones. There is another bright spirit, whom we never meet more surely than at the sepulcher where our treasures sleep. The name of this angel in white, is HOPE. She sits today by the little mounds which cover the bodies we loved. When I go out to the grassy hill in Greenwood, where my darling boy has lain for a dozen summers, I meet that angel at the tomb. The words she chanted when the casket was sealed up and hidden beneath the earth—are sounding still: "All those who sleep in Jesus—will God bring with Him." As Mary Magdalene saw the angel through her tears—so the believer sees through tears of sorrow—the white-robed angel of Hope. A clear-eyed angel is she, and one who excels in strength.

She has other ministering spirits with her, to minister to the heirs of salvation. PATIENCE attends her, and PRAYER with a casket of promises, and PEACE with her serene countenance, and LOVE, which is stronger than death. The tomb in Joseph's garden was filled with "light" where the two bright spirits sat, "the one at the head and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain." Even so do the angels of Divine help and hope turn the midnight of sorrow into noon of rejoicing. To the eye of unbelief—the grave is a ghostly spot. Faith peoples the cemetary with angels, and fills the air with prophetic songs of praise. What a scene will all the cemeteries present—when the angelic legions shall roll away every stone, and gather Christ's own chosen ones to meet Him on His throne! The Night-lodging, and the Day-dawn When traveling in Palestine last year, we occasionally came upon a wayside inn. Before one of those crude inns—the traveler halts at sunset, feeds his animals, stretches himself on the floor, and in the cool dawn of the next morning saddles his horse or mule and pushes on his journey. This familiar custom was in the Psalmist's mind when he wrote, "Weeping may endure for a night—but joy comes in the morning!" This verse literally translated, would read, "In the night sorrow lodges—and at the day-dawn comes shouting." Sorrow is represented as only a lodger for a night—to be followed by joy at the sun-rising. This is a truthful picture of most frequent experiences of believers. It is full of comfort to God's people, and it points on to the glorious dawn of heaven's eternal day, when the night-watch of life is over. Sorrow is often the precursor of joy; sometimes it is so needful, that unless we endure the one—we cannot have the other. Some of us have known what it is to have severe sickness lodge in our bodily tent, when every nerve became a tormentor; and every muscle a highway for pain to course over. We lay on our beds, conquered and helpless. But the longest night has its dawn. At length returning health began to steal in upon us, like the earliest gleams of morning light through the window shutters. Never did food taste so delicious—as the first meal of which we partook at our own table. Never did the sunbeams fall so sweet and golden—as on that first Sunday when we ventured out to church—and no discourse ever tasted so like heavenly manna—as the one our pastor poured into our hungry ears that day. We sang the thirtieth Psalm with melody in the heart, and no verse more gratefully than this one, "Sorrow may endure for a

night—but joy comes in the morning!"

Many a night of hard toil has been followed by the longed-for dawn of success. When we were weary with the rowing—the blessed Master came to us on the waves and cried out, "Be of good cheer—it is I!" As soon as He entered the boat—the skies lighted up, and in a moment the boat was in the harbor. The history of every discovery, of every enterprise of benevolence, of every Christian reform—is the history of toil and patience through long discouragements. I love to read the narrative of Palissy—of his painful struggles with adversity, of his gropings after the scientific truth he was seeking, and of his final victory. Sorrow and poverty and toil lodged with that brave spirit for many a weary month—but at length came singing and shouting. All Galileos and Keplers and Newtons have had this experience. All the Luthers and Wesleys who have pioneered great reformations, and all the missionaries of Christ who have ever invaded the darkness of paganism, have had to endure night-work and watching—before the hand of God opened to them—the gates of the "dayspring from on high." This is the lesson to be learned by us pastors, by the teachers in mission-schools, by colporteurs, and by every toiler for Christ and souls. "We have toiled all night—and caught nothing!" exclaimed the tired and hungry disciples. Then in the early gray of the daybreak, they espied their Master on the beach; the net is cast on the right side of the ship, and it swarms with fish enough to break its meshes.

Nearly every revival season I have ever passed through in my church—has been on this same fashion. Difficulties and discouragements have sent us to our knees—and then we have been surprised by the advent of the Master in great power and blessing! God tests His people—before He blesses them. The night is mother of the day; trust through the dark—brings triumph in the dawn!

Precisely similar are the deepest and richest experiences of many a regenerated soul. The sorrows of penitence were the precursors of the joys of pardon. I have known a convicted sinner to endure the pangs of contrition when a great tempest lay upon him—and no sun or stars appeared; his soul was in the horror of a great darkness. To such distressed hearts, God often sends a flood of relief and joy—as sudden as the light which poured on Saul of Tarsus. To others, conversion has been a slower, gentler process. Like the gradual coming of the dawn—as we have witnessed it from a mountain summit—darkness has slowly given place to steel-gray, and the steel-gray to silver, the silver has reddened into brilliant gold—and all has developed so quietly and steadily that we could not fix the precise birth-moment of the day.

Just so, thousands of true Christians cannot fix the precise date of their conversion. But the dawn of hope and new life really begins—when the mercy of Jesus Christ is rightly apprehended, and the soul begins to see and to follow Him.

Those who suffer the sharpest sorrow for their own sinfulness and guilt, and are brought into the deepest self-loathing, are commonly those who are the most thoroughly converted. The height of their joy is proportioned to the depth of their distress. Christ is all the more precious to them—for having painfully felt the need of Him. The dawn of their new hope has been unmistakably from heaven, and their after pathway has shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

One other truth—the most ineffably glorious of all—is illustrated by this simile of the night-lodging at the inn. The earthly life of God’s children is only a mere encampment for a night. To many—are

appointed sleeplessness and tears. Sometimes through poverty, sometimes through long sickness, sometimes under darkly mysterious bereavements, they have "waited patiently on the Lord more than those who watch for the morning." They knew that the dawn of heaven lay behind the clouds—and they held out in confident expectation of it. Paul himself had such sharp experiences, that he once confessed that he had "a desire to break camp—and to be with Christ, which is far better!" A most lovely Christian, whose life had been consumed by a slow cancer, went home to glory a few days ago. While the poor frail tent of the body was decaying daily—she was feasting on rapturous glimpses of heaven! Through the long weary night—pain and suffering lodged in that fluttering tent; but at length "The dawn of heaven broke— The summer morn she sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awoke!" Our Two Homes That beautiful passage in 2 Corinthians 5:1-21, may be translated as follows: "Being always confident, and knowing that while we are in our home in the body we are away from our home in the Lord. For we walk by faith, not by appearance. We are still confident, and well content rather to go from our home in the body—and to come to our home in the Lord." The contrast is a sharp and distinct one, between our two homes. In the first verse of this chapter Paul speaks of our present home as a mere "tent"; the other home is "a mansion of God, eternal in the heavens." In other words, my "soul" which is really "myself" has two homes—one of them is in this frail and flimsy tent which I call a body, and the other is in that enduring and glorious habitation called heaven. A tent is the most transient of all lodging-places. It is pitched today; tomorrow its pins are pulled up and the canvas is carried away to some other spot, leaving only the ashes of a camp-fire. What a vivid picture is this of the frail body in which my immortal soul encamps for a few swift-flying years! Half of all the human tents do not last more than thirty years; and if by much mending and patching they are made to last for forty years—yet they easily yield to the blast of death and fly away! Paul’s tent had seen some rough usage; it was so migratory and so drenched with storms, and so mauled by persecutions and scarred with the lash—that the old hero who lived in it longed "to depart and to be with Christ—which was far better!" He was constantly getting homesick for his Father’s house. A happy day it was for him—when the executioner’s axe clove his poor old leaky tent in twain—and allowed his heaven-bound spirit to fly away and be at rest! A thousand speculative and poetical things, have been written in regard to the Christian’s future home. The Bible says just enough to rouse our curiosity and to stimulate speculation—but not enough to spoil the sublime mystery which overhangs it like a cloud of glory. A few things seem to my own mind at least, to be well established.

Heaven is a place. It is not a mere state or condition of blissful holiness. A distinctly bounded place of abode it must be, or else John’s view of it from Patmos was an idle illusion. God’s Word speaks of it as a "city," and as filled with "many mansions." The light of it proceeds from a central throne; for the Lamb in the midst of the throne, is the light thereof. Its crystalline pavements are like unto fine gold. The music of its praises fell upon the old apostle’s ear with such a sublime roar of melodies, that he likened them to the Mediterranean’s surf dashing upon the rocks of Patmos. He calls them "the roar of mighty ocean waves." Surrounding this vast scene of splendor he saw something which he describes as walls of precious gems, and "the twelve gates were made of pearls—each gate from a single pearl!"

There is something beautifully suggestive in this many-sidedness of heaven, with gates of entrance from every point of the compass. It emphasizes the universality of God’s house, into

which all the redeemed shall enter, from all parts of the globe, and with their varying theological and denominational opinions. All shall come in through Christ Jesus—and yet through many gateways. Thank God, no bigot shall be able to bar one soul out—who has been washed in the blood of the Lamb! The variety of "fruits" on the tree of life points to the idea of satisfying every possible taste and aspiration of God’s vast household of many kindreds and tongues and nations. Why surrender the view of a literal home of the redeemed, such as John has described to us? Why burn it all away into the thin vapor of metaphor? If John did not see what he described, then he saw nothing at all; and if he saw nothing real, then the closing visions of the Apocalypse are a splendid fantasy! For one, I prefer to hold to the actual words which Revelation gives me, and if, when I get there, I find something utterly different, then it will be time enough to make the discovery. That our heavenly home will satisfy our fullest social longings, we cannot doubt. No one need complain of lack of "good company" there. Old Dr. Emmons is not the only Christian who has fed his hopes of "a good talk with the Apostle Paul." Dr. Guthrie is not the only parent who has felt assured that "his little Johnnie would meet him inside the gate." Many a pastor expects to find the converted portion of his flock as a "crown of rejoicing to him in that day." There cannot possibly be a question of doubt of the recognition of friends. No barriers of caste can separate those who are children of the one Father and dwelling in the same household. When Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, came back from his visit to Rome in the days of her glory, he reported to his prince that he had seen a "commonwealth of kings!" So will it be in heaven, where every heir of redeeming grace will be as a king and priest unto God, and a divine adoption shall make everyone a member of the royal family. What a comforting thought it is—that we shall never be compelled to pull up our tent-poles any longer in quest of a pleasanter home! Heaven will have no "moving-day." No longer shall we dread to be pulled away from associations which we love, and sent off into strange and uncongenial places.

There is a delightful permanence in that word, "Forever with the Lord." The steps to that home are few and short. Happy is that child of Jesus who is always listening for the footfall this side of the golden gate, and for the voice of invitation to hurry home. A godly life is just a tarrying in the tent for Christ—until we go into the mansion with Christ!

"I hope your Master has gone to heaven!" said someone to a slave when his master had died. "I’m afraid he has not gone there," replied Ben, "for I never heard him speak of heaven. Whenever he goes on a trip—he always prepares for many weeks. I never saw him getting ready for going to heaven!" The simple slave’s words are a test and an admonition for each one of us. For let us be assured that not one of us will ever see that glorious Home—unless we are made ready for it by Christ Jesus!

Chapter 4

# 02.00. In Answer to Prayer

In Answer to Prayer By The Right Rev. the BISHOP OF

RIPON, The Rev. Dr. CUYLER,

The Rev. Dr. JOHN WATSON

("Ian Maclaren"), The Rev.

Canon KNOX LITTLE, Mr.

WILLIAM QUARRIER, Mr. L. K.

SHAW, The Rev. Dr. HORTON,

The Rev. H. PRICE HUGHES, The

Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD, and

The DEAN OF SALISBURY NEW YORK

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PREFATORY NOTE The following pages were originally written for the Sunday Magazine.In their present form it is hoped that they will reach another and not less appreciative public.

Although Dr. Watson’s contribution is of a character quite distinct from the other papers, it treats of a phase of religious experience so closely allied to that of answered prayer that it seems in the present collection to serve as a stage of transition from the sphere of the unseen and spiritual to that of the visible and tangible.

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# 02.01. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.

I By the Right Rev.

W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Ripon

I HAVE been asked to write some thoughts on answers to prayer. I am afraid that I cannot give from personal experience vivid and striking anecdotes such as others have chronicled. God does not deal with all alike, either in His gifts of faith or in those of experience. We differ also in the use we make of His gifts. But if I mistake not the object of these papers is not merely to gather together an array of startling experiences, but rather to unite in conference on the great subject of prayer and the answers to prayer. No doubt every Christian spirit holds within his memory many cherished experiences of God’s dealings with him, and these must touch the question of prayer. But the greater part of these experiences belong to that sanctuary life of the soul which, rightly or wrongly, we keep veiled from the world. There are some matters which would lose their charm if they were made public property. There is a reticence which is of faith, just as there may be a reticence which is of cowardice or unfaith. But like the little home treasures, which we only open to look upon when we are alone, so are some of the secret treasures of inward experiences. Nevertheless, none of us can have lived and thought without meeting with a sort of general confirmation or otherwise of the efficacy of prayer; and though I cannot chronicle positive and striking examples, I can say what I have known.

I have known men of a naturally timid and sensitive disposition who have grown at moments lion-like in courage, and they would tell you that courage came to them in prayer. I have known one man, who found himself face to face with a duty which was unexpected and from which he shrank with all his soul. I have known that such a one has prayed that the duty might not be pressed upon him, and yet that, if it were, he might be given strength to fulfil it. The duty still confronted him. In trembling and in much dismay he undertook it; and when the hour came, it found him calm and equable in spirit, neither dismayed nor demoralised by fears. Such a one might not tell of great outward answers to prayer; but inward answers are not less real. At any rate, the Psalmist chronicled an answer such as this when he wrote: "In the day when I cried Thou answeredst me and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul" (Psalms 138:3).

There is, further, a paradox of Christian experience which may be noted. The soul which waits upon God finds out sooner or later that the prayers which seem to be unanswered are those which may be most truly answered. For what is the answer to prayer which the praying heart looks for? There is no true prayer without the proviso—Nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt. In other words, there is no true prayer without reliance upon the greater wisdom and greater love of Him to whom we pray. Thus it is that God’s answer may not be the answer as we looked for it. We form our expectations: they take shape from our poor little limited surroundings; but the prayer in its spirit may be wider than we imagine. To answer it according to our expectations might be not to

answer it truly. To answer it according to our real meaning—i.e., according to our spiritual desire—must be the true answer to prayer.

One illustration will suffice. A man, pressed by difficulty and straitness, may pray that he may be moved to some place of greater freedom and ease. He thinks that he ought to move elsewhere. He prays for guidance and the openings of God's providence. In a short time a vacant post presents itself: he applies for it, it is just the thing he wished for. He continues his prayers. The post is given to another. His prayers have not been answered: such is his conclusion; but is not the answer really—"Not yet—not yet—wait awhile. My grace is sufficient for thee"? He waits; he leaves his life in God's hands. After an interval another opening occurs, and almost without an effort he is moved to the vacant place. It is this time, perhaps, not the kind of place he thought of; it is less interesting, it is more onerous, it fills him with fear as he undertakes its duties. He has prayed, but the answer came not as he wished or thought or hoped. The years go by. He looks back from the vantage-ground of distance. He can measure his life in better proportions. He sees now that the movements of his life have a deep meaning. He perceives that to have gone where he wished to have gone, and even where he prayed to be placed, would have been to miss some of the best experiences and highest trainings of this life. He begins to realise that there is not a spot which he has visited, not a place where he has toiled, which has not brought to him lessons that have been most helpful, nay, even needful, in his later life. He sees that God has sent him here or there to fit him for work which, unknown and unexpected in his earlier days, the future was to bring. The least-answered prayer may be the most-answered. It is the realisation that experiences fit us for the duties of later life which yields to us the assurance that in the deepest sense our seemingly disregarded prayers have been most abundantly remembered before God. Thus, indeed, we can enter into the spirit of familiar words and acknowledge concerning each prayer that it is "Goodness still,

Which grants it or denies." And so it may come to pass in later life that our specific petitions for this or that thing may grow fewer. We may realise more and more our own ignorance in asking. We may rely more and more on the divine wisdom in giving. Even in the case of others we may recognise the unwisdom of asking many things on their behalf. Our love would tenderly shield them from rough winds and bitter hours. We pray that the divine love would spare them dark days; and yet, are the prayers well prayed? Does God not lead souls through darkness into light? Is not the Valley of the Shadow the precursor of the table of love which God spreads? Can the head be anointed with God's kingly oil which has not been bowed down in the darkness? Ah! how little we know! how short-sighted we are! And how great and full and strong God's love is! And, this being so, may not experience bring us larger trust and lesser prayers—not less, indeed, in intensity, not less in the wrestling of spirit; not less in the striving to reach nearer to God's will, but less in the number and specific character of our petitions? To put it another way—the petitions are fewer because the prayer is deeper and truer.

"Not my weak longings, Lord, fulfil,

But rather do Thy perfect will,

For I am blind and wish for things

Which granted bring heart-festerings.

Let me but know that I am blind,

Let me but trust Thee wondrous kind."

# 02.02. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

II By the Rev.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

of New York

ALL of God's mighty men and women have been mighty in prayer. When Martin Luther was in the mid-valley of his conflict with the man of sin he used to say that he could not get on without three hours a day in prayer. Charles G. Finney's grip on God gave him a tremendous grip on sinners' hearts. The greatest preacher of our times—Spurgeon—had pre-eminently the "gift of the knees;" the last prayer I ever heard him utter (at his own family worship) was one of the most wonderful that I ever listened to; it revealed the hiding of his power. Abraham Lincoln once said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day." But what is prayer? Has every prayer power with God? Let us endeavour to get some clear ideas on that point. Some people seem to regard prayer as the rehearsal of a set form of solemn words, learned largely from the Bible or a liturgy; and when uttered they are only from the throat outward. Genuine prayer is a believing soul's direct converse with God. Phillips Brooks has condensed it into four words—a "true wish sent Godward." By it, adoration, thanksgiving, confession of sin, and petition for mercies and gifts ascend to the throne, and by means of it infinite blessings are brought down from heaven. The pull of our prayer may not move the everlasting throne, but—like the pull on a line from the bow of a boat—it may draw us into closer fellowship with God, and fuller harmony with His wise and holy will.

1. This is the first characteristic of the prayer that has power: "Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." A great many prayers are born of selfishness and are too much like dictation or command. None of God's promises are unconditional; and we have no such assets to our credit that we have a right to draw our cheques and demand that God shall pay them. The indispensable quality of all right asking is a right spirit toward our heavenly Father. When a soul feels such an entire submissiveness towards God that it delights in seeing Him reign, and His glory advanced, it may fearlessly pour out its desires; for then the desires of God and the desires of that sincere submissive soul will agree. God loves to give to them who love to let Him have His way; they find their happiness in the chime of their own desires with the will of God.

James and John once came to Jesus and made to Him the amazing request that He would place one of them on His right hand and the other on His left hand when He set up His imperial government at Jerusalem! As long as these self-seeking disciples sought only their own glory, Christ could not give them the askings of their ambitious hearts. By-and-by, when their hearts had been renewed by the Holy Spirit, and they had become so consecrated to Christ that they were in complete chime with Him, they were not afraid to pour out their deepest desires. James declares that, if we do not "ask amiss," God will "give liberally." John declares that "whatsoever we ask, we

receive of Him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." Just as soon as those two Christians found their supreme happiness in Christ and His cause they received the desires of their hearts.

2. The second trait of prevailing prayer is that it aims at a mark, and knows what it is after. When we enter a store or shop we ask the salesman to hand us the particular article we want. There is an enormous amount of pointless, prayerless praying done in our devotional meetings; it begins with nothing and ends nowhere. The model prayers mentioned in the Bible were short and right to the mark. "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "Lord, save me!" cries sinking Peter. "Come down, ere my child die!" exclaims the heart-stricken nobleman. Old Rowland Hill used to say, "I like short, ejaculatory prayer; it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it."

3. In the next place, the prayer that has power with God must be a prepaid prayer. If we expect a letter to reach its destination we put a stamp on it; otherwise it goes to the Dead-letter Office. There is what may be called a Dead-prayer Office, and thousands of well-worded petitions get buried up there. All of God’s promises have their conditions; we must comply with those conditions, or we cannot expect the blessings coupled with the promises. No farmer is such an idiot as to look for a crop of wheat unless he has ploughed and sowed his fields. In prayer, we must first be sure that we are doing our part if we expect God to do His part. There is a legitimate sense in which every Christian should do his utmost for the answering of his own prayers. When a certain venerable minister was called on to pray in a missionary convention he first fumbled in his pocket, and when he had tossed the coin into the plate he said, "I cannot pray until I have given something." He prepaid his prayer. For the Churches in these days to pray, "Thy kingdom come," and then spend more money on jewellery and cigars than in the enterprise of Foreign Missions, looks almost like a solemn farce. God has no blessings for stingy pockets. When I hear requests for prayer for the conversion of a son or daughter, I say to myself, How much is that parent doing to win that child for Christ? The godly wife who makes her daily life attractive to her husband has a right to ask God for the conversion of that husband; she is co-operating with the Holy Spirit, and prepaying her heart’s request. God never defaults; but He requires that we prove our faith by our works, and that we never ask for a blessing that we are not ready to labour for, and to make any sacrifice to secure the blessing which our souls desire.

4. Another essential of the prayer that has power with God is that it be the prayer of faith, and be offered in the name of Jesus Christ. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." The chief "wrestling" that we are to do is not with any reluctance on God’s part; it is with the obstacles which sin and unbelief put in our pathway. What God orders we must submit to uncomplainingly; but we must never submit to what God can better. Never submit to be blocked in any pious purpose or holy undertaking if, with God’s help, you can roll the blocks out of your pathway. The faith that works while it prays commonly conquers; for such faith creates such a condition of things that our heavenly Father can wisely hear and help us. Oh, what a magnificent epic the triumphs of striving, toiling, victorious faith make! The firmament of Bible story blazes with answers to prayer, from the days when Elijah unlocked the heavens on to the days when the petitions in the house of John Mark unlocked the dungeon, and brought liberated Peter into their presence. The whole field of providential history is covered with answered prayers as thickly as bright-eyed daisies cover our Western prairies. Find thy happiness in pleasing God, and sooner or later He will surely grant thee the desires of thy heart.

# 02.03. JOHN WATSON, M.A., D.D.

III By the Rev.

JOHN WATSON, M.A., D.D.

("Ian Maclaren")

DURING the course of my ministry, and especially of recent years, I have been moved to certain actions for which there seemed no reason, and which I only performed under the influence of a sudden impulse. As often as I yielded to this inward guidance, and before the issue was determined, my mind had a sense of relief and satisfaction, and in all distinct and important cases my course was in the end most fully justified. With the afterlook one is most thankful that on certain occasions he was not disobedient to the touch of the unseen, and only bitterly regrets that on other occasions he was callous and wilful or was overcome by shame and timidity. What seem just and temperate inferences from such experiences will be indicated after they have been described, and it only remains for me to assure my readers that they are selected from carefully treasured memories, and will be given in as full and accurate detail as may be possible in circumstances which involve other people and one’s own private life.

It was my privilege, before I came to Sefton Park Church, to serve as colleague with a venerable minister to whom I was sincerely attached and who showed me much kindness. We both felt the separation keenly and kept up a constant correspondence, while this good and affectionate man followed my work with spiritual interest and constant prayer. When news came one day that he was dangerously ill it was natural that his friend should be gravely concerned, and as the days of anxiety grew, that the matter should take firm hold of the mind. It was a great relief to learn, towards the end of a week, that the sickness had abated, and when, on Sunday morning, a letter came with strong and final assurance of recovery the strain was quite relaxed, and I did my duty at morning service with a light heart. During the afternoon my satisfaction began to fail, and I grew uneasy till, by evening service, the letter of the morning counted for nothing.

After returning home my mind was torn with anxiety and became most miserable, fearing that this good man was still in danger and, it might be, near unto death. Gradually the conviction deepened and took hold of me that he was dying and that I would never see him again, till at last it was laid on me that if I hoped to receive his blessing I must make haste, and by-and-by that I had better go at once. It did not seem as if I had now any choice, and I certainly had no longer any doubt; so, having written to break two engagements for Monday, I left at midnight for Glasgow. As I whirled through the darkness it certainly did occur to me that I had done an unusual thing, for here was a fairly busy man leaving his work and going a long night’s journey to visit a sick friend, of whose well-being he had been assured on good authority. By every evidence which could tell on another person he was acting foolishly, and yet he was obeying an almost irresistible impulse. The day broke as we climbed the ascent beyond Moffat, and I was now only concerned lest time should be lost on the way. On arrival I drove rapidly to the well-known house, and was in no way astonished

that the servant who opened the door should be weeping bitterly, for the fact that word had come from that very house that all was going well did not now weigh one grain against my own inward knowledge.

"He had a relapse yesterday afternoon, and he is ... dying now." No one in the room seemed surprised that I should have come, although they had not sent for me, and I held my reverend father’s hand till he fell asleep in about twenty minutes. He was beyond speech when I came, but, as we believed, recognised me and was content. My night’s journey was a pious act, for which I thanked God, and my absolute conviction is that I was guided to its performance by spiritual influence.

Some years ago I was at work one forenoon in my study, and very busy, when my mind became distracted and I could not think out my sermon. It was as if a side stream had rushed into a river, confusing and discolouring the water; and at last, when the confusion was over and the water was clear, I was conscious of a new subject. Some short time before, a brother minister, whom I knew well and greatly respected, had suffered from dissension in his congregation and had received our sincere sympathy. He had not, however, been in my mind that day, but now I found myself unable to think of anything else. My imagination began to work in the case till I seemed, in the midst of the circumstances, as if I were the sufferer. Very soon a suggestion arose and grew into a commandment, that I should offer to take a day’s duty for my brother. At this point I pulled myself together and resisted what seemed a vagrant notion. "Was such a thing ever heard of,—that for no reason save a vague sympathy one should leave one’s own pulpit and undertake the work of another, who had not asked him and might not want him?" So I turned to my manuscript to complete a broken sentence, but could only write "Dear A. B." Nothing remained but to submit to this mysterious dictation and compose a letter as best one could, till the question of date arose. There I paused and waited, when an exact day came up before my mind, and so I concluded the letter. It was, however, too absurd to send; and so, having rid myself of this irrelevancy, I threw the letter into the fire and set to work again; but all day I was haunted by the idea that my brother needed my help. In the evening a letter came from him, written that very forenoon, explaining that it would be a great service to him and his people if I could preach some Sunday soon in his church, and that, owing to certain circumstances, the service would be doubled if I could come on such and such a day; and it was my date! My course was perfectly plain, and I at once accepted his invitation under a distinct sense of a special call, and my only regret was that I had not posted my first letter.

One afternoon, to take my third instance, I made up my list of sick visits and started to overtake them. After completing the first, and while going along a main road, I felt a strong impulse to turn down a side street and call on a family living in it. The impulse grew so urgent that it could not be resisted, and I rang the bell, considering on the doorstep what reason I should give for an unexpected call. When the door opened it turned out that strangers now occupied the house, and that my family had gone to another address, which was in the same street but could not be given. This was enough, it might appear, to turn me from aimless visiting, but still the pressure continued as if a hand were drawing me, and I set out to discover their new house, till I had disturbed four families with vain inquiries. Then the remembrance of my unmade and imperative calls came upon me, and I abandoned my fruitless quest with some sense of shame. Had a busy clergyman not enough to do without such a wild-goose chase?—and one grudged the time one had lost.

Next morning the head of that household I had yesterday sought in vain came into my study with such evident sorrow on his face that one hastened to meet him with anxious inquiries. "Yes, we are in great trouble; yesterday our little one (a young baby) took very ill and died in the afternoon. My wife was utterly overcome by the shock and we would have sent for you at the time but had no messenger. I wish you had been there—if you had only known!"

"And the time?"

"About half-past three." So I had known, but had been too impatient.

Many other cases have occurred when it has been laid on me to call at a certain house, where there seemed so little reason that I used to invent excuses, and where I found some one especially needing advice or comfort; or I called and had not courage to lead up to the matter, so that the call was of no avail, and afterwards some one has asked whether I knew, for she had waited for a word. Nor do I remember any case where, being inwardly moved to go after this fashion, it appeared in the end that I had been befooled. And so, having stated these facts out of many, I offer three inferences.

(1) That people may live in an atmosphere of sympathy which will be a communicating medium. When some one appears to read another's thoughts, as we have all seen done at public exhibitions, it was evidently by physical signs, and it served no good purpose. It was a mechanical gift and was used for an amusement. This is knowledge of another kind, whose conditions are spiritual and whose ends are ethical. Between you and the person there must be some common feeling; it rises to a height in the hour of trouble; and its call is for help. The correspondence here is between heart and heart, and the medium through which the message passes is love.

(2) That this love is but another name for Christ, who is the head of the body; and here one falls back on St. Paul's profound and illuminating illustration. It is Christ who unites the whole race, and especially all Christian folk, by His incarnation. Into Him are gathered all the fears, sorrows, pains, troubles of each member, so that He feels with all, and from him flows the same feeling to other members of the body. He is the common spring of sensitiveness and sympathy, who connects each man with his neighbour and makes of thousands a living organic spiritual unity.

(3) That in proportion as one abides in Christ he will be in touch with his brethren. If it seem to one marvellous and almost incredible that any person should be affected by another's sorrow whom he does not at the moment see, is it not marvellous, although quite credible, that we are so often indifferent to sorrow which we do see? Is it not the case that one of a delicate soul will detect secret trouble in the failure of a smile, in a sub-tone of voice, in a fleeting shadow on the face? "How did he know?" we duller people say. "By his fellowship with Christ" is the only answer. "Why did we not know?" On account of our hardness and selfishness. If one live self-centred—ever concerned about his own affairs, there is no callousness to which he may not yet descend; if one live the selfless life, there is no mysterious secret of sympathy which may not be his. Wherefore if any one desire to live in nervous touch with his fellows, so that their sorrows be his own and he be their quick helper, if he desire to share with Christ the world burden, let him open his heart to the Spirit of the Lord. In proportion as we live for ourselves are we separated from our families, our friends, our neighbours; in proportion as we enter into the life of the Cross we are one with them all, being one with Christ, who is one with God.

# 02.04. W. KNOX LITTLE, M. A.

IV By the Rev.

W. KNOX LITTLE, M. A.

Canon of Worcester

PRAYER is a comprehensive word and includes, in fact, all communion between the soul and God. It is, however, commonly used to mean the asking for benefits from God. Christians believe that prayer is a power, that it does act in the fulfilment of God’s purposes, and that the results of prayer are real results, not only in the spiritual, but also in the physical world. This is no mere matter of opinion, it is part of the Christian faith. For better, for worse, however difficult the doctrine may appear, the Church is committed to it. As in the case of other difficult doctrines, such as the resurrection of the body for instance, she, so to speak, "stakes her reputation" on loyalty to this truth. The power of prayer is, of course, a mystery, i.e., a truth, but a truth partly concealed, partly plain. To deal with it, therefore, in a mathematical temper rather than a moral temper is absurd if not wrong. Mathematical demonstration cannot be given for moral truth, and is in fact out of court. The bent of mind formed by constant scientific research—good as it is in its own province—sometimes unfits men for moral and theological research. In this way the "difficulties of prayer" are often exaggerated. (1) It is said God knows already; why tell Him? The same objection would apply to many a request on earth. (2) It is said God fore-sees; why try to influence what He knows is sure to be? This objection applies to all our actions; to follow out this we should not only not pray, but also never do anything. We are in face of a mystery. A little humility and obedience to revelation helps us out. It has been truly said that when a practical and a speculative truth are in apparent collision, we must remember our ignorance of a good many things, and act with the knowledge which is given us, on the practical truth.

Prayer, we may remember, is not to change the holy counsels of the Eternal, but to accomplish those ends for which it is an appointed instrument. Anyhow, this is certain, the abundant promises to faithful and persevering prayer are kept, and—where God sees it to be good for us—they are kept to the letter. The following are examples which come within the knowledge of the writer of this paper. A family, consisting of a number of children, had been brought up by parents who had very "free" ideas as to the divine revelation and the teaching of the Church. The children, varying in age from seven or eight, to one or two and twenty years, had, one way or another, been aroused to the teaching of Scripture and desired to be baptised. The father point-blank refused to permit it. The older members of the family consulted a clergyman. He felt strongly the force of the fifth commandment and advised them not to act in haste, to realise that difficulties do frequently arise from conflicting duties, and above all to pray. The clergyman asked a number of devout Christians to make the matter a subject of prayer. They did. In about three weeks the father called upon this very clergyman and asked him to baptise his children. The clergyman expressed his astonishment, believing that he was opposed to it. The father answered that that was true, but he had changed his mind. He could not say precisely why, but he thought his children ought to be

baptised. They were; and he, by his own wish, was present and most devout at the administration of the sacrament of baptism. A few years ago, a clergyman in London had been invited to visit a friend for one night in the country in order to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for long. It was bitter winter weather and he decided not to go. Walking his parish in the afternoon, he believed that a voice three times urged him to go. He hurriedly changed his arrangements and went. The snow was tremendously deep, and the house of his friend, some miles from the railway station, was reached with difficulty. In the course of the night the clergyman was roused from sleep by the butler, who begged him to go and visit a groom in the service of the family, who was ill and "like to die." Crossing a field path with difficulty, as the snow was very deep, they reached the poor man's house. He had been in agony of mind and longed to see a clergyman. When it was found impossible to fetch the nearest clergyman, owing to the impassable state of the roads, he had prayed earnestly that one might be sent to him. The poor fellow died in the clergyman's arms in the early morning, much comforted and in great peace. A strangely similar case happened more recently. An American gentleman travelling in Europe was taken suddenly and seriously ill in one of our northern towns. The day before this happened, a clergyman, who was at a distance in the country, was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to visit this very town. He had no idea why, but prayed for guidance in the matter, and finally felt convinced that he must go. Having stayed the night there he was about to return home, rather inclined to think himself a very foolish person, when a waiter in the hotel brought him an American lady's card and said that the lady wished to see him. He was the only English clergyman of whom she and her husband had any knowledge. They had happened to hear him preach in America. She had no idea where he lived, but when her husband was taken ill she and her daughter had prayed that he might be sent to them. On inquiry, strange to say, he was found to be in the hotel, and was able to render some assistance to the poor sufferer, who died in a few hours, and to his surviving and mourning relatives. A still more striking instance, perhaps, is as follows: Some years ago in London a clergyman had succeeded, with the help of some friends, in opening a "home" in the suburbs to meet some special mission needs. It was necessary to support it by charity. For some time all went well. The home at last, however, became even more necessary and more filled with inmates, whilst subscriptions did not increase but rather slackened. The lady in charge wrote to the clergyman as to her needs, and especially drew his attention to the fact that £40 was required immediately to meet the pressing demand of a tradesman. The clergyman himself was excessively poor, and he knew not to whom to turn in the emergency. He at once went and spent an hour in prayer. He then left his house and walked slowly along the streets thinking with himself how he should act. Passing up Regent Street, a carriage drew up in front of Madame Élise's shop, just as he was passing. Out of the carriage stepped a handsomely dressed lady. "Mr. So-and-so, I think," she said when she saw him. "Yes, madam," he answered, raising his hat. She drew an envelope from her pocket and handed it to him, saying: "You have many calls upon your charity, you will know what to do with that." The envelope contained a Bank of England note for £50. The whole thing happened in a much shorter time than it can be related; he passed on up the street, she passed into the shop. Who she was he did not know, and never since has he learnt. The threatening creditor was paid. The "home" received further help and did its work well.

Another example is of a different kind. A person of real earnestness in religious questions, and one who gave time and strength for advancing the kingdom of God, some years ago became restless and unsatisfied in spiritual matters, failing to enjoy peaceful communion with God, and generally

upset and uneasy. The advice of a clergyman was asked, and after many conversations on the subject, he urged steady earnest prayer for light, and agreed himself to make the matter a subject of prayer. Within a fortnight, after an earnest midday prayer, it was declared by this troubled soul that it had been clearly borne in upon the mind that the sacrament of baptism had never been received. Enquiry was made, and after much careful investigation it was found that, while every other member of a large family had been baptised, in this case the sacrament had been neglected owing to the death of the mother and the child being committed to the care of a somewhat prejudiced relative. The person in question was forthwith baptised, and immediately there was peace and calmness of mind and a sense of quiet communion with God.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, but these are, perhaps, sufficient. "In everything," says the Apostle, "by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving (the Eucharist) let your requests be made known unto God." "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." The power of the "prayer of faith" is astonishing in its efficacy, if souls will only put forth that power. I am able to guarantee, from personal knowledge, the truth and accuracy of the above instances.

# 02.05. WILLIAM QUARRIER

V By Mr.

WILLIAM QUARRIER

of Glasgow FOR twenty-five years it has been with me a continual answer to prayer. The first seven of my service were spent in caring for the rough boys of the streets of Glasgow, but having made a vow, when I was very young, that if God prospered me I should build houses for orphans, I was not satisfied with that work among the bigger boys. Being in business, however, and having a family to maintain, the question of whether I could do more was a difficult one. I was giving eight hours a day to the work, and in the Shoe-black Brigade, the Parcels Brigade, and the Newspaper Brigade had probably about three hundred boys to care for.

While I considered what could be done, a lady from London—Miss Macpherson—called, and in the course of our talk about the little ones, she urged that I should attempt something more than I was doing. For three months I prayed to God for guidance, and in the end resolved that if He sent me £2000, I should embark in the greater work. Nobody knew of that resolution; it was a matter between God and myself. If God wanted me to do more work than I was doing, I felt that He would send me the£2000, not in portions, but in a solid sum. I was then before the public, and I wrote a letter to the newspapers pleading that something more should be done for street children, pointing out that the Poorhouse and the Reformatory were not the best means of helping child-life, and urging that something on the Home or Family system was desirable. There was a strong conviction that God would answer the prayer, and, the terms of the prayer being explicit, I believed the answer would be as unmistakable. After waiting thirteen days the answer came. Amongst my other letters was one from a Scotch friend in London, to the effect that the writer would, to the extent of £2000, provide me with money to buy or rent a house for orphan children. When I received that call I felt that my family interests and my business interests should be second, and that God’s work among the children should be first. To a business man, it was a call to surrender what you would call business tact. I had to rise up there and then, and proclaim in the midst of the commercial city of Glasgow, that from that moment I was to live by faith, and depend on God for money, wisdom and strength. From that time forward I would ask no man for money, but trust God for everything. That £2000 was the first direct answer to prayer for money. He gave me the utmost of my asking, and I felt that I would need to give Him the utmost of the power I pledged.

We rented a common workshop in Renfrew Lane—it was very difficult to get a suitable place—to lodge the children in, and that little place was the first National Home for Orphans in Scotland, and from it has sprung what the visitor may see to-day amongst the Renfrewshire hills. One day, I remember, two boys came in, and we had everything to clothe them with except a jacket for one of them. The matron, a very godly woman, said, "We must just pray that God will send what is needed," and we prayed that He would. That night a large parcel of clothing came from Dumbarton, and in it was a jacket that fitted the boy as if it had been made for him. That was a small thing, of course, but if you don’t see God in the gift of a pair of stockings you won’t see Him

in a gift of£10,000.

We had thirty children in that Home, and we kept praying that the Lord would open a place for us somewhere in the country. A friend called on me and offered to sub-let Cessnock House, with three acres of ground about it. Cessnock Dock has now absorbed the place, and as it was just the very spot we wanted, we accepted. We had room for a hundred boys, and with the help of God we prospered. We had resolved formerly that we would send children to Canada, but it took £10 per head to send them, and we were determined not to get into debt. We had only a few pounds in hand when we took the house in Govan Road, and it took £200 to alter it. But every night we prayed that the Lord would send money to pay for the alterations. Sums varying from 5s. to £5 came in, but when the bills came to be paid we were short £100. A friend not far from one of my places of business sent for me, and when I called, he said, "How are you getting on at Cessnock?" I said we were getting on nicely, and that we had got £100 towards the alterations. He gave me £100, to my astonishment, for I knew that he could not afford so much, but he said a relative who died in England had left him a fortune, and the money was to help me in the work God had given me to do. In that answer you see how God works mysteriously to accomplish His purpose and help those who put their trust in Him.

God gives us great help in dealing with the wayward, wilful boys of the Home. They are generally lads who have known no control; but we are able, with God’s blessing on our efforts, to get them to do almost anything that is wanted, without strap or confinement or threat. To hear boys who used to curse and swear praying to God, and to see them helping other boys in the Home, is to me the most encouraging feature of the work God has given me to do. Whilst I sought to clothe and educate them, I left God to deal with them in their spirits; and to-day the result of the spiritual work amongst the boys and girls of Glasgow exceeds anything I ever expected.

I still thought of the emigration scheme, and in 1872 we had sixty children that were able to go to Canada. Of course it meant £600 to send them, and we had the necessary money except £70 in the end of June. We prayed on that God would send the balance before the day of sailing, 2nd July. A friend called at one of my places of business to see me, and subsequently I had an interview with him. He gave me £50, and said it was from one who did not wish the name mentioned. "What shall I put it to?" I asked. "Anything you like," he said. "We are short of £70 for the emigration of our first band of children to Canada, and if you like I shall put it to that." "Do so," he said; and as the man left I saw God’s hand in the gift that had been made. When I went home that night I found amongst my letters one in which was enclosed £10 "to take a child to Canada," and the post on the following morning brought two five-pound notes from other friends, making up exactly at the moment it was needed the sum I had asked God to give. In addition to the Homes, we carried on mission work amongst the lapsed masses, and, as in the case of the Homes, we were firmly resolved to do everything by prayer and supplication. I rented an old church at the head of the Little Dovehill, just where the Board school stands now, as a hall, but we did not have the whole of it. At the level of the gallery another floor had been introduced, and while we occupied the upper flat, a soap manufacturer occupied the lower. In a way it was a trial of faith to go up those stairs past the soap work into our hall. We wanted to open the place free of debt, and the money for the alterations came in gradually. I remember putting it to the Lord to send a suitable evangelist if He wished the work to go on. At that time—twenty-four years ago—we heard a lot of Joshua Poole and his wife, who were having great blessing in London, and I thought that they

were just the people to reach the working classes. But as I had convictions about women preaching,—which, by the way, I have not now,—I asked the Lord to send£50 to cover the expense for a month if it were His will that these friends should come to Glasgow and preach nightly during that period. I left it to God to decide whether we should ask these friends or not, and I had the assurance—the assurance of faith,—that the money would come. When I went home that night I found that a friend had called at one of my places of business and left fifty one-pound notes without knowing my mind and without knowing I needed it.

After that I felt that God was going to work a great work amongst the lapsed masses of Glasgow, and He did so. For six months we rented the Scotia Music Hall on Sabbath evenings, and instead of a month the evangelists were six in the city conducting services every night. When they left, ten thousand people gathered on the Green to bid them farewell. Hundreds were led to the Saviour.

After a number of years' work in Glasgow with the Girls' Home, in Govan with the Boys' Home, and with the Mission premises, the need of a farm became great. I prayed for money to purchase a farm of about fifty acres, three miles or so from Glasgow. It was to have a burn running through it, good drainage, and everything necessary. I was anxious to get this burn for the children to paddle in and fish in; but I feel now that at the time I was rebellious against God in fixing the site so near Glasgow. We visited a dozen places, but the cost was so great that I was fairly beaten. God had shut up every door. A friend met me on the street, and asked if I had seen the farm in Kilmalcolm Parish that was to be sold. I replied that I had not, and that I considered the place too far away. In talking over the matter, he persuaded me to go and see the farm, and when I did go, and, standing where our big central building is now, saw that it had everything I prayed for,—perfect drainage, and not only the burn, but a river and a large flat field for a recreation ground,—I said in my heart to the Lord: "This will do." Ever since I have blessed the Lord for that; my way was not God's way, and so He shut us in amongst these Renfrewshire hills, away from the ways of men.

After paying £3,560 for the farm, we had about £1,500 left, and in 1887 we began to build a church and school, to cost £5,000. I told the contractor that we should stop if the money did not come in; but it kept coming in, and the work went on. In 1888 I had resolved to go to Canada with the party of children going out that year, and I saw clearly that I would need to stop the contractors if I got no more money in the interval, for I was still £1400 short. Yet I believed the Lord would send the money before I left in the latter end of May, though the time I write of was as far on as the middle of the month. I kept praying, and the assurance was strong that the money would come. Just three days before the date on which I was to sail, a friend came to me, and said it had been laid upon his heart to build one of the cottages at Bridge-of-Weir, but the Lord, he thought, would accept the money for the central building just as much as though it were put into houses, and he handed me £1300.

All the money belonging to the Homes and all my own was in the City of Glasgow Bank when it failed, and hundreds of the givers were involved as well. On my way up from the Homes on the day of the disaster, a gentleman met me, and told me the sad news. At the moment I realised what the news meant for me—my own personal loss and the needs of the Homes—for that was in September, and our financial year closed in October. With all our money locked up, to clear the year without debt would be difficult, but then the promise of God came: "Although the fig-tree shall

not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

There and then I prayed that God would help me through, and that during the course of the following year, which I saw would be one of financial distress all over Scotland, He would double the gifts to us. The result was that we were able to clear our financial accounts with ease at the end of October, and in the year following, when every church in Scotland, and every philanthropic work had less money than they needed, the Orphan Homes had double what they required. In that God honoured my trust. Our first church at Bridge-of-Weir only held four hundred, and by-and-by it was too small for us. I prayed that the Lord would give us a new church to hold one thousand people, and to cost something like £5000. We felt that we would get that money, and that we would get it in one sum because we had asked God to lay it on the heart of somebody to build the church. After a year of waiting and praying, a friend came to me in the street one day, and said, "I'm going to build you that church you want. Do you know what it will cost?" "Yes," I replied. "£5000" "Well," said my friend, "you shall get the money when you want it."

It was a new song of praise to God that day, I can tell you, and we went on to build our church. Now, even it we find too small, and we are praying to the Lord for £2500 to enlarge the building, and enable us to accommodate five hundred more worshippers.

I thought that, having got the church, we might, as we were building a tower to hold the tank for our water supply, also get a clock and chimes to enliven the village. So we prayed that the Lord would send money for that purpose. I thought that about £500 or £600 would be sufficient. While the building was going on, we prayed for the money, and I was certain it would come. The architect was hurrying me and pointing out that if the clock and bells were really to go into the tower, the work must be done at once. I told him there was no fear that the money would not come. If the money had not come, and the tower was completed, the placing of the clock and bells at a later period would have mean practically taking down and rebuilding, because with our water tank in position, the work would have been impossible. My architect kept bothering me, but I was sure the money would come, and one night I went home and found a cheque for £200—£1500 to build a house, and £500 for the clock and bells. The clock and bells cost £800, and the lady who sent the money paid the additional £300. A village like our Homes, with 1200 of a population, needed a good water supply for sanitary purposes. For a very long time we depended on a well, and stored the water in tanks, but frequently the supply fell short, and we felt that if we could get the proprietors in the upper district—none of the surrounding proprietors, by the way, had ever taken much interest in the work of the Homes—to give us the privilege of bringing water into the grounds, we should be able to do much to improve that state of matters. Sir Michael Shaw Stewart gave us the right to use our own burn higher up for the purpose, and gave us a piece of ground at a nominal rent of 12s. a year, for a reservoir and filter, but the money to carry out the work was not in hand, and we prayed to the Lord to send us from £1200 to £1400, which we anticipated would be the cost of the undertaking.

Some time later a lady called at James Morrison Street (Glasgow), and left word that an old woman who lived in Main Street, Gorbals, wished to see me. On the following day I called at the address given, and found the person who had sent for me. She was an old woman living in a

single apartment, and she was very ill and weak. "Are you Mr. Quarrier?" she asked. I said I was. "Ye were once puir yersel'," she went on; "I was once a puir girl with naebody to care for me, and was in service when I was eleven years old. I have been thankful for a' the kindness that has been shown me in my life."

She went to a chest of drawers in the corner of the apartment, and after a little came and gave me two deposit receipts on the Savings Bank, each for £200 and on neither of which any interest had been drawn for twenty years. When I cashed them I received £627.

I said "Janet"—Janet Stewart was her name—"are you not giving me too much?" "Na, na, I've plenty mair, an' ye'll get it a' when I dee."

We did the best we could for Janet, but she did not live much longer. Within a week I received a telegram that Janet was dead, and she had died, I was told, singing "Just as I am without one plea." In her will she left several sums to neighbours who had been kind to her in life, and to our Homes was bequeathed the balance. Altogether the Orphans' share was £1400. The money defrayed the cost of our water scheme, and I always think how appropriate the gift was, for nearly all her life Janet had been a washerwoman and had earned her bread over the wash-tub. The direct answers to prayers of which I could tell you would fill a volume, and what I have mentioned are only those fixed in my memory. I have always asked God for a definite gift for a definite purpose, and God has always given it to me. The value of the buildings at Bridge-of-Weir is £200,000, and since we started, the cost of their "upkeep" has been £150,000. And we are still building as busily as in the beginning.

# 02.06. LEONARD K. SHAW

VI By Mr.

LEONARD K. SHAW

of Manchester THE work for homeless children in Manchester was cradled in prayer. Every step in preparation was laid before God. But what I want specially to insist upon is the real connection there is between prayer and work. From the first my practice has been to lay our wants before God in prayer, and at the same time to use every means within our reach to obtain what we desired. I well remember in the early days of the work how anxiously we discussed whether it was to be conducted on the[68]"faith" principle, as it is called, or on the "work" principle. Looking back on the way by which we have come, it seems to me now that faith and work necessarily go together. Earnest believing prayer is not less earnest and believing because you use the means God has put within your reach. Your dependence upon God is just the same. You send out an appeal, but it is God who disposes the hearts of the people to subscribe. So I say the connection between praying and working, though not always seen, is very real. Day by day the special needs of the work are laid before God, and day by day they are supplied. Of direct answers to prayer I have had many sweet and encouraging assurances, particularly in connection with our orphan homes. In the first five years of the work, we only took in boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. At that time of life, boys who have been brought up on the street are not easy to manage, and a friend to whom I was telling some of our difficulties, suggested that we should take the boys in younger. To do so meant a new departure, and on going into the matter I found that a sum of about £600 would be needed to start such an orphan home as was suggested. I said to my wife, "Let us pray about this; if it is God’s will that we should enter upon this new branch of work, He will send the money." We resolved that should be the test; if the money came we would start the home, otherwise we would not. Our annual meeting came round soon after, and in the report I made an appeal on behalf of the new scheme. The report was sent out with much prayer, but no individual person was asked to contribute. In a few days I received a letter from a gentleman residing in Southport, enclosing a cheque for £600. The house for the first of our orphan homes was bought for £500, and the balance of the cheque enabled us to furnish it. At the end of the following year, the home was full of fatherless and motherless little ones, and others were seeking admission for whom there was no room. I sent out a second appeal, asking God to put it into the heart of someone to provide a second home. A few weeks afterwards a lady well known in Manchester paid us a visit at the home and two days later I received from her a cheque for £1000. In this way we got our second home. Another year and this second home was also full. Again I prayed God to dispose the heart of some one to help us, and I sent out another appeal. One day, perhaps two or three weeks later, a gentleman stopped me in the street and said he had been wanting to see me for some days, as he had a cheque for £700 waiting for me at his office. At the moment the orphan home was not in my mind, and I asked what the cheque was for. Why, he said, I understand your two orphan homes are full and that you want another. And so we got our third home. Another year and it too was full. Again after earnest prayer I received a cheque for £1000 from another Manchester

gentleman, who in some way had come to know that a fourth home was needed. In these four cases you have, I think, remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer. So, at any rate, I must always regard them. I need not say how encouraged we were, year after year, to go on with the work, though each additional home meant a large increase in our annual expenditure. The money with which the fifth orphanage house was bought was not given in one sum nor specially for the purpose, and the circumstances would not warrant me in saying that it came in direct answer to prayer. When a sixth home became necessary an appeal was made to the schoolgirls of Lancashire and Cheshire, and they found the £500 for the purchase money. This house is called "The School Girls' Home." The inscription on the memorial stone, "His children shall have a place of refuge," was suggested by the late Bishop of Manchester. In smaller, but perhaps not less important matters, we have had unmistakable proofs that God answers prayer. One case which occurred in the early days of the work greatly impressed me. A letter came one morning from Stalybridge asking us to take in five little children who had been left destitute and without a friend in the world. I went over to make inquiries, and found the children in the same room with the dead body of their mother, which had little more to cover it than an old sack. Our means at that time were very small, and I thought we could hardly venture to take in all the children. The clergyman of the parish pleaded with me to take at least two or three. I asked what was to become of the others, and the answer was that there was nothing for them but the workhouse. What to do I did not know. I made it a matter of prayer, but all that night it lay upon my heart a great burden. Next morning I came downstairs still wondering what to do. Amongst the letters on my table was one from a gentleman at Bowdon, enclosing, unasked, a cheque for £50. In those days £50 was an exceptionally large sum for us to receive, and I took the letter as a direct word from God that we should accept the care of the children. We did so, and I am glad to say every one of them turned out well. But direct answers to prayer are not confined to mere gifts of money. Over and over again during these twenty-seven years of rescue work I have put individual cases before God and asked Him to deal with them, and it is just wonderful how He has subdued stubborn wills and changed hearts and lives.

Years ago there came to the Refuges the son of a man known to the Manchester police as "Mike the devil." Tom was as rough a customer as ever I saw, and for a time we had some trouble with him. But a great change came over him, and I have myself no doubt it was the result of personal pleading with God on his behalf. Tom is now an ordained minister of the Gospel in America. There is no end to the cases I could give of that kind. They all point to the same conclusion, that God does answer definite prayer. And to-day, after twenty-seven years of work, I praise Him for it.

# 02.07. R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

VII By the Rev.

R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

IT has sometimes seemed to me that God does not intend the faith in prayer to rest upon an induction of instances. The answers, however explicit, are not of the kind to bear down an aggressive criticism. Your Christian lives a life which is an unbroken chain of prayers offered and prayers answered; from his inward view the demonstration is overwhelming. But do you ask for the evidences, and do you propose to begin to pray if the facts are convincing, and to refuse the practice if they are not? Then you may find the evidences evanescent as an evening cloud, and the facts all susceptible of a simple rationalistic explanation. "Prayer," says an old Jewish mystic, "is the moment when heaven and earth kiss each other." It is futile as well as indelicate to disturb that rapturous meeting; and nothing can be brought away from such an intrusion, nothing of any value except the resolve to make trial for oneself of the "mystic sweet communion."

I confess, therefore, that I read examples of answers to prayer without any great interest, and refer to those I have experienced myself with the utmost diffidence. Nay, I say frankly beforehand, "If you are concerned to disprove my statement, and to show that what I take for the hand of God is merely the cold operation of natural law, I shall only smile. My own conviction will be unchanged. I do not make that great distinction between the hand of God and natural law, and I have no wish to induce you to pray by an accumulation of facts—to commend to you the mighty secret by showing that it would be profitable to you, a kind of Aladdin’s lamp for fulfilling wayward desires. Natural law, the hand of God! Yes! I unquestioningly admit that the answers to prayer come generally along lines which we recognise as natural law, and would perhaps always be found along those lines if our knowledge of natural law were complete. Prayer is to me the quick and instant recognition that all law is God’s will, and all nature is in God’s hand, and that all our welfare lies in linking ourselves with His will and placing ourselves in His hand through all the operations of the world and life and time."

Yet I will mention a few "answers to prayer," striking enough to me. One Sunday morning a message came to me before the service from an agonised mother: "Pray for my child: the doctor has been and gives no hope." We prayed, the church prayed, with the mother’s agony, and with the faith in a present Christ, mighty to save. Next day, I learned that the doctor who had given the message of despair in the morning had returned, after the service, and said at once, "A remarkable change has taken place." The child recovered and still lives. On another occasion, I was summoned from my study to see a girl who was dying of acute peritonitis. I hurried away to the chamber of death. The doctor said that he could do nothing more. The mother stood there weeping. The girl had passed beyond the point of recognition. But as I entered the room, a conviction seized me that the sentence of death had not gone out against her. I proposed that we should kneel down and pray. I asked definitely that she should be restored. I left the home, and learned afterwards that she began to amend almost, at once, and entirely recovered; she is now

quite strong and well, and doing her share of service for our Lord. And on yet another occasion I was hastily called from my study to see an elderly man, who had always been delicate since I knew him; now he was prostrated with bronchitis, and the doctor did not think that he could live. It chanced that I had just been studying the passage which contains the prayer of Hezekiah and the promise made to him of fourteen additional years of life. I went to the sick man and told him that I had just been reading this, and asked if it might not be a ground for definite prayer. He assented, and we entreated our God for His mercy in the matter. The man was restored and is living still.

These are only typical instances of what I have frequently seen. Many times, no doubt, I have prayed for the recovery of the sick and the prayer has not been answered. And you, dear and skeptical reader, may say if you will that this is proof positive that the instances of answered prayers are mere coincidences. You may say it and, if you will, prove it, but you will not in the least alter my quiet conviction; for the answers were given to me. I do not know that even the subjects of these recoveries recognise the agency which was at work. To me all this is immaterial. The subjective evidence is all that was designed, and that is sufficient, and to the writer conclusive. With reference to money for Christian work, I have laboured to induce my own church to adopt the simple view that we should ask not men, but in the first instance God, the owner of it all, for what we want. I am thankful to say that some of them now believe this, and bring our needs to Him very simply and trustfully. I could name many instances of the following kind: there is a threatened deficit in the funds of the mission, or an extension is needed and we have not the money. The sound of misgiving is heard; we have not the givers; the givers have given all they can. "Why not trust God?" I have urged. "Why not pray openly and unitedly—and believe?" The black cloud of debt has been dissipated, or the necessary extension has been made.

Oddly enough, some people have said to me, "Ah, yours is a rich church," as if to imply one can very safely ask God for money when one has the people at hand who can give it. But surely this is a question of degree. My church is not rich enough to give one-tenth of what it gives, if we did not first ask God for it. And there are churches which could give ten times what they do give, if only the plan were adopted of first asking God instead of going to the few wealthy people and trusting to them. But this is a matter of statistics and a little wearisome. I confess I am unsatisfied with answers to prayer when the prayer is only for these carnal and visible things, which are often, in boundless love and pity,withheld. The constant and proper things to pray for are precisely those the advent of which cannot be observed or tabulated; that the kingdom may come, that they who have sinned, not unto death, may be forgiven, that the eyes of Christian men may be enlightened, and their hearts expanded to the measure of the love of Christ. Such prayers are answered, but the answers are not unveiled. I remember a strange instance of this. I was staying with a gentleman in a great town, where the town council, of which he was a member, had just decided to close a music-hall which was exercising a pernicious influence. The decision was most unexpected, because a strong party in the council were directly interested in the hall. But to my friend’s amazement the men who had threatened opposition came in and quietly voted for withdrawing the licence. Next day we were speaking about modern miracles; he, the best of men, expressed the opinion that miracles were confined to Bible times. His wife then happened to mention how, on the day of that council meeting, she and some other good women of the city had met and continued in prayer that the licence might be withdrawn. I ventured to ask my friend whether this was not the explanation of what he had confessed to be an amazing change of front

on the part of the opposition. And, strange to say, it had not occurred to him—though an avowed believer in prayer—to connect the praying women and that beneficent vote. The truth is, all the threads of good which run across our chequered society, all the impulses upward and onward, all the invisible growths in goodness and grace, are answered prayers. For our prayers for the kingdom are not uttered on the housetops; and the kingdom itself cometh not with observation. But if it were not too delicate a subject I could recite instances, to me the most remarkable answers to prayer in my experience, of changed character and enlarged Christian life, resulting from definite intercession. It is an experiment which any loving and humble soul can easily make. Take your friends, or better still the members of the church to which you belong, and set yourself systematically to pray for them. Leave alone those futile and often misguided petitions for temporal blessings, or even for success in their work, and plead with your God in the terms of that prayer with which Saint Paul bowed his knees for the Ephesians. Ask that this person, or these persons, known to you, may have the enlightenment and expansion of the Spirit, the quickened love and zeal, the vision of God, the profound sympathy with Christ, which form the true Christian life. Pray and watch, and as you watch, still pray. And you will see a miracle, marvellous as the springing of the flowers in April, or the far-off regular rise and setting of the planets,—a miracle proceeding before your eyes, a plain answer to your prayer, and yet without any intervention of your voice or hand. You will see the mysterious power of God at work upon these souls for which you pray. And by the subtle movements of the Spirit it is as likely as not that they will come to tell you of the divine blessings which have come to them in reply to your unknown prayers. But there are some whose eyes are not yet open to these invisible things of the Spirit, which are indeed the real things. The measure of faith is not yet given them, and they do not recognise that web,—the only web which will last when the loom of the world is broken,—the web of which the warp is the will of God, and the woof the prayers of men. For these, to speak of the whole as answered prayer is as good as to say that no prayer is answered at all. If they are to recognise an answer it must be some tiny pattern, a sprig of flower, or an ammonite figure on the fabric. Let me close, therefore, by recounting a very simple answer to prayer,—simple, and yet, I think I can show, significant.

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was too delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in rowing along those fringed shores of the fjord, and exploring those interminable brakes, which escape the notice of the passengers on board the steamer. One day we had followed a narrow fjord, which winds into the folds of the mountains, to its head. There we had landed and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, lost in the mimic glades, emerging to climb miniature mountains, and fording innumerable small rivers, which rushed down from the perpetual snows. Moving slowly over the ground—veritable explorers of a virgin forest—plucking the ruby bunches of wild raspberry, or the bilberries and whortleberries, delicate in bloom, we made a devious track which it was hard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golosh was gone. That might seem a slight loss and easily replaced; not at all. It was as vital to her as his snowshoes were to Nansen on the Polar drift; for it could not be replaced until we were back in Bergen at the end of our tour. And to be without it meant an end of all the delightful rambles in the spongy mosses and across the lilliputian streams, which for one at least meant half the charm and the benefit of the holiday. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. We plunged deep into all the apparently bottomless crannies, and beat the

brushwood along all our course. But neither the owner’s eyes, which are keen as needles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woeful countenances we had to give it up and start on our three miles’ row along the fjord to the hotel. But in the afternoon the idea came to me, "And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle as well as for all the weightier things which we are constantly committing to His care? If the hairs of our head are all numbered, why not also the shoes of our feet?" I therefore asked Him that we might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. How magnificent the precipitous mountains and the far snow-fields looked that afternoon! How insignificant our shallop, and our own imperceptible selves in that majestic amphitheatre, and how trifling the whole episode might seem to God! But the place was one where we had enjoyed many singular proofs of the divine love which shaped the mountains but has also a particular care for the emmets which nestle at their feet. And I was ashamed of myself for ever doubting the particular care of an infinite love. When we reached the end of the fjord and had lashed the boat to the shore, I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not how or why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen from heaven!

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayerless men: "And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything!" And with a smile, not, I trust, scornful or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply: "Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father’s love and compassion—those depths of God which you will not sound contain marvels greater it is true; they are, however, ineffable, for the things of the Spirit will only be known to men of the Spirit. These trifles are all that can be uttered to those who will not search and see; trifles indeed, for no sign shall be given to this generation; which, if it will not prove the power of prayer by praying, shall not be convinced by marshalled instances of the answers of prayer."

# 02.08. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

VIII By the Rev.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

YOU ask me to give my experience of answers to prayer. I have never had any doubt that Dean Milman was right when he said that personal religion becomes impossible if prayer is not answered. Neither have I ever been able to appreciate the so-called scientific objection to prayer, as we have ample experience in the activity of our own will to illustrate the fact that invariable laws may be so manipulated and utilised as to produce results totally different from those which would have taken place if some free will had not intervened to use them.

We must assume that God, who is the Author of all natural laws, can with infinite ease manipulate them so as to produce any desired result, without in the least degree altering their character or interfering with the universal reign of Law.

However, what you want is not theory but actual experience. I will not refer, therefore, to the stupendous proofs that God does answer prayer, presented by Mr. Müller of Bristol in his immense orphanages, or to similar unmistakable results in the various philanthropic institutions of Dr. Cullis of Boston. I will go at once to my own personal experiences, and mention one or two facts that have come under my own observation. There are a great many, but I will simply give a few typical cases. A good many years ago I was conducting a special mission in the neighbourhood of Chelsea. It is my custom on these occasions to invite members of the congregation to send me in writing special requests for the conversion of unsaved relatives or friends. On the Tuesday night, among many other requests for prayer, was one from a daughter for the conversion of her father. It was presented in due course with the rest, but no one at that moment knew the special circumstances of the case, except the writer. On the following Friday I received another request from the same woman; but now it was a request for praise, describing the circumstances under which the prayer had been answered, and I read the wonderful story to the congregation.

It appeared that this girl’s father was an avowed infidel who had not been to any place of worship for many years, and he disliked the subject of religion so intensely that he ultimately forbade his Christian daughter in London to write to him, as she was continually bringing in references to Christ. On the particular Tuesday evening in question, that infidel father was on his way to a theatre in some provincial town, more than a hundred miles from London. As he was walking to the theatre, there was a sudden shower of rain which drove him for shelter into the vestibule of a chapel where a week-night service was being held. The preacher in the pulpit was a Boanerges, whose loud voice penetrated into the lobby, and there was something in what he said that attracted the attention of the infidel and induced him to enter the chapel. He became more and more interested as the sermon proceeded, and before its close he was deeply convinced of sin, and in true penitence sought mercy from Jesus Christ. I need scarcely say to any one who knows anything of the love of God, that this prayer was speedily answered, and he went home rejoicing in

divine forgiveness. The next day he wrote to his daughter in London telling her that he had set out on the previous evening intending to visit the theatre, but had actually found his way into a chapel, where his sins had been forgiven and his heart changed. He wrote at once to tell her the good news, and he assured her that he would now be only too glad to hear from her as often as she could write to him. These facts were communicated through me to the congregation, and we all gave thanks to God. Of course it may be said that the conversion of this man, who had not been into a place of worship for more than a dozen years, was a mere accident, and that its coming at the very time we were praying for him was a mere coincidence. But we need not quarrel about words. All we need to establish is, that such delightful accidents and such blessed coincidences are continually occurring in the experience of all real Christians. I may add generally, that it is our custom to present written requests for prayer and written requests for praise at the devotional meetings of the West London Mission every Friday night. This has now gone on without interruption for more than nine years, and I scarcely remember a prayer-meeting at which we have not had some request for praise on account of prayer answered.

It may be argued, however, that all such cases are purely subjective, and that they take place in the mysterious darkness and silence of the human heart Let my next illustration, then, be of a much more tangible character. Let it refer to pounds, shillings, and pence. Not long ago the West London Mission was greatly in want of money, as has generally been its experience since it began. It would seem as though God could not trust us with any margin. Perhaps if we had a considerable balance in the bank we should put our trust in that, instead of realising every moment our absolute dependence on God. Like the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, we have had supplies of manna just sufficient for immediate need. Always in want, always tempted to be anxious, it has always happened at the last moment, when the case seemed absolutely desperate, that help has been forthcoming, sometimes from the most unexpected quarter. But a short time ago the situation appeared to be unusually alarming, and I invited my principal colleague to meet me near midnight—the only time when we could secure freedom from interruption and rest from our own incessant work.

We spent some time, in the quietness of that late hour, imploring God to send us one thousand pounds for His work by a particular day. In the course of the meeting one of our number burst forth into rapturous expressions of gratitude, as he was irresistibly convinced that our prayer was heard and would be answered. I confess I did not share his absolute confidence, and the absolute confidence of my wife and some others. I believed with trembling. I am afraid I could say nothing more than "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." The appointed day came. I went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced. It appeared that in a very short time and in very extraordinary ways nine hundred and ninety pounds had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that, as a theologian I was perplexed. We had asked for a thousand pounds—there was a deficiency of ten. I could not understand it. I went home, trying to explain the discrepancy. As I entered my house and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry and did not stop to open it. I took it up, opened it, and discovered that it contained a cheque for ten pounds for the West London Mission, bringing up the amount needed for that day to the exact sum which we had named in our midnight prayer-meeting. Of course this also may be described as a mere coincidence, but all we want is coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing, the fact is

everything, and there have been many such facts.

Let me give one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will perhaps, more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday schools in the south of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if I could get nine hundred pounds more, within a week. I did my utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny more. We reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained a thousand pounds that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never accomplished on the large scale we desired. On the Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business: that a Christian woman in that neighbourhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come in to her that she was at once to give me one hundred pounds! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would, in all probability, never again have one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive or in heaven I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars to-day.

Let me give one other illustration in a different sphere. God has answered our prayers again and again by saving those in whom we are interested, and by sending us money. He has also answered prayer for suitable agents to do His work.

Twelve months ago I was sitting in my study at a very late hour; the rest of the household had gone to bed. I was particularly conscious at that time that I greatly needed a lay agent, who could help me in work among the thousands of young men from business houses who throng St. James’s Hall. Several of our staff who could render efficient service in that direction were fully occupied in other parts of the Mission. I prayed very earnestly to God, in my loneliness and helplessness; and whilst I was praying, an assurance was given me that God had heard my prayer. By the first post on the next morning I received a letter from a man whom I had never met, requesting an interview. I saw him. It turned out that he was a staff officer in the Salvation Army, and formerly a Methodist; and that for two years he had been longing for a sphere of work among young men. He had been himself in a Manchester business house, and he was extremely anxious for work among young fellows in the great business establishments. For various reasons a development of work in that direction, although it commanded the sympathy of the heads of the Salvation Army, could not be undertaken just then; and while he was praying upon the subject, it seemed to him as though a definite voice said, "Offer yourself to Mr. Hugh Price Hughes." In obedience to that voice he came, and he is with us now. He has already gathered round him a large number of young men; and at our last Public Reception of new members I received into the mission church forty-two young men of this class, who had been brought to Christ, or to active

association with His Church, through the agency of the man whom God so promptly sent me in the hour of my need.

Nothing that I have said will in the least degree surprise earnest Christians and Christian ministers. Such experiences as these are the commonplace of real and active Christianity.

# 02.09. J. CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D.

IX By the Rev.

J. CLIFFORD, M.A., D.D.

IMMEDIATELY after my acceptance of the pastorate of the church to which I still minister, I arranged to continue and broaden my training by attending Science Classes at University College, London. It was in the year 1858. The day of science was in its brilliant and arresting dawn. Professor Huxley had been lecturing on biology at the Royal School of Mines for nearly four years, and his bold and masterly descriptions of "Man's Place in Nature," given to working men, had stirred many minds. Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in the following year. The young scientific spirit was daring and aggressive; and scientific methods, though feared in most quarters, were demanding and winning confidence. I was sure science was one of the formative forces of the future, and therefore it seemed to me the teachers of Christianity of the next half-century would do well to make themselves practically acquainted with the methods pursued by scientific men, as well as conversant with the results of scientific work.

One of Huxley's maxims was "The man of science has learnt to believe in justification by verification." Certainly! and why not? The Christian is bidden by the teacher who ranks next to Jesus Christ, our one and only Master, to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Human experience is always verifying truth and exposing falsehood. New forces are set to work in the lives of men, and offer us their effects for examination. New acts repeated lead to new habits, and new habits make a new character. If the gardener inserts a "bud" in the branch of a growing brier, and after a while beholds the beauty and inhales the fragrance of the "Gloire de Dijon" rose; if the surgeon "operates" one day, and a little while afterwards sees that the forces he has freed from the disabilities of disease are moving forward on their healing mission; so the Christian pastor may suggest a truth, inspire a new habit, direct to a new attitude of spirit, secure an uplift of soul, and afterwards trace the effect of these acts on the growth and development of character, and on the quantity and quality of the service given to the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. "Experiments" in the field of human nature yield as really verifiable results as those that are given in the nursery of the gardener or the laboratory of the chemist. But contact with scientific methods not only suggested that the pastorate would afford abundant opportunities for verifying the features and characteristics of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ, by a direct appeal to facts in the manifold experiences of Christian men; it also changed the point of view, so that, instead of giving the first place amongst "answers to prayer" to detached and easily reported incidents, that rank was assigned to experiences showing that prayer is one of the chief of the unseen forces in character-building, in deepening humility, in broadening sympathy, in preserving the heart tender and sensitive to human suffering, in quickening aspiration, and giving the note of soulto a man's work and influence. The materials sustaining that conclusion were abundant in the early years of my ministry; notably in one case I can never forget. On the first Sabbath evening of my ministry I was preaching on the words "Be ye reconciled to God." Amongst the listeners was

one who had entered the house of prayer without any sense of alienation from God or hunger for His revelation, and, as she afterwards confessed, merely to please her sister. But "the Lord opened her heart to give heed to the things that were spoken," so that she forthwith sought and found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor did she only obtain peace. With Wordsworth she could say:

"I bent before Thy gracious throne

And asked for peace with suppliant knee,

And peace was given, nor peace alone,

But faith and hope and ecstasy."

Faith and hope, ecstasy and prayer, were the outstanding features of her new life. She had little time for special acts of Christian service, and scant means wherewith to enrich the Church; but, according to the witness of those who had known her longest, her character was clad in entirely new charms, and her spirit was fired and filled with new energies. She grew in experience of the grace and love of God, and became at home with God in the deepest sense, and seemed rarely, if ever, absent from her chosen dwelling-place. Her strongest feeling was for God, all investing, all encircling; and with reverent freedom and sweet security she lived and moved and had her being in communion with the eternal Father. Prayer was not a task for specific occasions; it was the breath of her life. It was not a wrestle or a struggle; it was an uplifting of her being into a fellowship with God. It did not shrivel into a litany of petitions; it was sustained aspiration; and aspiration is a large part of achievement; it was deepest satisfaction with God, and His will and His work: and such satisfaction is itself a source of patient strength and a preparation for victory. Nor was the effect limited. Her nature received a refinement, an elevation, a beauty that triumphed over the physical features, and shone out with a glory that is not seen on sea or shore. The expression of her face seemed to be from God. A transfiguring radiance came from within as she thought on the wonders and delighted in the treasures of the gospel of God. Hers was a noble life. Like Martha, she was engaged in "much serving;" but yet was never cumbered and worn with it, because, like Mary, she sat daily at the Master’s feet, and listened to His words, and received His sustaining strength. She was as sweetly unselfish as the flowers, and gave herself and her "all" to Christ, like the widow of the gospels. Meekness and humility clothed her with their loveliest robes. I never knew a purer spirit. She always breathed the softness and gentleness of the Saviour, and yet I have seen her weak body quiver and throb with its anguish of desire for the salvation of the lost. Faithful unto death, she realised the support and joy of the Christian’s hope, and gently as leaves are shed by the flower that has finished its course, she fell into the arms of Jesus; and as Deborah, Rebekah’s nurse, was buried under the "oak of weeping" amid affectionate regrets and sweet memories, so this Christian servant was laid in the grave with tears of real sorrow from those whom she had served so faithfully and long, as well as from friends who had been gladdened and fortified in the faith of Christ by her sweet, earnest, and beautiful Christian life. That day is now far off, but the influence of her prayer-filled life still feeds faith in God as the Hearer and the Answerer of Prayer.

About the same time and in the same spiritual laboratory I was called to observe the following processes. A woman, the wife of a blacksmith, was led by the gospel of Christ into the joy of

salvation. Her experience of the grace of God in Christ was vivid and full. She knew little of doubt concerning herself, but she was full of solicitude for her husband and children; for she had a very heavy burden to carry, and her heart was sore stricken. Her husband was a drunkard. When sober he was true, devoted, and loving; but when he fell into intemperance he became hard, harsh, and even violent. But never did the brave and trustful wife cease to hope or cease to pray. In the darkest hours she begged for the conversion of her husband, and felt sure that God would respond to her supplications. That was her habitual mood, her supreme desire, her living prayer; and I could see that this very disposition developed her saintliness, deepened her affection for her husband, and gave increased beauty to her family life, as well as added to her usefulness in the Church.

One day, in the course of my pastoral visits, I called at the blacksmith’s home. Scarcely was the threshold crossed when the husband rushed in, wild, angry, and violent, the prey of intoxicants. But before he had proceeded far the wife approached him, flung her arms around him, called him by name, and said: "Ah, God will give you to me yet." Saint Ambrose told Monica, when she went to him, sad and desponding about her son, "God would not forget the prayers of such a mother," and Augustine came, though late in his young manhood, into the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. So I felt the earnest pleadings of this true wife and mother would not be forgotten of God, but that, according to her own beautiful saying, God would "give her husband to her;" for she did not think he was completely hers whilst he was under the dominion of intoxicants,—give him to her freed from that depraving and desolating slavery. And it was so. For he, too, became a Christian, and they together effectively served their generation according to the will of God, "turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

There recurs to me the image of a visitor who called one Sunday evening in 1862, and who wished to know what he was to do in order to control and suppress an ungovernable temper. For years it had tortured him past all bearing, and, what was worse, for years it had been a source of pain and discomfort in his home. When his anger was kindled he was by his own confession a terror to wife and children, and, seeing that he had recently become a Christian, he felt acutely the stain such actions fixed on garments that should have been unspotted by the world. "What must I do? I can’t go on in this way, and yet though I feel it is wrong I can’t help myself." The first suggestion I ventured was based on the regard he had expressed for his pastor. "What would be the effect," said I, "on you, if I were to appear at the moment the storm was about to burst? Think!"

He thought, and then said, "It wouldn’t burst I should stop it."

"Well, then, try this plan. Force yourself at the moment of peril into the conscious presence of God, and say, as you feel the uprising passion, ’O God, make me master of myself.’ Pray that prayer; and pray, morning by morning, that you may so pray in your time of need; and in due season you will obtain the perfect mastery of yourself you seek." He promised. I watched. He prayed. He conquered; once, twice, thrice, and then failed; but he renewed the attempt, and triumphed again, and years afterwards I knew him as one of the most serene of men; and when he died, no phase of his character stood out more distinctively than his perfect self-control, and no fact in his life was remembered with deeper gratitude by his bereaved wife than that memorable victory won by prayer in the early days of his discipleship to the Lord Jesus. From the beginning of my ministry I have made it my business to offer advice and aid to young men and maidens assailed with doubts

and fears concerning the revelation of God in Christ, hindered at the outset by misconceptions of the "way of salvation," and perplexed by confused and contradictory teaching. Hundreds of young men (and within the last ten years especially, many young women) have described to me their difficulties as they have reached the stage described by Roscoe in the words, "There are times when faith is weak and the heart yearns for knowledge."

Here is a "case" chosen from a large number of similar facts. A young man came to tell me the somewhat familiar story, that the first fervours of his religious life had cooled down, his early raptures were gone, and the sense of peace and bounding freedom, and of all-sufficing strength in God, had departed with them. The certainties of the opening months or years of the Christian pilgrimage had given place to torturing questions, such as, "Am I not deceived? After all, is Christianity true? What are its real contents? What is inspiration? Did miracles happen?" etc., etc. Week after week we reasoned and argued, and months passed in a struggle whose usefulness no one could register, and whose issue no one could forecast. But it "happened," as these conversations were going on, that he was "drawn" into what I may call a "prayer circle," privately carried on by a small group of young men who were not unacquainted with such conflicts as those which then engaged his powers. He joined it, and by-and-by felt its influence. He was lifted into another atmosphere, and breathed a clearer, sunnier air. His misgivings were slowly displaced by missionary enthusiasm, and his fears by a stronger faith; and yet he had not solved the problems suggested by the person of Christ, or found the secret of the Incarnation, or explained the mystery of the Atonement. But he had been led to set the full force of his nature on communion with God; and prayer had quickened the sense for spiritual realities, for the recognition of the infinite value of the human soul, and for the wonder and splendour of God’s salvation. In that realm of prayer, character was altered, the aim of life was altered, the will had a new goal, and so the questions of the intellect fell into their true place in reference to the whole of the questions of life. Emerson writes, "When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician." It is he who thinks the most sanely and dwells nearest the central truths of life and being. It is he who becomes serenely acquiescent in the agnosticism of the Bible, and realises that revelation must contain many things past finding out, whilst the Spirit, who is the revealer, gives us the best assurances of the certitude and clearness of what it is most important for us to know. So often have I seen this rest-giving effect on the intellect, of the lifting of the life into communion with God, that I cannot hesitate to regard it as a law of the life of man, and yet I must add that I do not think it wise to meet those who ask our aid in the treatment of their mental perplexities merely, or at first, with the counsel to pray. Most likely they will misunderstand it, and it will become to them a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. We had better, if we are able, meet them first on their own ground, that of the intellect, and meet them with frankness and sympathy, with knowledge and tact; and yet seek by the spirit we breathe, and the associations into which we introduce them, to raise them where the Saviour’s beatitude shall become an experience: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Prayer has often proved itself an infallible recipe for dejection. A man of culture and wealth was for a long time pursued by what seemed to him an intolerable and invariable melancholy. He sought relief near and far, and sought in vain. He became a source of anxiety to his friends. He went away to Bellagio, goaded by the same restlessness, but its lovely surroundings did not heal, its soft airs did not soothe. No! All was dark and repellent. Even prayer seemed of no use. God had forgotten him. He was cast off as reprobate. His soul was disquieted within him. The burden of his misery

was more than he could carry. He threatened to take away his life. But in his despair he still clung to his God; and at last, as in this desperate, and yet not altogether hopeless or prayerless mood, he read a sermon on "Elijah as a brave prophet tired of life;" hope was reborn and joy restored, and as Bunyan's pilgrim lost his burden at the cross, so this Elijah escaped from his tormentors, and came forth and dwelt in the light of God's countenance. It was the prayer of a weak and struggling faith; but God did not turn it away, nor reject the voice of his supplication.

What abundant witness that

"More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of" could be supplied by pastors and elders who have visited the widow and the fatherless, the sick and suffering in their afflictions. One picture comes to me from the crowded past, of a strong and victorious, though much enduring saint. Crippled by disease, she did not rise from her bed unaided for more than seven years. She was always in pain, sometimes heavy and dull, but not infrequently keen and sharp. Yet through all these years, she not only did not complain, but she had such an overflow of quiet cheerfulness and of deep interest in life that she distributed her gladness to others and made them partakers of her serenity. You could not detain her in talk about herself, her ailments, her broken plans, her manifold disappointments. No! she would compel you to talk of the Church, its schools, its missions, its various activities; of societies and movements for getting rid of social evils, such as intemperance and impurity. Sometimes the theme was last Sunday's sermons, or those in preparation for the next; but rarely herself. There she lay with a patience that was never ruffled, a serenity rarely if ever disturbed, a forgetfulness of self bright and fresh, a solicitude for others deep and full, and a fellowship with God not only unbroken, but so inspiring as to make the sick-room a sanctuary radiant with His presence. Prayer led her to the fountains of divine joy, daily she drank and was refreshed. So I set down a few tested, verified facts from the early part of a ministry of over thirty-eight years; facts chosen from amongst many, and in substance repeated again and again during recent, but not yet reportable years.

# 02.10. G. D. BOYLE, M.A.

X By the Very Rev.

G. D. BOYLE, M.A.

Dean of Salisbury

"WHAT was it that struck you most in that sermon on the character of St. Paul?" said Bishop Patteson to a friend at Oxford, who had been with him listening to a sermon preached before the University by a very remarkable man, who has now passed away. "Those two sentences," said his friend, "in which he said there were two great powers in the world, the power of personal religion, and the power of prayer." When I told this many years afterwards to one of the best parish priests I have ever known, he gave me, from his own experience, some instances of answers to prayer which are certainly worth reading.

Shortly after he had entered Holy Orders, he joined a clerical society. He was greatly pleased with three of the younger members, but thought from their conversation after the meeting that they were too fond of amusements. As he walked home he spoke of this to an elderly clergyman, who said, "Let you and me make for them special prayer, that they may take a more serious view of their calling." Some time afterwards my friend happened to see one of these three brother clergymen at a time of great sorrow. He told him that he had resolved to give up certain amusements, which he thought at one time harmless. Some time afterwards the other two openly declared that they had taken a similar course, and my friend did not scruple to avow his belief that the after lives of these three men, all of high family, and all remarkable for their zeal as clergymen, was a direct answer to special intercession.

He told me of a still more striking instance. Two men, who had been friends at college, met after many years abroad. The one said to the other, "When you were at Oxford, you told me you were very indifferent as to religion, so I suppose you will not go with me this morning to the English service." "But I certainly will," said his friend. "I have given up all that sort of thing; I left off praying for years, in the belief that as God knows everything it was needless to pray, but an impulse came upon me after hearing Baron Parke’s account of a sermon he heard Shergold Boone preach, and I am now a communicant." "Then, dear——,"said his friend, "I think my prayer is answered, for I have never ceased since Oxford days to ask that you might have the happiness I enjoy."

These two are surely remarkable instances of answers to special prayer for spiritual benefit.

What shall be said of the faithful man who, through his own effort, maintained a small but efficient orphanage? From no fault of his own his supplies ceased. There came into his mind some words of Edward Irving’s about the Fatherhood of God. He made a special petition for the relief of his poor children. On his return home he found a letter containing a request that the future welfare of his home should be ensured by a permanent endowment.

"How could you keep your temper through all the vexatious dispute of to-night's debate?" was the question asked of Lord Althorpe by his most intimate friend, after a fierce discussion on the Reform Bill. "I always ask for strength before going to the House," was the answer; "and to-day I asked for special strength, for I knew that party spirit ran high."

Many years ago I worked as a curate in the district which had seen the first labours of the excellent Bishop of Wakefield, whose sudden removal from active work will long be deeply mourned by the Church of England. When he left Kidderminster for a country parish, he gave a New Testament to a young man who had at one time promised well, but who fell into bad company. "I shall make you the subject of special prayer," said the Bishop, on wishing him good-bye. Some years afterwards I told the Bishop that his advice had not been thrown away, and his words were, "I humbly hope my prayer was heard."

Bishop Mackenzie told a friend of mine that he had asked for some change in the life of two favourite pupils at Cambridge. They were not in the habit of going to University sermons, but they went to hear one of Bishop Selwyn's famous series in 1854. One of them became an eminent clergyman, and the other died a missionary in India.

One more instance will suffice. An attack upon the divinity of Christ was published some years ago by one who had been trained in a very different way. His former tutor, who had a very great love for him, asked a few friends not to forget him. As the tutor was dying, he had the satisfaction of hearing that the man he had known and loved from childhood had returned to the faith of a child.

I believe that all who have had considerable experience in parochial work could give many instances of special answers to prayer. In recent years many have come forward to offer themselves for labor at home and abroad. The present occupation of many minds with the difficulties of belief, the revelations made by earnest thinkers like Romanes, the questions raised in such lives as the late Master of Balliol's, the earnest longings for some reconciliation between the men of science and the men of faith, may all surely be accepted as in some degree answers to the prayers and aspirations of all who hope that in the Church of the future there may be found a simple faith, an enduring charity, and a belief in the unchangeable strength of an unchangeable Saviour.

Chapter 15

# 03.00. RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, D.D., LL.D. Author of "God's Light on Dark

Clouds," "Heart Life," Etc.

1902.

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# 03.01. MY BOYHOOD AND COLLEGE LIFE

MY BOYHOOD AND COLLEGE LIFE

Washington Irving has somewhere said that it is a happy thing to have been born near some noble mountain or attractive river or lake, which should be a landmark through all the journey of life, and to which we could tether our memory. I have always been thankful that the place of my nativity was the beautiful village of Aurora, on the shores of the Cayuga Lake in Western New York. My great-grandfather, General Benjamin Ledyard, was one of its first settlers, and came there in 1794. He was a native of New London County, Ct., a nephew of Col. William Ledyard, the heroic martyr of Fort Griswold, and the cousin of John Ledyard, the celebrated traveller, whose biography was written by Jared Sparks. When General Ledyard came to Aurora some of the Cayuga tribe of Indians were still lingering along the lakeside, and an Indian chief said to my great-grandfather, "General Ledyard, I see that your daughters are very pretty squaws." The eldest of these comely daughters, Mary Forman Ledyard, was married to my grandfather, Glen Cuyler, who was the principal lawyer of the village, and their eldest son was my father, Benjamin Ledyard Cuyler. He became a student of Hamilton College, excelled in elocution, and was a room-mate of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, afterward eminent as the champion of anti-slavery. On a certain Sabbath, the student just home from college was called upon to read a sermon in the village church of Aurora, in the absence of the pastor, and his handsome visage and graceful delivery won the admiration of a young lady of sixteen, who was on a visit to Aurora. Three years afterward they were married. My mother, Louisa Frances Morrell, was a native of Morristown, New Jersey; and her ancestors were among the founders of that beautiful town. Her maternal great-grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Timothy Johnes, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who administered the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to General Washington. Her paternal great-grandfather was the Rev. Azariah Horton, pastor of a church near Morristown, and an intimate friend of the great President Edwards. The early settlers of Aurora were people of culture and refinement; and the village is now widely known as the site of Wells College, among whose graduates is the popular wife of ex-President Cleveland. In the days of my childhood the march of modern improvements had hardly begun. There was a small steamboat plying on the Cayuga Lake. There was not a single railway in the whole State. When I went away to school in New Jersey, at the age of thirteen, the tedious journey by the stagecoach required three days and two nights; every letter from home cost eighteen cents for postage; and the youngsters pored over Webster’s spelling-books and Morse’s geography by tallow candles; for no gas lamps had been dreamed of and the wood fires were covered, in most houses, by nine o’clock on a winter evening. There was plain living then, but not a little high thinking. If books were not so superabundant as in these days, they were more thoroughly appreciated and digested. My father, who was just winning a brilliant position at the Cayuga County Bar, died in June, 1826, at the early age of twenty-eight, when I was but four and one-half years old. The only distinct recollections that I have of him are his leading me to school in the morning, and that he once punished me for using a profane word that I had heard from some rough boys. That wholesome bit of discipline kept me from ever breaking the Third Commandment

again. After his death, I passed entirely into the care of one of the best mothers that God ever gave to an only son. She was more to me than school, pastor or church, or all combined. God made mothers before He made ministers; the progress of Christ's kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency. As I was an only child, my widowed mother gave up her house and took me to the pleasant home of her father, Mr. Charles Horton Morrell, on the banks of the lake, a few miles south of Aurora. How thankful I have always been that the next seven or eight years of my happy childhood were spent on the beautiful farm of my grandfather! I had the free pure air of the country, and the simple pleasures of the farmhouse; my grandfather was a cultured gentleman with a good library, and at his fireside was plenty of profitable conversation. Out of school hours I did some work on the farm that suited a boy; I drove the cows to the pasture, and rode the horses sometimes in the hay-field, and carried in the stock of firewood on winter afternoons. My intimate friends were the house-dog, the chickens, the kittens and a few pet sheep in my grandfather's flocks. That early work on the farm did much toward providing a stock of physical health that has enabled me to preach for fifty-six years without ever having spent a single Sabbath on a sick-bed! My Sabbaths in that rural home were like the good old Puritan Sabbaths, serene and sacred, with neither work nor play. Our church (Presbyterian) was three miles away, and in the winter our family often fought our way through deep mud, or through snow-drifts piled as high as the fences. I was the only child among grown-up uncles and aunts, and the first Sunday-school that I ever attended had only one scholar, and my good mother was the superintendent. She gave me several verses of the Bible to commit thoroughly to memory and explained them to me; I also studied the Westminster Catechism. I was expected to study God's Book for myself, and not to sit and be crammed by a teacher, after the fashion of too many Sunday-schools in these days, where the scholars swallow down what the teacher brings to them, as young birds open their mouths and swallow what the old bird brings to the nest. There is a lamentable ignorance of the language of Scripture among the rising generation of America, and too often among the children of professedly Christian families. The books that I had to feast on in the long winter evenings were "Robinson Crusoe," "Sanford and Merton," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the few volumes in my grandfather's library that were within the comprehension of a child of eight or ten years old. I wept over "Paul and Virginia," and laughed over "John Gilpin," the scene of whose memorable ride I have since visited at the "Bell of Edmonton," During the first quarter of the nineteenth century drunkenness was fearfully prevalent in America; and the drinking customs wrought their sad havoc in every circle of society. My grandfather was one of the first agriculturists to banish intoxicants from his farm, and I signed a pledge of total abstinence when I was only ten or eleven years old. Previously to that, I had got a taste of "prohibition" that made a profound impression on me. One day I discovered some "cherrybounce" in a wine-glass on my grandfather's sideboard, and I ventured to swallow the tempting liquor. When my vigilant mother discovered what I had done, she administered a dose of Solomon's regimen in a way that made me "bounce" most merrily. That wholesome chastisement for an act of disobedience, and in the direction of tippling, made me a teetotaller for life; and, let me add, that the first public address I ever delivered was at a great temperance gathering (with Father Theobald Mathew) in the City Hall of Glasgow during the summer of 1842. My mother's discipline was loving but thorough; she never bribed me to good conduct with sugar-plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment.

During my infancy that godly mother had dedicated me to the Lord, as truly as Hannah ever dedicated her son Samuel. When my paternal grandfather, who was a lawyer, offered to bequeath his law-library to me, my mother declined the tempting offer, and said to him: "I fully expect that my little boy will yet be a minister." This was her constant aim and perpetual prayer, and God graciously answered her prayer of faith in His own good time and way. I cannot now name any time, day, or place when I was converted. It was my faithful mother's steady and constant influence that led me gradually along, and I grew into a religious life under her potent training, and by the power of the Holy Spirit working through her agency. A few years ago I gratefully placed in that noble "Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church" of Brooklyn (of which I was the founder and pastor for thirty years) a beautiful memorial window to my beloved mother representing Hannah and her child Samuel, and the fitting inscription: "As long as he liveth I have lent him to the Lord." For several good reasons I did not make a public profession of my faith in Jesus Christ until I left school and entered the college at Princeton, New Jersey. The religious impressions that began at home continued and deepened until I united, at the age of seventeen, with the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. As an effectual instruction in righteousness, my faithful mother's letters to me when a schoolboy were more than any sermons that I heard during all those years. I feel now that the happy fifty-six years that I have spent in the glorious ministry of the Gospel of Redemption is the direct outcome of that beloved mother's prayers, teaching example, and holy influence. My preparation for college was partly under the private tutorship of the good old Dutch dominie, the Rev. Gerrit Mandeville, who smoked his pipe tranquilly while I recited to him my lessons in Caesar's Commentaries, and Virgil; and partly in the well-known Hill Top School, at Mendham, N.J. I entered Princeton college at the age of sixteen and graduated at nineteen, for in those days the curriculum in our schools and universities was more brief than at present. The Princeton college to which I came was rather a primitive institution in comparison with the splendid structures that now crown the University heights. There were only seven or eight plain buildings surrounding the campus, the two society-halls being the only ones that boasted architectural beauty. In endowments the college was as poor as a church mouse. There were no college clubs, no inter-collegiate games, thronged by thousands of people from all over the land; but the period of my connection with the college was really a golden period in its history. Never were its chairs held by more distinguished occupants. The president of the college was Dr. Carnahan, who, although without a spark of genius, was yet a man of huge common sense, kindness of heart and excellent executive ability. In the chair of the vice-president sat dear old "Uncle Johnny" McLean, the best-loved man that ever trod the streets of Princeton. He was the policeman of the faculty, and his astuteness in detecting the pranks of the students was only equalled by his anxiety to befriend them after they were detected. The polished culture of Dr. James W. Alexander then adorned the Chair of the Latin Language and English Literature. Dr. John Torrey held the chemical professorship. He was engaged with Dr. Gray in preparing the history of American Flora. Stephen Alexander's modest eye had watched Orion and the Seven Stars through the telescope of the astronomer; the flashing wit and silvery voice of Albert B. Dod, then in his splendid prime, threw a magnetic charm over the higher mathematics. And in that old laboratory, with negro "Sam" as his assistant, reigned Joseph Henry, the acknowledged king of American scientists. When, soon after, he gave me a note of Introduction to Sir Michael Faraday, Faraday said to me: "By far the greatest man of science your country has produced since Benjamin Franklin is Professor Henry." With Professor Henry I formed a very intimate friendship, and after he became the head of the

Smithsonian Institution I found a home with him whenever I went to Washington. Our class, which graduated in 1841, contained several members who have since made a deep mark in church and commonwealth. Professor Archibald Alexander Hodge was one of us. He inherited the name and much of the power of his distinguished father. Also General Francis P. Blair, who rendered heroic service on the battle-field. John T. Nixon brought to the bench of the United States Court, and Edward W. Scudder brought to the Supreme Court Bench of New Jersey, legal learning and Christian consciences. Richard W. Walker became a distinguished man in the Southern Confederacy. Our class sent four men to professor’s chairs in Princeton. My best beloved classmate was John T. Duffield, who, after a half century of service as professor of mathematics in the University, closed his noble and beneficent career on the 10th of April, 1901. I delivered the memorial tribute to him soon afterward in the Second Presbyterian Church in the presence of the authorities of the University. Another intimate friend was the Hon. Amzi Dodd, ex-chancellor of New Jersey and the ex-president of the New Jersey Life Insurance Company. He is still a resident of that State. During the past three-score years it has been my privilege to deliver between sixty and seventy sermons or addresses in Princeton, either to the students of the University or of the Theological Seminary, or to the residents of the town. The place has become inexpressibly dear to me as a magnificent stronghold of Christian culture and orthodox faith, on the walls of whose institutions the smile of God gleams like the light of the morning. O Princeton, Princeton! in the name of the thousands of thy loyal sons, let me gratefully say, "If we forget thee, may our right hands forget their cunning, and our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths!"

# 03.02. GREAT BRITAIN SIXTY YEARS AGO

GREAT BRITAIN SIXTY YEARS AGO Wordsworth—Dickens—The Land of Burns, etc. The year after leaving college I made a visit to Europe, which, in those days, was a notable event. As the stormy Atlantic had not yet been carpeted by six-day steamers, I crossed in a fine new packet-ship, the "Patrick Henry," of the Grinnell & Minturn Line. Captain Joseph C. Delano was a gentleman of high intelligence and culture who, after he had abandoned salt water, became an active member of the American Association of Science. After twenty-one days under canvas and the instructions of the captain, I learned more of nautical affairs and of the ocean and its ways than in a dozen subsequent passages in the steamships. On the second morning after our arrival in Liverpool I breakfasted with that eminent clergyman, Dr. Raffles, who boasted the possession of one of the finest collections of autographs in England. He showed me the signature of John Bunyan; the original manuscript of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels; the original of Burns' poem addressed to the parasite on a lady's bonnet, which contained the famous lines:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us

To see our sel's as others see us," besides several other manuscripts by the same poet, and also the autograph of a challenge sent by Byron to Lord Brougham for alleged insult, a fact to which no reference has been made in Byron's biography. From Liverpool, with my friends Professor Renwick and Professor Cuningham, I set out on a journey to the lakes of England. We reached Bowness, on Lake Windermere, in the evening. The next morning we went up to Elleray, the country residence of Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), who, unfortunately, was absent in Edinburgh. We hired a boatman to row us through exquisitely beautiful Windermere, and in the evening reached the Salutation Inn, at the foot of the lake. My great interest in visiting Ambleside was to see the venerable poet, Wordsworth, who lived about a mile from the village. I happened, just before supper, to look out of the window of the traveller's room and espied an old man in a blue cloak and Glengarry cap, with a bunch of heather stuck jauntily in the top, driving by in a little brown phaeton from Rydal Mount. "Perhaps," thought I to myself, "that may be the patriarch himself," and sure enough it was. For, when I inquired about Mr. Wordsworth, the landlord said to me, "A few minutes ago he went by here in his little carriage." The next morning I called upon him. The walk to his cottage was delightful, with the dew still lingering in the shady nooks by the roadside, and the morning songs of thanksgiving bursting forth from every grove. At the summit of a deeply shaded hill I found "Rydal Mount" cottage. I was shown, at once, into the sitting-room, where I found him with his wife, who sat sewing beside him. The old man rose and received me graciously. By his appearance I was somewhat startled. Instead of a grave recluse in scholastic black, whom I expected to see, I found an affable and lovable old man dressed in the roughest coat of blue with metal buttons, and checked trousers, more like a New York farmer than an English poet. His nose was very large, his forehead a lofty dome of thought, and his long white locks hung over his stooping shoulders; his eyes presented a singular, half closed appearance. We entered at once into a delightful conversation. He made many inquiries about Irving, Mrs. Sigourney and our other American authors, and spoke, with great vehemence, in favor of an

international copyright law. He said that at one time he had hoped to visit America, but the duties of a small office which he held (Distributer of Stamps), and upon which he was partly dependent, prevented the undertaking. He occasionally made a trip to London to see the few survivors of the friends of his early days, but he told me that his last excursion had proved a wearisome effort. His library was small but select. He took down an American edition of his works, edited by Professor Reed, and told me that London had never produced an edition equal to it. When I was about to leave, the good old poet got his broad slouched hat and put on his double purple glasses to protect his eyes, and we went out to enjoy the neighboring views. We walked about from one point to another and kept up a lively conversation. He displayed such a winning familiarity that, in the language of his own poem, we seemed "A pair of friends, though I was young,

And he was seventy-four." From the rear of his court-yard he showed me Rydal Water, a little lake about a mile long, the beautiful church, and beyond it, Grassmere, and still further beyond, Helvelyn, the mountain-king with a retinue of a hundred hills. I might have spent the whole day in delightful intercourse with the old man, but my fellow-travellers were going, and I could make no longer inroads upon their time. When we returned to the door of his cottage, he gave me a parting blessing; he picked a small yellow flower and handed it to me, and I still preserve it in my edition of his works, as a relic of the most profound and the most sublime poet that England has produced during the nineteenth century I know of but one other living American who has ever visited Wordsworth at Rydal Mount.

After passing through Keswick, where the venerable poet Southey was still lingering in sadly failing intelligence, we reached Carlisle the same evening. From Carlisle we took the mail-coach for Edinburgh by the same route over which Sir Walter Scott was accustomed to make his journeys up to London. The driver, who might have answered to Washington Irving’s description, pointed out to me Netherby Hall, the mansion of the Grahams, on "Cannobie lea," over which the young Lochinvar bore away his stolen bride. We passed also Branksome Tower, the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and reached Selkirk in the early evening. The next day I spent at Abbotsford. The Great Magician had been dead only ten years, and his family still occupied the house with some of his old employees who figure in Lockhart’s biography. I sat in the great arm-chair where Sir Walter Scott wrote many of his novels, and looked out of the window of his bedchamber, through which came the rippling murmurs of the Tweed, that consoled his dying hours. I heartily subscribe to the opinion, expressed by Tennyson, that Sir Walter Scott was the most extraordinary man in British literature since the days of Shakespeare.

After reaching Glasgow I made a brief trip into the Land of Burns. At the town of Ayr I found an omnibus waiting to take me down to the birthplace of the poet. At that time the number of visitors to these regions was comparatively few, and the birthplace of the poet had not been transformed, as now, into a crowded museum. On reaching a slight elevation, since consecrated by the muse of Burns, there broke upon the view his monument, his native cottage, Alloway Kirk, the scene of the inimitable Tam o’ Shanter, and behind them all the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." I went first to the monument, within which on a centre table are the two volumes of the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary when they "lived one day of parting love" beneath the hawthorn of Coilsfield. One of the volumes contains, in Burns’ handwriting, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thy vows," and a lock of Mary’s hair, of a light brown color, given at the time, is preserved in the treasured volumes. A few steps away is Alloway Kirk. The old sexton was

standing by the grave of Burns' father, and described to me the route of "Tam o' Shanter." He showed me the chinks in the sides through which the kirk seemed "all in a bleeze," and he pointed out the identical place on the wall where Old Nick was presiding over the midnight revels of the beldames when—

"Louder and louder the piper blew,

Swifter and swifter the dancers flew."

After the old man had finished his recital, I asked him whether he had ever seen the poet. "Only aince," he replied. "That was one day when he was ridin' on a road near here. I met a friend who told me to hurry up, for Rabbie Burns was just ahead. I whippit up my horse, and came up to a roughly dressed man, ridin' slowly along, with his blue bonnet pulled down over his forehead, and his eyes turned toward the groond." "Didn't you speak to him?" I said. "Nay, nay," replied the man, in a tone of deep reverence, "he was Rabbie Burns. I dare na speak to him. If he had been any other mon I would have said 'good morrow to ye.'" Beautiful and eloquent tribute, paid by an unlettered peasant, not to rank or to wealth, but to a soul—a mighty soul though clad in "hodden grey" like himself! The most interesting object was yet to be visited—the cottage of his birth, I entered it with reverence; and a well dressed, but very old, woman welcomed me in. "This is the room," she said. I looked around on the rough stone walls and could not believe that it ever contained such a soul; for the cottage, with all its subsequent repairs, was hardly equal to the generality of our early log cabins. The old lady was very affable. In her early life she had been connected with an inn at Mauchline, and had seen the poet often. "Rabbie was a funny fellow," she said; "I ken'd him weel; and he stoppit at our hoose on his way up to Edinburgh to see the lairds." I asked her if he was not always humorous. "Nae, nae," she replied, "he used to come in and sit doun wi' his hands in his lap like a bashful country lad; very glum, till he got a drap o' whuskey, or heard a gude story, and then he was aff! He was very poorly in his latter days." Those closing days in Dumfries, steeped in poverty to the lips, forms one of the most tragic chapters in literary history; and I know scarcely anything in our language more pathetic than the letter which he wrote describing his wretched bondage to the dominion of strong drink. An old lady of Kilmarnock told my friend, the late Dr. Taylor of New York, that when a young woman she had gone to Burns' house to assist in preparations for his funeral, and stated that there was not enough decent linen in the house to lay out the most splendid genius in all Scotland! When I was at Ayr, a sister of Burns, Mrs. Begg, was still living, and I am always regretting that I did not call upon her. His widow, Jean Armour, had died but a few years before; and when a certain pert American who called upon the old lady had the audacity to ask her: "Can you show me any relics of the poet?" answered with majestic dignity: "Sir, I am the only relic of Robert Burns."

I went abroad on this first visit to Europe keen for lion hunting, and with an eager desire to see some of the men who had been my literary benefactors. On my arrival in London, having a letter of introduction to Charles Dickens, which a mutual friend had given to me, I resolved to present it. Charles Dickens was an idol of my college days, and I had spent a few minutes with him in Philadelphia during his recent visit to the United States. He had returned from his triumphal tour about a month before I landed in Liverpool. I called at his house, but he was not at home. The next day he did me the honor to call on me at Morley's Hotel, and, not finding me in, invited me up to his house near York Gate, Regents Park. It was a dingy, brick house surrounded by a high wall,

but cheerful and cozy within. I found him in his sanctum, a singularly shaped room, with statuettes of Sam Weller and others of his creations on the mantelpiece. A portrait of his beautiful wife was upon the wall—that wife, the separation from whom threw a strange, sad shadow over his home. How handsome he was then! With his deep, dark, lustrous eyes, that you saw yourself in, and the merry mouth wreathed with laughter, and the luxuriant mass of dark hair that he wore in a sort of stack over his lofty forehead! He had a slight lisp in his pleasant voice, and ran on in rapid talk for an hour, with a shy reluctance to talk about his own works, but with the most superabounding vivacity I have ever met with in any man. His two daughters, one of whom afterward married the younger Collins, a brother novelist, were then schoolgirls of eight and ten years, came in, with books in their hands, to give their father a good-morning kiss. After parting with him, when I had reached his gate, he called after me in a very loud voice, "If you see Mrs. Lucretia Mott, tell her that I have not forgotten the slave." His "American Notes" appeared the next week. There were some things in that hasty and faulty volume for which I sent him a cordial note of thanks, and I speedily received the following characteristic reply, which I still prize as a precious relic of the man:

I DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

REGENTS PARK, Oct. 26th, 1842. MY DEAR SIR:—I am heartily obliged to you for your

frank and manly letter. I shall always remember it in connection

with my American book; and never—believe me—save

in the foremost rank of its pleasant and honorable

associations.

Let me subscribe myself, as I really am Faithfully your Friend, CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler.

I hold that Dickens was the most original genius in our fictitious literature since the days of Walter Scott. As a social reformer his fame is quite as great as it is as a master of romance. His pen was mighty to the pulling down of many a social abuse, and from the loving kindness of his writings has been got many an inspiration to deeds of charity. But how could a man who went so far as he did go no further? How could the reformer who struck at so many social wrongs spare that hideous fountain-head of misery in London, the dram-shop? And how could he descend to scurrilously satirize all societies formed for the promotion of temperance? A still greater marvel is that so kind-hearted a man as Mr. Dickens, who sought honestly the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men, could utterly ignore the transforming power of Christianity. He did not cast contempt on the Bible, and never soiled his pages with infidelity, neither did he ever enlighten, and warm and vivify them with evangelical uplifting truth. Only a few feet of earth separate the grave of Charles Dickens from the grave of William Wilberforce. Both loved their fellow-men; but the great difference between them was that one of them invoked the spiritual power of the Gospel of Christ, which the other lamentably ignored.

# 03.03. GREAT BRITAIN SIXTY YEARS AGO (Continued)

GREAT BRITAIN SIXTY YEARS AGO (Continued) Carlyle—Mrs. Baillie—The Young Queen—Napoleon

One of the lions of whom I was in pursuit was Thomas Carlyle. Very few Americans at that time had ever seen him, for he lived a very secluded and laborious life in a little brick house at Chelsea, in the southwest of London; and he rarely kept open doors. His life was the opposite to that of Dickens and Macaulay, and he was never lionized, except when he went to Edinburgh to deliver his address before the University, years afterwards. I sent him a note in which I informed him of the enthusiastic admiration which we college students felt for him, and that I desired to call and pay him my respects. To my note he responded promptly: "You will be welcome to-morrow at three o'clock, the hour when I become accessible in my garret here." I found his "garret" to be a comfortable front room on the second floor of his modest home. It was well lined with books, and a portrait of Oliver Cromwell hung behind his study chair. He was seated at his table with a huge German volume open before him. His greeting was very hearty, but, with a comical look of surprise, he said in broad Scotch: "You are a verra young mon." I told him of the appetite we college boys had for his books, and he assured me at once that while he had met some of our eminent literary men he had never happened to meet a college boy before. "Your Mr. Longfellow," said he, "called to see me yesterday. He is a man skilled in the tongues. Your own name I see is Dootch. The word 'Cuyler' means a delver, or one who digs underground. You must be a Dutchman." I told him that my ancestors had come over from Holland a couple of centuries ago, and I was proud of my lineage; for my grandfather, Glen Cuyler, was a descendant of Hendrick Cuyler, one of the early Dutch settlers of Albany, who came there in 1667. "Ah," said he, "the Dootch are the brawvest people of modern times. The world has been rinnin' after a red rag of a Frenchman; but he was nothing to William the Silent. When Pheelip of Spain sent his Duke of Alva to squelch those Dutchmen they joost squelched him like a rotten egg—aye, they did."

I asked him why he didn't visit America, and told him that I had observed his name registered at Ambleside, on Lake Windermere. "Nae, nae," said he, "I never scrabble my name in public places." I explained that it was on the hotel register that I had seen "Thomas Carlyle." "It was not mine," he replied, "I never travel only when I ride on a horse in the teeth of the wind to get out of this smoky London. I would like to see America. You may boast of your Dimocracy, or any other 'cracy, or any other kind of political roobish, but the reason why your laboring folk are so happy is that you have a vast deal of land for a very few people." In this racy, picturesque vein he ran on for an hour in the most cordial, good humor. He was then in his prime, hale and athletic, with a remarkably keen blue eye, a strong lower jaw and stiff iron gray hair, brushed up from a capacious forehead; and he had a look of a sturdy country deacon dressed up on a Sunday morning for church. He was very carefully attired in a new suit that day for visiting, and, as I rose to leave, he said to me: "I am going up into London and I will walk wi' ye." We sallied out and he strode the pavement with long strides like a plowman. I told him I had just come from the land of Burns, and that the old man at the native cottage of the poet had drunk himself to death by drinking to the

memory of Burns. At this Carlyle laughed loudly, and remarked: "Was that the end of him? Ah, a wee bit drap will send a mon a lang way." He then told me that when he was a lad he used to go into the Kirkyard at Dumfries and, hunting out the poet's tomb, he loved to stand and just read over the name—"Rabbert Burns"—"Rabbert Burns." He pronounced the name with deep reverence. That picture of the country lad in his earliest act of hero-worship at the grave of Burns would have been a good subject for the pencil of Millais or of Holman Hunt. At the corner of Hyde Park I parted from Mr. Carlyle, and watched him striding away, as if, like the De'il in "Tam O'Shanter," he had "business on his hand."

Thirty years afterwards, in June, 1872, I felt an irrepressible desire to see the grand old man once more, and I accordingly addressed him a note requesting the favor of a few minutes' interview. His reply was, perhaps, the briefest letter ever written. It was simply:

"Three P.M.

T.C."

He told me afterwards that his hand had become so tremulous that he seldom touched a pen. My beloved friend, the Rev. Newman Hall, asked the privilege of accompanying me, as, like most Londoners, he had never put his eye on the recluse philosopher. We found the same old brick house, No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, without the slightest change outside or in. But, during those thirty years the gifted wife had departed, and a sad change had come over the once hale, stalwart man. After we had waited some time, a feeble, stooping figure, attired in a long blue flannel gown, moved slowly into the room. His gray hair was unkempt, his blue eyes were still keen and piercing, and a bright hectic spot of red appeared on each of his hollow cheeks. His hands were tremulous, and his voice deep and husky. After a few personal inquiries the old man launched out into a most extraordinary and characteristic harangue on the wretched degeneracy of these evil days. The prophet, Jeremiah, was cheerfulness itself in comparison with him. Many of the raciest things he regaled us with were entirely too personal for publication. He amused us with a description of half a night's debate with John Bright on political economy, while he said, "Bright theed and thoud with me for hours, while his Quaker wife sat up hearin' us baith. I tell ye, John Bright got as gude as he gie that night"; and I have no doubt that he did.

Most of his extraordinary harangue was like an eruption of Vesuvius, but the laugh he occasionally gave showed that he was talking about as much for his own amusement as for ours. He was terribly severe on Parliament, which he described as "endless babblement and windy talk—the same hurdy-gurdies grinding out lies and inanities." The only man he had ever heard in Parliament that at all satisfied him was the Old Iron Duke. "He gat up and stammered away for fifteen minutes; but I tell ye, he was the only mon in Parliament who gie us any credible portraiture of the facts." He looked up at the portrait of Oliver Cromwell behind him, and exclaimed with great vehemence: "I ha' gone doon to the verra bottom of Oliver's speeches, and naething in Demosthenes or in any other mon will compare wi' Cromwell in penetrating into the veritable core of the fact. Noo, Parliament, as they ca' it, is joost everlasting babblement and lies." We led him to discuss the labor question and the condition of the working classes. He said that the turmoil about labor is only "a lazy trick of master and man to do just as little honest work and to get just as much for it as they possibly can—that is the labor question." It did my soul good, as a teetotaler, to hear his scathing denunciation of the liquor traffic. He was fierce in his wrath against "the horrible and detestable

damnation of whuskie and every kind of strong drink." In this strain the thin and weird looking old Iconoclast went on for an hour until he wound up with declaring, "England has joost gane clear doon into an abominable cesspool of lies, shoddies and shams—down to a bottomless damnation. Ye may gie whatever meaning to that word that ye like." He could not refrain from laughing heartily himself at the conclusion of this eulogy on his countrymen. If we had not known that Mr. Carlyle had a habit of exercising himself in this kind of talk, we should have felt a sort of consternation. As it was we enjoyed it as a postscript to "Sartor Resartus" or the "Latter Day" pamphlets, and listened and laughed accordingly. As we were about parting from him with a cordial and tender farewell, my friend, Newman Hall, handed him a copy of his celebrated little book, "Come to Jesus," Mr. Carlyle, leaning over his table, fixed his eye upon the inscription on the outside of the booklet, and as we left the room, we heard him repeating to himself the title "Coom to Jesus—Coom to Jesus."

About Carlyle's voluminous works, his glorious eulogies of Luther, Knox and Cromwell, his vivid histories, his pessimistic utterances, his hatred of falsehood and his true, pure and laborious life, I have no time or space to write. He was the last of the giants in one department of British literature. He will outlive many an author who slumbers in the great Abbey. I owe him grateful thanks for many quickening, stimulating thoughts, and shall always be thankful that I grasped the strong hand of Thomas Carlyle.

One of the literary celebrities to whom I had credentials was the venerable Mrs. Joanna Baillie, not now much read, but then well known from her writings and her intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, and to whom Lockhart devotes a considerable space in the biography. Her residence was in Hampstead, and I was obliged, after leaving the omnibus, to walk nearly a mile across open fields which are now completely built over by mighty London. The walk proved a highly profitable one from the society of an intelligent stranger who, like every true English gentleman, when properly approached, was led to give all the information in his power. When I reached the suburban village of Hampstead, after passing over stiles and through fields, I at last succeeded in finding her residence, a quiet little cottage, with a little parlor which had been honored by some of the first characters of our age. "The female Shakespeare," as she was sometimes called in those days, was at home and tripped into the room with the elastic step of a girl, although she was considerably over three score years and ten. She was very petite and fair, with a sweet benignant countenance that inspired at once admiration and affection. Almost her first words to me were: "What a pity you did not come ten minutes sooner; for if you had you would have seen Mr. Thomas Campbell, who has just gone away." I was exceedingly sorry to have missed a sight of the author of "Hohenlinden" and the incomparable "Battle of the Baltic," but was quite surprised that he was still seeking much society; for in those days he was lamentably addicted to intoxicants. On more than one public occasion he was the worse for his cups; and when, after his death, a subscription was started to place his statue in Westminster Abbey, Samuel Rogers, the poet, cynically said, "Yes, I will gladly give twenty pounds any day to see dear old Tom Campbell stand steady on his legs." It is a matter of congratulation that the most eminent men of the Victorian era have not fallen into some of the unhappy habits of their predecessors at the beginning of the last century. Mrs. Baillie entertained me with lively descriptions of Sir Walter Scott, and of her old friend, Mr. Wordsworth, who was her guest whenever he came up to London. She expressed the warmest admiration for the moral and political, though not all of the religious, writings of our Dr. Channing,

whom she pronounced the finest essayist of the time. She also felt a curious interest (which I discovered in many other notable people in England) to learn what she could in regard to our American Indians, and expressed much admiration when I gave her some quotations from the picturesque eloquence of our sons of the forest.

Every American who visited London in those days felt a laudable curiosity to see the young Queen, who had been crowned but four years before. I went up to Windsor Castle, and after inspecting it, joined a little group of people who were standing at the gateway which leads out to the Long Drive and Virginia Water. They were waiting to get a look at the young Queen, who always drove out at four o'clock. Presently the gate opened and a low carriage, preceded by three horsemen, passed through. It contained a plump baby, nearly two years of age, wrapped in a buff cloak and held up in the arms of its nurse. That baby became the Empress Dowager of Germany, the mother of the present Kaiser and of Prince Henry, who has lately been our guest. In a few minutes afterwards a pony phaeton, with two horses, passed through the gate and we all doffed our hats. It was driven by handsome young Prince Albert, dressed in a gray overcoat and silk hat. To this day I think of him as about the most captivating young husband that I have ever seen. By his side sat his young wife, dressed in a small white bonnet with pink feather and wrapped in a white shawl. Her complexion was exceedingly fresh and fair. Her light brown hair was dressed in the "Grecian" style, and as she bowed gracefully I observed the peculiarity of her smile—that she showed her teeth very distinctly. This resulted from the shortness of her upper lip. "A pretty girl she is too" was the remark I heard from the visitors as the carriage went on down the drive. That was my first glimpse of royalty, and I little dreamed that she was to be the longest lived sovereign that ever sat on the British throne, and the most popular woman in all modern times.

Thirty years rolled away and I saw the good Queen again. The Albert Memorial, erected to the handsome Prince Consort, whom she idolized, had just been completed, and one morning the Queen came incognito to make her first private inspection of the memorial. Through the intimation of a friend I hurried at once to the Park, and found a small company of people gathered there. Her Majesty had just come, accompanied by Prince Arthur, the Princess Louise and the young Princess Beatrice; and they were examining the gorgeous new structure. The Queen wore a plain black silk dress and her children were very plainly attired, so that they looked like a group of good, honest republicans. The only evidence of royalty was that the company of gentlemen who were pointing out to the Queen the various beauties of the monument just completed were careful not to turn their backs upon Her Majesty. I observed that when her children bade her "good morning" they kneeled and kissed her hand. She remained sitting in her carriage for some time, chatting and laughing with her daughter Beatrice. Her countenance had become very florid and her figure very stout. The last time that I saw her driving in the Park her full, rubicund face made her look not only like the venerable grandmother of a host of descendants, but of the whole vast empire on which the sun never sets. Last year the most beloved sovereign that has ever occupied the British throne was laid in the gorgeous mausoleum at Frogmore beside the husband of her youth and the sharer of twenty-two years of happy and holy wedlock. All Christendom was a mourner beside that royal tomb. From London I went on a very brief visit to Paris, at the time when Louis Phillipe was at the height of his power and apparently securely seated on his throne. Within a half a dozen years from that time he was a refugee in disguise, and the kingdom of France was followed by the Republic of Lamartine. My brief visit to Paris was made more agreeable by the fact that my kinsman, the Hon.

Henry Ledyard, was then in charge of the American Embassy, in the absence of his father-in-law, General Lewis Cass, our Ambassador, who had returned to America for a visit. The one memorable incident of that brief sojourn in Paris that I shall recall was a visit to the tomb of Napoleon, whose remains had been brought home the year before from the Island of St. Helena. Passing through the Place de la Concord and crossing the Seine, a ten minutes' walk brought me to the Hospital des Invalides. I reached it in the morning when the court in front was filled with about three hundred veterans on an early parade. Many of them were the shattered relics of Napoleon's Grand Army—glorious old fellows in cocked hats and long blue coats, and weather-beaten as the walls around them. After a few moments I hurried into the Rotunda, which is nearly one hundred feet in height, surrounded by six small recesses, or alcoves. "Where is Napoleon?" said I to one of the sentinels. "There," said he, pointing to a recess, or small chapel, hung with dark purple velvet and lighted by one glimmering lamp. I approached the iron railing and, there before me, almost within arm's length, in the marble coffin covered by his gray riding coat of Marengo, lay all that was mortal of the great Emperor. At his feet was a small urn containing his heart, and upon it lay his sword and the military cap worn at the battle of Eylau. Beside the coffin was gathered a group of tattered banners captured by him in many a victorious fight. Three gray-haired veterans, whose breasts were covered with medals, were pacing slowly on guard in front of the alcove. I said to them in French: "Were you at Austerlitz?" "Oui, oui," they said. "Were you at Jena?" "Oui, oui." "At Wagram?" "Oui, oui," they replied. I lingered long at the spot, listening to the inspiring strains of the soldiery without, and recalling to my mind the stirring days when the lifeless clay beside me was dashing forward at the head of those very troops through the passes of the Alps and over the bridge at Lodi. It seemed to me as a dream, and I could scarcely realize that I stood within a few feet of the actual body of that colossal wonder-worker whose extraordinary combination of military and civil genius surpassed that of any other man in modern history. And yet, when all shall be summoned at last before the Great Tribunal, a Wilberforce, a Shaftesbury, or an Abraham Lincoln will never desire to change places with him.

# 03.04. HYMN-WRITERS I HAVE KNOWN

HYMN-WRITERS I HAVE KNOWN Montgomery—Bonar—Bowring—Palmer and Others

Hymnology has always been a favorite study with me, and it has been my privilege to be acquainted with several of the most eminent hymn-writers within the last sixty or seventy years. It is a remarkable fact that among the distinguished English-speaking poets, Cowper and Montgomery are the only ones who have been successful in producing many popular hymns; while the greatest hymns have been the compositions either of ministers of the Gospel, like Watts, Wesley, Toplady, Doddridge, Newman, Lyte, Bonar and Ray Palmer, or by godly women, like Charlotte Elliott, Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, Miss Havergal and Mrs. Prentiss. During my visit to Great Britain in the summer of 1842, I spent a few weeks at Sheffield as the guest of Mr. Edward Vickers, the ex-Mayor of the city. His near neighbor was the venerable James Montgomery, whose pupil he had been during the short time that the poet conducted a school. Mr. Vickers took me to visit the poet at his residence at The Mount. A short, brisk, cheery old man, then seventy-one, came into the room with a spry step. He wore a suit of black, with old-fashioned dress ruffles, and a high cravat that looked as if it choked him. His complexion was fresh, and snowy hair crowned a noble forehead. He had never married, but resided with a relative. We chatted about America, and I told him that in all our churches his hymns were great favorites. I unfortunately happened to mention that when lately in Glasgow I had gone to hear the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the author of "Satan," and other poems. It was this "Satan Montgomery" whom Macaulay had scalped with merciless criticism in the Edinburgh Review. The mention of his name aroused the old poet’s ire. "Would you believe it?" he exclaimed, indignantly, "they attribute some of that fellow’s performances to me, and lately a lady wrote to me in reference to one of his most pompous poems, and said "it was the best that I had ever written!" I do not wonder at my venerable friend’s vexation, for there was a world-wide contrast between his own chaste simplicity and the stilted pomposity of his Glasgow namesake. Montgomery, though born a Moravian and educated at a Moravian school, was a constant worshipper at St. George’s Episcopal Church, in Sheffield. The people of the town were very proud of their celebrated townsman, and after his death gave him a public funeral, and erected a bronze statue to his memory. While he was the author of several volumes of poetry, his enduring fame rests on his hymns, some of which will be sung in all lands through coming generations. Four hundred own his parentage and one hundred at least are in common use throughout Christendom. He produced a single verse that has hardly been surpassed in all hymnology:

"Here in the body pent

Absent from Him I roam.

Yet nightly pitch my moving-tent,

A day’s march nearer home."

Hymnology has known no denominational barriers. While Toplady was an

Episcopalian, Wesley a Methodist. Newman and Faber Roman Catholics,

Montgomery a Moravian, and Bonar a Presbyterian, the magnificent hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory," was written by a Unitarian. I had the great satisfaction of meeting its author, Sir John Bowring, at a public dinner in London during the summer of 1872. A fresh, handsome veteran he was, too—tall and straight as a ramrod, and exceedingly winsome in his manners. He had been famous as the editor of the Westminster Review and quite famous in civil life, for he was a member of the British Parliament and once had been the Governor of Hong Kong. He produced several volumes, but will owe his immortality to half a dozen superb hymns. Of these the best is "In the cross of Christ I glory"; but we also owe to him that fine missionary hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night"

He told my Presbyterian friend, Dr. Harper, in China, that the first time he ever heard it sung was at a prayer meeting of American missionaries in Turkey. Sir John died about four months after I had met him, at the ripe age of eighty, and on his monument is inscribed only this single appropriate line, "In the cross of Christ I glory." The first time I ever saw Dr. Horatius Bonar was in May, 1872, when I was attending the Free Church General Assembly of Scotland as a delegate from the Presbyterian Church in the United States. A warm discussion was going on in the Assembly anent proposals of union with the U.P. body, and the Anti-Unionists sat together on the left hand of the Moderator’s chair. In the third row sat a short, broad-shouldered man with noble forehead and soft dark eyes. But behind that benign countenance was a spirit as pugnacious in ecclesiastical controversy as that of the Roman Horatius "who kept the bridge in the brave days of old." I was glad to be introduced to him, for I was an enthusiastic admirer of his hymns, and I had a personal affection for his brother, Andrew, the author of the delightful "Life of M’Cheyne." Although Horatius had won his world-wide fame as a composer of hymns, he was, at that time, stoutly opposed to the use of anything but the old Scotch version of the Psalms in church worship. During my address to the Assembly I said: "We Presbyterians in America sing the good old psalms of David." At this point Dr. Bonar led in a round of applause, and then I continued: "We also sing the Gospel of Jesus Christ as versified by Watts, Wesley, Cowper, Toplady and your own Horatius Bonar!" There was a burst of laughter, and then I rather mischievously added: "My own people have the privilege, not accorded to my brother’s congregation, of singing his magnificent hymns." By this time the whole house came down in a perfect roar, and the confused blush on Bonar’s face puzzled us—whether it was on account of the compliment, or on account of his own inconsistency. However, before his death he consented to have his own congregation sing his own hymns, although it is said that two pragmatical elders rose and strode indignantly down the aisle of the church. In August, 1889, when I was on a visit to Chillingham Castle, Lady Tankerville said to me: "Our dear Bonar is dead." I left the next day for Edinburgh and reached there in time to bear an humble part in the funeral services. On the day of his obsequies there was a tremendous downpour, which reminded me of the story of the Scotchman, who, on arriving in Australia, met one of his countrymen, who said to him: "Hae ye joost come fra Scotland and is it rainin’ yet?" But in spite of the storm the Morningside Church, by the entrance to the Grange Cemetery, was well filled by a representative assembly. The service was confined to the reading of the Scriptures, to two prayers and the singing of Bonar’s beautiful hymn, the last verse of which is

"Broken Death’s dread hands that bound us,

Life and victory around us;

Christ the King Himself hath crown’d us,

Ah, ’tis Heaven at last." As I was the only American present I was requested to close the service with a brief word of prayer; and I rode down to the Canongate Cemetery with grand old Principal John Cairns (who Dr. McCosh told me "had the best head in Scotland"), and Bonar’s colleague, the Rev. Mr. Sloane. On our way to the place of burial Mr. Sloane told me that Bonar’s two finest hymns, "I heard the voice of Jesus say," etc.. and "I lay my sins on Jesus," etc, were originally composed for the children of his Sabbath school. And yet they are the productions by which he has become most widely known throughout Christendom. The storm-swept streets that day were lined with silent mourners; and, under weeping skies, we laid down to his rest the mortal remains of the man who attuned more voices to the melodies of praise than any Scotchman of the century. Our own country has been very prolific in the production of hymns. The venerable and devout blind songstress, Fanny Crosby (whom I often meet at the house of my beloved neighbor, Mr. Ira D. Sankey), has produced very many hundreds of them—none of very high poetic merit, but many of them of such rich spiritual savour, and set to such stirring airs, that they are sung by millions around the globe. By common consent in all American hymnology the hymn commencing "My faith looks up to Thee,

Thou Lamb of Calvary," etc, is the best. Its author, Dr. Ray Palmer, when a young man, teaching in a school for girls in New York, one day sat down in his room and wrote in his pocket memorandum book the four verses which he told me "were born of my own soul," and put the memorandum book back into his vest pocket and for two years carried the verses there, little dreaming that he was carrying his own passport to immortality. Dr. Lowell Mason, the celebrated composer of Boston, asked him to furnish a new hymn for his next volume of "Spiritual Songs" for social worship, and young Palmer drew out the four verses from his pocket. Mason composed for them the noble tune, "Olivet," and to that air they were wedded for ever more. He met Palmer afterwards, and said to him: "Sir, you may live many years, and do many things, but you will be best known to posterity as the author of ’My faith looks up to Thee.’" The prediction proved true. His devoted heart flowed out in that one matchless lily that has filled so many hearts and sanctuaries with its rich fragrance. Dr. Palmer preached several times in my Brooklyn pulpit. He was once with us on a sacramental Sabbath. While the deacons were passing the sacred elements among the congregation the dear old man broke out in a tremulous voice and sang his own heavenly lines:

"My faith looks up to Thee

Thou Lamb of Calvary,

Saviour Divine."

It was like listening to a rehearsal for the celestial choir, and the whole assembly was most deeply moved. Dr. Palmer was short in stature, but his erect form and habit of brushing his hair high over his forehead gave him a commanding look. He was the impersonation of genuine enthusiasm. Some of his letters I shall always prize. They were the outpourings of his own warm heart on paper. He fell asleep just before he reached a round four score, and of our many hymn-writers no one has yet "taken away his crown."

It is quite fitting to follow this sketch of one noble veteran with a brief reminiscence of an equally noble one, who bore the name of an Episcopalian, although he was very undenominational in his broad sympathies. Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg was one of the most apostolic men I have ever known in appearance and spirit. His gray head all men knew in New York. He commanded attention everywhere by his genial face and hearty manner of speech. I used to meet him at the anniversaries of the Five Points Home of Industry. Everybody loved him at first sight. All the world knows he was the founder of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, and the extensive institutions of charity at St. Johnsland, on Long Island. Of his hymns the most popular is "I would not live alway," etc.

It was first written as an impromptu for a lady's album, and afterwards amended into its present form. In his later years he regarded the tone of that hymn as too lugubrious; and in a pleasant note to me he said: "Paul's 'For me to live is Christ' is far better than Job's 'I would not live alway.'" My favorite among his productions is the one on Noah's Dove, commencing, "O cease, my wandering soul"; but the man was greater than any song he ever wrote. As he was a bachelor he lived in his St. Luke's Hospital; and once, when he was carrying a tray of dishes down to the kitchen and some one protested, the patriarch replied: "Why not; what am I but a waiter here in the Lord's hotel?" When very near his end the Chaplain of the hospital prayed at his bedside for his recovery. "Let us have an understanding about this," said Muhlenberg. "You are asking God to restore me, and I am asking God to take me home. There must not be any contradiction in our prayers, for it is evident that He cannot answer them both." This was characteristic of his bluff frankness, as well as of his heavenly-mindedness—he "would not live alway." In July, 1881, I was visiting Stockholm, and was invited to go on an excursion to the University of Upsala with Dr. Samuel F. Smith. I had never before met my celebrated countryman about whom his Harvard classmate, Oliver Wendell Holmes, once wrote:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—

Just read on his medal—'My Country—of Thee'" The song he thus shouted was written for the Fourth of July celebration, in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832, and has become our national hymn. When I met the genial old man in Sweden, and travelled with him for several days, he was on his way home from a missionary tour in India and Burmah. He told me that he had heard the Burmese and Telugus sing in their native tongue his grand missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking." He was a native Bostonian, and was born a few days before Ray Palmer. He was a Baptist pastor, editor, college professor, and spent the tranquil summer evening of his life at Newton, Mass.; and at a railway station in Boston, by sudden heart failure, he was translated to his heavenly home. He illustrated his own sweet evening hymn, "Softly Fades the Twilight Ray."

Among the elect-ladies who have produced great uplifting hymns that "were not born to die" was Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, the daughter of the saintly Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, Maine. Her prose works were very popular, and "Stepping Heavenward" had found its way into thousands of hearts. But one day she—in a few hours—won her immortality by writing a hymn, beginning with the lines, "More love to Thee, O Christ,

More love to Thee"

It was printed on a fly-sheet, for a few friends, then found its way into a hymn-book, edited by my well-beloved friend, Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, and then it took wing and flew over the world into many foreign languages. I often met Mrs. Prentiss at the home of her husband, Dr. George L. Prentiss, an eminent professor in the Union Theological Seminary. She was a very bright-eyed little woman, with a keen sense of humor, who cared more to shine in her own happy household than in a wide circle of society. Her absolutely perfect hymn—for such it truly is—was born of her own deep longings for a fuller inflow of that love that casteth out all fear. This has been the genesis of all the soul-songs that devout disciples of our Lord chant into the ears of their Master in their hours of sweetest and closest fellowship. Mrs. Prentiss has put a new song into the mouths of a multitude of those who are "stepping heavenward."

Chapter 20

# 03.05. THE TEMPERANCE REFORM AND MY CO-WORKERS

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM AND MY CO-WORKERS As stated in the first chapter of this book, I became a teetotaler when I was a child, and I also stated that the first public address I ever delivered was in behalf of temperance. When I made my first visit to Edinburgh in 1842 I learned that a temperance society of that city was about to go over to Glasgow to greet the celebrated Father Theobald Mathew, who was making his first visit to Scotland. I joined my Edinburgh friends, and on arriving in Glasgow we found a multitude of over fifty thousand people assembled on the green. In an open barouche, drawn by four horses, stood a short, stout Irishman, with a handsome, benevolent countenance, and attired in a long black coat with a silver medal hanging upon his breast. After the procession, headed by his carriage, had forced its way through the densely thronged street, it halted in a small open square. Father Mathew dismounted, and began to administer the pledge of abstinence to those who were willing to receive it. They kneeled on the ground in platoons; the pledge was read aloud to them; Father Mathew laid his hands upon them and pronounced a benediction. From the necks of many a small medal attached to a cord was suspended. In this rapid manner the pledge was administered to many hundreds of persons within an hour, and fresh crowds continually came forward. When I was introduced to the good man as an American, he spoke a few kind words and gave me an "apostolic kiss" upon my cheek. As I was about to make the first public speech of my life, I suppose that I may regard that act of the great Irish apostle as a sort of ordination to the ministry of preaching the Gospel of total abstinence. The administration of the pledge was followed by a grand meeting of welcome in the city hall. Father Mathew spoke with modest simplicity and deep emotion, attributing all his wonderful success to the direct blessings of God upon his efforts to persuade his fellow-men to throw off the despotism of the bottle. After delivering my maiden speech I hastened back to Edinburgh with the deputation from "Auld Reekie," and I never saw Father Mathew again. He was, unquestionably, the most remarkable temperance reformer who has yet appeared. While a Catholic priest in Cork, a Quaker friend, Mr. Martin, who met him in an almshouse, said to him, "Father Theobald, why not give thyself to the work of saving men from the drink?" Father Mathew immediately commenced his enterprise. It spread over Ireland like wildfire. It is computed that no less than five millions of people took the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating poisons by his influence. The revolution wrought in his day, in his own time and country, was marvellous, and, to this day, his influence is perpetuated in the vast number of Father Mathew Benevolent Temperance Societies.

[Illustration: DR CUYLER AT 32 (When Pastor of the Market St Church, New

York)]

Second only to Father Mathew in the number of converts which he has made to total abstinence was that brilliant and dramatic platform orator, John B. Gough. When he was a reckless young sot in Worcester, Massachusetts, he had owed his conversion to a touch on his shoulder by a shoemaker, named Joel Stratton, who had invited him to a Washingtonian temperance meeting.

Soon after that time he owed his conversion, under God, to the influence of Miss Mary Whitcomb, the daughter of a Boylston farmer in the neighborhood. He formed her acquaintance very soon after he signed the temperance pledge in Worcester, and she consented to assume the risk of becoming his wife. In the summer of 1856 I visited my beloved friend Gough at his beautiful Boylston home to aid him in revival services, which he was conducting in his own church, then without a pastor. He was Sunday-school superintendent, pastor and leader of inquiry meetings—all in himself. One evening he took me to the house of his neighbor, Captain Flagg, and said to me: "Here, in this house, Mary and I did our brief two or three weeks of courting. We didn't talk of love, but only religion and about the welfare of my soul. We prayed together every time we met; and it was such serious business that I do not think I even kissed her until we were married. She took me on trust, with three dollars in my pocket, and has been to me the best wife God ever made." When they went to Boston, Dr. Edward N. Kirk received Mr. Gough into the Mt. Vernon Street Church, just as many years afterwards he received Mr. Moody to the same communion table. Of Mr. Gough's extraordinary platform powers I need not speak while there are so many now living that sat under the enchantment of his eloquence. A man who could crowd an opera house in London to listen to so unpopular a theme as temperance while a score or more of coroneted carriages were waiting about the door must have been no ordinary master of oratory. As an actor he might have been a second Garrick; as a preacher of the Gospel he would have been a second Whitefield. My house was his home when visiting our city for many years, and he used to tell me that my letters to him were carried in his breast pocket until they were worn to fragments. His last speech, delivered in Philadelphia, displayed much of his early power, and the last sentence, "Young man, keep a clean record," rung out as he fell stricken with apoplexy, and the eloquent voice was silent forever. God's messenger met him where every true warrior may well desire to be met—in the heat of the battle, and with the harness on. My acquaintance with Neal Dow began in the early winter of 1852. He had been chosen Mayor of Portland in the spring of the year, and then he struck the bold stroke which was "heard round the world" and made him famous as the father of Prohibition. He had drafted a bill for the suppression of tippling houses and placed in it a claim of the right of the civil authorities to search all premises where it was suspected that intoxicating liquors were kept for sale, and to seize and confiscate them on the spot. It was this sharp scimitar of search and seizure which gave the original Maine law its deadly power. He took his bill to the seat of government and it was promptly passed by the legislature. He brought it home in triumph, and in less than three months there was not an open dram shop or distillery in Portland! He invited me to visit him, and drove me over the city, whose pure air was not polluted with the faintest smell of alcohol. It seemed like the first whiff of a temperance millennium. An invitation was extended to him to a magnificent public meeting in Tripler Hall, New York. At that meeting a large array of distinguished speakers, including General Houston, of Texas; the Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts; Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin and several other celebrities, appeared. On that evening I delivered my first public address in New York, and have been told that it was the occasion of my call to be a pastor in that city two years afterwards. A gold medal was presented to Neal Dow that evening. He went home with me to Trenton, and from that time our intimacy was so great and our correspondence so constant that if I had preserved all his letters they would make a history of the prohibition movement from 1851 to 1857, the years of its widest successes. With him I addressed the legislature of New York, who passed a law of prohibition very soon afterwards. A forceful, magnetic man was General Dow, thoroughly honest and courageous,

with a womanly tenderness in his sympathies. I have been permitted to know intimately many of the leaders in great moral reforms on both sides of the ocean; but a braver, sounder heart was not to be found than that which throbbed in the breast of Neal Dow. On his ninetieth birthday the hale veteran sent my wife his photograph. She placed his white locks alongside of the photograph which Gladstone gave her, and she calls them her duet of grand old men. The closing years of General Dow's life, like the closing years of Martin Luther, were clouded with anxiety. He saw the great movement which he had championed checked by many difficulties and suffering some disastrous reverses. Some States which had enacted total prohibition forty years before had repealed the law. In the five States which retained it on their statute books its salutary enforcement was dependent on the moral sentiments in the various localities. In his own, beloved Maine, his own beloved law had been trampled down in some places; in others made the football of designing politicians. These reverses saddened the old hero's heart, and he sent to the public meeting in Portland which celebrated his ninety-third birthday this message: "That the purpose of my life work will be fully accomplished at some time I do not doubt, and my hope and expectation is that the obstacles which now obstruct us will not long block the way." The name of Neal Dow will be always memorable as one of the truest, bravest and purest philanthropists of the nineteenth century. The most important organization for the promotion of temperance in our country is the National Temperance Society and Publication House, which was founded in 1865. I prepared its constitution, and the committee which organized it met in the counting room of that eminent Christian merchant, the late Hon. William E. Dodge. I once introduced him to the Earl of Shaftesbury at a Lord Mayor's reception in London in these words: "My lord, let me introduce you to William E. Dodge, the Shaftesbury of America." To this day he is remembered as an ideal Christian merchant and philanthropist. With him conscience ruled everything, and God ruled conscience. He was one of the founders of a great railway and cut the first sod for its construction. Long afterwards the Board of Directors of the road proposed to drive their trains and traffic through the Lord's day. Mr. Dodge said to his fellow directors: "Then, gentlemen, put a flag on every locomotive with these words inscribed on it, 'We break God's law for a dividend.' As for me, I go out." He did go out, and disposed of his stock. Within a few years the road went into the hands of a receiver, and the stock sank to thirty cents on the dollar.

During the Civil War, General Dix and his military staff gave Mr. Dodge a complimentary dinner at Fortress Monroe. General Dix rapped on the table and said to his brother officers: "Gentlemen, you are aware that our honored guest is a water-drinker. I propose that to-day we join him in his favorite beverage." Forthwith every wine-glass was turned upside down as a silent tribute to the Christian conscience of their guest. When the whole Christian community of America shall imitate the wise example of that great philanthropist it will exert a tremendous influence for the banishment of all intoxicants from the public and private hospitalities of society. Mr. Dodge was elected the first president of the National Temperance Society, and served it for eighteen years and bestowed upon it his liberal donations. He closed his useful and beneficent life in February, 1883, and he was succeeded in the presidency of the Society by Dr. Mark Hopkins of Williams College, by the writer of this book, by General O.O. Howard and by Joshua L. Bailey, who is at present the head of the organization. The society has done a vast and benevolent work, receiving and expending a million and a half dollars, publishing many hundreds of valuable volumes, and widely circulated tracts. The limits of this chapter will not allow me to pay my tribute to the venerable Dr. Charles Jewett, Dr. Cheever, Albert Barnes, Dr. Tyng and the great Christian

statesman, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Miss Frances Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, Joseph Cook and many others who have been prominent in the promotion of this great Christian reform. It has been my privilege to labor for it through my whole public life. I have prepared thirty or forty tracts, written a great number of articles and delivered hundreds of addresses in behalf of it, and preached many a discourse from my own pulpit. I have always held that every church is as much bound to have a temperance wheel in its machinery as to have a Sabbath school or a missionary organization. It is of vital importance that the young should be saved, and therefore I have urged temperance lessons in the Sunday school and the early adoption of a total abstinence pledge. The temperance reform movement made its greatest progress when churches and Sunday schools laid hold of it and when the total abstinence pledge was widely and wisely used. The social drink customs are coming back again and a fresh education of the American people as to the deadly drink evil is the necessity of the hour, and that must be given in the home, in the schools and from the pulpit and from the public press. I have become convinced from long labor in this reform that the ordinary license system is only a poultice to the dram seller's conscience, and for restraining intemperance it is a ghastly failure. Institutions and patent medicines to cure drinkers have only had a partial success. The only sure cure for drunkenness is to stop before you begin. Entire legal suppression of the dram shop is successful where a stiff, righteous, public sentiment thoroughly enforces it. Otherwise it may become a delusion and a farce. The best method of prohibition is what is known as "local option," where the question is submitted to each community, whether the liquor traffic shall be legalized or suppressed by public authority. Of late years friends of our cause have fallen into the sad mistake of directing their main assaults upon liquor selling instead of keeping up also their fire upon the use of intoxicants. Legal enactments are right; but to attempt to dam up a torrent and neglect the fountain-head is surely insanity. The fountain-head of drunkenness is the drinking usageswhich create and sustain the saloons, which are often the doorways to hell. In theory I always have been, and am to-day, a legal suppressionist; but the most vital remedy of all is to break up the demand for intoxicants, and to persuade people from wishing to buy and drink them. That goes to the root of the evil. In endeavoring to remove the saloon, it is the duty of all philanthropists to do their utmost to provide safe places of resort—as the Holly-Tree Inns and other temperance coffee houses—for the working people. And another beneficent plan is for corporations and employers to make abstinence from drink an essential to employment. My generous friend, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when he recently gave a liberal donation to our National Temperance Society, said to me: "The best temperance lecture I have delivered was when I agreed to pay ten per cent premium to all the employees on my Scottish estates who would practice entire abstinence from intoxicants." The experience of three-score years has taught me the inestimable value of total abstinence; the benefit of the righteous law when it is well enforced, and also that the church of Christ has no more right to ignore the drink evil than it has to ignore theft, or Sabbath desecration, or murder. Let me add also my grateful acknowledgment of the very effective and Heaven-blessed work wrought by that noble organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. As woman has been the sorest sufferer from the drink-curse, it is her province and her duty to do her utmost for its removal.

# 03.06. MY WORK IN THE PULPIT

MY WORK IN THE PULPIT

During the first eighteen months after I graduated from Princeton College I was balancing between the law and the ministry. Many of my relatives urged me to become a lawyer, as my father and grandfather had been, but my godly mother had dedicated me to the ministry from infancy, and her influence all went in the same line with her prayers. With the exception of my venerated and beloved kinsman, Dr. Cornelius C. Cuyler, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, who died in 1850, no other man of my name has stood in an American pulpit. During the winter of my return from Europe to my home on the Cayuga Lake, one of my uncles invited me to go down and attend an afternoon prayer service in the neighboring village of Ludlowville. There was a spiritual awakening in the church, and the meeting was held in the parlor of a private house. I arose and spoke for ten minutes. When the meeting was over, more than one came to me and said: "Your talk did me good." On my way home, as I drove along in my sleigh, the thought flashed into my mind, "If ten minutes' talk to-day helped a few souls, why not preach all the time?" That one thought decided the vexed question on the spot. Our lives turn on small pivots, and if we let God lead us, the path will open before our footsteps. I reached home that day, and informed my good mother of my decision. She had always expected it and quietly remarked, "Then, I have already spoken to Mr. Ford for his room for you in the Princeton Seminary." My three years in the Seminary were full of joy and profit. I made it a rule to go out as often as possible and address little meetings in the neighboring school-houses, and found this a very beneficial method of gaining practice. A young preacher must get accustomed to the sound of his own voice; if naturally timid, he must learn to face an audience and must first learn to speak; afterwards he may learn to speak well. It is a wise thing for a young man to begin his labors in a small congregation; he has more time for study, a better chance to become intimately acquainted with individual characters, and also a smaller audience to face. The first congregation that I was called to take charge of, in Burlington, N.J. contained about forty families. Three or four of these were wealthy and cultivated, the rest were plain mechanics, with a few gardeners and coachmen. I made my sermons to suit the comprehension of the gardeners and coachmen at the end of the house, leaving the cultivated portion to gain what they could from the sermon on its way. One of the wealthy attendants was Mr. Charles Chauncey, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, who spent the summer months in Burlington. Once after I had delivered a very simple and earnest sermon on the "Worth of the Soul," I went home and said to myself, "Lawyer Chauncey must have thought that was only a camp-meeting exhortation." He met me during the week and to my astonishment he said to me: "My young friend, I thank you for that sermon last Sunday; it had the two best qualities of preaching—simplicity and down-right earnestness. If I had a student in my law-office who was not more in earnest to win his first ten dollar suit before a Justice of the Peace than some men seem to be in trying to save souls I would kick such a student out of my office." That eminent lawyer's remark did me more service than any month's study in the Seminary. It taught me that cultivated audiences relished plain, simple scriptural truths as much as did the illiterate, and that down-right

earnestness to save souls hides a multitude of sins in raw young preachers.

Another instance that occurred in my early ministry did me a world of good. I was invited to preach in the Presbyterian Church at Saratoga Springs about two years after I was licensed. My topics were "Trusting Jesus Christ" in the morning and "The Day of Judgment" at the evening service. The next day, when I was buying my ticket at the railway station to leave the town, a plain man (who was a baker in the village) said to me: "Are you not the young man who spoke yesterday in our meeting-house?" I told him that I was. "Well," said he, "I never felt more sorry for any one in my life." "Why so?" I asked. His answer was: "I said to myself, there is a youth just out of the Seminary, and he does not know that a Saratoga audience is made up of highly educated people from all parts of the land; but I have noticed that if a minister, during his first ten minutes, can convince the people that he is only trying to save their souls he kills all the critics in the house." I have never ceased to thank God for the remark of that shrewd Saratoga baker, who, I was told, had come there from New Haven, Connecticut, and was a man of remarkable sagacity. That was one of the profoundest bits of sound philosophy on the art of preaching that I have ever encountered, and I have quoted it in every Theological Seminary that I have ever addressed. If we ministers pour the living truths of the Gospel red-hot into the ears and consciences of our audiences, they will have enough to do to look out for themselves and will have no time to level criticisms at us or our mode of preaching. Cowards, also, are never more pitiable than when in the pulpit.

I will not enter here into the endless controversy about the comparative merits of written or extemporized sermons. My own observation and experience has been that no rule is the best rule. Every man must find out by practice which method he can use to the best advantage and then pursue it. No man ever fails who understands his forte, and no man succeeds who does not. Some men cannot extemporize effectively if they try ever so hard; there are others who, like Gladstone, can think best when they are on their legs and are inspired by an audience. During the first few years of my ministry I wrote out nearly all of my sermons. The advantage of doing that is that it enables a young beginner to form his own style at the outset by careful and systematic writing. Spurgeon, often when a youth, read some of his sermons, although afterwards he never premeditated a single sentence for the pulpit. Dr. Richard S. Storrs was a most fluent extemporaneous speaker, but for twenty years he carefully wrote all his discourses. My own habit, after a time, was to write a portion of the sermon and turn away from my notes to interject thoughts that came in the heat of the moment and then turn to my manuscript. This was generally the habit of Henry Ward Beecher. After thirty years in the ministry I discarded writing sermons entirely and adopted the plan of preparing a few "heads" on a bit of note-paper, and tacking it into a Bagster’s Bible. Dr. John Hall wrote carefully, leaving his manuscript at home; and so does Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, who is to-day by far the most superb sermonizer in Great Britain. The eloquent Guthrie, of Scotland, committed his discourses to memory, and delivered them in a torrent of Godly emotion. In preparing my sermons my custom was, after taking some rest on Monday, to get into my study early on Tuesday morning. To every student the best hours of the day are those before the sun has reached the meridian. Then the mind is the most clear and vigorous. I have never in my life prepared sermons a dozen times after my supper. Severe mental work in the evening is apt to destroy sound sleep; thousands of brain workers are wrecked by insomnia. To secure freedom from needless interruption I pinned on my study door "Very Busy."

This had the wholesome effect of shutting out all time-killers, and of shortening necessary calls of those who had some important errand. Instead of leaving the selection of my topic to the risk of any contingency, I usually chose my text on Tuesday morning, and laid the keel of the sermon. I kept a large note-book in which I could enter any passage of Scripture that would furnish a good theme for pulpit consumption. I also found it a good practice to jot down thoughts that occurred to me on any important topic that I could use when I came to prepare my sermons. By this method I had a treasury of texts from which I could draw every week. Let my readers be careful to notice that word "Text." I have known men to prepare an elaborate essay, theological, ethical or sociological, and then to perch a text from the Bible on top of it.

"Preach my word" does not signify the clapping of a few syllables as a figure-head on a long treatise spun out of a preacher’s brain. The best discourses are not manufactured, they are a growth. God’s inspired and infallible Book must furnish the text. The connection between every good sermon and its text is just as vital as the connection between a peach-tree and its root. Sometimes an indolent minister tries to palm off an old sermon for a pretended new one by changing the text, but this shallow device ought to expose itself as if he should decapitate a dog and undertake to clap on the head of some other animal. Intelligent audiences see through such tricks and despise them. "Be sure your sin will find you out." When a passage from the Holy Scripture has been planted as a root and well watered with prayer, the sermon should spring naturally from it. The central thought of the text being the central thought of the sermon and all argument, all instruction and exhortation are only the boughs branching off from the central trunk, giving unity, vigor and spiritual beauty to the whole organic production. The unity and spiritual power of a discourse usually depend upon the adherence to the great divine truth contained in the inspired Book. The Bible text is God’s part of our sermon; and the more thoroughly we get the text into our own souls, the more will we get it into the sermon, and into the consciences of our hearers. To keep out of a rut I studied the infinite variety of Sacred Scripture; its narratives and matchless biographies, its jubilant Psalms, its profound doctrines, its tender pathos, its rolling thunder of Sinai, and its sweet melodies of Calvary’s redeeming love. I laid hold of the great themes, and I found a half hour of earnest prayer was more helpful than two or three hours of study. It sometimes let a flash from the Throne flame over the page I was writing. To me, when preparing my Sabbath messages, God’s Holy Word was the sum of all knowledge, and a "Thus saith the Lord" was my invariable guide. I found that in theology the true things were not new, and most of the new things were not true. I remember how a visitor in New Haven was looking for a certain house, and found himself in front of the residence of Professor Olmstead, the eminent astronomer, whose stoves were then very popular. The visitor inquired of an Irishman, who was working in front of the house, "Who lives here?" The very Hibernian answer was, "Shure, sur, ’tis Profissor Olmstead, a very great man; he invents comets, and has discovered a new stove." In searching the Scriptures I used the very best spiritual telescopes in my possession, and gladly availed myself of all discoveries of divine truths made by profounder intellects and keener visions than my own; but I leave this self-styled "advanced age" to invent its own comets, and follow its own meteors. In one respect I have not followed the practice of many of my brethren, for I never have wasted a single moment in defending God’s Word in my pulpit. I have always held that the Bible is a self-evidencing book; God will take care of His Word if we ministers only take care to preach it. We are no more called upon to defend the Bible than we are to defend the law of gravitation. My beloved friend, Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, has well said that if ministers, "instead

of trying to prop the Cross of Christ, would simply point men to that Cross, more souls would be saved." The vast proportion of volumes of "Apologetics" are a waste of ink and paper. If they could all be kindled into a huge bonfire, they would shed more light than they ever did before. It is not our business to answer every sceptic who shies a stone at the solid fortress of truth in which God places His ambassadors. If Tobiah and Sanballat are challenging us to come down into the plain, and meet them on their level, our answer must ever be: "I am God’s messenger, preaching God’s word and doing God’s work. I cannot stop to go down and prove that your swords are made of lath." To my younger brethren I would say: "Preach the Word, preach it with all your soul, preach it in the strength of Jehovah’s Spirit, and He will give it the victory."

I found the effectiveness of my sermons increased by the use of every good illustration I could get hold of, but I tried to be careful that they illustrated something. Where such are lugged into the sermon merely for the sake of ornament, they are as much out of place as a bouquet would be tied fast to a plough-handle. The Divine Teacher set us the example of making vital truths intelligible by illustrations, when he spoke so often in parables, and sometimes recalled historical incidents. All congregations relish incidents and stories, when they are "pat" to the purpose, and serious enough for God’s house, and help to drive the truth into the hearts of the audience During my early ministry I delivered a discourse to young men at Saratoga Springs, and closed it with a solemn story of a man who died of remorse at the exposure of his crime. The Hon. John McLean, a judge of the United States Supreme Court and a prominent man in the Methodist Church, was in the congregation, and the next day I called at the United States Hotel to pay my respects to him. He said to me, "My young friend I was very much interested in that story last evening; it clinched the sermon. Our ministers in Cincinnati used to introduce illustrative anecdotes, but it seems to have gone out of fashion and I am sorry for it." I replied to him, "Well Judge, I am glad to have the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in favor of telling a story or a personal incident in the pulpit." There is one principle that covers all cases. It is this: Whatever makes the Gospel or Jesus Christ more clear to the understanding, more effective in arousing sinners, in converting souls, in edifying believers and in promoting pure honest living is never out of place in the pulpit. When we are preaching for souls we may use any and every weapon of truth within our reach.

Those who have sat before my pulpit will testify that I never spared my lungs or their ears in the delivery of my discourses. The preaching of the Gospel is spiritual gunnery, and many a well-loaded cartridge has failed to reach its mark from lack of powder to propel it. The prime duty of God’s ambassador is to arouse the attention of souls before his pulpit; to stir those who are indifferent; to awaken those who are impenitent; to cheer the sorrow-stricken; to strengthen the weak, and edify believers An advocate in a criminal trial puts his grip on every juryman’s ear So must every herald of Gospel-truth demand and command a hearing, cost what it may: but that hearing he never will secure while he addresses an audience in a cold, formal, perfunctory manner. Certainly the great apostle at Ephesus aimed at the emotions and the conscience as well as the reason of his hearers when he "ceased not to warn them night and day with tears." I cannot impress it too strongly on every young minister that the delivery of his sermon is half the battle. Why load your gun at all if you cannot send your charge to the mark? Many a discourse containing much valuable thought has fallen dead on drowsy ears when it might have produced great effect if the preacher had only had inspiration and perspiration. A sermon that is but ordinary as a production may have an extraordinary effect by direct and fervid delivery. The minister who never

warms himself will never warm up his congregation. I once asked Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, "Who is the greatest preacher you have ever heard?" Mr. Barnes, who was a very clear-headed thinker, replied: "I cannot answer your question exactly, but the greatest specimen of preaching I ever heard was by the Rev. Edward N. Kirk before my congregation during a revival; it produced a tremendous effect." Those of us that knew Kirk knew that he was not a man of genius or profound scholarship; but he was a true orator with a superb voice and a sweet persuasiveness, and his whole soul was on fire with the love of Jesus and the love of souls.

It is not easy to define what that subtle something is which we call pulpit magnetism. As near as I can come to a definition I would say it is the quality or faculty in the speaker that arouses the attention and strengthens the interest of his auditors and which, when aided by the Holy Spirit, produces conviction in their minds by the truth that is in Jesus. The heart in the speaker's voice sends that voice into the hearts of his hearers. It is an undoubted fact that pulpit fervor has been a characteristic of almost all the preachers of a soul-winning Gospel. The fire was kindled in the pulpit that kindled the pews. The discourses of Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, were masterpieces of fresh thought, but the crowds were drawn to his church because they were delivered with a fiery glow. The king of living sermon-makers is Dr. McLaren, of Manchester. His vigorous thought is put into vigorous language and then vigorously spoken. He commits his grand sermons to memory, and then looks his audience in the eyes, and sends his strong voice to the furthest gallery. Last year after I had thanked him for his powerful "Address on Preaching" to a thousand ministers in London, he wrote to me: "It was an effort; for I could not trust myself to do without a manuscript, and I am so unaccustomed to reading what I have to say that it was like dancing a hornpipe in fetters," Yet manuscripts are not always fetters; for Dr. Chalmers read every line of his sermons with thrilling and tremendous effect. So did Dr. Charles Wadsworth in Philadelphia, and so did Phillips Brooks in Boston. In my own experience I have as often found spiritual results from the discourses partly or mainly written out as from those spoken extemporaneously. While much may depend upon the conditions in the congregation and much aid may be drawn from the intercessory prayers of our people, the main thing is to have a baptism of fire in our own hearts. Sometimes a sermon may produce but little impression, yet the same sermon at another time and place may deeply move an audience, and yield rich spiritual results. Physical condition may have some influence on a minister's delivery; but the chief element in the eloquence that awakens and converts sinners and strengthens Christians is the unction of the Holy Spirit. Our best power is the power from on high.

I would say to young ministers—look at your auditors as bound to the judgment seat and see the light of eternity flash into their faces. Then the more fervor of soul you put into your preaching the more souls you will win to your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. As I look back over the last sixty years I think I discover some very marked changes in the methods of the American pulpit since the days of my youth. In the first place the average preacher in those days was more doctrinal than at the present time. The masters in Israel evidently held with Phillips Brooks that "no exhortation to a good life that does not put behind it some great truth, as deep as eternity, can seize and hold the conscience," Therefore they pushed to the front such deep and mighty themes as the Attributes of God, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Nature and Desert of Sin, the Atonement, Regeneration, Faith, Resurrection, and Judgment to come, with Heaven and Hell as tremendous realities. They emphasized the heinousness and the desert of sin as a great argument for repentance and

acceptance of Jesus Christ. A lapse from that style of preaching is to be deplored; for as Gladstone truly remarked, the decline or decay of a sense of sin against God is one of the most serious symptoms of these times.

Charles G. Finney, who was at the zenith of his power sixty years ago, bombarded the consciences of sinners with a prodigious broadside of pulpit doctrine; and many acute lawyers and eminent merchants were converted under his discourses. No two finer examples of doctrinal preaching—once so prevalent—could be cited than Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Horace Bushnell. The celebrated sermon by the former of these two giants on the "Moral Government of God" was characterized by Thomas H. Skinner as the mightiest discourse he had ever heard. Henry Ward Beecher hardly exaggerated when he once said to me, "Put all of his children together and we do not equal my father at his best." Dr. Bushnell's masterly discourses with all their exquisite poetry and insight into human hearts were largely bottomed and built on a theological basis. To those two great doctrinal preachers I might add the names of my beloved instructors, Dr. Archibald Alexander and Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, Albert Barnes and Professor Park, Dr. Thornwell, Dr. Bethune, Dr. John Todd, Dr. G.T. Bedell, Bishop Simpson and President Stephen Olin. Has the American pulpit grown in spiritual power since those days? Have the churches thriven whose pastors have become more invertebrate in their theology?

Another characteristic of the average preacher sixty years ago was that sermons were generally aimed at awakening the impenitent, and bringing them to Jesus Christ. The evil of sin was emphasized; the way of salvation explained; the claims of Christianity were presented; and people were urged to immediate decision. Nowadays a large portion of sermons are addressed to professing Christians; many others are addressed to nobody in particular, but there is less of faithful, fervid, loving and persuasive discourses to the unconverted. This is one of the reasons for the lamentable decrease in the number of conversions. If ministers are set to be watchmen of souls, how shall they escape if they neglect the salvation of souls?

I think, too, that we cannot be mistaken in saying that there has been a decline in impassioned pulpit eloquence. There is a change in the fashions of preaching. Students are now taught to be calm and colloquial; to aim at producing epigrammatical essays; to discuss sociological problems and address the intellects of their auditors rather in the style of the lecture platform or college class room. The great Dr. Chalmers "making the rafters roar" is as much a bygone tradition in many quarters as faith in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. I have often wished that the young Edward N. Kirk, who melted to tears the professors and students of Yale during the revival there, could come back to us and teach candidates for the ministry how to preach. There was no stentorian shouting or rhetorical exhortation; but there was an intense, solemn, white-heat earnestness that made his auditors feel not only that life was worth living, but that the soul was worth saving and Jesus Christ was worth serving, and Heaven was worth securing, and that for all these things "God will bring us into judgment." If Lyman Beecher and Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin and Finney did not possess all of Kirk's grace of delivery, they possessed his fire, and they made the Gospel doctrines glow with a living heat that burned into the hearts and consciences of their auditors. May God send into our churches not only a revival of pure and undefiled religion, but also a revival of old-fashioned soul-inspiring pulpit eloquence!

It is rather a delicate subject to touch upon, but I am happy to say that in my early ministry the preachers of God's Word were not hamstrung by any doubt of the divine inspiration or infallibility of the Book that lay before them on their pulpits. The questions, "Have we got any Bible?" and "If any Bible, how much?" had not been hatched. When I was in Princeton Seminary, our profoundly learned Hebrew Professor, Dr. J. Addison Alexander no more disturbed us with the much-vaunted conjectural Biblical criticisms than he disturbed us with Joe Smith's "golden plates" at Nauvoo. For this fact I feel deeply thankful; and I comfort myself with the reflection that the great British preachers of the last dozen years—Dr. McLaren, Charles H. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Canon Liddon, Dr. Dale and Dr. Joseph Parker—have suffered no more from the virulent attacks of the radical and revolutionary higher criticism than I have, during my long and happy ministry.

Ministers had some advantages sixty or seventy years ago over their successors of our day. They had a more uninterrupted opportunity for the preparation of their sermons and for thorough personal visitation of their flocks. They were not importuned so often to serve on committees and to be participants in all sorts of social schemes of charity. Every pastor ought to keep abreast of reformatory movements as long as they do not trench upon the vital and imperative duties of his high calling. "This one thing I do," said single-hearted Paul; and if Paul were a pastor now in New York or Boston or Chicago, he would make short work of many an intrusive rap of a time-killer at his study door.

I have noted frankly a few of the changes that I have observed in the methods of our American pulpit during my long life, but not, I trust, in a pessimistic or censorious spirit God forbid that I should disparage the noble, conscientious, self-denying and Heaven-blessed labors of thousands of Christ's ministers in our broad land! They have greater difficulties to encounter than I had when I began my work. They are surrounded with an atmosphere of intense materialism. The ambition for the "seen things" increasingly blinds men to the "things that are unseen and eternal." Wealth and worldliness unspiritualize thousands of professed Christians. The present artificial arrangements of society antagonize devotional meetings and special efforts to promote revivals. On Sabbath mornings many a minister has to shovel out scores of his congregation from under the drifts (not very clean snow either) of the mammoth Sunday newspapers. The zealous pastor of to-day has to contend with the lowered popular faith in the authority of God's Word; with the lowered reverence for God's day and a diminished habit of attending upon God's worship. Do these increased difficulties demand a new Gospel? No; but rather a mightier faith in the one we have. Do they demand new doctrines? No; but more power in preaching the truths that have outlived nineteen centuries. Do we need a new revelation of Jesus Christ? Yes, yes, in the fuller manifestation of Him; in the more loving, courageous and consecrated lives of His followers. Do we need a new Baptism of the Holy Spirit? Verily we do need it; and then our pulpits will be clothed with power, and our preachers will have tongues of fire, and every change will be a change for the better advancement and enlargement of the Kingdom of our adorable Lord.

# 03.07. MY EXPERIENCE IN REVIVALS.

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# 03.08. AUTHORSHIP

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Printers' ink stained my fingers in my boyhood; for, at the age of fifteen, I ventured into a controversy on the slavery question, in the columns of our county newspaper; and, in the same paper, published a series of letters from Europe, in 1842. During my course of study in the Princeton Theological Seminary, I was a contributor to several papers, to Godey's Magazine in Philadelphia, and to the "New Englander," a literary and theological review published at New Haven. I wrote the first article for the first number of the "Nassau Monthly," a Princeton College publication, which still exists under another name. Up to the year 1847 all my contributions had been to secular periodicals, but in that year I ventured to send from Burlington, N.J., where I was then preaching, a short article to the "New York Observer," signed by my initials. This was followed by several others which, falling under the eye of my beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Cortland Van Rensellaer, led him to say to me: "You are on the right track now; work on that as long as you live," and I have obeyed his injunction. Within a year or two I began to write for the "Presbyterian" at Philadelphia. Its proprietor urged me to accept an editorial position, but I declined his proposal, as I have declined several other requests to assume editorial positions since. I would always rather write when I choose than write when Imust, and I have never felt at liberty to hold any other position while I was a pastor of a church. My contributions to the press never hindered my work as a minister, for writing for the press promotes perspicuity in preparing for the pulpit. In the summer of 1853 I was called from the Third Presbyterian Church of Trenton to the Market Street Reformed Church of New York City. As a loyal Dutchman, I began to write at once for the "Christian Intelligencer," and have continued in its clean hospitable columns to this day. At the urgent request of Mr. Henry C. Bowen I began to write for his "Independent," and sent to its columns over six hundred articles; but of all my associate contributors in those days, not a solitary one survives. In May, 1860, My first article appeared in theNew York Evangelist, and during these forty-two years I have tested the patience of its readers by imposing on them more than eighteen hundred of my lubrications. As I was preparing one of my earliest articles, I happened to spy the blossoms of the catalpa tree before my window, and for want of a title I headed it "Under the Catalpa." The tree flourishes still, and bids fair to blossom after the hand that pens these lines has turned to dust. I need not recapitulate the names of all the many journals to which I have sent contributions,—many of which have been republished in Great Britain, Australia and other parts of the civilized world. I once gave to my friend, Mr. Arthur B. Cook, the eminent stenographer, some statistics of the number of my articles, and the various journals in which they had appeared in this and other countries. He made an estimate of the extent of their publication, and then said to me: "It would be within bounds to say that your four thousand articles have been printed in at least two hundred millions of copies." The production of these articles involved no small labor, but has brought its own reward. To enter a multitude of homes week after week; to converse with the inmates about many of the most vital questions in morals and religion; to speak words of guidance to the perplexed; of comfort to the troubled, and of exhortation to the saints and to the sinful—all these

involved a solemn responsibility. That this life-work with the pen has not been without fruit I gratefully acknowledge. When a group of railway employees, at a station in England, gathered around me to tender their thanks for spiritual help afforded them by my articles, I felt repaid for hours of extra labor spent in preaching through the press. My first attempt at book-making was during my ministry at Trenton, New Jersey, when I published a small volume entitled "Stray Arrows." This was followed at different times by several volumes of an experimental and devotional character. In the spring of 1867 one of our beautiful twin boys, at the age of four and a half years, was taken from us by a very brief and violent attack of scarlet fever. We received a large number of tender letters of condolence, which gave us so much comfort that my wife suggested that they should be printed with the hope that they might be equally comforting to other people in affliction. I accordingly selected a number of them, added the simple story of our precious child's short career, and handed the package to my beloved friend and publisher, the late Mr. Peter Carter, with the request that they be printed for private distribution. He urged, after reading them, that I should allow him to publish them, which he did under the title of "The Empty Crib, a Book of Consolation." That simple story of a sweet child's life has travelled widely over the world and made our little "Georgie" known in many a home. Mrs. Gladstone told me that when she and her husband had read it, it recalled their own loss of a child under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley read it aloud to Lady Augusta Stanley in the Deanery of Westminster; and when I took him to our own unrivalled Greenwood Cemetery he asked to be driven to the spot where the dust of our dear boy is slumbering. Many thousands have visited that grave and gazed with tender admiration on the exquisite marble medallion of the childface,—by the sculptor, Charles Calverley,—which adorns the monument.

Fourteen years afterwards, in the autumn of 1881, "the four corners of my house were smitten" again with a heart-breaking bereavement in the death, by typhoid fever, of our second daughter, Louise Ledyard Cuyler, at the age of twenty-two, who possessed a most inexpressible beauty of person and character. Her playful humor, her fascinating charm of manner, and her many noble qualities drew to her the admiration of a large circle of friends, as well as the pride of our parental hearts. After her departure I wrote, through many tears, a small volume entitled "God's Light on Dark Clouds," with the hope that it might bring some rays of comfort into those homes that were shadowed in grief. Judging from the numberless letters that have come to me I cannot but believe that, of all the volumes which I have written, this one has been the most honored of God as a message-bearer to that largest of all households—the household of the sorrowing. Let me add that I have published a single volume of sermons, entitled "The Eagle's Nest," and a volume of foreign travel, "From the Nile to Norway"; but all the remainder of my score of volumes have been of a practical and devotional character. Of the twenty-two volumes that I have written, six have been translated into Swedish, and two into the language of my Dutch ancestors. Thanks be to God for the precious privilege of preaching His glorious Gospel with the types that out-reach ten thousand tongues! And thanks also to a number of friends, whose faces I never saw, but whose kind words have cheered me through more than a half century of happy labors. I cannot conclude this brief chapter without expressing my deep obligations to that noble organization, the "American Tract Society," which has given a wide circulation to many of my books—including "Heart-Life," "Newly Enlisted; or, Counsels to Young Converts"—and "Beulah-Land," a volume of good cheer to aged pilgrims on their journey heavenward.

# 03.09. SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE ABROAD.

SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE ABROAD.

Gladstone.—Dr. Brown.—Dean Stanley.—Shaftesbury, etc. In a former chapter of this volume I gave my reminiscences of some celebrities in Great Britain sixty years ago. In the present chapter I group together several distinguished persons whom I met during subsequent visits. The first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone was in August, 1857, when Lord Kinnaird kindly took me into the House of Commons, and pointed out to me from a side gallery the most prominent celebrities. A tall, finely formed man, in a clear resonant voice, addressed the House for a few moments. "That is Gladstone," whispered Lord Kinnaird. Mr. Gladstone had already won fame as a great financier in the role of Chancellor of the Exchequer; but was at this time out of office, occupying an independent position. He was already beginning to break loose from Toryism, and ere long became the most brilliant and powerful leader that the British Liberal party has ever followed. As an orator he is ranked next to Bright; as a party manager, he was always a match for Disraeli, and as a statesman he has won the foremost place in British annals during the last half century. In June, 1872, I happened to be in London at the time of the great excitement over the famous "Alabama difficulty." The Court of Arbitration was sitting at Geneva; things were not going smoothly, and there was danger of a rupture with the United States. At an anniversary meeting at Exeter Hall I had made a speech in which I spoke of the cordial feeling of my countrymen, and their desire to avoid a conflict with the mother country. It was suggested to me that I should call on Mr. Gladstone, who was then Premier; and my friend, Dr. Newman Hall,—who had always had a warm personal attachment to Gladstone,—accompanied me. The Premier then occupied a stately mansion in Carlton House Terrace, next to the Duke of York’s column. We found him in his private sitting room with a cup of coffee before him and a morning newspaper in his hand. Fifteen years had made a great change in his appearance. He had become stouter and broader shouldered. His thin hair was turned gray, and his large eyes and magnificent brow reminded me of Daniel Webster. He received me cordially, and we spent half an hour in conversation about the difficulties that seemed to be obstructing an amicable settlement of the Alabama controversy. Mr. Gladstone appeared to be puzzled about a recent belligerent speech delivered by Mr. Charles Sumner in our Senate chamber, and I was glad to give him a hint or two in regard to some of our eloquent Senator’s idiosyncrasies. What impressed me most in Gladstone’s free, earnest talk was its solemn and thoroughly Christian tone—he was longing for peace on principle. On my telling him playfully that the time which belonged to the British Empire was too precious for further talk, he said: "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and we will finish our conversation." The next morning Dr. Hall and myself presented ourselves at ten o’clock in Mr. Gladstone’s parlor. We had a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Gladstone (a tall, slender lady, whose only claim to beauty was her benevolent countenance), about the schemes of charity in which she was deeply interested. At the breakfast table opposite to us were the venerable Dean Ramsey, of Edinburgh, and Professor Talbot, of Oxford University. The Premier indulged in some jocose remarks which encouraged me to tell him stories about our Southern negroes, in whom he seemed to be much interested. He

laughed over the story of the eloquent colored brother who, when asked how he came to preach so well, said: "Well, Boss, I takes de text fust; I splains it; den I spounds it, and den I puts in de rousements." Gladstone was quite delighted with this, and said it was about the best description of real parliamentary eloquence. He told us that one secret of his own marvelous health was his talent for sound, unbroken sleep. "I lock all my public cares outside my chamber door," said he, "and nothing ever disturbs my slumbers." While we were atbreakfast a package of dispatches was brought in and laid beside Mr. Gladstone's plate. He left them quietly alone until the meal was over and then, taking them to a corner of the parlor, perused them intently. I saw that his face was lighted up with a pleasant smile. Beckoning me to come to him he said, with much enthusiasm: "Doctor, here is good news from the arbitrators at Geneva. The worst is over. I do not pretend to know the purposes of Providence, but I am sure that no earthly power can now prevent an honorable peace between your country and mine." It has always been a matter of thankfulness that I should have been with the greatest of living Englishmen when his warm heart was relieved of the apprehension of the danger of a conflict with America. After entering our names in the autograph book on the parlor table, we withdrew, and at the door we met the Duke of Argyll, a member of the Premier's Cabinet, who was calling on official business.

[Illustration: DR CUYLER AT 50.] My next meeting with Gladstone was a very brief one, in the summer of 1885. He had lately resigned his third Premiership; his health was badly impaired, his splendid voice was apparently ruined by an attack of bronchitis, and the world supposed that his public career was ended. I called at his house in Whitehall Terrace, and the servant informed me at the door that the physicians had forbidden Mr. Gladstone to see any one. I handed in my card, and said to the servant: "I leave for America to-morrow, and only called to say good-bye to Mr. Gladstone." He overheard my voice (not one of the feeblest), and, coming out into the hall, greeted me most warmly, but in a voice almost inaudible from hoarseness. I told him: "Do not attempt to speak, Mr. Gladstone; the future of the British Empire depends upon your throat." He hoarsely whispered, "No, no, my friend, it does not," and with a very hearty handshake we parted. My prediction came true. Within a year the marvelous old man had recovered his voice, recovered his popularity, resumed the Liberal leadership, and for the fourth time was Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I supposed that I should never see the veteran statesman again, but four years afterward, in July, 1889, he kindly invited me to come and see him, and to bring my wife. It was the week before the celebration of his golden wedding. He was occupying, temporarily, a house near Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Gladstone, the good angel of his long life and happy home, received us warmly, and, bringing out a lot of photographs of her children and grandchildren, gave us a family talk. When her husband came in, I was startled to observe how much thinner he had become and how loosely his clothes hung upon him. But as soon as he began to talk, the old fire flamed up, and he discoursed eloquently about Irish Home-Rule, the divorce question, (one of his hobbies), and the dangers that threatened America from plutocracy and laxity of wedlock, and the facilities of divorce that sap the sanctities of domestic life. It was during that conversation that Gladstone tittered the sentence that I have often had occasion to quote. He said: "Amid all the pressure of public cares and duties, I thank God for the Sabbath with its rest for the body and the soul." One reason for his wonderful longevity was that he had never robbed his brain of the benefits of God's appointed day of rest. After our delightful talk was ended, the Grand Old Man went off in pursuit of an imperial

photograph, which he kindly signed with his autograph, and gave to my wife, and it now graces the walls of the room in which I am writing.

Many men have been great in some direction: William Ewart Gladstone was great in nearly all directions. Born in the same year with our Lincoln, he was a great muscular man and horseman; a great orator, a great political strategist, a great scholar, a great writer, great statesman and a great Christian. The crowning glory of his character was a stalwart faith in God’s Word, and in the cross of Jesus Christ. He honored his Lord, and his Lord honored him. Wordsworth drew a truthful picture of Gladstone when he portrayed

"The man who lifted high

Conspicuous object in a nation’s eye,

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,

Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays in the many games of life, that one

Where what he most doth value must be won;

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray;

And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause." Who has not wept over the brilliant and beloved Dr. John Brown’s unrivalled story, "Rab and His Friends," and been charmed with his picture of "Pet Marjorie"? What student of style will deny that his "Monograph" of his father is the finest specimen of condensed and vivid biography in our language? When his "Spare Hours" appeared in America I published an article in the "Independent" entitled, "The Last of the John Browns," several copies of which had been forwarded to him by his friends in this country. On my arrival in Edinburgh, July, 1862, he called on me at the Waverly Hotel and invited me to breakfast with him. He had the fair Saxon features of Scotland, with a smile like a Summer morning. Not tall in stature, his head was somewhat bald, and he bore a striking resemblance to our ex-President, Van Buren. He showed me in his house some choice literary treasures; among them a little Greek Testament, given to his great-grandfather, the famous John Brown, of Haddington, the eminent commentator. Its history was curious: Brown of, Haddington, was a poor shepherd boy, and once he walked twenty miles through the night to St. Andrews to get a copy of the Greek Testament. The book-seller at first laughed at him and said: "Boy, if you can read a verse in this book, you may have it." Forthwith the lad read the verse off glibly, and was permitted to carry off the Testament in triumph. You may well suppose that the little volume is a sacred heirloom in the Brown family, which for four generations has been famous. Of course, the author of "Rab and His Friends" had several pictures of the illustrious dog that figured in his beautiful story, and I noticed a pet spaniel lying on the sofa in the drawing room. A day or two after, Dr. Brown called on me, and kindly took me on a drive with him through Edinburgh; and it was pleasant to see how the people on the sidewalk had cheery salutes for the author of "Rab" as he rode by. We went up to Calton Hill and

made a call on Sir George Harvey, the famous artist, whom we found in his studio, with brush in hand, and working on an Highland landscape. Sir George was a hearty old fellow, and the two friends had a merry "crack" together. When I asked Harvey if he had seen any of our best American paintings, he replied "No, I have not; the best American productions I have ever seen have been some of your missionaries. I met some of them; they were noble characters." On our return from the drive Dr. Brown gave me an elegant edition of "Rab," with Harvey's portrait of the immortal dog, whose body was thickset like a little bull, and who had "fought his way to absolute supremacy,—like Julius Caesar or the Duke of Wellington." When in Edinburgh ten years afterwards, as a delegate to the General Assemblies, I was so constantly occupied that I was able to see but little of my genial friend, Dr. Brown. I sent him a copy of the little book, "The Empty Crib," which had been recently published, and received from him the following characteristic reply:

25 RUTLAND STREET, EDINBURGH, May 25, 1872. My Dear Dr. Cuyler

Very many thanks for your kind note, and the little book. It will be my own fault if I am not the better for reading it. I have seen nothing lovelier or more touching than the pictures of those twin heads "like unto the angels"; even there Georgie looks nearer the better world than his brother. There is something perilous about his eyes with their wistful beauty. With him "it is far better" now, and may it be meet for Theodore to be long with you here. I hoped to leave with you a book of my father's on the same subject, entitled, "Comfortable Words," but it is out of print. If I can get a copy, I will send it you. There are some letters of Bengel's which, if you do not know, you will enjoy.

I send you a note of introduction to John Ruskin, and I hope to hear you to-morrow in Mr. Candlish's church. With much regret and best thanks, yours very truly,

JOHN BROWN

P.S. I was in Glen-Garry the other week, and quite felt that look of nakedness, and as if it just came from the Maker's hand; it was very impressive

During the closing years of the Doctor's life he was often shadowed by fits of deep melancholy. One day he was walking with a lady, who was also subject to depression of spirits, and he said to her: "Tell me why I am like a Jew?" She could not answer and he replied: "Because I am sad-you-see" Tears and mirth dwelt very closely together in his keen, fervid, sensitive spirit. It is remarkable that one who devoted himself so assiduously to his exacting profession should have been able to master such an immense amount of miscellaneous reading, and to have won such a splendid name in literature. It is the attribute of true genius that it can do great things easily, and can accomplish its feats in an incredibly short time. He affirms that the immortal story of "Rab" was written in a few hours! The precious relics of my friend that I now possess are portraits of his father and of Dr. Chalmers, and of Hugh Miller, which he presented to me, and which now adorn my study walls.

While I have always dissented from some of his theological views and utterances, I have always had an intense admiration for Dean Stanley, in whose character was blended the gentleness of a sweet girl with occasional display of the courage of a lion. Froude once said to me: "I wish that Stanley was a little better hater." My reply was: "It is not in Stanley to hate anybody but the devil." My acquaintance with the Dean of Westminster dates from the summer of 1872. The Rev. Samuel Minton, a very broad Church of England clergyman, was in the habit of inviting ministers of the

Established church and non-conformists to meet at lunch parties with a view of bringing them to a better understanding. One day I was invited by Mr. Minton to attend one of these lunch parties, and I found that day at his table, Dr. Donald Frazer, Dr. Newman Hall, Dr. Joseph Parker, Dean Stanley and Dr. Howard Wilkinson, afterwards Bishop of Truro. Stanley felt perfectly at home among these "dissenters" and asked me to give the company some account of a remarkable discourse, which, he was told, Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, had recently delivered in my Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, on "Christian Unity." In the discourse, Bishop McIlvaine had said: "The only difference between the Presbyterian denomination, and Episcopal denomination, is their difference as to the orders of the ministry." The Dean was delighted with my account, and said: "Just imagine the Bishop of London preaching such a sermon in Newman Hall's or Spurgeon's pulpit; it would rock the old dome of St. Paul's." In all of his intercourse with his dissenting brethren the Dean never put on any airs of patronage, for though a loyal Episcopalian, he recognized their equally divine ordination as ministers of Jesus Christ. A few days afterwards I went up to get a look at Holly Lodge, the residence of Lord Macaulay, in a side street just off Campden Hill. I met the Dean just coming out of the gate. He had been attending a garden party given by Lord Airlie, who then occupied the lodge. It was a pleasant coincidence to meet the most brilliant ecclesiastical historian at the door of the most brilliant civil historian of England. The Dean stopped and chatted about Macaulay, of whom he was very fond, and then said: "Just beyond is Holland House." We went a few paces and got a glimpse of the famous mansion in which Lord Holland had entertained the celebrities of America and Europe. One of the best hours I ever spent with Stanley was at his own table in the Deanery. He was the most delightful of hosts. Lady Augusta Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Elgin, had been a favorite Maid of Honor to the Queen, and the Dean had accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour to the Orient. The Queen quite frequently slipped away from the palace for a quiet chat at the Deanery with this pair whom she so loved. A marble bust of Victoria, by her daughter, the Princess Louise, stood in the parlor, a gift of the Queen. If the Dean was very broad in his theology, his cultured wife was as decidedly evangelical in hers and her religious influence was very tonic in all respects. After lunch that day the Dean very kindly took me into the famous Jerusalem chamber and showed me where the Westminster Assembly had sat for six years to give birth to our Presbyterian Confession of Faith and Catechism. I was surprised at the small size of the room that had held seventy or eighty commissioners. As I was very desirous of hearing the Dean preach in the Abbey, he sent me a very kind invitation to come on the next Sabbath to the Deanery before the service, and on account of my deafness Lady Augusta would take me into a seat close to his pulpit. Accordingly she stowed me in a small box-pew, which was close against the pulpit, and within arms' length of the Dean. His sermon was a beautiful essay on Solomon and great men, and in the course of it he said: "Such was the greatness of our Lord Jesus Christ." I felt so pained by what he did not say that I ventured to write him a most frank and loving note, in which I expressed my deep regret that when he referred to the "greatness" of our Saviour he had so entirely ignored what was infinitely His most sublime work,—that of our human redemption by His atoning death on Calvary. The dear Dean, instead of taking offense, accepted the frank letter in the same spirit in which it was written. A day or two after he sent me a characteristic note, whose peculiar hieroglyphics, after much labor, I was able to decipher; for it has been often said that the only reason why he was never made a bishop was that no clergyman in his diocese would ever have been able to read his letters. THE DEANERY OF WESTMINSTER,

July 22, 1872

Dear Doctor—-Pray accept my sincere thanks for your very kind note. I quite appreciate your candor in mentioning what you thought a defect in my sermon. It arose from a fixed conviction which I have long formed, that the only chance there is of my sermons doing any good is by taking one topic at a time. The effect and the nature of the death of Jesus Christ, I quite agree with you in thinking to be a most important part of the Christian doctrine, and Christian history. But as my sermon was on a different subject—that of the right use of greatness—I felt that I could not speak, even by way of allusion, to the other great doctrine on which I had often preached before.

I sincerely wish that I could come to America. Every year that passes increases the number of my kind friends in the New World, and my desire to see the United States.

Farewell; and may all the blessings of our State and

Church follow you westward Yours faithfully,

A.P. STANLEY. When Dean Stanley visited America in the autumn of 1878, I met him several times, and he was especially cordial, and all the more so because of my out-spoken letter. The first time I met him was at the meeting of ministers of New York to give him a reception, and hear him deliver a discourse on Dr. Robinson, the Oriental geographer. He recognized me in the audience, came forward to the front of the platform, beckoned me up, and gave me a hearty grasp of the hand. I arranged to take him to Greenwood Cemetery on the morning before he sailed for home, and after breakfasting with him at Cyrus W. Field’s we started for the cemetery. Dr. Phillip Schaff and Dr. Henry M. Field met us at the ferry, and accompanied us. When we entered the elevated railroad car, Stanley exclaimed: "This is like the chariots on the walls of Babylon." With his keen interest in history he inquired when we reached the lower part of the Bowery, near the junction of Chatham Square "Was it not near here that Nathan Hale, the martyr, was executed?" and he showed then a more accurate knowledge of our local history than one New Yorker in ten thousand can boast! That was probably the exact locality, and Dean Stanley had never been there before. Before entering the Greenwood Cemetery he requested me to drive him to the spot where my little child was buried, whose photograph in "The Empty Crib" I have referred to in a previous chapter. When we reached the burial lot he got out of the carriage, and in the driving wind, of a raw November morning, spent some time in examining the marble medallion of the child, and in talking with my wife most sweetly about him. I could have hugged the man on the spot. It was so like Stanley. I do not wonder that everybody loved him. We then drove to the tomb of Dr. Edward Robinson and the Dean said to us: "In all my travels in Palestine I carried Dr. Robinson’s volume, ’Biblical Researches,’ with me on horseback or on my camel; it was my constant guide book."

Three years afterward, on my arrival in London, from Palestine I learned that Stanley was dangerously ill. On the door of the Deanery a bulletin was posted: "The Dean is sinking." That night the good, great man, died. On the 25th of July the august funeral service took place in Westminster Abbey. Outside the Abbey thousands of people were assembled, for the Dean was loved by all London. From a small gallery over the "Poets’ Corner" I looked down on the group, which contained Gladstone, Shaftesbury, Matthew Arnold, and scores of England’s mightiest and best. After the "Dead March," began a long procession headed by Stanley’s lifelong friend, Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, and the Prince of Wales (his pupil), and followed by Browning,

Tyndall, and a long line of bishops, and poets and scholars moved slowly along under the lofty arches to the tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel. A fresh wreath of flowers from the Queen was laid on the coffin. Many a tear was shed on that sad day beside the tomb in which the Church of England laid her most fearless and yet her best beloved son. I never have visited the Abbey since, without halting for a few moments beside the chapel in which the Dean and his beloved wife are slumbering. Greater than all his books or literary achievements was Arthur Penryn Stanley, the modest, true-hearted, unselfish, childlike, Christian man.

Soon after I had begun my pastorate in New York, I became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, which was one of the first that was organized in this country. Since that time I have delivered more than one hundred addresses, in behalf of this institution, in my own country and abroad. In June, 1857, the New York organization honored me with what was then a novelty in America—a public breakfast, and commissioned me as a delegate to the original parent association in London. I there met that remarkable Christian merchant, Mr. George Williams, who was the founder of the Association, and who had got much of his first spiritual inspiration from reading the writings of our American, Charles G. Finney. He is now Sir George Williams, my much loved friend, and I do not hesitate to say that there is not another man living who has accomplished such a world-wide work for the glory of God and the welfare of young men. The President of that first organized London Association was the celebrated philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftesbury, a man whom I had long desired to meet. My acquaintance with him began in Exeter Hall, at a Sabbath service held to reach the non-church going classes. With one or two others we knelt together in a small side room to invoke a blessing on the service in the great hall, and he prayed most fervently. The Earl of Shaftesbury was not only the author of great reformatory legislation in Parliament, and the acknowledged leader of the Low Church Party in the Established Church. He was also a leader of city missions, ragged schools, shoe-black brigades, and other organizations to benefit the submerged classes in London. He once invited all the thieves in London to meet him privately in a certain hall, and there pleaded with them to abandon their wretched occupation, and promised to aid those who desired to reform. He was fond of telling the story of how, when his watch was stolen, the thieves themselves compelled the rascal to come and return it, because he had been the benefactor of the "long-fingered fraternity." The last time that I saw the venerable philanthropist was just before his death (at the age of eighty-four years). He was presiding at a convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Exeter Hall. In my speech I said: "To-day I have seen Milton's Mulberry Tree at Cambridge University, and the historic old tree is kept alive by being banked around with earth clear to its boughs; and so is all Christendom banking around our honored President to-night to keep him warm and hale, and strong, amid the frosts of advancing age," The grand old man rewarded me with a bow and a gracious smile, and the audience responded with a shout of appreciation.

# 03.10. SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE AT HOME.

SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE AT HOME.

Irvin,—Whittier.—Webster.—Greeley, etc.

Washington Irving has fairly earned the title of the "Father of our American Literature." The profound philosophical and spiritual treatises of our great President Edwards had secured a reading by theologians and deep thinkers abroad; but the American who first caught the popular ear was the man who wrote "The Sketch Book," and made the name of "Knickerbocker" almost as familiar as Sir Walter Scott made the name of "Waverly." During the summer of 1856 I received a cordial invitation from the people of Tarry town to come up to join them in an annual "outing," with their children, on board of a steamer on the Tappan-Zee. I accepted the invitation, and on arrival found the boat already filled with the good people, and two or three hundreds of scholars from the Sabbath schools. To my surprise and delight I found Washington Irving on board the steamer. The veteran author had laid aside the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," which he was just preparing, to come away for a bit of rest and recreation. I had never seen him before, but found him precisely the type of man that I had expected. He was short, rather stout, and attired in an old fashioned black summer dress, with "pumps" and white stockings, and a broad Panama hat. As he was no novelty to his neighbors I was able to secure more of his time; and, like the apostle of old, I was exceedingly "filled with his company." He took me to the upper deck of the steamer, and pointed out a glimpse of his own home—"Sunnyside"—which he told me was the original of Baltus Van Tassel’s homestead in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." He pointed out the route of poor Ichabod Crane on his memorable night ride up the valley, and so on to the Kakout, where his horse should have gone to reach "Sleepy Hollow." Instead of that, obstinate Gunpowder plunged down over that bridge where poor Ichabod encountered his fatal and final catastrophe. The good old man’s face was full of fun as he told me the story. Irving was so exceedingly shy that he never could face any public ovation, and yet he had a great deal of quiet enjoyment of his own popularity. For example, one day when he was going with a young relative up Broadway, which was thronged with omnibuses, he pointed out one of the old "Knickerbocker" line of stages to the lad and said: "Billy, you see how many coaches I own in this city, and you may take as many rides in them as you like."

After refreshments had been served to all the guests on board, we gathered on the deck for the inevitable American practice of speech making. In the course of my speech I gave an account of what was being done for poor children in the slums of New York, and then introduced as many Dutch stories as I could recollect for the special edification of old "Geoffrey Crayon." As I watched his countenance, and heard his hearty laughter and saw sometimes the peculiar quizzical expression of his mouth, I fancied that I knew precisely how he looked when he drew the inimitable pictures of Ichabod Crane, and Rip Van Winkle. When the excursion ended, and we drew up to the shore, I bade him a very grateful and affectionate farewell, and my readers, I hope, will pardon me if I say to them that dear old Irving whispered quietly in my ear, "I should like to be one of your

parishioners." Three years afterwards, Irving was borne by his neighbors at Tarrytown to his final resting place in the old Dutch churchyard at the entrance of Sleepy Hollow.

Twenty years afterwards my dear friend, Mr. William E. Dodge, drove me up from his summer house at Tarrytown to see the simple tomb of the good old Geoffrey Crayon, whose genius has gladdened innumerable admirers, and whose writings are as pure as the rivulet which now flows by his resting place. The pleasant little town of Burlington, N.J., in which I spent my earliest ministry, was the headquarters of orthodox Quakers. I was thrown much into the society of their most eminent people, and very delightful society I found it. The venerable Stephen Grellet, their apostle, who had held many interviews with the crowned heads of Europe, resided a little way from me up the street; and I saw the good old man with broad brimmed hat and straight coat pass my window every day. Richard Mott lived but a little way from the town, and on the other side resided the widow of the celebrated Joseph John Gurney. The wittiest Quaker in the town was my neighbor, William J. Allinson, the editor of the "Friends Review," and an intimate friend of John G. Whittier. One afternoon he ran over to my room, and said: "Friend Theodore, John G. Whittier is at my house, and wants to see thee; he leaves early in the morning." I hastened across the street and, in the modest parlor of Friend Allinson, I saw, standing before the fire, a tall, slender man in Quaker dress, with a very lofty brow, and the finest eye I have ever seen in any American, unless it were the deep ox-like eye of Abraham Lincoln. We had a pleasant chat about the anti-slavery, temperance and other moral reforms; and I went home with something of the feeling that Walter Scott says he had after seeing "Rabbie Burns," Whittier was a retiring, home-keeping man. He never crossed the ocean and seldom went even outside of his native home in Massachusetts. During the summer of 1870 he ventured down to Brooklyn on a visit to his friend, Colonel Julian Allen. On coming home one day, my servant said to me, "There was a tall Quaker gentleman called here, and left his name on this piece of paper." I was quite dumb-founded to read the name of "John G. Whittier," and I lost no time in making my way up to the house where he was staying. When I inquired how he had come to do me the honor of a call, he said: "Well, yesterday, when I arrived and my friend Allen drove me up here, we passed a meeting house with a tall steeple, and when I heard it was thine, I determined to run down to thy house and see thee." As I was to have the "Chi Alpha," the oldest and the most celebrated clerical association of New York at my house the next afternoon, I invited him to come and sup with them. He cordially consented, and it may be supposed that the "Chi Alpha" was very glad to put aside for that evening all other matters, and listen to the fresh, racy and humorous talk of the great poet. Underneath his grave and shy sobriety, flowed a most gentle humor. He could tell a good story, and when he was describing the usages of the Quakers in regard to "Speaking in Meetings," he told us that sometimes the voluntary remarks were not quite to the edification of the meeting. It once happened that a certain George C—— grew rather wearisome in his exhortations, and his prudent brethren, after solemn consultation, passed the following resolution: "It is the sense of this meeting that George C.—— be advised to remain silent, until such time as the Lord shall speak through him more to our satisfaction and profit." A resolution of that kind would not be out of place in some ecclesiastical assemblies, nor in certain prayer gatherings that I wot of. After the circle broke up I told him that in addition to the kind and characteristic letters he had written to me I wanted a scrap of his poetry to add to those which Bryant and others had contributed to my collection of autographs. "What shall it be?" he said. I told him that, while some of his hymns and devoutly spiritual pieces, like "My soul and I," were very dear to me, and while "Snow Bound" was his acknowledged masterpiece, yet

none of his verses did I oftener quote than this one, in his poem on Massachusetts, He smiled at the selection, and accordingly sat down and wrote:

"She heeds no skeptic’s puny hands,

While near the school the church-spire stands,

Nor fears the bigot’s blinded rule,

While near the church-spire stands the school." Our walk to his place of sojourn in the moonlight was very delightful. On the way I told him that not long before, when I quoted a verse of Bryant’s to Horace Greeley, Mr. Greeley replied: "Bryant is all very well, but by far the greatest poet this country has produced is John Greenleaf Whittier." "Did our friend Horace say that?" meekly inquired Whittier, and a smile of satisfaction flowed over his Quaker countenance. The man is not born yet who does not like an honest compliment, especially if it comes from a high quarter. In the course of my life I have received several very pleasant letters from my venerable friend, the Quaker poet; but immediately after his eightieth birthday he addressed me the following letter, which, believing it to be his last, I framed and hung on the walls of my library:

OAK KNOLL, 12th month, 17th, 1887. My dear Dr. Cuyler,

I thank thee for thy loving letter to me on my birthday, which I would have answered immediately but for illness; and, my friend, I wish I was more worthy of the kind and good things said of me. But my prayer is, "God be Merciful to me." And I think my prayer will be answered, for His Mercy and His Justice are one. May the Lord bless thee. Thy friend sincerely, JOHN G. WHITTIER This note, so redolent of humility, was written a few days after he had received a most superb birthday ovation from the public men of Massachusetts, and from the most eminent literary men in all parts of the nation. In the days of my boyhood the most colossal figure, physically and intellectually, in American politics, was Daniel Webster. I well remember when I first put eye upon him. It was when I was pursuing my studies in the New York University Grammar School in preparation for Princeton College. I was strolling one day on the Battery, and met a friend who said to me: "Yonder goes Daniel Webster; he has just landed from that man-of-war; go and get a good look at him." I hastened my steps and, as I came near him, I was as much awe-stricken as if I had been gazing on Bunker Hill Monument, He was unquestionably the most majestic specimen of manhood that ever trod this continent. Carlyle called him "The Great Norseman," and said that his eyes were like great anthracite furnaces that needed blowing up. Coal heavers in London stopped to stare at him as he stalked by, and it is well authenticated that Sydney Smith said of him, "That man is a fraud; for it is impossible for any one to be as great as he looks."

Mr. Webster, as I saw him that day, was in the vigor of his splendid prime. When he spoke in the Senate chamber it was his custom to wear the Whig uniform, a blue coat with metal buttons and a buff waistcoat; but that day he was dressed in a claret colored coat and black trousers. His complexion was a swarthy brown. He used to say that while his handsome brother Ezekiel was very fair, he "had all the soot of the family in his face." Such a mountain of a brow I have never seen before or since. I followed behind him until he entered the carriage of Mr. Robert Minturn that was waiting for him, and as he rode away he looked like Jupiter Olympus. Although I saw Mr. Webster several times afterwards, I never heard him speak until the closing year of his life. The Honorable Lewis Condit, of Morristown, N.J., was in Congress at the time when Webster had his

historic combat with Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, and was present during the delivery of the most magnificent speech ever delivered in our Senate. He described the historic scene to me minutely.

Before twelve o'clock on the 26th day of January, 1830, the Senate chamber was overflowing into the rotunda, and people were offering prices for a few inches of breathing room in the charmed enclosure. Senator Dixon H. Lewis, from Alabama, who weighed nearly four hundred, became wedged in behind the Vice President's chair, unable to move, and became imbedded in the crowd like a broad-bottomed schooner settled at low tide into the mud. Being unable to see, he drew out his knife and cut a hole through the stained glass screens that flanked the presiding officer's chair. That aperture long remained as a memorial of Lewis's curiosity to witness the greatest of American orators deliver the greatest of American orations. The place was worthy of the hour and of the combatants. It was the old Senate chamber, now occupied by the United States Supreme Court, the same hall which had once resounded to the eloquence of Rufus King, as it afterwards did to the eloquence of Rufus Choate, and which had echoed the bursts of applause that once greeted Henry Clay of Kentucky. On that memorable morning the Vice-President's chair was occupied by that intellectual giant of the South, John C. Calhoun. Before him were Van Buren, Forsyth, Hayne, Clayton, the omniverous Benton, the sturdy John Quincy Adams, and, in the seething crowd, was the gaunt skeleton form of John Randolph of Roanoke. Mr. Condit told me that when Webster exclaimed: "The world knows the history of Massachusetts by heart. There is Lexington, and there is Bunker Hill and there they will remain forever,"—the group of Bostonians seated in the gallery before him, broke down, and wept like little children. Quite as effective as his eulogy of the "Old Bay State," was his sudden and awful assault upon Senator Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire. This representative of Webster's native State had supplied Colonel Hayne with a quantity of party pamphlets and documents to be used as ammunition. Webster knew this fact and determined to punish him. Turning suddenly towards Woodbury, he thundered out in a tone of indignant scorn, as he shook his fist over his head: "I employ no scavengers;" and the poor New Hampshire Senator ducked his bald head as if struck by a bombshell. The closing passage of that memorable speech could not have been extemporized. No mortal man could have thrown off that magnificent piece of Miltonic prose at the heat, without some deep premeditation. It is well known now that Mr. Webster afterwards pruned, amended and decorated it until it is recognized as one of the grandest passages in the English language. I take down my Webster and read it occasionally, and it has in it the majestic "sound of many waters." That great passage is the prelude of the mighty conflict which thirty years afterwards was to be waged on the soil of Gettysburg and Chickamauga. It became the condensed creed, and the battle-cry of the long warfare for the nation's life. Well have there been placed in golden letters on the pedestal of Webster's monument in Central Park the last sublime line of that sentence: "Liberty and Union, now and forever: one and inseparable." Mr. Webster's power in sarcastic invective was terrific. After he had made his angry and ferocious rejoinder to the charges of Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, the witty Dr. Elder was asked, when he came out of the Senate chamber: "What did you think of that speech?" Elder's reply was: "Thunder and lightning are peaches and cream to such a speech as that." Mighty as Webster was in intellectual power he had some lamentable weaknesses. He was indeed a wonderful mixture of clay and iron. The iron was extraordinarily massive, but the clay was loose and brittle. He had the temptations of very strong animal passions, and sometimes to his intimate friends he attempted to excuse some of his excesses of that kind. There has been much

controversy about Mr. Webster's habits in regard to intoxicants. The simple truth is that during his visit to England in 1840 he was so lionized and feted at public dinners that he brought home some convivial habits which rather grew upon him in advancing years. On several public occasions he gave evidence that he was somewhat under the influence of deep potations. I once saw him when his imperial brain was raked with the chain-shot of alcohol. The sight moved me to tears, and made me hate more than ever the accursed drink that, like death, is no "respecter of persons."

I heard the last speech that Mr. Webster ever made. It was a few months before his death in 1852. The speech was delivered at Trenton, N.J., in the celebrated India rubber case, Goodyear vs. Day, in which Webster was the leading counsel for Goodyear, and Rufus Choate headed the list of eloquent advocates in defense of Mr. Day. In that speech Webster was physically feeble, so that after speaking an hour, he was obliged to sit down for a time, while Mr. James T. Brady made a new statement with regard to a portion of the evidence. At that time Webster was broken in health. The most beautiful passage in his speech was his tribute to woman, and at another point he indulged in a very ludicrous description of the character of the first India rubber, which was offered as a marketable article. He said: "When India rubber was first brought to this country we had only the raw material, and they made overshoes and hats of it. A present was sent to me of a complete suit of clothes made of this India rubber, and on a cold winter day I found my rubber overcoat was frozen as rigid as ice. I took it out on my lawn, set it upright, put a broad brim hat on top of it, and there the figure stood erect, and my neighbors, as they passed by thought they saw the old farmer of Marshfield standing out under his trees." Some of his sarcastic attacks upon Mr. Day were very bitter, and when he showed his great, white teeth he looked like an enraged lion. A few months after that Trenton speech in October, 1852, he went to his Marshfield home to die. His spirits were broken and he was sore from political disappointments. His last few days were spent in a fight by his powerful constitution against the inevitable. The last time he walked feebly from his bed to his window he called out to his servant man: "I want you to moor my yacht down there where I can see it from my window; then I want you to hoist the flag at the mast head, and every night to hang the lamp up in the rigging; when I go down I want to go down with my colors flying and my lamp burning." He told them to put on his monument, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." In the final moment he started up from his pillow long enough to say: "I still live." He does live, and will ever live in the grateful memories of his countrymen.

While no one can deplore more than the writer the weaknesses and mistakes of Daniel Webster, yet when I remember his intellectual prowess and his magnificent services in defense of the Constitution, and the integrity of our national union, I am ready to say: "Let us to all his failings and faults be charitably kind and only remember the glorious services he wrought to the country he loved."

During the summer of 1840, when I was a college student at Princeton, I went with a friend to the office of the Log Cabin, a Whig campaign newspaper then published in Nassau Street, New York. It was during the famous Tippecanoe campaign, which resulted in the election of General Harrison. I was introduced to a singular looking man in rustic dress. He was writing an editorial. His face had a peculiar infantile smoothness, and his long flaxen hair fell down over his shoulders. I little dreamed then that that uncouth man in tow trousers was yet to be the foremost editor in America, and a candidate, unwisely, for President of the United States. Horace Greeley, for it was he, who sat before me, has been often described as a man with the "face of an angel, and the

walk of a clod-hopper." Ten years later I became well acquainted with him, and from that time a most cordial friendship existed until his dying day. He visited me as a speaker at our State convention in Trenton, N.Y. I had him at my house at supper when my mother asked him if he would take coffee. His droll reply was: "I hope to drink coffee, madame, in heaven, but I cannot stand it in this world." After supper I informed my guest that it was customary for my good mother and myself (for I was not yet married), to have family worship immediately at the close of that meal and asked him whether he would not join us. He cordially replied that he would be most happy to do so, and it is quite probable that I may be one of the few,—perhaps the only—clergyman in this land who ever had Horace Greeley kneeling beside him in prayer. He attired himself in the famous old white coat, and shambled along with my mother to the place of meeting. He quite captivated her with a most pathetic account of his idolized boy "Pickie," who had died a short time before. Mr. Greeley was one of the most simple-hearted, great men whom I have ever met; without a spark of ordinary vanity he was intensely affectionate in his sympathies and loved a genuine kind word that came from the heart. He relished more a quiet talk with an old friend in his home at Chappaqua than all the glare of public notoriety. "Come up," he often said to me, "and spend a Saturday at the farm. The good boys do come and see me up there sometimes." Probably no man lived a purer life than Horace Greeley. He was the most devoted of husbands to one of the most eccentric of wives. His defenses of the spiritual sanctity of marriage in reply to Dale Owen are among the most powerful productions of his ever powerful pen. It were well that they should be reproduced now at a time when the laxity of wedlock and the wicked facilities for divorce are working such peril to our domestic life.

John Bright once said: "Horace Greeley is the greatest of living editors." He once told me that he had written editorials for a dozen papers at one time. He also told me that while he was preparing his history of the "American Conflict" he was in the habit of writing three columns of editorials every day. His articles were freighted with great power, for he was one of the strongest writers of the English language on this continent. They were always brimful of thought, for Mr. Greeley seldom wrote on any subject which he had not thoroughly mastered. Speaking of a certain popular orator, who afterwards went as our minister to China, he said to me: "Mr. B.—— is a pretty man, a very pretty man, but he does not study, and no man ever can have permanent power in this country unless he studies"

Mr. Greeley prided himself upon his accuracy as an editor, but one day, when writing an editorial, in which he denounced some political misdemeanor in the County of Chatauqua, by a slip of his pen he wrote the name of the adjoining county Cattaraugus. The next morning when he saw it in the paper he went up into the composing room in a perfect rage and called out, "Who put that Cattaraugus?" The printers all gathered around him amused at his anger until one of them pulling down from the hook the original editorial showed him the word "Cattaraugus" "Uncle Horace," when he saw the word, with a most inexpressible meekness, drawled out: "Will some one please to kick me down those stairs?"

He abominated mendicancy and, although his native goodness of heart often led him to give to the hundreds who came to him for pecuniary aid, he one day said to me: "Since I have lived in New York I have given away money enough to set up a merchant in business, and I sometimes doubt whether I have done more good or harm by the operation. I am continually beset by various clubs and societies all over the land to donate to them the Tribune. I always tell them if it is worth reading

it is worth paying for. The curse of this country is the deadhead. I pay for my ownTribune every morning." From my old friend’s theology I strongly dissented, but in practical philanthropy he gave me many a lesson and still better stimulant of his own unselfish example. He was always ready to work in the cause of reform without pay and without applause. When temperance meetings were held in my church he very gladly lent his effective services, refusing any compensation, and there was no man in the city whose evening hours were worth more in solid gold than his. It is said that he was once called upon, in the absence of his minister, in a Universalist Church, to go into the pulpit. He did so, and delivered a very pungent sermon on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." The strongest points made by Mr. Greeley in the best of his printed essays are those which emphasize the authority of God. A letter in his characteristic hieroglyphics, the last one he ever wrote to me, and which now lies before me, was in reply to one of mine, criticising theTribune for speaking of Dr. Tyng’s as a "church" and of Dr. Adams’s house of worship as a "meeting house." I told him if one was a church, then the other was equally so. He replied: "I am of Puritan stock, on one side, in America since 1640, and on the other since 1720. My people worshiped God in a meeting house; they gave it the name, not I, and they called the body of believers who met therein ’a church.’ Episcopalians speak otherwise. It is a bad sign that we do not seem disposed to hold fast the form of sound words."

I am not aware of any Scriptural authority for calling a steepled house "a church." The last evening I ever spent with him was at a temperance meeting of plain working people, to which he came several miles through a snow storm. He spoke with great power, and when I told him afterwards it was one of the finest addresses I had ever heard from him he said to me: "I would rather tell some truths to help such plain people as we had to-night than address thousands of the cultured in the Academy of Music." As he bade me good-night at yonder corner of Fulton Street, I said to him: "Uncle Horace, will you not come and spend the night with me?" He said, "No, I have much work to do before morning. I am coming over soon to spend a week in Brooklyn with my brother-in-law, and I will come and have a night with you." Alas, it was not long before he came to spend a night in Brooklyn,—that night that knows no morning. On a chilly November day, towards twilight, I was one of the crowd that followed him to his resting place in Greenwood, and I always, when on my way to my own plot, stop to gaze on the monument that bears the inscription, "Founder of the New York Tribune."

# 03.11. THE CIVIL WAR AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE CIVIL WAR AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN. An enormous quantity of books, historic and reminiscent, have been written about our Civil War, which, both in regard to the number of combatants engaged, and the magnitude of the interests involved, and its far-reaching consequences, was the most colossal conflict of modern times. Before presenting a few of my own personal recollections of the struggle, let me say that when the struggle was over, no one was more eager than myself to bury the tomahawk, and to offer the calumet of peace to our Southern fellow countrymen and fellow Christians. Whenever I have visited them their cordial greeting has warmed the cockles of my heart. I thank God that the great gash has been so thoroughly healed, and that I have lived to see the day when the people of the North feel a national pride in the splendid prowess of Lee, and the heroic Christian character of Stonewall Jackson, and when some of the noblest tributes to Abraham Lincoln have been spoken by such representative Southerners as Mr. Grady, of Georgia, and Mr. Watterson, of Kentucky. I had hoped ere this to see the Northern and Southern wings of our venerable Presbyterian Church reunited; but I am confident that there are plenty of people now living who will yet witness their happy ecclesiastical nuptials. Terrible as was that war in the sacrifice of precious life, and in the destruction of property, it was unquestionably inevitable. Mr. Seward was right when he called the conflict "irrepressible." Abraham Lincoln was a true prophet when he declared, at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1858, that "A house divided against itself cannot stand; I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." When in my early life I spoke to my good mother about some anti-slavery addresses that had been delivered, she said to me, with wonderful foresight, "These speeches will avail but little; slavery will go down in blood." That it has gone down even at the cost of so much blood and treasure is to-day as much a matter for congratulation in the South as it is in the North. My first glimpse of the long predicted conflict was the sight of the Seventh Regiment,—composed of the flower of New York,—swinging down Broadway in April, 1861, on its way to the protection of Washington,—amid the thundering cheers of the bystanders. Before long I offered my services to the "Christian commission" which had been organized by that noble and godly minded patriot, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, and I went on to Washington to preach to our soldiers. I found Washington a huge military encampment; the hills around were white with tents, and Pennsylvania Avenue was filled almost every day with troops of horsemen, or with trains of artillery. While I was in Washington I lodged with my beloved college professor, that eminent Christian philosopher, Joseph Henry,—in the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was the head. One night, after I had been out addressing our boys in blue at one of the camps, and had retired for the night, Professor Henry came into my room and, sitting down by my bed, discussed the aspects of the struggle. His mental eye was as sharp in reading the signs of the times as it had been when at Albany, thirty years before, he made his splendid discovery in electro-magnetism. He said to me: "This war may last several years, but it can have only one result, for it is simply a question of dynamics. The stronger force must pulverize the weaker one, and the North will win the day. When the war is over, the country will not be what it was before; the triumph of the union will leave us a prodigiously centralized government, and the old Calhoun theory of 'State rights' will be dead. We shall have an

inflated currency—an enormous debt with a host of tax-gatherers, and huge pension rolls. What is most needed now is wise statesmanship, and the first quality of a statesman is prescience. In my position here, as head of the Smithsonian, I cannot be a partisan! I did not vote the Republican ticket, but I am confident that by a long way the most far-seeing head in this land is on the shoulders of that awkward rail-splitter from Illinois." Every syllable of Professor Henry's prognostication proved true, and nothing more true than his estimate of Lincoln at a time when there was too much disposition to distrust him. As I have had for many years what my friends have playfully called "Lincoln on the brain," let me say a few words in regard to the most marvellous man that this country has produced in the nineteenth century. His name is to-day a household word in every civilized land. Dr. Newman Hall, of London, has told me that when he had addressed a listless audience, he found that nothing was so certain to arouse them as to introduce the name of Abraham Lincoln. Certainly no other name has such electric power over every true heart from Maine to Mexico. The first time I ever saw the man whom we used to call, familiarly and affectionately, "Uncle Abe," was at the Tremont House in Chicago, a few days after his election to the presidency. His room was very near my own. I sent in my card, and he greeted me with a characteristic grasp of the hand, and his first sentence rather touched my soft spot when he said: "I have kept up with you nearly every week in the New York Independent." His voice had a clear, magnetic ring, and his heart seemed to be in his voice. Three months afterwards I saw him again, riding down Broadway, New York (thronged with a gazing multitude), on his way to assume the presidency at Washington. He stood up in a barouche holding on with his hand to the seat of the driver. His towering figure was filled out by a long blue cloak, and a heavy cape which he wore. On his bare head rose a thick mass of black hair—the crown which nature gave to her king. His large, melancholy eyes had a solemn, far-away look as if he discerned the toils and trials that awaited him. The great patriot-President, moving slowly on toward the conflict, the glory and the martyrdom, that were reserved for him, still remains in my memory, as the most august and majestic figure that my eyes have ever beheld. He never passed through New York again until he was borne through tears and broken hearts on his last journey to his Western tomb.

I did not see Lincoln again until two years afterwards, when I was in Washington on duty for the Christian Commission. It was one of his public levee nights, and as soon as I came up to him, his first words were: "Doctor, I have not seen you since we met in the Tremont House in Chicago." I mention this as an illustration of his marvelous memory; he never forgot a face or a name or the slightest incident. My mother was with me at the Smithsonian, and as she was extremely desirous to see the President I took her over to the White House late on the following afternoon. In those war times, when Washington was a camp, the White House looked more like an army barracks than the Presidential mansion. In the entrance hall that day were piles of express boxes, among which was a little lad playing and tumbling them about. "Will you go and find somebody to take our cards?" said my mother to the child. He ran off and brought the Irishman, whose duty it was to receive callers at the door. That was the same Irishman who, when the poor soldier's wife was going in to plead for her husband's pardon of a capital offense he had committed, said to her: "Be sure to take your baby in with you." When she came out smiling and happy, Patrick said to her: "Ah, ma'am, 'twas the baby that did it." The shockingly careless appearance of the White House proved that whatever may have been Mrs. Lincoln's other good qualities, she hadn't earned the compliment which the Yankee farmer paid to his wife when he said: "Ef my wife haint got an ear fer music, she's got an eye fer dirt." When we reached the room of the President's Private

Secretary, my old friend, the Rev. Mr. Neill, of St. Paul’s, told me that it was military court day, when the President had to decide upon cases of army discipline that came before him and when he received no calls. I told Neill that my mother could never die happy if she had not seen Lincoln. He took in our names to the President, who told him to bring us in. We entered the room in which the Cabinet usually met—and there, before the fire, stood the tall, gaunt form attired in a seedy frock-coat, with his long hair unkempt, and his thin face the very picture of distress. "How is Mrs. Lincoln?" inquired my mother. "Oh," said the President, "I have not seen her since seven o’clock this morning; Tad, how is your mother?" "She is pretty well," replied the little fellow, who was coiled up then in an arm chair, the same lad we had seen playing down in the entrance hall. We spent but a few moments with Mr. Lincoln, and when we came out my mother exclaimed: "Oh, what a cruelty to keep that man here! Did you ever see such a sad face in your life?" I never had, and I have given this account of my call on him in order that my readers may not only understand what democratic customs then prevailed in the White House, but may get some faint idea of the terribly trying life that Mr. Lincoln led.

Dr. Bellows, the President of the Sanitary Commission, once said to him:"Mr. President, I am here at almost every hour of the day or night, and I never saw you at the table, do you ever eat?" "I try to," replied the President; "I manage to browse about pretty much as I can get it." After the long wearing, nerve-taxing days were over in which he was glad to relieve himself occasionally with a good story or a merry laugh, came the nights of anxiety when sleep was often banished from his pillow. He frequently wrapped himself in his Scotch shawl, and at midnight stole across to the War Office, and listened to the click of the telegraph instruments, which brought sometimes good news, and sometimes terrible tales of defeat. On the day after he heard of the awful slaughter at Fredericksburg, he remarked at the War Office: "If any of the lost in hell suffered worse than I did last night, I pity them." Nothing but iron nerves and a dependence on the divine arm bore him through. He once said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go; my own wisdom and that of all around me seemed insufficient for the day." We call him "Our Martyr President," but the martyrdom lasted for four whole years! The darkest crisis of the whole war was in the summer of 1862. I slipped away for a few weeks of relaxation to Europe, sailing on the Cunarder China, the first screw steamer ever built by that company. She was under the command of Captain James Anderson, who was afterwards knighted by Queen Victoria for his services in laying the Atlantic cable, and is better known as Sir James Anderson. There was no Atlantic cable in those days, and our steamer carried out the news of the seven days’ battles before Richmond, which terminated in the retreat of General McClellan. We had a Fourth of July dinner on board, but between seasickness and heart sickness it was the toughest experience of making a spread-eagle speech I ever had. After landing at Queenstown I went to Belfast and thence to Edinburgh. I found the people of Edinburgh intensely excited over our war and the current of popular sentiment running against us like a mill-race. For instance, I was recognized by my soft hat on the street; a shoemaker put his head out of the door and shouted as I passed: "I say, when are you going to be done with your butchering over there?" The Scotsman was hostile to the Union cause, and the oldCaledonian Mercury was the only paper that stood by us; but it did so manfully. On the day of my arrival a bulletin was posted in the newspaper offices and on Change that McClellan and the Union army had surrendered. The baleful report was received with no little exultation by all who were engaged in the cotton trade. I sat up until midnight with the editor of the Mercury, helping him to squelch the

rumor and the next morning expose the falsity of the news in his columns.

Dr. John Brown, the immortal author of "Rab and His Friends," had called on me at the Waverly Hotel, and that morning I breakfasted with him. At the breakfast table I made a statement of our side of the conflict and Dr. Brown said: "If you will write up that statement, I will get my friend, Mr. Russell, the editor of the Scotsman, to publish it in his paper." I did so and sent it to the care of Dr. Brown. On the following Sabbath afternoon I attended the great prayer meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall, and Sir James Simpson was to preside. There was a crowd of over a thousand people present. Simpson did not come, and so some other elder occupied the chair. During the meeting I arose and modestly asked that prayer might be offered for my country in this hour of her peril and distress. There was an awful silence! In a few moments the chairman meekly said: "Perhaps our American friend will offer the prayer himself." I did so, for it was evident that all the Scotchmen present considered our cause past praying for. On the morning of our departure my letter appeared in the Scotsmanaccompanied by a long and bitter reply by the editor. Within a week several of the Scotch newspapers were in full cry, denouncing that "bloody Presbyterian minister from America."

After a hurried run to Switzerland I reached Paris in time to witness the celebration of the imperial birthday and to see Louis Napoleon review the splendid army of Italy with great pomp, on the Champs des Mars. It was a magnificent spectacle. That day Mr. Slidell, the representative of the Southern Confederacy, hung on the front of his house an immense white canvas on which was inscribed: "Jefferson Davis, the First President of the Confederate States of America." Our ambassador, Hon. William L. Dayton, was a relative of mine, and I had several conversations with him about the perilous situation of affairs at home. Dayton said: "Our prospects are dark enough. All the monarchs and aristocracies are against us; all the cotton and commercial interests are against us. Emperor Louis Napoleon is a sphinx, but he would like to help to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy. If he does so Belgium and other powers will join him; they will break the blockade; they will supply the Confederates with arms and then we must fight Europe as well as the Southern States. Our only real friends are men like John Bright, and those who believe that we are fighting for freedom as well as for our National Union. Mr. Lincoln must declare for emancipation and unless he does it within thirty days, I have written to Mr. Seward that our cause is lost."

I returned to London with a heavy heart; all of our friends there with whom I conversed echoed the sentiments of Mr. Dayton. One of them said to me: "Earl Russell has no especial love for your Union, but he abominates negro slavery, and is very reluctant to acknowledge a new slave-owning government. Prince Albert and the Queen are friendly to you, but you must emancipate the slaves." My return passage from Liverpool was on board the Asia, and Captain Anderson commanded her for that voyage. When we reached Boston, we heard the distressing news of the second Battle of Bull Run, and our prospects were black as midnight. Captain Anderson remarked to me, in a compassionate tone: "Well, Mr. Cuyler, you Yankees had better give it up now." "Never, never," I replied to him. "You will live to see the Union restored and slavery extinguished." He laughed at me and bid me "good-bye." A few years afterwards, I laughed back again when I met him in New York. On Sunday evening, September 7, I addressed a vast crowd in my own Lafayette Avenue Church, and told them frankly, that our only hope was in a proclamation for freedom by President Lincoln. Henry Ward Beecher invited me to repeat my address on the next

Sunday evening in Plymouth Church. I did so and the house was packed clear out to the sidewalk. At the end of my address Mr. Beecher leaned over and said: "The Lord helped you to-night." When the meeting closed Mr. Henry C. Bowen said, "Will you and Mr. Beecher not start for Washington to-morrow morning to urge Mr. Lincoln to proclaim emancipation?" We both agreed to go before the week was over, but could not before. On the Wednesday of that very week the Battle of Antietam was fought, and on the Friday morning we opened our papers and read President Lincoln's first Proclamation of Emancipation. The great deed was done; the night was over; the morning had dawned. From that day onward our cause, under God, was saved; but that proclamation saved the Union. No foreign power dared to oppose us after that, and Gettysburg sealed the righteous act of Lincoln, the Liberator, and decided the victory. At the beginning of this chapter I described the thrilling scenes at the opening of the conflict; let me now narrate a still more thrilling one at its termination. The war began by the surrender of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson, April 13, 1861; the war virtually ended by the restoration of the national flag by the same hand in the same Fort, on April 14, 1865.

I joined an excursion party from New York, on the steamer Oceanus, and we went down to witness the impressive ceremonies in Sumter. We found Charleston a scene of wretched desolation, and General Sherman, who had once resided there, said he had never realized the horrors of war until he had seen the terrible ruins of that once beautiful city. At the time of my writing, now, Charleston is crowded every day with visitors to its industrial Exposition, and the President is received with ovations by its people. Our party went over to Fort Sumter in a steamer commanded by a negro, who was an emancipated slave, but very soon became a member of Congress. The broken walls of Sumter, brown, battered and lonely in the quiet waves were hopelessly scarred, and all around it on the narrow beach lay a stratum of bullets and broken iron several inches deep. The Fort that day was crowded with an immense assemblage. Among them were the Hon. Henry Wilson, afterwards Vice-President, and Attorney-General Holt, Judge Hoxie, of New York, William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, the famous member of the English Parliament, who had once been mobbed for his anti-slavery speech in this country. General S.L. Woodford was in command for the day. Dr. Richard S. Storrs offered an impressive prayer, and the oration was delivered by direction of the Government, by Henry Ward Beecher. When the speech was completed, Major Anderson drew out from a mail bag the identical bunting that he had lowered four years before, and attached the flag to the halyards, and when it began to ascend, General Gilmore grasped the rope behind him, and, as it came along to our part of the platform several of us grasped it also. Mr. Thompson shouted, "Give John Bull a hold of that rope." When the dear old flag reached the summit of the staff, and its starry eyes looked out over the broad harbor, such a volley of cannon from ship and shore burst forth that one might imagine the old battle of the Monitors was being fought over again. The frantic scene inside the Fort beggars description. We grasped hands and shouted and my irrepressible old friend, Hoxie, of New York, with tears in his eyes, embraced one after another, exclaiming: "This is the greatest day of my life!" In the rainbow of those stars and stripes we read that day the covenant that the deluge of blood was ended, and that the ark of freedom had rested at length upon its Ararat. On the next day I addressed a thousand negro children, and when I enquired, "May I send an invitation to the good Abraham Lincoln to come down and visit you?" one thousand little black hands went up with a shout. Alas, we knew not that at that very hour their beloved benefactor was lying cold and silent in the East room at Washington! At Fortress Monroe, on our homeward voyage, the terrible tidings of the President's

assassination pierced us like a dagger, on the wharf. Near the Fortress poor negro women had hung pieces of coarse black muslin around every little huckster's tables. "Yes, sah, Fathah Lincum's dead. Dey killed our bes' fren, but God be libben; dey can't kill Him, I's sho ob dat." Her simple childlike faith seemed to reach up and grasp the everlasting arm which had led Lincoln while leading her race "out of the house of bondage."

Upon our arrival in New York, we found the city draped in black, and "the mourners going about the streets." When the remains of the murdered President reached New York they were laid in state in the City Hall for one day and night, and during that whole night the procession passed the coffin—never ceasing for a moment. Between three and four o'clock in the morning I took my family there, that they might see the face of our beloved martyr, and we had to take our place in a line as far away as Park Row. It is impossible to give any adequate description of the funeral—whose like was never seen before or since—when eminent authors, clergymen, judges and distinguished civilians walked on foot through streets, shrouded in black to the house tops. The whole journey to Springfield, Ill., was one constant manifestation of poignant grief. The people rose in the night, simply to see the funeral train pass by. I do not wonder that when Emperor Alexander, of Russia (who was himself afterwards assassinated) heard the tidings of our President's death from an American Ambassador, he leaped from his chair, and exclaimed, "Good God, can it be so? He was the noblest man alive."

Thirty-seven years have passed away, and to-day while our nation reveres the name of Washington, as the Father of his Country; Abraham Lincoln is the best loved man that ever trod this continent. The Almighty educated him in His own Providence for his high mission. The "plain people," as he called them, were his University; the Bible and John Bunyan were his earliest text-books. Sometimes his familiarity with the Scriptures came out very amusingly as when a deputation of bankers called on him, to negotiate for a loan to the Government, and one of them said to him: "You know, Mr. President, where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." "I should not wonder," replied Lincoln, "if another text would not fit the case better, 'Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together,'" His innumerable jests contained more wisdom than many a philosopher's maxims, and underneath his plebeian simplicity, dress and manners, this great child of nature possessed the most delicate instincts of the perfect gentleman. The only just scale by which to measure any man is the scale of actual achievement; and in Lincoln's case some of the most essential instruments had to be fabricated by himself. The first account in the measurement of the man is that with a sublime reliance on God, he conducted an immense nation through the most tremendous civil war ever waged, and never committed a single serious mistake. The Illinois backwoodsman did not possess Hamilton's brilliant genius, yet Hamilton never read the future more sagaciously. He made no pretension to Webster's magnificent oratory; yet Webster never put more truth in portable form for popular guidance. He possessed Benjamin Franklin's immense common sense, and gift of terse proverbial speech, but none of his lusts and sceptical infirmities. The immortal twenty-line address at Gettysburg is the high water mark of sententious eloquence. With that speech should be placed the pathetic and equally perfect letter of condolence to Mrs. Bixby of Boston after her five sons had fallen in battle. With that speech also should be read that wonderful second Inaugural address which even the hostile London Timespronounced to be the most sublime state paper of the century. This second address—his last great production—contained some of the best illustrations of his fondness for balanced

antithesis and rhythmical measurement. There is one sentence which may be rendered into rhyme:

"Fondly do we hope,

Fervently do we pray

That this mighty scourge of war

May soon pass away"

Terrible as was the tragedy of that April night, thirty-seven years ago, it may be still true that Lincoln died at the right time for his own imperishable fame. It was fitting that his own precious blood should be the last to be shed in the stupendous struggle He had called over two hundred thousand heroes to lay down their lives and then his own was laid down beside the humblest private soldier, or drummer boy, that filled the sacred mould of Gettysburg and Chickamauga. In an instant, as it were, his career crystalized into that pure white fame which belongs only to the martyr for justice, law and liberty. For more than a generation his ashes have slumbered in his beloved home at Springfield, and as the hearts of millions of the liberated turn toward that tomb, they may well say to their liberator: "We were hungry and thou gavest us the bread of sympathy; we were thirsty for liberty and thou gavest us to drink; we were strangers, and thou didst take us in; we were sick with two centuries of sorrow, and thou didst visit us; we were in the oppressive house of bondage, and thou earnest unto us;" and the response of Christendom is: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord." In closing this chapter of my reminiscences, I may be allowed to express my strong conviction that our Congress, impelled by generous feeling, and what they regarded as a democratic principle of government, committed a serious error in bestowing the right of suffrage indiscriminately upon the male negro population of the South. A man who had been all his life an ignorant "chattel personal" was suddenly transformed into a sovereign elector. Instead of this precipitate legislation, it would have been wiser to restrict the suffrage to those who acquire a proper education, and perhaps also a certain amount of taxable property. This policy would have avoided unhappy friction between the races, and, what is more important, it would have offered a powerful inducement to every colored man to fit himself for the honor and grave responsibility of full citizenship. At this time one of the noblest efforts made by wise philanthropy is that of educating, elevating and evangelizing our colored fellow countrymen of the South. To help the negro to help himself, is the key-note of these efforts. The time is coming—yea, it has come already—when to the name of Abraham Lincoln, the grateful negro will add the names of their best benefactor, General Samuel C. Armstrong (the founder of Hampton Institute) and Booker T. Washington.

# 03.12. PASTORAL WORK.

PASTORAL WORK. The work of the faithful minister covers all the round week. On the one day he teaches his people in the house of God, on the remaining days he teaches and guides them in their own houses and wherever he may happen to meet them. His labors, therefore, are twofold; the work of the preacher and the work of the pastor. The two ought to be inseparable; what the Providence of God and good common sense have joined together let no man venture to put asunder. The great business of every true minister is the winning of souls to Jesus Christ, and to bring them up in godly living. In other words, to make bad men good, and good men better. All this cannot be accomplished by two sermons a week, even if they were the best that Paul himself could deliver; in fact, the best part of Paul's recorded work was quite other than public preaching. As for our blessed Master, He has left one extended discourse and a few shorter ones, but oh, how many narratives we have of His personal visits, personal conversation and labors of love with the sick, the sinning, and the suffering! He was the shepherd who knew every sheep in the flock. The importance of all that portion of a minister's work that lies outside of his pulpit can hardly be overestimated. The great element of power with every faithful ambassador of Christ should be heart-power and the secret of popularity is to take an interest in everybody. A majority of all congregations, rich or poor, is reached, not so much through the intellect as through the affections. This is an encouraging fact, that while only one man in ten may have been born to become a very great preacher, the other nine, if they love their Master and love human souls, can become great pastors. Nothing gives a minister such heart-power as personal acquaintance and personal attention to those whom he aims to influence; especially his personal attention will be welcome in seasons of trial. Let the pastor make himself at home in everybody's home. Let him go often to visit their sick rooms and kneel beside their empty cribs, and comfort their broken hearts, and pray with them. Let him go to the business men of his congregation when they have suffered reverses, and give them a word of cheer; let him be quick to recognize the poor and the children, and he will weave a cord around the hearts of his people that will stand a prodigious pressure. His inferior sermons (for every minister is guilty of such occasionally) will be kindly condoned, and he can launch the most pungent truths at his auditors, and they will not take offense. He will have won their hearts to himself, and that is a great step toward 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." There is still one other potent argument for close intercourse with his congregation that many ministers are in danger of ignoring or underestimating. James Russell Lowell has somewhere said that books are, at best, but dry fodder, and that we need to be vitalized by contact with living people. The best practical discourses often are those which a congregation help their minister to prepare. By constant and loving intercourse with the individuals of his church he becomes acquainted with their peculiarities, and this enlarges his knowledge of human nature. It is second only to a knowledge of God's Word. If a minister is a wise man (and neither God nor man has any use for fools) he will be made wiser by the lessons and suggestions which he can gain from constant and close intercourse with the immortal beings to whom he preaches. In Dundee, Scotland, I conversed with a gray-headed member of St. Peter's

Presbyterian Church who, in his youth, listened to the sainted Robert Murray McCheyne. He spoke of him with the deepest reverence and love; but the one thing that he remembered after forty-six years was that Mr. McCheyne, a few days before his death, met him on the street and, laying hand upon his shoulder, said to him kindly: "Jamie, I hope it is well with your soul. How is your sick sister? I am going to see her again shortly." That sentence or two had stuck to the old Christian for over forty years. It had grappled his pastor to him, and this little narrative gave me a fresh insight into McCheyne's wonderful power. His ministry was most richly successful, and largely because he kept in touch with his people, and was a great pastor as well as a great preacher.

I determined from the very start in my ministry that I would be a thorough pastor. A very celebrated preacher once said to me: "I envy you your love for pastoral work, I would not do it if I could, I could not do it if I would; for a single hour with a family in trouble uses up more of my vitality than to prepare a sermon." My reply to him was: "That may be true, but, after all, the business of a minister is to endure these strains upon his nervous system if he would be a comforter, as well as the teacher of his people." My practice was this: I devoted the forenoon of every day, except Monday, to the preparation of my discourses. My motto was: "Study God's Word in the morning, and door-plates in the afternoon." I found the physical exercise in itself a benefit, and the spiritual benefits were ten-fold more. I secured and kept a complete record of the whereabouts of all my congregation and requested from the pulpit that prompt information be given me of any change of residence, and also of any case of sickness or trouble of any kind. I encouraged my people to send me word when there was any case of religious interest in their families or any matter of importance to discuss with me. In short, I endeavored to treat my flock exactly as though they were my own family, and to be perfectly at home in their homes. I managed to visit every family at least once in each year and as much oftener as circumstances required. As I had no "loafing" places, I easily got through my congregation, which, in Brooklyn, numbered several hundreds of families.

Spurgeon had an assistant pastor for his immense flock, but he made it a rule to visit the sick or dying on as many occasions as possible. He once said from his pulpit: "I have been this week to visit two of my church members who were near Eternity, and both of them were as happy as if they were going to a wedding. Oh, it makes me preach like a lion when I see how my people can die."

It was always my custom to take a particular neighborhood, and to call upon every parishioner in that street, or district, but I seldom found it wise to send word in advance to any family, that I would visit them on a certain day or hour, for I might be prevented from going, and thus subject them to disappointment; consequently, I had to run the risk of finding them at home. If they were out I left my card, and tried again at another time. In calling on my people unawares, I found it depended upon myself to secure a cordial welcome, for I went in with a hearty salutation and asked them to allow me to sit down with them wherever they were, regardless of dress or ceremony, and soon I found myself perfectly at home with them. No one should be so welcome as a faithful pastor. I encouraged them to talk about the affairs of our church, about the Sabbath services, and the truths preached, and the influences that Sabbath messages were having upon them. In this way I have discovered whether or not the shots were striking; for the gunnery that hits no one is not worth the powder.

Fishing for compliments is beneath any man of common sense, but it does cheer the pastor's heart to be told, "Your sermon last Sunday brought me a great blessing; it helped me all the week." Or better still, "Your sermon brought me to decide for Christ." In a careful and delicate way, I drew out our people in regard to their spiritual condition, and if I found that any member of the family was anxious about his or her soul, I managed to have a private and unreserved conversation with that person. It is well for every minister to be careful how he guards the confidence reposed in him. The family physician and the family pastor often have to know some things they do not like to know, but they never should allow any one else to know them. This intimate, personal intercourse with my flock enabled me more than once to bring the undecided to a decision for Christ. In dealing with such cases, whether in the home or in the inquiry-room, I aimed to discover just what hindrance was in the path of each awakened soul. It is a great point also for such a one to discover what it is that keeps him or her from surrendering to Christ. If it be some habit or some evil practice, that must be given up; if some heart sin, that we must yield, even if it be like plucking out an eye or lopping off a right hand. It was my aim, and ever has been, to convince every awakened person that unless he or she was willing to give the heart to Jesus and to do His will there was no hope for them. We must shut every soul up to Christ.

I requested my people to inform me promptly of every case of serious sickness, and I could never be too prompt in responding to such a call. However busy I might be in preparing sermons or any commendable occupation everything else was laid aside. For a pastor should be as quick to respond to a call of sickness as an ambulance is to reach the scene of disaster. I sometimes found that a parishioner had been suddenly attacked with dangerous illness and even my entrance in the sick room might agitate the patient. At such times I found it necessary to use all the tact and delicacy and discretion at my command. I would never needlessly endanger a sick person by efforts to guide or console an immortal spirit. I aimed to make my words few, calm and tender, and make every syllable to point toward Jesus Christ. Whoever the sufferer may be, saint or sinner, his failing vision should be directed to "no man save Jesus only" It is not commonly the office of the pastor to tell the patient that his or her disease is assuredly fatal, but if we know that death is near, in the name of the Master, let us be faithful as well as tender.

There are many cases of extreme and critical illness when the presence of even the most loving pastor may be an unwise intrusion. An excellent Christian lady who had been twice apparently on the brink of death said to me: "Never enter the room of a person who is extremely low, unless the person urgently requests you to, or unless spiritual necessity absolutely compels it. You have no idea how the sight of a new face agitates the sufferer, and how you may unconsciously and unintentionally rob that sufferer of the little life that is fluttering in the feeble frame," I felt grateful to the good woman for her advice, and have often acted upon it, when the family have unwisely importuned me to do what would have been more harmful than beneficial. On some occasions, when I have found a sick room crowded by well-meaning but needless intruders, I have taken the liberty to "put them all forth," as our Master did in that chamber in which the daughter of Jairus was in the death slumber. A great portion of the time and attention which I bestowed upon the sick was spent on chronic sufferers, who had been confined to their beds of weariness for months or years. I visited them as often as possible. Some of those bedridden sufferers were prisoners of Jesus Christ, who did me quite as much good as I could possibly do them. What eloquent sermons they preached to me on the beauty of submissive patience and on the supporting power of the

"Everlasting arms!" Such interviews strengthened my faith, softened my heart, and infused into it something of the spirit of Him who "Took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." McCheyne, of Dundee, said that before preaching on the Sabbath he sometimes visited some parishioner, who might be lying extremely low, for he found it good "to take a look over the verge." In my pastoral rounds I sometimes had an opportunity to do more execution in a single talk than in a score of sermons. I once spent an evening in a vain endeavor to bring a man to a decision for Christ. Before I left, he took me up-stairs to the nursery, and showed me his beautiful children in their cribs. I said to him tenderly: "Do you mean that these sweet children shall never have any help from their father to get to Heaven?" He was deeply moved, and in a month that man became an active member of my church. He was glued to me in affection for all the remainder of his useful life. On a cold winter evening I made a call on a wealthy merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in I said, "What an awful night for the poor!" He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, he said: "Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know of." After a few days I wrote to him, sending him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: "How is it that a man who is so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse Him his heart?" That sentence touched him in the core. He sent for me immediately to come and converse with him. He speedily gave his heart to Christ, united with, and became a most useful member of our church. But he told me I was the first person who had ever spoken to him about his spiritual welfare in nearly twenty years. In the case of this eminently effective and influential Christian, one hour of pastoral work did more than the pulpit efforts of almost a lifetime.

# 03.13. SOME FAMOUS PREACHERS IN BRITAIN.

SOME FAMOUS PREACHERS IN BRITAIN.

Binney.—Hamilton—Guthrie.—Hall.—Spurgeon.—Duff and others In attempting to recall my recollections of the eminent preachers whom I have known, I hardly know where to begin, or where to call a halt. I shall confine myself entirely to those who are no longer living, except as they may live in the memory of the service they wrought for their Divine Master and their fellow men. When I first visited London, in early September, 1842, the two ministers most widely known to Americans were Henry Melvill and Thomas Binney. Melvill was the most popular preacher in the Established Church. His place of worship was out at Camberwell, and I found it so packed that I had to get a seat on one of the steps in the gallery. He was a man of elegant bearing, and rolled out his ornate sentences in a somewhat theatrical tone, but the hushed audience drank in every syllable greedily. The splendid and thoroughly evangelical sermons which he orated most carefully were exceedingly popular in those days, and even yet they are well worth reading as superb specimens of lofty, devout and resonant oratory. On a very warm Sabbath evening I went into the business end of London to the "Weigh House Chapel" and heard Dr. Thomas Binney. He was the leader of Congregationalism, as Melvill was of the Church of England. On that warm evening the audience was small, but the discourse was prodigiously large. Binney had a kingly countenance, and a most unique delivery. His topic was Psalms 147:3-4. "God is the Creator of the universe, and the comforter of the sorrowing." He thrust one hand into his breeches pocket, and then ran his other hand through his hair, and began his sermon with the stirring words: "The Jew has conquered the world!" This was the prelude to a grand eulogy of the Psalms of David. He then unfolded the first part of his text in a most original style, made a long pause, scratched his head again, and said: "Now then, let us take some new thoughts, and then we are done." The closing portion of the rich discourse was on the tender consolations of our Heavenly Father.

Thirty years afterwards Dr. Binney was invited to meet me at breakfast at the house of Dr. Hall, with "Tom Hughes," Dr. Henry Allon and other notabilities. The noble veteran chatted very serenely, and offered a most majestic prayer while he remained sitting in his arm-chair. His physical disabilities made it difficult for him to stand; and very soon afterwards the grand old man went up to his crown. When I was spending two delightful days with Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, I described to him Binney’s remarkable sermon. "Were you there that night?" inquired McLaren. "So was I, and though only a boy of sixteen, I remember the whole of that discourse to this hour." It was certainly a rare pulpit power that could fasten a discourse in two different memories for a whole half century. Do many of the Londoners of this day remember Dr. James Hamilton, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Regent’s Square? They should do so, for in his time he was the most popular devotional writer of both sides of the Atlantic; and during my visit to London, in 1857, I was very happy to form his acquaintance. He was a most cordial and charming man, slender, tall, with dark eyes and hair, and a beaming countenance. When one entered Hamilton’s study he would hurry forward, seize his hands, and taking both in his, reply to your "How do you do, sir," with "Come in, come in; I am nicely, I assure ye." Would that all ministers were as cordial

and approachable. When I attended his church in Regent Square they were singing, when I came in, a Psalm from the old Scotch Version. The choristers sat in a desk below the pulpit. The singing was general through the church, and excellent in style. Dr. Hamilton preached in a gown, and, as the heat grew oppressive in the middle of his sermon, threw it off. The discourse was delivered with extremely awkward gestures, but in a voice of great sweetness. The text was: "My soul thirsteth for the Living God." He described an arid wilderness, hot and parched, and down beneath it a mighty vein of water into which an artesian well was bored, and forthwith the waters gushed up through it and swept over all the dry desert, making it one emerald meadow. "So," said he, "it is the incarnate Jesus flowing up through our own dusty, barren desert humanity, and overflowing us with Heavenly life and grace, until what was once dreary and dead becomes a fruitful garden of the Lord." The discourse was like a chapter from one of Hamilton's savory volumes. Five years afterwards, I dined with Hamilton, and the Rev. William Arnot (who afterwards was his biographer), and I went to his church to deliver the preparatory discourse to the sacrament on the next Sabbath. On my way up to London, I halted one night at Birmingham, and while out on a stroll, came upon the City Hall, which was crowded with a great meeting in aid of foreign missions. The heroic Robert Moffat, the Apostle of South Africa, was addressing the multitude, who cheered him in the old English fashion. Two years before that, Robert Moffat had met a young man in a boarding house in Aldersgate Street, London, and induced him to become a missionary in Africa. The young man was the sublimest of all modern missionaries, David Livingstone. Two years after that evening, Livingstone married Miss Mary Moffat (daughter of the man to whom I was listening), in South Africa, and she became the sharer of his trials and explorations. After Moffat had concluded his speech, a broad-shouldered, merry-faced man, with thick grey hair rose on the platform. "Who is that?" I inquired of my next neighbor. With a look of surprise that I should ask such a question in Birmingham, he said: "It is John Angell James." He was the man whom Dr. Cox wittily described as "An angel vinculated between two Apostles." He spoke very forcibly, in a hearty, humorous vein, and I could hardly understand how such a jovial old gentleman could be the author of such a serious work as "The Anxious Inquirer." But I have since discovered that many of the most solemn and impressive preachers were men of most cheery temperament who could laugh heartily themselves when they were not making other people weep. Mr. James looked like an old sea captain; but he was an admirable pilot of awakened souls, whom thousands will bless through all eternity.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was once pronounced by the London Times to be "The most eloquent man in Europe." Ruskin, Thackeray, Macaulay, and other men of renown joined in the crowd that thronged St. John's Church when they were in Edinburgh; and a highland drover was once so excited that in the middle of a powerful sermon he called out: "Naw, sirs, heard ye ever the like o' that?" My good wife made a run to Edinburgh while I was stopping behind in England, and on her return to me almost her first word was, "I have heard Guthrie; I am spoiled for every one else as long as I live." Guthrie, "Lang Tam" (as the toughs on the "Cowgate" in Edinburgh used to call him), was built for a great orator. He was more than six feet high, and would be picked out in any crowd as one of God's royal family. I once said to him: "You remind us Americans of our famous statesman, Henry Clay," There was a striking resemblance in the long-armed figure, the broad mouth and lofty brow, and still more in the rich melody of voice, and magnetic rush of electric eloquence, "There must certainly be a personal likeness," replied the Doctor, "for not long ago I went into the house of Mr. Norris, who came here from America, and said to myself, 'There is

my portrait on the wall,' but when I came nearer I espied under it the name of 'Henry Clay.'" He used to say that in preaching he aimed at the three P's: Prove, Paint and Persuade. His painting with the tongue was as vivid as Rembrandt's painting with the brush. When I went to Edinburgh, in 1872, as a delegate to the two Presbyterian General Assemblies, Dr. Guthrie invited me to dine with him, and the gifted Dr. John Ker, of Glasgow, was in the company. After dinner, Guthrie literally took the floor, and poured out a flow of charming talk, interspersed with racy Scotch anecdotes. Among others told was one about the old Highland woman who said to him: "Doctor, nane of your modern improvements for me. I want naething but good old Dauvid's Psalms, and I want'em all sung to Dauvid's tunes, too." On the evening when I addressed the Free Church Assembly, I was obliged to pass, on my way to the platform, the front bench, on which sat the veteran missionary, Alexander Duff, Principal Rainy, William Arnot, Dr. Guthrie and two or three other celebrities. I have not run such a gauntlet on a single bench in my life. When I had finished my address, Guthrie, clad in his gray overcoat, leaped up, and kindly grasped my hand, and I went back to my seat feeling an indescribable relief. Dr. Guthrie a short time after attempted to visit our country, but was arrested at Queenstown by a difficulty of the heart, and returned to Scotland, and lived but a short time afterwards.

Sly personal acquaintance with Newman Hall began during the darkest period of our Civil War, in August, 1862 Up to that time I had only known him as the author of that pithy and pellucid little booklet, "Come to Jesus," which has belted the globe in forty languages, and been published to the number of nearly 4,000,000 of copies. When our Civil War broke out, Dr. Hall (with John Bright and Foster and Goldwin Smith) threw himself earnestly on the side of our Union He made public speeches for our cause over all England, and opened his house for parlor meetings addressed by loyal Americans who happened to be in London. He invited me to address one of these gatherings, but the necessity of my return home prevented my acceptance. Two years after the close of the war he made his first visit to the United States. He was received with enthusiastic ovations. Union Leagues gave him public welcomes, Congress invited him to preach in the House of Representatives; he delivered an address to the Bostonians on Bunker Hill; and every denomination, including the Episcopalians and Quakers, opened their pulpits to him everywhere. But the crowning act of his unique Americanism was the erection of the "Lincoln Tower" on his Church in London, as a tribute to Negro Emancipation, and a memorial to International amity. The love that existed between my brother, Dr. Hall, and myself was like the love of David and Jonathan. The letters that passed between us would number up into the hundreds, and his epistles had the sweet savor of "Holy Rutherford," When he was in America, my house was his home, when I was in London, I spent no small part of my time in his delightful "Vine House," up on Hampstead Hill. The house remains in the possession of his wife, a lady of high culture, intellectual gifts and of most devout piety. One reason for the close intimacy between my British brother and myself was that we were perfectly agreed on every social, civil and religious question, and we never had a chance to sharpen our wits on the hone of controversy. Our theology was all from the same Book, and our main purposes in life were similar. Many of my American readers heard Dr. Hall preach during some one of his three visits to the United States. What marrowy, soul-quickening sermons he poured forth in a clear, musical voice, and with a most earnest persuasiveness. Preaching was as easy to him as breathing. Including the Sabbath, he delivered seven or eight sermons in a week. Undoubtedly he delivered more discourses than any ordained minister during the nineteenth century. Peers and peasants, scholars and dwellers in the slums

alike enjoyed his preaching of God’s message to immortal souls. His favorite theme was the sin-atoning work of Christ Jesus; and the numbers converted under his faithful preaching were exceedingly great. One of his discourses in this country on "Jehovah Jireh," was especially helpful, and one on "Touching the Hem of Christ’s Garment," was a gem of spiritual beauty. He generally maintained an even flow of evangelical thought, but sometimes he rose into a burst of thrilling eloquence, as he did in Mr. Beecher’s church, when he made his noble appeal for Union between England and America. From his youth he was fond of street preaching. I have seen him gather a crowd, and hold them attentively while he sowed a few seeds of truth in their hearts.

I wish I had the space to describe some of the foregatherings that I have had with my twin brother in the Gospel. We visited Italy together, preached to "the Saints that are in Rome," and went down into that room in the sub-basement of St. Clement’s where Paul is believed to have held meetings with them that were of Caesar’s household. We roamed out on the Appian Road, over which the great Apostle entered the Eternal City. So conscientious was my brother Hall in his teetotalism that though tired and thirsty, he never would touch the weak, common wine of the country, lest his example might be plead in favor of the drinking usages. We once went up to Olney and sat in Cowper’s summer house, and entered John Newton’s church, and the old sexton told Dr. Hall that he had been converted by "Come to Jesus." We went together to Stonehenge, and as we passed over Salisbury Plain we recalled Hannah Moore’s famous shepherd who said: "The weather to-morrow will be what suits me, for what suits God, suits me always." We spent a very delightful couple of days in rowing down the romantic river Wye, stopping for lunch at Wordsworth’s Tintern Abbey. In his home he was a hospitable Gaius, with open doors and hearts to friends from all lands. He had the merry sportiveness of a schoolboy, and when our long talks in his study were over, he would seize his hat and the chain of his pet dog, and cry out: "Come, brother, come, and let us have a tramp over the Heath." He was a prodigious pedestrian, and at three score and ten he held his own over a Swiss glacier, with the members of the Alpine Club. He had hoped to equal his famous predecessor, Rowland Hill, and preach till he was ninety; but when he was near his eighty-sixth birthday he was stricken with paralysis, and never left his bed again. Those last two weeks were spent in the "Land of Beulah," and in full view of "The Celestial City." When asked if he suffered pain, he replied: "I have no pain, and nothing to disturb the solemnity of dying." On the morning of February fourteenth he passed peacefully over the river, and, as Bunyan said of old Valiant-for-the-Truth, "The trumpets sounded for him on the other side." No monarch on his throne is so to be envied as he who now wears that celestial crown. Can anything new be said about Charles H. Spurgeon? Perhaps not, and yet

I should be guilty of injustice to myself and to my readers if I failed

to pay my love tribute to the most extraordinary preacher of the pure

Gospel to all Christendom whom England produced in the last century.

I heard him when he was a youth of twenty-two years, in his Park Street Chapel; I heard him several times when he was at the zenith of his vigor; I spent many a happy hour with him in his charming home. On my last visit there I had a "good cry" when I saw his empty chair in its old place in the study. I did not form any personal acquaintance with him until the summer of 1872, and it soon ripened into a most warm and cordial friendship. On each of my visits to London since that time I have enjoyed an afternoon with him at his home. His first residence was Helensburg

House in Nightingale Road, Clapham, a Southwest District of London. That beautiful home was his only, luxury; but he spent none of his ample income on any sort of social enjoyment, and what did not go for household expenses went for the support of his many religious enterprises. On my first visit to him he greeted me in his free and easy, open-handed way. I noticed that he was growing stouter than ever. "In me," he jocularly said, "that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing," We spent a joyous hour in his well filled library; he showed me fifteen stately volumes of his printed sermons which have since been more than doubled, besides several of his works translated into French, German, Swedish, Dutch and other languages. The most interesting object in the library was a small file of his sermon notes, each one on a half sheet of note paper, or on the back of an ordinary letter envelope. When I asked him if he "wrote his sermons out," his answer was: "I would rather be hung." His usual method was to select the text of his Sunday morning sermon on Saturday about six or seven o'clock, and spend half an hour in arranging a skeleton and put it on paper; he left all the phraseology until he reached the pulpit. During Sunday afternoon he repeated the same process in preparing his evening discourse. "If I had a month assigned me for preparing a sermon," said he to me, "I would spend thirty days and twenty-three hours on something else and in the last hour I would make the sermon, and if I could not do it then I could not do it in a month." This sounds like a risky process, but it must be remembered that if Spurgeon occupied but a few minutes in arranging a discourse he spent five days of every week in thoroughly studying God's Word—in thorough thinking—and in the perusal of the richest old writers on theology and experimental religion.

He was all the time, and everywhere filling up his cask, so that he had only to turn the spigot and out flowed the pure Gospel in the most transparent language. A stenographer took down the sermon, and it was revised by Mr. Spurgeon on Monday morning. He told me that for many years he went to his pulpit under such nervous agitation that it often brought on violent attacks of vomiting and produced outbreaks of perspiration, and he slowly outgrew that remarkable sort of physical suffering.

Twenty years ago Mr. Spurgeon exchanged Helensburgh House for the still more elegant mansion called "Westwood" on Beulah Hill, near Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It is a rural paradise. At each of the visits I paid him there, he used to come out with his banged-up soft hat, which he wore indoors half of the time, and with a merry jest on his lips. On my last visit, accompanied by my brother Hall, I found him suffering severely from his neuralgic malady, but it did not affect his buoyant humor. When I told him that my catarrhal deafness was worse than ever, he replied: "Well, brother, console yourself with the thought that in these days there is very little worth hearing." He took my brother Hall, and myself out into his garden and conservatory and down to a rusticarbor, where we sat down and told stories. There were twelve acres of land attached to "Westwood," and he had us into the meadow, where we laid down in the freshly mowed hay and inhaled its fragrance. Mrs. Spurgeon, a most gifted and charming lady, had a dozen cows and the profits of her dairy then supported a missionary in London; and the milk was sent around the neighborhood in a wagon labeled, "Charles H. Spurgeon, Milk Dealer." After our return, the great preacher showed us a portfolio of caricatures of himself from Punch and other publications. At six o'clock we took supper and then came family worship—all the servants being present Mr. Spurgeon followed my prayer with the most wonderful prayer that perhaps I have ever heard from human lips, and I said afterwards to my friend Hall, "To-night we got into 'the hidings of his power,'

for a man who can pray like that can outpreach the world." In the soft hour of the gloaming we took our leave, and he went off to prepare his sermon for the morrow.

Spurgeon’s power lay in a combination of half a dozen great qualities. He was the master of a vigorous Saxon English style, the style of Cobbett and Bunyan and the old English Bible. He possessed a most marvelous memory—it held the whole Bible in solution; it retained all the valuable truth he had acquired during his immensely wide readings and it enabled him to recognize any person whom he ever met before. Once, however, he met for the second time a Mr. Partridge and called him "Partridge." Quick as a flash he said: "Pardon me, sir, I did not intend to make game of you," He was a man of one Book, and had the most implicit faith in every jot and tittle of God’s Word. He preached it without defalcation or discount, and this prodigious faith made his preaching immensely tonic. His sympathies with all mankind were unbounded, and the juices of his nature were enough to float an ark full of living creatures. Joined to these gifts was a marvelous voice of great sweetness, and a homely mother-wit that bubbled out in all his talk and often in his sermons. Mightiest of all was his power of prayer, and his inner life was hid with Christ in God. As an organizer he had great executive abilities. His Orphanage, dozen missionary schools and theological training school will be among his enduring monuments. The last sermon I ever heard him deliver was in Dr. Newman Hall’s church on a week evening. He came hobbling into the study, his face the picture of suffering. He said to me, "Brother Cuyler, if I break down, won’t you take up the service and go on with it?" I told him that he would forget his pains the moment he got under way, and so it was, for he delivered a most nutritious discourse to us. When the service was over, he limped off to his carriage, wrapped himself in the huge cushions, and drove away seven miles to his home at Upper Norwood. That was the last time I ever saw my beloved friend.

It seems strange that I shall never behold that homely, honest countenance again; and since that time, London has hardly seemed to be London without him. It is a cause for congratulation that his son, the Reverend Thomas Spurgeon, is so successfully carrying forward the great work of his sainted father. If my readers would like a sample taste of the pure Spurgeonic it is to be found in this passage which he delivered to his theological students: "Some modern divines whittle away the Gospel to the small end of nothing; they make our Divine Lord to be a sort of blessed nobody; they bring down salvation to mere possibility; they make certainties into probabilities and treat verities as mere opinions. When you see a preacher making the Gospel smaller by degrees, and miserably less, till there is not enough of it left to make soup for a sick grasshopper, get you gone with him! As for me, I believe in an infinite God, an infinite atonement, infinite love and mercy, an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure, and of which the substance and reality is an Infinite Christ."

I once asked Dr. James McCosh, who was the greatest preacher he ever heard. He replied, "Of course, it was my Edinboro Professor, Dr. Chalmers, but the grandest display of eloquence I ever listened to was Dr. Alexander Duff’s famous Plea for Foreign Missions, delivered before the Scottish General Assembly at a date previous to the disruption," I can say Amen to Dr. McCosh, for the most overpowering oratory that I ever heard was Duff’s great missionary speech in the Broadway Tabernacle during his visit to America. In the immense crowd were two hundred ministers and the foremost laymen of the city. When the great missionary arose (he was then in the prime of his power), his first appearance was not impressive, for his countenance had no

beauty and his gestures were grotesquely awkward. With one arm he huddled his coat up to his shoulder, with the other he sawed the air incontinently, and when intensely excited, he leapt several inches from the floor as if about to precipitate himself over the desk. All these eccentricities were forgotten when once the great heart began to open its treasures to us, and the subject of his resistless oratory began to enchain our souls. In his vivid description of "Magnificent India" its dusky crowds and its ancient temples, with its northern mountains towering to the skies; its dreary jungles haunted by the tiger; its crystalline salt fields flashing in the sun; and its Malabar hills redolent with the richest spices, were all spread out before us like a panorama. When the Doctor had completed the survey of India, he opened his batteries on the sloth and selfishness of too many of Christ's professed followers; he poured contempt upon the men who said: "They are not so green as to waste their money on the farce of Foreign Missions." "No, no, indeed," he continued, "they are not green, for greenness implies verdure, and beauty, and there is not a single atom of verdure in their parched and withered up souls." Under the burning satire and mellowing pathos of his tremendous appeal for heathendom, tears welled out from every eye in the house. I leaned over toward the reporter's table; many of the reporters had flung down their pens—they might as well have attempted to report a thunder storm. As the orator drew near his close, he seemed like one inspired; his face shone as if it were, the face of an angel. Never before did I so fully realize the overwhelming power of a man who has become the embodiment of one great idea—who makes his lips the mere outlet for the mighty truth bursting from his heart. After nearly two hours of this inundation of eloquence, he concluded with the quotation of Cowper's magnificent verse, "One song employs all nations," etc With the utmost vehemence he rung out the last line:

"Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

He could not check his headway, and repeated the line a second time, louder than before, and then with a tremendous voice that made the walls reverberate, he shouted once more:

"Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!" and sunk back breathless and exhausted into his chair. "Shut up now this Tabernacle," exclaimed Dr. James W. Alexander. "Let no man dare speak here after that."

Chapter 29

# 03.14. SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN PREACHERS.

SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN PREACHERS. The Alexanders.—Dr. Tyng.—Dr. Cox.—Dr. Adams.—Dr. Storrs.—Mr. Beecher.—Mr. Finney and Dr. B.M. Palmer. The necessary limitations of this chapter forbid any reference to many distinguished American preachers whom I have seen or heard, but with whom I had not sufficient personal acquaintance to furnish any material for personal reminiscences. In common with multitudes of others on both sides of the ocean, I had a hearty admiration for the brilliant genius and masterful sermons of Phillips Brooks, but I only heard two of his rapid and resonant addresses on anniversary occasions, and my acquaintance with him was very slight. I heard only one discourse by that remarkable combination of preacher, poet, patriot and philosopher, Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford,—his discourse on "Barbarism the Chief Danger," delivered before the "Home Missionary Society." His sermon on "Unconscious Influence," was enough to confer immortality on any minister of Jesus Christ. I never was acquainted with him, but after his death, I suggested to the residents of New Preston, that they should name the mountain that rises immediately behind the home of his childhood and youth, Mount Bushnell. The villagers assented to my proposal, and the State Legislature ratified their act by ordering that name to be placed on the maps of Connecticut. In this chapter, as in the previous one, I shall give my recollections only of those who have ended their career of service, and entered into their reward.

During the six years that I spent in Princeton College and in the Seminary (between 1838 and 1846) I came into close acquaintance with, and I heard very often, the two great orators of the Alexander family. Dr. Archibald Alexander, the father of a famous group of sons, was a native of Virginia—had listened to Patrick Henry in his youth; had married the daughter of the eloquent "Blind Preacher," Rev. James Waddell, and even when as a young minister he had preached in Hanover, New Hampshire. Daniel Webster, then a student in Dartmouth College, predicted his future eminence. The students in the Seminary were wont to call him playfully, "The Pope," for we had unbounded confidence in his sanctified common-sense. I always went to him for counsel. His insight into the human heart was marvelous; and in the line of close experimental preaching, he has not had his equal since the days of President Edwards. He put the impress of his powerful personality on a thousand ministers who graduated from Princeton Seminary. In his lecture-desk and in the pulpit he was simplicity itself. His sermons were like the waters of Lake George, so pellucid that you could see every bright pebble far down in the depths; a child could comprehend him, yet a sage be instructed by him. His best discourses were extemporaneous, and he had very little gesture, except with his forefinger, which he used to place under his chin, and sometimes against his nose in a very peculiar manner. With a clear piping voice and colloquial style he held his audience in rapt attention, disdaining all the tricks of sensational oratory. Twice I heard him deliver his somewhat celebrated discourse on "The Day of Judgment;" it was a masterpiece of solemn eloquence, in which sublimity and simplicity were combined in a way that I have never seen equaled He used to say that the right course for an old man to keep his mind from senility was to produce some piece of composition every day; and he continued to write his practical

articles for the religious press until he was almost four-score. What an impressive funeral was his on that bright October afternoon, in 1851, when two hundred ministers gathered in that Westminster Abbey of Presbyterianism, the Princeton Cemetery! His ashes slumber beside those of Witherspoon, Davies, Hodge, McCosh and Jonathan Edwards.

Among the six sons who stood that day beside that grave, the most brilliant by far was the third son, Joseph Addison Alexander. Dr. Charles Hodge said of him: "Taking him all in all, he was the most gifted man with whom I have ever been personally acquainted," In childhood, such was his precocity that he knew the Hebrew alphabet at six years of age (I am afraid that some ministers do not know it at sixty); and he could read Latin fluently when he was only eight! Of his wonderful feats of memory I could give many illustrations; one was that on the day that I was matriculated in the Seminary with fifty other students, Professor Alexander went over to Dr. Hodge's study, and repeated to him every one of our names! When using manuscript in the pulpit, he frequently turned the leaves backward instead of forward, for he knew all the sermon by heart! His commentaries—quite too few—remain as monuments of his profound scholarship, and some of his articles in the Princeton Review sparkled with the keenest wit.

Oh, how his grandest sermons linger still in my memory after three-score years—like the far-off music of an Alpine horn floating from the mountain tops! His physique was remarkable, he had the ruddy cheeks of a boy, and his square intellectual head we students used to say "looked like Napoleon's." His voice was peculiarly melodious, especially in the pathetic passages; his imagination was vivid in fine imagery, and he had an unique habit of ending a long sentence in the words of his text, which chained the text fast to our memories. The announcement of his name always crowded the church in Princeton, and he was flooded with invitations to preach in the most prominent churches of New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. One of his most powerful and popular sermons was on the text, "Remember Lot's Wife;" and he received so many requests to repeat that sermon that he said to his brother James in a wearied tone, "I am afraid that woman will be the death of me."

There may still be old Philadelphians who can recall the magnificent series of discourses which Professor Alexander delivered during the winter of 1847 in the pulpit of Dr. Henry A. Boardman, while Dr. Boardman was in Europe. The church was packed every Sabbath evening, clear to the outer door, and many were unable to find room even in the aisles. Dr. Alexander was then in his splendid prime. His musical voice often swelled into a volume that rolled out through the doorway and reached the passerby on the sidewalk! During that winter he pronounced all his most famous sermons—on "The Faithful Saying," on "The City with Foundations," on "Awake, Thou that Sleepest!" and on "The Broken and Contrite Heart." It was after hearing this latter most original and pathetic discourse that an eminent man exclaimed, "No such preaching as that has been heard in this land since the days of Dr. John M. Mason." I enjoy the perusal of the rich, unique, and spiritual sermons of my beloved professor and friend; but no one who reads them can realize what it was to listen to Joseph Addison Alexander in his highest and holiest inspirations. Was Albert Barnes a great preacher? Yes; if it is a great thing for a man to hold a large audience of thoughtful and intelligent people in solemn attention while he proclaims to them the weightiest and vitalest of truths—then was Mr. Barnes a great ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. He combined modesty and majesty to a remarkable degree. He had a commanding figure, keen eye, handsome features, and a clear distinct voice; but so diffident was he that he seldom looked about over his

congregation and rarely made a single gesture. His simple rule of homiletics was, have something to say, and then say it. He stood up in his pulpit and delivered his calm, clear, strong, spiritual utterances with scarcely a trace of emotion, and the hushed assembly listened as if they were listening to one of the oracles of God. His best sermons were like a great red anthracite coal bed, with no flash, but kindled through and through with the fire of the Holy Spirit Bashful, too, as he was, he denounced popular sins with an intrepidity displayed by but few ministers in our land. In the temperance reform he was an early pioneer. For Albert Barnes I felt an intense personal attachment; he was my ideal of a fearless, godly-minded herald of evangelical truth; and he had begun his public ministry in Morristown, N.J., the home of my maternal ancestry, and in the church in which my beloved mother had made her confession of faith. When our Lafayette Avenue Church was dedicated—just forty years ago—I urged him to deliver the discourse; but he hesitated to preach extemporaneously, and his sight was so impaired that he could not use a manuscript. At the age of seventy-two he was suddenly and sweetly translated to heaven. Over the whole English-speaking world his name was familiar as a plain teacher of God's Word in very spiritual commentaries. A half century ago Dr. William B. Sprague, of Albany, was in the front rank of Presbyterian preachers. His fine presence, his richly melodious voice, his graceful style and fresh, practical evangelical thought made him so popular that he was in demand everywhere for special occasions and services. He was a marvel of industry. While preparing his voluminous "Annals of the American Pulpit," and conducting an enormous correspondence, he never omitted the preparation of new sermons for his own flock. With that flock he lived and labored for forty years, and when he resigned his charge (in 1869) he told me that when removing from Albany, he buried his face and streaming eyes with his hands, for he could not endure the farewell look at the city of his love. When I first heard him in my student days I thought him an almost faultless pulpit orator, and when he and the young and ardent Edward N. Kirk stood side by side in Albany, no town in the land contained two nobler specimens of the earnest, persuasive and eloquent Presbyterian preachers. When I came to New York as pastor of the Market Street Church, in 1853, the most conspicuous minister in the city was the rector of St. George's Episcopal Church on Stuyvesant Square. Every Sabbath the superb and spacious edifice was thronged. It was quite "the thing" for strangers who came to New York to go and hear Dr. Tyng. Even on Sunday afternoons the house was filled; for at that service he preached what he called "sermons to the children"—but they were not only sprightly, simple and vivacious enough to attract the young, they also contained an abundance of strong meat for persons of older growth. He was an enthusiast in Sunday school work—had 2,500 scholars in his mission schools, and possessed an unsurpassed power in nailing the ears of the young to his pulpit.

Dr. Tyng was the acknowledged leader of the "Low Church" wing of Episcopacy in this country, both during his ministry in the Epiphany at Philadelphia, and in St. George's at New York. He edited their weekly paper, and championed their cause on all occasions. He was their candidate for the office of Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845, and the contest was protracted through a long series of ballotings. It was urged, and not without some reason, that his impetuous temper and strong partisanship might make him a rather domineering overseer of the diocese. He possessed an indomitable will and pushed his way through life with the irresistible rush of a Cunarder under a full head of steam. His temper was naturally very violent. One Sabbath evening he was addressing my Sunday school in Market Street, and describing the various kinds of human nature by resemblances to various animals, the lion, the fox, the sloth, etc.: "Children," he exclaimed, "do

you want to know what I am? I am by nature a royal Bengal tiger, and if it had not been for the grace of God to tame me, I fear that nobody could ever have lived with me." There was about as much truth as there was wit in the comparison. His congregation in St. George's knew his irrepressible temperament so well that they generally let him have his own way. If he wanted money for a church object or a cause of charity, he did not beg for it; he demanded it in the name of the Lord. "When I see Dr. Tyng coming up the steps of my bank," said a rich bank president to me, "I always begin to draw my cheque; I know he will get it, and it saves my time." His leading position among Low Churchmen was won not only by his intellectual force and moral courage, but by his uncompromising devotion to evangelical doctrine. He belonged to the same school with Baxter, John Newton, Bickersteth, Simeon and Bedell. In England his intimate friends were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Dr. McNeill and others of the most pronounced evangelical type. The good old doctrines of redemption by the blood of Christ, and of regeneration by the Holy Spirit were his constant theme, and on these and kindred topics he was a delightful preacher.

Strong as he was in the pulpit, Dr. Tyng was the prince of platform orators. He had every quality necessary for the sway of a popular audience—fine elocution, marvelous fluency, piquancy, the courage of his convictions and a magnetism that swept all before him. His voice was very clear and penetrating, and he hurled forth his clean-cut sentences like javelins. A more fluent speaker I never heard; not Spurgeon or Henry Ward Beecher could surpass him in readiness of utterance. On one occasion the Broadway Tabernacle was crowded with a great audience that gathered to hear some celebrity; and the expected hero did not arrive. The impatient crowd called for "Tyng, Tyng;" and the rector of St. George's came forward, and on the spur of the moment delivered such a charming speech that the audience would not let him stop. For many years I spoke with him at meetings for city missions, total abstinence, Sunday schools and other benevolent enterprises. He used playfully to call me "one of his boys." At a complimentary reception given to J.B. Gough in Niblo's Hall, Mr. Beecher and myself delivered our talks, and then retired to the opposite end of the hall. Dr. Tyng took the rostrum with one of his swift magnetic speeches. I leaned over to Beecher and whispered, "That is splendid platforming, isn't it?" Beecher replied: "Yes, indeed it is. He is the one man that I am afraid of. When he speaks first I do not care to follow him, and if I speak first, then when he gets up I wish I had not spoken at all." Some of Dr. Tyng's most powerful addresses were in behalf of the temperance reform; he was a most uncompromising foe of both of the dram shop and of the drinking usages in polite society. He also denounced the theatre and the ball-room with the most Puritanic vehemence.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng's chief power, like many other great preachers, was when he was on his feet. He should be heard and not read. Some of the discourses and addresses which enchained and thrilled his auditors seemed tame enough when reported for the press. In that respect he resembled Whitfield and Gough and many of our most effective stump speakers. The result was that Dr. Tyng's fame, to a great degree, perished with him. He published several books, of a most excellent and evangelical character, but they lacked the thunder and the lightning which make his uttered words so powerful, and probably none of his many books are much read to-day. The influence of his splendid and heroic personality was very great during a ministry of over fifty years, and the glorious work which he wrought for his Master will endure to all eternity. To have heard Dr. William Adams of New York at his best was better than any lecture on "Homiletics"; to have met him at the fireside or in the sick room of one of his parishioners was a prelection in pastoral

theology. The first time that I ever saw him was fully fifty years ago; he was standing in the gallery of the old Broadway Tabernacle at an anniversary of the American Bible Society, and Dr. James W. Alexander pointed him out to me saying—"Yonder stands Dr. William Adams, he is the hardest student of us all." It was this honest incessant brain work that enabled him to sustain himself for forty years in one of the conspicuous pulpits of the largest city in the land. He always drew out of a full cask. Let young ministers lay this fact to heart. It was not by trick or happy luck, or by pyrotechnics of rhetoric that Dr. Adams won and kept his position in the forefront of metropolitan preachers. The "dead line of fifty" was not to be found on his intellectual atlas. One of the last talks with him that I now recall was on an early morning in Congress Park, Saratoga. He had a pocket Testament in his hand, and he said to me, "I find myself reading more and more the old books of my youth; I am enjoying just now Virgil's Eclogues, but nothing is so dear to me as my Greek Testament."

All of Dr. Adams' finest efforts were thoroughly prepared and committed to memory. He never risked a failure by attempting to shake a sermon or a speech "out of his sleeve." His memory was one of his greatest gifts. Sometimes when his soul was on fire, and his voice trembled with emotion, he rose into the region of lofty impassioned eloquence. His master effort on the platform was his address of welcome to the members of the "Evangelical Alliance" in 1873. How the foreign delegates—Doctors Stoughton, Christlieb, Dorner and the rest of them—did open their eyes that evening to the fact that a Yankee-born parson was, in elegant culture and polished oratory, a match for them all. Dr. Adams' speech "struck twelve" for the Alliance at the start; nothing during the whole subsequent sessions surpassed that opening address, although Beecher and Dr. Joseph Parker were both among the speakers. He closed the meeting of the Alliance in the Academy of Music with a prayer of wonderful fervor, pathos and beauty.

One of his grandest speeches was delivered before the Free Church General Assembly in Edinburgh—in May, 1871. Dr. Guthrie told me that he swept the assembly away by his stately bearing, sonorous voice and classic oratory. The men whom he moved so mightily were such men as Arnot and Guthrie and Rainy and Bonar,—the men who had listened to the grandest efforts of Duff and of Chalmers. I well remember that when I had to address the same assembly (as the American delegate) the next year I was more disturbed by the apparition of my predecessor, Dr. Adams, than by all the brilliant audience before me.

Dr. Adams was gifted with what is of more practical value than genius, and that was marvelous tact. That was with him an instinct and an inspiration. It led him to always speak the right word, and do the right thing at the right time. Personal politeness helped him also; for he was one of the most perfect gentlemen in America. That practical sagacity made him the leader of the "new school" branch of our church, during the delicate negotiations for reunion in 1867, and on to 1870. He knew human nature well, and never lost either his temper or his faith in the sure result. To-day when that old lamentable rupture of our beloved church is as much a matter of past history as the rupture of the Union during the civil war, let us gratefully remember George W. Musgrave, the pilot of the "old school" and William Adams, the pilot of the "new." The last sermon that I ever heard Dr. Adams deliver was in my Lafayette Avenue Church pulpit a few years before his death. His text was the closing passage of the fourth chapter of Second Corinthians. The whole sermon was delivered with great majesty and tenderness. One illustration in it was sublime. He was comparing the "things which are seen and temporal" with the "things which are not seen and eternal." He

described Mont Blanc enveloped in a morning cloud of mist. The vapor was theseen thing which was soon to pass away;—behind it was the unseenmountain, glorious as the "great white throne" which should stand unmoved when fifty centuries of mist had flown away into nothingness. This passage moved the audience prodigiously. Many sat gazing at the tall pale orator before them through their tears. The portrait of Dr. Adams hangs on my study wall—alongside of the portrait of Chalmers—and as I look at his majestic countenance now, I still seem to see him as on that Sabbath morning he stood before us, with the light of eternity beaming on his brow! In the summer of 1845 I was strolling with my friend Littell (the founder of the Living Age), through the leafy lanes of Brookline, and we came to a tasteful church. "That," said Mr. Littell, "is the Harvard Congregational meeting house. They have lately called a brilliant young Mr. Storrs, who was once a law student with Rufus Choate; he is a man of bright promise." Two years afterward I saw and heard that brilliant young minister in the pulpit of the newly organized Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. He had already found his place, and his throne. He made that pulpit visible over the continent. That church will be "Dr. Storrs' church" for many a year to come. Had that superbly gifted law student of Choate gone to the bar he would inevitably have won a great distinction, and might have charmed the United States Senate by his splendid eloquence. Perhaps he learned from Choate some lessons in rhetoric and how to construct those long melodious sentences that rolled like a "Hallelujah chorus" over his delighted audiences. But young Storrs chose the better part, and no temptation of fame or pelf allured him from the higher work of preaching Jesus Christ to his fellow men. He was—like Chalmers and Bushnell and Spurgeon—a born preacher. Great as he was on the platform, or on various ceremonial occasions, he was never so thoroughly "at home" as in his own pulpit; his great heart never so kindled as when unfolding the glorious gospel of redeeming love. The consecration of his splendid powers to the work of the ministry helped to ennoble the ministry in the popular eye, and led young men of brains to feel that they could covet no higher calling.

One of the remarkable things in the career of Dr. Storrs was that by far the grandest portion of that career was after he had passed the age of fifty! Instead of that age being, as to many others, a "dead line," it was to him an intellectual birth line. He returned from Europe—after a year of entire rest—and then, like "a giant refreshed by sleep," began to produce his most masterly discourses and orations. His first striking performance was that wonderful address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate in Plymouth Church, at the close of which Mr. Beecher gave him a grateful kiss before the applauding audience. Not long after that Dr. Storrs delivered those two wonderful lectures on the "Muscovite and the Ottoman." The Academy of Music was packed to listen to them; and for two hours the great orator poured out a flood of history and gorgeous description without a scrap of manuscript before him! He recalled names and dates without a moment's hesitation! Like Lord Macaulay, Dr. Storrs had a marvelous memory; and at the close of those two orations I said to myself, "How Macaulay would have enjoyed all this!" His extraordinary memory was an immense source of power to Dr. Storrs; and, although he had a rare gift of fluency, yet I have no doubt that some of his fine efforts, which were supposed to be extemporaneous, were really prepared beforehand and lodged in his tenacious memory.

Dean Stanley, on the day before he returned to England, said to me: "The man who has impressed me most is your Dr. Storrs." When I urged the pastor of the "Pilgrims" to go over to the great International Council of Congregationalists in London and show the English people a

specimen of American preaching, his characteristic reply was, "Oh, I am tired of these show occasions," But he never grew tired of preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The Bible his old father loved was the book of books that he loved, and no blasts of revolutionary biblical criticism ever ruffled a feather on the strong wing with which he soared heavenward. A more orthodox minister has not maintained the faith once delivered to the saints in our time than he for whom Brooklyn's flags were all hung at half-mast on the day of his death.

All the world knew that Richard S. Storrs possessed wonderful brain power, culture and scholarship; but only those who were closest to him knew what a big loving heart he had. Some of the sweetest and tenderest private letters that I ever received came from his ready pen. I was looking over some of them lately; they are still as fragrant as if preserved in lavender. His heart was a very pure fountain of noble thought, and of sweet, unselfish affection.

He died at the right time; his great work was complete; he did not linger on to outlive himself. The beloved wife of his home on earth had gone on before; he felt lonesome without her, and grew homesick for heaven. His loving flock had crowned him with their grateful benedictions; he waited only for the good-night kiss of the Master he served, and he awoke from a transient slumber to behold the ineffable glory. On the previous day his illustrious Andover instructor, Professor Edwards A. Park, had departed; it was fitting that Andover's most illustrious graduate should follow him; now they are both in the presence of the infinite light, and they both behold the King in His beauty!

Fifty years ago one of the most famous celebrities in the Presbyterian Church was Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, famous for his linguistic attainments, for his wit and occasional eccentricities, and very famous for his bursts of eloquence on great occasions. He was at that time the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, and resided in the street where I am now writing (Oxford Street); and the street at the end of the block was named "Hanson Place" in honor of him. His large wooden mansion was then quite out of town, and was accordingly called "Rus Urban," In that house he wrote—for the New York Observer—the unique series of articles on New School Theology entitled "The Hexagon," and there he entertained, with his elegant courtesy and endless flow of wit and learning, many of the most eminent people who visited Brooklyn. The boys used to climb into his garden to steal fruit; and, as a menace, he affixed to his fence a large picture of a watch-dog, and underneath it a dental sign, "Teeth inserted here!" The old mansion was removed years ago. In 1846 he was the moderator of the "new school" Presbyterian General Assembly. It was during the sessions of that assembly that the famous debate was waged for several days on the exciting question of negro slavery, and when some compromise resolutions were passed (for those were the days of compromise salves and plasters)—Dr. Cox rose and exclaimed, "Well, brethren, we have capped Vesuvius for another year," But "Vesuvius" would not stay capped, and in a few years one of its violent eruptions sundered the "new school" church in twain.

Dr. Cox was a vehement opponent of slavery, and his church in Laight Street was assailed by a mob, and he was roughly handled. In 1833 he was sent to England as the delegate to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and at their anniversary meeting he delivered one of the most brilliant speeches of his life. He came into the meeting a perfect stranger, while Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, was uttering a fierce invective against American slavery. This aroused Dr. Cox's indignation, and when he was called on to speak he commenced with exquisite urbanity as follows: "My Lord

Bexley, ladies and gentlemen! I have just landed from America. Thirty days ago I came down the bay of New York in the steam tug Hercules and was put on board of the good packet ship Samson—thus going on from strength to strength—from mythology to Scripture!" This bold and novel introduction brought down the house with a thunder of applause. After paying some graceful tributes to England and thus winning the hearts of his auditors, he suddenly turned towards Dr. Hamilton, and with the most captivating grace, he said: "I do not yield to my British brother in righteous abhorrence of the institution of negro slavery. I abhor it all the more because it was our disastrous inheritance from our English forefathers, and came down to us from the time when we were colonies of Great Britain! And now if my brother Hamilton will enact the part of Shem, I will take the place of Japhet, and we will walk backward and will cover with the mantle of charity the shame of our common ancestry," This sudden burst of wit, argument and eloquence carried the audience by storm, and they were obliged to applaud the "Yankee orator" in spite of themselves. I count this retort by Dr. Cox one of the finest in the annals of oratory. Several years afterwards he visited England as a delegate to the first Evangelical Alliance. It was attended by the foremost divines, scholars and religious leaders of both Britain and the continent; and a brief five-minutes' speech made by Dr. Cox was unanimously pronounced to have been the most splendid display of eloquence heard during the whole convocation.

He owed a great deal to his commanding figure, fine voice, and graceful elocution. His memory also was as marvelous as that of Dr. Storrs or Professor Addison Alexander. One night, for the entertainment of his fellow-passengers in a stagecoach, he repeated two cantos of Scott's poem of "Marmion"! I have heard him quote, in a public address before the New York University, a whole page of Cicero without the slip of a single word! His passion for polysyllables was very amusing, and he loved to astonish his hearers by his "sesquipedalian" phraseology. A certain visionary crank once intruded into his study and bored him with a long dissertation. Dr. Cox's patience was exhausted, and pointing to the door, he said: "My friend, do you observe that aperture in this apartment? If you do, I wish that you would describe rectilineals, very speedily."

I could fill several pages with racy anecdotes of the keen wit and the varied erudition of my venerable friend. But let none of my readers think of Dr. Cox as a clerical jester, or a pedant. He was a powerful and intensely spiritual preacher of the living Gospel. In his New York congregation were many of the best brains and fervent hearts to be found in that city, and some of the leading laymen revered him as their spiritual father. Sometimes he was betrayed into eccentricities, and his vivid imagination often carried him away into discursive flights; yet he never soared out of sight of Calvary's cross, and never betrayed the precious Gospel committed to his trust. The first time that I ever saw Henry Ward Beecher was in 1848. He was then mustering his new congregation in the building once occupied by Dr. Samuel H. Cox. It was a weekly lecture service that I attended, by invitation of a lady who invited me to "go and hear our new-come genius from the West." The room was full, and at the desk stood a brown-cheeked young man with smooth-shaved face, big lustrous eyes, and luxuriant brown hair—with a broad shirt collar tied with a black ribbon. His text was "Grow in Grace," and he gave us a discourse that Matthew Henry could not have surpassed in practical pith, or Spurgeon in evangelical fervor. I used to tell Mr. Beecher that even after making full allowance for the novelty of a first hearing, I never heard him surpass that Wednesday evening lecture. He was plucking the first ripe grapes of his affluent vintage; his "pomegranates were in full flower, and the spikenard sent forth its fragrance." The very language of that savory

sermon lingers in my memory yet.

During my ministry in New York—from 1853 to 1860—I became intimate with Mr. Beecher and spoke beside him on many a platform and heard him in some of his most splendid efforts. He was a fascinating companion, with the rollicking freedom of a schoolboy. I never shall forget an immense meeting—in behalf of a liquor prohibition movement—held in Triplet Hall. Mr. Beecher was at his best. In the midst of his speech, he suddenly discharged a bombshell against negro slavery which dynamited the audience and provoked a thunder of applause. For pure eloquence it was the finest outburst I ever heard from his lips. Like Patrick Henry, Clay, Guthrie, Spurgeon and other great masters of assemblies, he was gifted with a richly melodious voice—which was especially effective on the low and tender keys. This gave him great power in the pathetic portions of his discourses. Of his superabounding humor I need not speak. It bubbled out so naturally and spontaneously that he found it difficult to restrain it even on the most grave occasions. Sometimes he sinned against good taste, and I once heard his sister Catherine say that "Henry rarely delivered a speech or a sermon which did not contain something that grated on her ear." His most frequent offenses were in the direction of flippant handling of sacred themes and Scripture language. This he inherited from his illustrious father.

Mr. Beecher is generally regarded as an extemporaneous preacher. This is a mistake. He prepared most of his discourses carefully, and full one-half of many of them were written out. Among these written passages he interjected bursts of impromptu thoughts; and these were generally the most effective passages in the sermon. While he repeated himself often—especially on his favorite topic of God’s love—yet it was always in fresh language and with new illustrations. Abraham Lincoln said to me, "The most marvelous thing about Mr. Beecher is his inexhaustible fertility."

During the Civil War he was at the acme of his power. He was then the peerless orator of Christendom. It was his intention (as he once told me) to resign his pastorate at the age of sixty and to devote the remainder of his life to a ministry at large. But the tempest of troubles which struck him about that time forbade his cherished design, and he continued at his post until the touch of death silenced the magic tongue. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since I sat by him on the crowning evening of his career, at his "silver anniversary," in 1873. As to his later utterances in theology, and on some questions of ethics, I dissented from my old friend conscientiously, and I expressed to him my dissent very candidly,—as becometh brethren. I am convinced that if there were more fraternal frankness between the living, there would be less hypocrisy over the departed.

Charles G. Finney was the acknowledged king of American evangelists until Dwight L. Moody came on the stage of action. They resembled each other in untiring industry, unflinching courage, unswerving devotion to the marrow of the Gospel, and unreserved consecration to the service of Christ. The secret of Finney’s power was the fearless manner with which he drove God’s word into the consciences of sinners—high or humble—and his perpetual reliance on the immediate presence of the Holy Spirit in his own soul. Emptied of self, he was filled with the Holy Spirit. His sermons were chain lightning, flashing conviction into the hearts of the stoutest sceptics, and the links of his logic were so compact that they defied resistance. Probably no minister in America ever numbered among his converts so many lawyers and men of intellectual culture.

Soon after commencing his law practice he was brought under the most intense conviction of sin; and the narrative of his conversion—as given in his autobiography—equals any chapter in John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding." After light and peace broke into his agonized soul, he burst into tears of joy, and exclaimed: "I am so happy that I cannot live," He began at once to converse with his neighbors about their souls. When a certain Deacon B. came into his office and reminded him that his cause was to be tried at ten o'clock that morning, Mr. Finney replied, "Deacon B., I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and cannot plead yours." The deacon was thunderstruck, and went off and settled his suit with his antagonist immediately. From that time a law office was no place for the fervid spirit of

Charles G. Finney, and he resolved at once to prepare for the ministry.

Revivals followed his red-hot discourses wherever he went. At Auburn he declares that he had—during prayer in his own room—a wonderful vision in which God drew so near to him that his flesh trembled on his bones, and he shook from head to foot as if amid the thunderings of Sinai! He felt an assurance that God would sustain him against all his enemies; and then there came a "great lifting up," and a sweet calm followed after the agitation. Such extraordinary spiritual experiences occurred quite often during his career as a revivalist, and they remind one strikingly of similar experiences of John Bunyan—to whom Finney bore a certain degree of resemblance. At Rochester many of the leading lawyers were attracted by his bold and logical style of speech; and among his converts there was the distinguished jurist, Addison Gardner. It was during his ministry in New York that he delivered his celebrated "Lectures on Revivals," which were reprinted abroad and translated into several foreign languages. Of all Mr. Finney's published productions, these lectures are the most characteristic. Often extravagant in their rhetoric, and sometimes rather reckless in theological statements, they contain a mine of pungent truth which every young minister ought to possess and to peruse very often. I shall never cease to thank God for the inspiration they have imparted to my own humble ministry; and they have had a place in my library close beside the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the biographies of Payson and McCheyne, and the soul-quickening sermons of Bushnell, Addison Alexander and Dr. McLaren.

After his extended evangelistic labors in various cities, Mr. Finney was appointed to a theological chair in the newly organized college at Oberlin, Ohio. From this post, his irrepressible desire to kindle revivals and to save souls often called him away, and he conducted two famous evangelistic campaigns in Great Britain. He was the first man to introduce American revivalistic methods into England and Scotland; but his labors were never as wide, as influential, and generally acceptable there as the subsequent labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Forty years of his busy and heaven-blessed life were spent at Oberlin, where he impressed his powerful personality on a multitude of students of both sexes; few religious teachers in America have ever moulded so many lives, or had their opinions echoed from so many pulpits. With all my admiration of President Finney's character, I could not—as a loyal Princetonian—subscribe to some of his peculiar opinions. It was, therefore, with great surprise that I received from him a letter in 1873 (two years before his death) which contained the startling proposal that I should be his successor in the college pulpit at Oberlin! He wrote to me: "I think that there is no more important field of ministerial labor in the world. I know that you have a great congregation in Brooklyn, and are mightily prospered in your labors, but your flock does not contain a thousand students pursuing the higher branches of education from year to year. Surely your field in Brooklyn is not more important than

mine was at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, nor can your people be more attached to you than mine were to me." This letter—although its kind overture was promptly declined—was a gratifying proof that the once bitter controversies between "old school" and "new school" had become quite obsolete. When I mentioned this letter to my beloved Princeton instructor, Dr. Charles Hodge, a few weeks before his death, he simply remarked that "his Brother Finney had become very sweet and mellow in his later years." And long before this time the two great antagonistic theologians may have clasped hands in heaven. The closing years of President Finney's useful life were indeed mellow and most lovable. In the days of his prime he had a commanding form, a striking face and a clear, incisive style of speech. Simple as a child in his utterances, he sometimes startled his hearers by his unique prayers. For example, he was one day driven from his study at Oberlin by a refractory stovepipe which persisted in tumbling down. At family worship in the evening he said "Oh, Lord! thou knowest how the temper of Thy servant has been tried to-day by that stovepipe!" Several other expressions, quite as quaint and as piquant, might be quoted, if the limits of this brief sketch would permit. What would be deemed irreverent if spoken by some lips never sounded irreverent when uttered by such a natural, fearless and yet devout a spirit as Charles G. Finney. He retained his erect, manly form, his fresh enthusiasm and intellectual vigor, to the ripe old age of eighty-three. On a calm Sabbath evening—in August, 1875—he walked in his garden and listened to the music from a neighboring church. Retiring to his chamber, the messenger from his Master met him in the midnight hours, and before the morning dawned his glorified spirit was before the throne! His is the crown of one who turned many to righteousness.

While I am writing this chapter of ministerial reminiscences, I receive the sorrowful tidings that my dear old friend, Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, of New Orleans—the prince of Southern preachers—has closed his illustrious career. To the last his splendid powers were unabated,—and last year (although past eighty-three) he delivered one of his greatest sermons before the University of Georgia! His massive discourses, based on God's word, were a solid pile of concinnate argument, illuminated with the divine light, and glowing with the divine love shed abroad in his heart. In the spring of 1887, Mrs. Cuyler and myself visited New Orleans, and I cared more to see Dr. Palmer than all the city besides. He cordially welcomed me to the hospitalities of his house, and of that pulpit which had so long been his throne. I do not wonder that the people of New Orleans—of all classes and creeds—regarded him not only with pride, but with an affection that greeted him at every step through the city of which he was the foremost citizen. As my readers may all know, Dr. Palmer, through the Civil War, was a most ardent Secessionist, and as honestly so as I was a Unionist. He spent much time in preaching to the Confederate soldiers, and he narrated to me an amusing incident which illustrated his calm and imperturbable temperament. On a certain fast-day (appointed by the Confederate authorities) he was to preach in a rural church within the Confederate lines. The Northern army was lying so close to them that a battle was imminent at any moment. Dr. Palmer had begun his "long prayer," when a Federal shell landed immediately under the windows of the church and exploded with a terrific crash! The doctor was not to be shelled out of his duty, and he went steadily on to the end of his prayer. When he opened his eyes the house was deserted! His congregation had slipped quietly out, and left him "alone in his glory."

Soon after my visit to New Orleans, my old friend was sorely bereaved by the death of his wife. I wrote him a letter of condolence, and his reply was, for sweetness and sublimity, worthy of Samuel

Rutherford or Richard Baxter. As both husband and wife are now reunited I venture to publish a portion of this wonderful letter—both as a message of consolation to others under a similar bereavement and as a tribute to the great loving heart of Benjamin M. Palmer.

He says: "Truly my sorrow is a sorrow wholly by itself. What is to be done with a love which belongs only to one, when that one is gone and cannot take it up? It cannot perish, for it has become a part of our own being. What shall we do with a lost love which wanders like a ghost through all the chambers of the soul only to feel how empty they are? I have about me—blessed be God! a dear daughter and grandchildren; but I cannot divide this love among them, for it is incapable of distribution. What remains but to send it upward until it finds her to whom it belongs by right of concentration through more than forty years."

"I will not speak, my brother, of my pain—let that be; it is the discipline of love, having its fruit in what is to be. But I will tell you how a gracious Father fills this cloud with Himself—and covering me in it, takes me into His pavilion. It is not what I would have chosen; but in this dark cloud I know better what it is to be alone with Him; and how it is best sometimes to put out the earthly lights, that even the sweetest earthly love may not come between Him and me. It is the old experience of love breaking through the darkness as it did long ago through the terrors of Sinai and the more appalling gloom of Calvary. I have this to thank Him for, the greatest of all His mercies, and then for this, that He gave her to me so long. The memories of almost half a century encircle me as a rainbow. I can feed upon them through the remainder of a short, sad life, and after that can carry them up to Heaven with me and pour them into song forever. If the strings of the harp are being stretched to a greater tension, it is that the praise may hereafter rise to higher and sweeter notes before His throne—as we bow together there."

# 03.15. SUMMERING AT SARATOGA AND MOHONK.

SUMMERING AT SARATOGA AND MOHONK.

Bishop Haven.—Dr. Schaff.—President McCosh. To the laborious pastor of a large congregation some period of recuperation during the summer is absolutely indispensable. The cavalry officer who, when hotly pursued by the enemy, discovered that his saddle-girths had become loose, and dismounted long enough to tighten them, was a wise man, and affords a good example to us ministers.

It was my custom to call a halt, lock my study door (stowing away my pastoral cares in a drawer) and go away for five or six weeks, and sometimes a little longer. A sea voyage was undertaken during half a dozen vacations, but during a portion of forty-two summers I "pitched my moving tent" in salubrious Saratoga, and a part of twenty-one summers was spent on the heights of Mohonk. As this volume is issued in London as well as in New York, I will mention some things in this chapter for my British readers with which many of my own fellow-countrymen may be already familiar. There were several reasons that induced me to select Saratoga early in my ministry as the best place to spend a part of the summer vacation. It is the most widely known the world over of any of our American watering places and is an exceedingly beautiful town. Its spacious Broadway, lined with stately elms, is one of the most sightly avenues in our land; and some of the superb hotels that front upon it fulfill the American demand for "bigness." The most attractive spot to me has always been the beautiful park that surrounds the famous Congress Spring, and to which every morning I made my very early pilgrimage for my draught of its sparkling water. The park covers but a few acres, but it is a continuous loveliness. When its rich, soft greensward—worthy of Yorkshire or Devonshire—was sparkling with the dew, and the fountains were in full play, and the goodly breeze was singing through the trees, it was a place in which to chant Dr. Arnold’s favorite hymn:—

"Come, my soul, thou must be waking;

Now is breaking

O’er the earth another day;

Come to Him who made this splendor,

See thou render

All thy feeble strength can pay." The second reason for my choice of Saratoga was the variety of the wonderful medicinal waters, and their renovating effects. "I can winter better," said Governor Buckingham, "for even a short summer at Saratoga," and my experience was quite similar. I honestly believe that those waters have prolonged my life. In addition to the many health fountains which have been veritable Bethesdas to multitudes, the dry, bracing atmosphere is perfumed and tempered by the breezes from the pine forests of the Adirondack Mountains. While some are attracted to Saratoga by the waters and others by the air, I found both of them equally beneficial.

As far as its social life is concerned, there are, as in all summer resorts, two very different descriptions of guests. One class are devotees of fashion, who go there to gratify the "lust of the eye, and the pride of life." They drive by day and dance by night; but some devotees of pleasure have yielded too much to the ensnarements of the gaming table and the race course. There is another and a more numerous class made up of quiet business men and their families, clergymen, college professors and persons in impaired health, who go for recreation or recuperation. From this latter class, and in some measure indeed from the former also, the churches of the town attract very large congregations. It has been my privilege to deliver a little more than two hundred sermons in Saratoga, and there is no place in which I have found that a faithful and practical presentation of the "word of life" is more eagerly welcomed. It is no place to exhibit a show sermon on dress parade, but it is the very one in which to press home the word on hearts and consciences, to arouse the impenitent, to give tonic truth to the weak and the weary, to afford the word of comfort to the sorrowing and soul-food to the many who hunger for the heavenly manna. I have already narrated some of my pleasant experiences in preaching at Saratoga, and I could add to them several other interesting incidents. For about thirty summers, and occasionally in the winter, I found a happy home at Dr. Strong’s "Remedial Institute" on Circular Street. This is a family hotel during the summer, and a sanitarium during the remainder of the year. Every morning the guests assemble for worship, and the intolerable trio of fashion, frivolity and fiddles, has never invaded the refined and congenial atmosphere of the house. My host, Dr. Strong, is an active member of the Methodist Church in that town, and naturally a large number of ministers of that denomination are his summer guests. This was very pleasant for me, for, although I am loyally attached to my own "clan," yet I have a peculiarly warm side for the ecclesiastical followers of the Wesleys, and am some times introduced in their conferences as a "Methodistical Presbyterian." At Dr. Strong’s I met many of the leading Methodist ministers, and was exceedingly "filled with their company." I met, among others, the sweet-spirited Bishop Jaynes, who always seemed to be a legitimate successor of the beloved disciple John. If Bishop Jaynes recalled the apostle John, let me say that the venerated father of my kind host and the founder of the Sanitarium, the late Dr. Sylvester S. Strong, was such an impersonation of charming courtesy and fervid spirituality that he might be a counterpart of "Luke the beloved physician." He was an admirable preacher before he entered the medical profession. Bishop Peck was a very entertaining companion and most fraternal in his warmheartedness. He was a man of colossal proportions, and it was quite proper that he was appointed to the charge of the churches in the wide regions of California and Oregon. When he came thence to the General Conference, he presented his protuberant figure to the assembly, and began with the humorous announcement, "The Pacific slope salutes you!" On that same "slope" I discovered last year that Methodism has outgrown even the formidable proportions of my old friend Dr. Peck. At Saratoga I first met the eloquent Apollos of American Methodism, Bishop Matthew Simpson. Those who ever heard Henry Clay in our Senate chamber, or Dr. Thomas Guthrie in Scotland, have a very distinct idea of what Simpson was at his flood-tide of irresistible oratory. He resembled both of those great orators in stature and melodious voice, in graceful gesture, and in the magnificent enthusiasm that swept everything before him. Like all that type of fascinating speakers—to which even Gladstone belonged—he was rather to be heard than to be read. It is enough that a Gospel preacher should produce great immediate impressions on his auditors; it is not necessary that he should produce a finished and permanent piece of literature. Bishop Simpson was the bosom friend of Abraham Lincoln, and on more than one

occasion he knelt beside our much harassed President and prayed for the strength equal to the day of trial.

Among all the guests there was none to whom I was more closely and lovingly drawn than to Bishop Gilbert Haven. None shed off such splendid scintillations in our evening colloquies on the piazzas. Haven was not comparable with his associate, Bishop Simpson, in pulpit oratory, for he was rarely an effective public speaker on any occasion, but in brilliancy of thought, which made him in conversation like the charge of an electric battery, and in brilliancy of pen, that kindled everything it touched, he was without a rival in the Methodist Church—or almost in any other church in the land. Consistently and conscientiously a radical, he always took extreme ground on such questions as negro rights, female suffrage, and liquor prohibition, and he never retreated. Underneath all this impulsive and impetuous radicalism he was thoroughly old-fashioned and orthodox in his theology—as far from Calvinism as any Wesleyan usually is. He did delight in the doctrines of grace with his whole heart, and it is all the more grateful to me, as a Presbyterian, to pay this honest tribute to his deeply devout and Christ-like character. I knew him when he was a student in the Wesleyan University at Middletown—somewhat rustic in his ways, but a bold, bright youth hungry for knowledge. In 1862 he published a series of foreign letters in the New York Independent, which Horace Greeley told me he regarded as most remarkable productions. During the summer of that year I was watching the sun rise from the summit of the Righi in Switzerland, and was accosted by a sandy-haired man in an old oilcloth overcoat who asked for some explanation about the mountain within our view. At the foot of the Righi I fell in with him again, and was struck with his original and vigorous thought. The same evening he marched into my room at the "Schweitzer-Hoff," dripping with the rain, and introduced himself as "Gilbert Haven." We ministered to the few Americans whom we could find in Lucerne, and held a prayer meeting on the Sabbath evening in Haven’s room for our far-away country in her dark hour of distress. On that evening began a friendship which waxed warmer and warmer until death sundered the tie for a little while; the same hand that sundered can reunite us.

I am under a strong temptation to give my reminiscences of many notable persons whom I was wont to meet at Saratoga, such as the urbane ex-President Martin Van Buren, and that noble Christian statesman, Vice-President Henry Wilson, and the cheery old poet John Pierpont, and the erudite Horatio B. Hackett, of Newton Theological Seminary and the level-headed Miss Catherine E. Beecher, and the gifted Queen of the great temperance sisterhood, Miss Frances E. Willard, and General Batcheler, the able American Judge, at Cairo, and that extraordinary combination of courage, orthodox faith, and brilliant platform eloquence the late Joseph Cook, of Ticonderoga. I would like also to attempt a description of the gorgeous "Floral Festivals," which are celebrated in every September, when the streets of the town blaze with processions of vehicles decorated with flowers, and the sidewalks and house-fronts are packed with thousands of delighted spectators; but if "of making many books there is no end," there ought to be a proper end in the making of a book. In the course of my life I may have done some very foolish things, and quite too many sinful things, but I have always endeavored to avoid doing too long a thing, if it were possible.

During the last twenty-three years I have spent a portion of almost every summer at Mohonk Lake Mountain House, a hostlery equally celebrated for the culture of its guests and charms of its scenery. It is situated on a spur of the Shawangunk Mountains, about six miles from New Paltz, on the Wallkill Valley Railway. Its discoverer and proprietor is Albert K. Smiley, who was for many

years president of a Quaker Ladies Academy in Providence, R.I., and is a gentleman of fine scholarship and varied attainments. He is quite equal to discussing geology with Professor Guyot (from whom one of the highest hilltops near his house is named), or art with Huntington, or botany or landscape gardening with Frederick L. Olmstead, or theology with Dr. Schaff, or questions of philanthropy with General Armstrong or Booker T. Washington. The distinctive character of the house is that there is a notable absence of what is regarded as the chief attractions of some fashionable summer resorts. Neither bar nor bottles nor ball-room nor bands are to be found in this Christian home;—for a home it is—in its restful and refining influences. The young people find no lack of innocent enjoyment in the bowling alley or on the golf links, in the tennis tournaments or in rowing upon the lake, with frequent regattas. Instead of the midnight dance the evening hours are made enjoyable by social conversation, by musical entertainments, by parlor lectures and other interesting pastimes. The Sabbath at Mohonk realizes old George Herbert's description of the "Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky;" Not a boat is loosened from its wharf on the lake; not a carriage is geared up for a pleasure drive, and many a guest has learned how a Sabbath spent without the introduction of either business cares or frivolities may be a joyous refreshment to both body and soul. The spacious parlor is always crowded for the service of worship on every morning during the week and also on the Sabbath. I can testify that on the three-score Sabbaths when I have been called upon to conduct the services, I have never found a more inspiring auditory.

It is no easy thing to put the external beauties of Mohonk upon paper. The estate covers four thousand acres, and is intersected with about fifty miles of fine carriage drives. The garden, which contains a dozen acres, is ablaze during the most of the season with millions of flowers—many of them of rare variety. As the glory of Saratoga is its springs, of Lake George its islands, of Trenton Falls the amber hue of its waters, so the glory of Mohonk is its rocks. The little lake is a crystal cup cut out of the solid conglomerated quartz. Its shores are steep quartz rocks rising fifty feet perpendicularly from the water. The face of "Sky Top" is heaped around with enormous boulders some thirty feet in diameter. In among them extend rocky labyrinths which can be explored with torches. On every hand are immense masses of Shawangunk grit hurled together over the cliff as if with the convulsions of an earthquake. Upon these acres of rock around the lake grow the most luxuriant lichens and the forests in June are efflorescent with laurels and azalias. The finest point of vantage is on Eagle Cliff; I have climbed there often to see the sun go down in a blaze of glory behind the Catskill Mountains. The three highest peaks of the Catskills—Hunter, Slide, and Peekamoose—were in full view, in purple and gold. Beneath me on one side was the verdant valley of Rondout; on the other side the equally beautiful valley of the Wallkill. In the dim distance we could discover the summits of the mountains in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts. When I took Newman Hall, toward sunset, to a crag or cliff overlooking the lake, he said to me: "Next to Niagara I have seen nothing in America equal to this."

Mohonk has been a favorite summer resort of many of the most distinguished people in our land. The Honorable Rutherford B. Hayes, after his retirement from the presidential chair, loved to find recreation in rowing his boat on the lake, and in making the ascent of Sky Top. President Arthur came there during his term of office; and the widow of General Grant, after spending a fortnight there, pronounced it the most fascinating spot she had ever seen on this continent Among all the guests who made their summer home there, none contributed more to the intellectual enrichment

of the company than my revered Christian friend, Dr. Philip Schaff. No American of our day had such a vast personal acquaintance with celebrated people. Dr. Schaff was the intimate friend of Tholuck, Neander, Godet, Hengstenberg, and Dorner; he was one day in familiar conversation with Dean Stanley in the Abbey and another day with Gladstone; another day with Dollinger in Vienna, and another day with Dr. Pusey at Oxford. The promise, "He shall stand before kings," was often fulfilled to him. The veteran Kaiser William had him at the royal table, and gave him intimate interview. The King and Queen of Denmark came on the platform to congratulate him after one of his eloquent speeches, and the Queen of Greece was one of his correspondents. He shook hands with more ministers of all denominations, and of all nationalities than any man of this age. He was as cordially treated by Archbishop Canterbury as he was by Bismarck at Berlin or the old Russian Archpriest Brashenski. Dr. Schaff was a prodigy of industry. During half a century he was the foremost church historian of this country; he led the work of the Sabbath Committee, and was the master spirit of the Evangelical Alliance. He edited a volume of hymnology, and wrote catechisms for children; he filled professors' chairs in two seminaries and lectured on ecclesiastical history to others. He published thirty-one volumes and edited two immense commentaries; he was the president of the Committee on Biblical Revision, and he crossed the ocean fourteen times as a fraternal internuncio between the churches of Europe and America. His prodigious capacity for work made Dr. Samuel Johnson seem an idler, and his varied attainments and activities were fairly a match for Gladstone. To those of us who knew Dr. Schaff intimately, one of his most attractive traits was his jovial humor and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. When I made a visit to California—journeying with him to the Yosemite—his endless stories whiled away the tedium of the trip. How often when he sat down to my own, or any other table, would he tell how his old friend, Neander, when asked to say grace at a dinner, and roast pig was the chief dish, very quaintly said: "O, Lord, if Thou canst bless under the new dispensation what Thou didst curse under the old dispensation, then graciously bless this leetle pig. Amen!"

Another eminent scholar who was wont to seek recreation at Mohonk was the venerable President McCosh, of Princeton University. Since Scotland sent to Princeton Dr. John Witherspoon to preside over it, and to be one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, she has sent no richer gift than Dr. James McCosh. For several years before he came to America he was a professor in the Queen's College at Belfast. Passing through Belfast in 1862, I looked in for a few moments at the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly, which was convened in Dr. Cook's church, and said to a man: "Whom can you show me here?" Pointing to a tall, somewhat stooping figure, standing near the pulpit, he said: "There is McCosh." I replied: "It is worth coming here to see the brightest man in Ireland." What a great, all-round, fully equipped, many-sided mass of splendid manhood he was! What a complete combination of philosopher, theologian, preacher, scholar, and college president all rolled into one! During the twenty years of his brilliant career at Princeton he displayed much of Jonathan Edwards' metaphysical acumen, of John Witherspoon's wisdom, Samuel Davies' fervor and Dr. "Johnny" McLean's kindness of heart; the best qualities of his predecessors were combined in him. He came here a Scotchman at the age of fifty-seven, and in a year he became, as Paddy said, "a native American." To my mind the chief glory of Dr. McCosh's presidency at Princeton was the fervid interest he felt in the religious welfare of his students. He often invited me to come over and deliver sermons to them, and occasionally a temperance address; for he was a zealous teetotaler and prohibitionist, and I always lodged with him at his house. As I turn over my book of correspondence I find many brief letters from him. In

the following one he refers to the remarkable revival in the college in the winter and early spring of 1870:

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, PRINCETON, Jan. 9, 1873. My dear Dr. Cuyler: In the name of the Philadelphian Society, and in my own name, I request you to conduct our service on the day of prayer for colleges, being Thursday the 30th of January. It is three years, if I calculate rightly, since you performed that duty for us. That visit was followed by the blessed work in which you took an active part. May it be the same this year! The college is in an interesting state: we have a great deal of the spirit of study; there is a meeting for prayer every night except Friday; the class prayer meetings are all well attended, in some of the classes as many as sixty present; but we need a quickening. I do hope you will come. Our habit is an address of half an hour or so at three PM in the college chapel, and a sermon in one of the churches, especially addressed to students, but open to all in the evening. Of course, you will come to my house, and live with me. Yours as ever,

James McCosh. To hundreds of the alumni of Princeton this letter will stir the fountain of old memories. They will hear in it the ring of the old college bell; they will see the lines of students marching across the campus to evening prayer and into the chapel. Upon the platform mounts the stooping form of grand old "Uncle Jimmie," and in his broad and not unmelodious Scotch accents he pours out his big, warm heart in prayer. With honest pride in their Alma Mater, they will thank God that they were trained for the battle of life by James McCosh. The limits of this narrative do not allow me to tell of all my delightful "foregatherings" with that venerated Nestor of American art, Daniel Huntington; and with General James Grant Wilson with hisrepertoire of racy Scotch stories; and with my true yoke-fellows in the Gospel, Dr. Herrick Johnson, Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, and Dr. Samuel J. Fisher—and with a group of infinitely witty women who regaled many an evening hour with their merry quips and conundrums. The unwritten law which prevails in that social realm is: "Each for all, and all for each other."

Mr. Smiley had been for some years a member of the United States Indian Commission, and his experience in that capacity had awakened a deep interest in the welfare of the remaining Aborigines, who had too often been the prey of unscrupulous white men who came in contact with them. About sixteen years ago he conceived the happy idea of calling a conference at Mohonk of those who were conversant with Indian affairs and most desirous to promote their well being. His invitation brought together such distinguished philanthropists as the veteran ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, General Clinton B. Fisk, General Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute; Merrill E. Gates, Philip C. Garrett, Herbert Welsh, and that picturesque and powerful friend of the red man, the late Bishop Whipple of Minnesota. The discussions and decisions of this annual Mohonk Conference have had immense influence in shaping the legislation and controlling the conduct of our national government in all Indianaffairs. It has helped to make history. The great success of this conference, which meets in October of each year, led my Quaker friend, Smiley, eight years ago, to inaugurate an "Arbitration conference" for the promotion of international peace. It was a happy thought and has yielded a rich fruitage. About the first of every June this conference brings together such men and women of "light and leading" from all parts of our country as ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, the Hon. William J. Coombs, the Hon. Robert Treat Paine, Dr. B.F. Trueblood, John B. Garrett and Joshua L. Bailey, Colonel George E. Waring, Hon. John W. Foster, Chief Justice Nott, Warner Van Norden, and a great number of well known clergymen and editors have read able papers or delivered instructive

addresses on that ever burning problem of how to turn swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks.

I especially sympathize with the spirit of this Arbitration conference, not only because I abominate war per se, but because I firmly believe that among the grievous perils that confront our nation is the mania for enormous and costly military and naval armament—and also the policy of extending our territory by foreign conquests. The high mission of our Republic is to maintain the fundamental principles initiated in our Declaration of Independence—that all true government rests on the consent of the governed. It is an impious profanation of our flag of freedom to make it the symbol of absolutism on any soil. In the conflict now waging for true American principles, I heartily concur in the views of the late Benjamin Harrison, who was one of the most clear-sighted and patriotic of our Presidents. Just before his death I addressed to that noble Christian statesman a letter of heartfelt thanks for the position he was taking. With the following gratifying reply which I received, I conclude my chapter on peace-loving "Smiley-land":

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec 26, 1900 My dear Dr. Cuyler.

I can hardly tell you how grateful your letter was to me, or how highly I value your approval. My soul has been in revolt against the doctrine of Congressional Absolutism. I want to save my veneration for the men who made us a nation, and organized the nation under the Constitution. This will be impossible if I am to believe that they organized a government to exercise from their place that absolutism which they rejected for themselves. The newspaper reports of my Ann Arbor address were most horribly mangled, but the address will appear in the January number of the North American Review. Allow me, my dear friend, to extend to you the heartiest thanks, not only for your kind words, but for the noble life which gives them value. With all good wishes of the Christmastide, Most sincerely your friend, BENJAMIN HARRISON.

# 03.16. A RETROSPECT.

A RETROSPECT. When I entered upon the Christian ministry fifty-six years ago, there was no probability that I would live to see four-score. My father had died at the early age of twenty-eight, and several of his brothers and sisters had succumbed to pulmonary maladies. My mother was dangerously ill several times, but had a wiry constitution and lived to eighty-five. That my own busy life has held out so long is owing, under a kind Providence, to the careful observation of the primal laws of health. I have eschewed all indigestible food, stimulants, and intoxicants;—have taken a fair amount of exercise; have avoided too hard study or sermon making in the evenings—and thus secured sound and sufficient sleep. In keeping God’s commandments written upon the body I have found great reward. From the standpoint of four-score I propose in this chapter to take a retrospect of some of the moral and religious movements that have occurred within my memory—in several of which I have taken part—and I shall note also the changes for better or worse that I have observed. If as an optimist I may sometimes exaggerate the good, and minimize the evil things, it is the curse of a pessimist that he can travel from Dan to Beersheba and find nothing but barrenness. The first change for the better that I shall speak of is the progress I have seen in church fellowship. The division of the Christian church into denominations is a fixed fact and likely to remain so for a long time to come. Nor is it the serious evil that many imagine. The efficiency of an army is not impaired by division into corps, brigades and regiments, as long as they are united against the common enemy; neither does the Church of Christ lose its efficiency by being organized on denominational lines, as long as it is loyal to its Divine head, and united in its efforts to overcome evil, and establish the Kingdom of Heaven. Some Christians work all the better in harness that suits their peculiar tastes and preferences. Denominationalism becomes an evil the moment it degenerates into bitter and bigoted sectarianism. Conflicts between a dozen regiments is suicide to an army. When a dozen denominations strive to maintain their own feeble churches in a community that requires only three or four churches, then sectarianism becomes an unspeakable nuisance.

I could cite many instances to prove the great progress that has been made in church fellowship. For example, my early ministry was in a town in which the Society of Friends had a large meeting house, well filled by a most intelligent, orthodox and devout congregation. But its members never entered any other house of worship. I had the warmest personal intimacy with some of its leading men, but they would say: "We would like to hear thee preach on First Day, but the rules of our society forbid it." I have lived to see the day when I am invited to speak in Friends’ meetings, and I have rejoiced to invite Quaker brothers, and sisters also, to speak in my pulpit. When I visit London, the most eminent living Quaker, J. Bevan Braithwaite, welcomes me to his hospitable house, and we join in prayer together. I wish that the exemplary and useful Society of Friends were more multiplied on both sides of the sea.

During the early half of the last century sectarian controversies ran high, especially in the newly settled West. It was a common custom to hold public discussions in school houses and frontier meeting houses, where controverted topics between denominations were presented by chosen

champions before applauding audiences. Ministers fired hot shot at one another's pulpits; churches were often as militant as mendicant, and all those polemics were excused as contending most earnestly for the faith. Both sides found their ammunition in the same Bible. When I was a student in the Princeton Seminary, a classmate from Kentucky gave me a little hymn-book used at the camp meetings in the frontier settlements of his native region. In that book was a hymn, one verse of which contains these sweet and irenic lines:

"When I was blind, and could not see,

The Calvinists deceivèd me."

Just imagine the incense of devout praise ascending heavenward in such a thick smoke of sectarian contentions! All the denominations were more or less afflicted with this controversial malady; and I will venture to say that in Kentucky and Ohio and other new regions, the Presbyterians were often a fair match for their Methodist neighbors in these theological pugilistics. I might multiply illustrations of these unhappy clashings and controversies that have often disfigured even the most evangelical branches of Christendom. What a blessed change for the better have I witnessed in my old days! Among the foremost efforts of denominational fellowship was the organization of the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday School Union. Later on in the same century came those two splendid spiritual inventions—The Young Men's Christian Association, and the Society of Christian Endeavor. Sir George Williams, the founder of the one, and Dr. Francis E. Clark, the father of the other, should be commemorated in a pair of twin statues of purest marble, standing with locked arms and upholding a standard bearing the sacred motto: "One is our Master, even Christ Jesus, and all ye are brethren." To no man are we indebted more deeply than to the now glorified Mr. Moody who made Christian fellowship the indispensable feature of all his evangelistic endeavors—with Brother Sankey leading the grand chorus of united praise. Union meetings for the conversion of souls and seeking the descent of the Holy Spirit are now as common as the observance of Christmas or of Easter Day. Personally I rejoice to say that I have been permitted to preach the Gospel in the pulpits of all the leading denominations, not excepting the Episcopalian; and I once welcomed the noble and beloved Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine of Ohio to my Lafayette Avenue Church pulpit, where he pronounced a grand discourse on "The Unity of All Christians in the Lord Jesus Christ." If I lived in England I should be heart and soul a nonconformist. But I can gratefully acknowledge the many kind courtesies which I have received from the clergy of the Established Church. Once, when in London, I was invited to the annual dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the archbishops and bishops, and I found myself the only American clergyman present. The Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London, did me the honor of presiding at a reception given me at Exeter Hall, and whenever I have met the venerable Dr. Temple I have been cheered by his warm-hearted and "democratic" cordiality of manner. In return for the kindness shown me by my brilliant and scholarly friend, Archdeacon Farrar, I was happy to preside at a reception given him in Chickering Hall. He had a wide welcome in our land, but it was as the untiring champion of temperance reform that he was especially honored on that evening. He and Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce are among the leaders in the crusade against the curse of strong drink. Amid some evil portents and perils to the cause of evangelical religion, one of the richest tokens for good is this steady increase of interdenominational fellowship. For organic unity we need not yet strive; it is enough that all the regiments and brigades in Christ's covenant hosts march to the same music, fight together under

the same standard of Calvary's Cross, and press on, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, to the final victory of righteousness and truth and human redemption.

Another change for the better has been the enlargement of woman's sphere of activity in the promotion of Christianity and of moral reform. As an illustration of this fact, I may cite a rather unique incident in my own experience. During the winter of 1872 I invited Miss Sarah F. Smiley, an eminent and most evangelical minister in the Society of Friends (and a sister of the Messrs. Albert and Daniel Smiley, the proprietors of the Lake Mohonk House) to deliver a religious address in my pulpit. The discourse she delivered was strong in intellect, orthodox in doctrine and fervently spiritual in character; the large audience was both delighted and edified. A neighboring minister presented a complaint before the Presbytery of Brooklyn, alleging that my proceeding had been both un-Presbyterian and un-Scriptural. The complainant was not able to produce a syllable of law from our form of government forbidding what I had done. Long years before, a General Assembly had recommended that "women should not be permitted to address a promiscuous assemblage" in any of our churches; but a mere "deliverance" of a General Assembly has no binding legal authority. In my defense I was careful not to advocate the ordination of women to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church, or their installation in the pastorate. I contended that as our confession of faith was silent on the subject, and that as godly women in the early church were active in the promotion of Christianity (one of them named Anna having publicly proclaimed the coming Messiah), and that as the ministry of my excellent friend, the Quakeress, had for many years been attended by the abundant blessings of the Holy Spirit, my act was rather to be commended than condemned. The discussion before the Presbytery lasted for two days and produced a wide and rather sensational interest over the country. The final vote of the Presbytery, while withholding any censure of my course under the circumstances, was adverse to the practice of permitting women to address "promiscuous audiences" in our churches. Two or three years afterwards, a case similar to mine was appealed to the General Assembly and that body wisely decided that such questions should be left to the judgment and conscience of the pastors and church sessions. When the news of this action of the assembly reached us, the old sexton of the Lafayette Avenue Church hoisted (to the great amusement of our people) the stars and stripes on the church tower as a token of victory. It has now become quite customary to invite female missionaries, and other godly women, to address audiences composed of both sexes in our churches; the padlock has been taken off the tongue of any consecrated Christian woman who has a message from the Master. I invited Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset to advocate the Christian grace of temperance from my pulpit; and if I were still a pastor I should rejoice to invite that good angel of beneficence, Miss Helen M. Gould, to deliver there such an address as she lately made in the splendid building she has erected for the "Naval Christian Association."

Foreign missions were in their early and vigorous growth eighty years ago. I rode in our family carriage to church with Sheldon Dibble and Reuben Tinker, who were just leaving Auburn Theological Seminary to go out as our pioneer missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. The Missionary Herald was taken in a great number of families and read with great avidity. Many of the readers were people who not only devoutly prayed "Thy Kingdom come," but who were willing to stick to a rag carpet, and deny themselves a "Brussels," in order to contribute more to the spread of that Kingdom. Wealth has increased to a prodigious and perilous extent; but the percentage of money given to foreign missions is very far from what it was in the day of my childhood. It is a

growing custom for ministers to utter a prayer over the contribution boxes when they are brought back to the platform before the pulpit; I suspect that it in too many cases should be one of penitential confession.

While I was a student in the Princeton Seminary we had a visit from the veteran missionary, Levi Spalding, who sailed from Boston to Southern India in the very first band which invaded the darkness of Hindooism He was as nearly like my conception of the Apostle Paul as anyone I ever beheld. He told us that when he was a youth and his heart was first drawn to the cause of missions, he told his good mother that he had decided upon a missionary life (which was then thought equivalent to a martyrdom), and she was perfectly overcome. He said to her: "Mother, when you gave me as an infant to God in baptism, did you withhold me from any service to which I might be called?" She assented in a moment—went to the old chest—from it she took a half-dollar (all the money she possessed in the world), and, handing it to him, said: "Levi, you may go, and this starts you on your education." On his way over to India his preaching converted all the sailors, including the ship's carpenter, "whose heart was as hard as his broadaxe." That was the stuff our first missionaries were made of. The tears flowed down our cheeks as we listened to Spalding's recital, and the result of his visit was that more than one of our students volunteered for the work of foreign missions.

It was also my great privilege during that Princeton course to put eye upon a man who, by common consent, is regarded as the king of American missionaries. On my way from Princeton to Philadelphia in the Christmas week of '45 I found among my fellow passengers a gentleman with a very benign countenance, and to my great delight I learned that he was Adoniram Judson, who was on his final and memorable visit to his native land, and was received everywhere with the most unbounded and reverent enthusiasm. He had begun his work in Burmah in 1813, but under great difficulties. During the first six years he made no converts; he defied the demon of discouragement and labored on with increased faith and zeal, and then came an abundant harvest. The colossal work of his life in Burmah was the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Burmese language. To this work, which is likely to endure, he added a Burmese-English dictionary. At length the toils and exposures broke down his health and he was obliged to take several voyages in adjoining waters. Soon after I saw him he married Miss Chubbuck and returned to Burmah in the following year. The old conflict between the holy and heroic heart and failing body was soon renewed. He resorted once more to the sea for relief, but died during the passage, on April 12, 1850. When crossing the Atlantic in the summer of 1885 I spent much of the time with that noble minister, Rev. Edward Judson, of New York. A funeral at sea occurred, and as the remains were disappearing in the water Mr. Judson said to me, with solemn tenderness: "Just so my beloved father was committed to the deep: his sepulchre is this great, wide ocean," That ocean is a type of his world-wide influence. Not only in the priority of time as a fearless pioneer into unknown dangers, but in profound and patient scholarship, and in the beauty of a holy and lovable personality, Adoniram Judson still hold the primacy among our American missionary heroes. The progress which has been made in Christianizing heathendom during the last century (which may well be called the century of foreign missions) is familiar to every person of intelligence. The number of converts to Christianity is at least two millions, and several millions more have felt the influence of Christian civilization. The great mass have not been suddenly revolutionized, as in Luther's time, but one by one individual hearts yield to the gospel in nearly every land. As a

serious offset to these glorious results the commerce of nominally Christian nations is often poisonous. Britain carries opium into China and India; America and other civilized nations carry rum into Africa. The word of life goes in the cabin, and the worm of death goes in the hold of the same vessel! The sailors that have gone from nominally Christian countries to various ports have often been very far from acting as gospel missionaries. It is not only for their own welfare, but that they may become representatives of Christianity that the noble "American Seamen's Friend Society" has been organized. The work which that society has wrought under the vigorous leadership of Dr. Stitt entitles it to the generous support of all our churches. If toiling "Jack" braves the tempest to bring us wealth from all climes, we owe it to him to provide him the anchor of the gospel, and to save him from spiritual shipwreck. To no other benevolent society have I more cheerfully given service of tongue and pen than to this one. An honest view of the foreign mission enterprises to-day reveals the laying of broad foundations, and the building of solid walls, rather than any completed achievements already wrought. Blood tells, and God has entrusted his gospel to the Anglo-Saxons and the other most powerful races on the globe. The religion of the Bible is the only religion adapted to universal humanity, and in the Bible is a definite pledge that to all humanity that religion shall yet be preached.

Among the great spiritual agencies born within my memory, none deserves a higher place than The Young Men's Christian Association. When my beloved brother, Sir George Williams (now an octogenarian) started the first association in London on the 6th of June, 1844, he "builded better than he knew," The modest room in his store overlooking Paternoster Row in which he gathered the little praying band on that day is already an historic spot. My own connection with the Young Men's Christian Association began in New York when I joined the association there in the second year of its existence, 1854. We met in a room in Stuyvesant Institute and the heroic Howard Crosby was our president. We had no library, or reading room, or gymnasium, or any of the appliances that belong to the institutions of these days. After several migrations, our association found its permanent home in the spacious building on Twenty-third Street, to which Morris K. Jesup and William E. Dodge were among the foremost contributors. The master spirit in the operations of the New York Association for thirty years was Mr. Robert McBurney, who, when he landed from Ireland, was only seventeen years of age. He was among my evening congregation in the old Market Street Church. During my seven years' pastorate in that church I delivered a great many discourses and platform addresses on behalf of the association, and through all of the subsequent years it has been a favorite object on which to bestow my humble efforts. Here in Brooklyn a host of young-men have found a moral shelter, and many of them a spiritual birthplace, in the fine structure, reared largely from the munificent bequests of that princely Christian philanthropist, the late Mr. Frederick Marquand. It is not permitted to every good man or woman before they die to see the glorious fruits of the trees they planted, but to the eyes of the veteran George Williams the following facts must seem like a rehearsal of heaven. The Young Men's Christian Association now belts the globe with half a million of members, and ten times that number in some direct connection with the organization. It is housed in hundreds of solid structures which have cost between thirty and forty million dollars—each one a cheerful home—a place for physical development, manly instruction and training for Christ's service.

It has brought thousands of young men from impenitence to Christ Jesus, and made thousands of young Christians more like Jesus in their daily life. The most effective lay preacher of the century,

D.L. Moody, confessed that in his training for spiritual work he owed more to the Young Men's Christian Association than to any other human agency. It has moulded the students of colleges and universities; it has been the salvation of many a soldier and sailor; it has led many into the gospel ministry; it has taught the whole world the beauty and power of a living unity in Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit has set the Divine seal of His blessing on its world-wide work, and to the triune God be all the praise and all the glory. As I witnessed the birth of the Young Men's Christian Association, I also saw the birth of a kindred organization, the "Society of Christian Endeavor." Many years ago an absurd and extravagant statement was widely afloat, claiming that I was the "grandsire" of this society. The simple truth was that Dr. Francis E. Clark, its heaven-directed founder, had seen in some religious journals my account of the good work wrought by the Young People's Association of the Lafayette Avenue Church, and he recognized the fact that its chief purpose was not mere sociality or literary advancement, but the spiritual profit of its members. He examined its constitution and reports, and when he constructed his first Christian Endeavor Society in the Williston Church of Portland, Maine, he adopted many of its features; and my beloved brother Clark, in his public addresses, has generously acknowledged such obligation as he was under to our Young People's Association (now in its thirty-fifth year of prosperous activity). It has always been a source of grateful pride that it should have furnished any aid to the origination of one of the foremost spiritual instrumentalities of the century. As any attempt to describe the sublime grandeur of Niagara would be a waste of time, so it would be equally futile for me to describe the magnificent extent of the Christian Endeavor Society's operations and the immense spiritual results that have flowed from them. There is no civilized speech or language where its voice is not heard; its line has gone out to all the earth, and its words to the ends of the world. It has done more than any other single agency to develop the life and to train for service the energies of the youthful members of the churches It has yet still wider possibilities before it, and when the hand that planted this mighty tree has turned to dust its boughs will be shedding down the fruits of the Spirit on the dwellers in every clime.

One of the most striking improvements that I have witnessed has been in the sanitary condition, both physical and moral, of our great cities. The conditions in New York, when I came to the pastorate of the Market Street Church almost fifty years ago, would seem incredible to the New Yorkers of to-day. The disgusting depravities of the Fourth Ward, afterwards made familiar by the reformatory efforts of Jerry McCauley, were then in full blast, defying all police authority and outraging common decency. The most hideous sink of iniquity and loathsome degradation was in the once famous "Five Points," in the heart of the Sixth Ward and within a pistol shot of Broadway. At the time of my coming to New York public attention had been drawn to that quarter with the opening of the "Old Brewery Mission," and by the first planting of a kindred enterprise which grew into the now well-known "Five Points House of Industry." The brave projector of this enterprise was the Rev. L.M. Pease, a hero whose name ought not to be forgotten. As my church was just off East Broadway, and within a short walk of the Five Points, I took a deep interest in Mr. Pease's Christian undertaking, and aided him by every means in my power. His wife became a member of my church. The "Wild Maggie," whose escapades described in the Tribune gained such public notoriety, became also, after her reformation, one of our church members and afterwards held the position of a school teacher. After the resignation of Mr. Pease and his removal to North Carolina, his place was taken by one of our Market Street elders, the devout and godly minded Benjamin R. Barlow. In order to keep awake public interest in the mission work at the Five Points, and to get

ammunition, in its behalf, I used to make nocturnal explorations of some of those satanic quarters. I recall now one of those midnight forays of which, at the risk of my reader's olfactories, I will give a brief glimpse. In company with the superintendent of the mission and a policeman and a lad with a lantern I struck for the "Cow Bay," the classic spot of which Charles Dickens had given such a piquant description in his "American Notes" a few years before. Climbing a stairway, from which the banisters had long been broken away for firewood, we entered a dark room. There was only a tallow candle burning in the corner, and in the room were huddled twenty-five human beings. Along the walls were ranged the bunks—one above the other—covered with rotting quilts and unwashed coverings. Each of these rented for sixpence a night to any thief or beggar who chose to apply for lodging—no distinction being made for sex or color. As the lad swings the lantern about we spy the rows of heads projecting from under the stacks of rags. In one bed a gray-haired, disheveled head cuddled close to the yellow locks of a slumbering child. While we are reconnoitering, something like a huge dog runs past and dives under the bed. "What is this, good friend?" we ask. "Oh, only the goat," replied a merry Milesian. "Do the goats live with you all in this room?" "To be sure they do, sir; we feeds 'em tater skins, and milks 'em for the babies," Country born as we were, we have often longed to keep a dairy in this city, but it never occurred to us that a bedroom was sufficient for the purpose. Truly, necessity is the shrewd-witted mother of invention! Opposite "Cow Bay" was "Cut-Throat Alley." Two murders a year were about the average product of the civilization of this dark defile. The keeper of the famous grog shop there, who died about that time, left a fortune of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. In city politics the keeper of such a den is one of the leaders of public opinion. We climbed a stairway, dark and dangerous, till at length we reached the wretched garret through whose open chinks the snow drifted in upon the floor. Beside the single broken stove, the only article of furniture in the apartments, sat a wretched woman wrapped in a tattered shawl moaning over a terrible burn that covered her arms; she had fallen when intoxicated upon the stove and no one had cared enough to carry her to the hospital. She exclaimed, "For God's sake, gentlemen, can't you give me a glass of gin?" A half eaten crust lay by her and a cold potato or two, but the irresistible thirst clamored for relief before either pain or hunger. "Good woman," said my friend, "where's Mose?" "Here he is." A heap of rags beside her was uncovered, and there lay the sleeping face of an old negro, apparently of fifty. In nearly every garret we entered practical amalgamation was in fashion. The superintendent told me that the negroes were fifty per cent. in advance of the Irish as to sobriety and decency. Descending from the garret we entered a crowded cellar. The boy's lantern shone on the police officer's cap and buttons. A crash was heard, and the window at the opposite end of the cellar was shattered and a mass of riddled glass fell on the floor. "Poor fool!" exclaimed the policeman, "he thinks we are after him, but I will have him before morning." From these sickening scenes of squalor, misery and crime what a relief it was for us to return to the House of Industry, with its neat school room and its capacious chapel and its row of little children marching up to their little beds. It was like going into the light-house after the storm.

I have drawn this pen picture of but a part of the shocking revelations of that night, not only that my readers may know what kind of work I often engaged in during my New York pastorate, but that they may also know what kind of city I labored in. New York is not to-day in sight of the millennium; it still has a fearful amount of vice and heathenism; and the self-denying men who are conducting the "University Settlement," and the Christ-serving "King's Daughters," who are giving their lives to the salvation of the poor in the Seventh Ward are doing as apostolic a work as any missionary on

the Congo. Nevertheless it is true that a "Cow Bay," or an "Old Brewery," or a "Cut-Throat Alley" is no more possible to-day in New York than the building of a powder factory in the middle of Central Park. The progress in sanitary purification has been most remarkable. This narrative of the sanitary and moral reform wrought in the Five Points reminds me of another good man whom the people of this city and our whole country cannot revere too highly as a public benefactor. I allude to Mr. Anthony Comstock, the indefatigable Secretary of the "Society for the Prevention of Vice." I knew him well when he was a clerk in a dry goods store on Broadway, and when he undertook his first purifying efforts, I little supposed that he was to achieve such reforms. It was an Augean stable indeed that he set about cleansing. Fifty years ago our city was flooded by obscene literature which sought no concealment. The vilest books and pictures were openly sold in the streets, and an enormous traffic was waged in what may be called the literature of hell. Such a courageous crusade against those abominations and against the gambling dens, by Mr. Comstock—even at the risk of personal violence and in defiance of the most malignant opposition—entitles him to a place among our veritable heroes. At a time when deeds of military prowess receive such adulation, and when the "man on horseback" outstrips the man on foot in the race for popular favor, it is well to teach our young men that he who takes up arms against the principalities and powers of darkness, and makes his own life the savior of other lives, wins a knightly crown of heavenly honor that outshines the stars, and "fadeth not away." The most unique organization that has been formed in our time for the evangelizing of the lost masses is the "Salvation Army." When I was in London, in the summer of 1885, I attended one of their monster meetings in Exeter Hall. There was an enormous military band on the platform behind the rostrum. Their Commander-in-Chief, General Booth, presided—a tall, thin, nervous man, who looked more like an old-fashioned Kentucky revivalist than an Englishman. His bright-eyed and comely wife, Mrs. Catharine Booth, was with him. She was a woman of remarkable intellectual force and spiritual character, as all must acknowledge who have read her biography. Her speech (on the Protection of Young Girls) was finely composed and finely delivered, and quite threw into the shade a couple of members of Parliament who spoke from the same platform on the same evening. When she made any telling point that awakened applause, her husband leaped up, and gave the signal: "Fire a volley!" Whereupon his troops gave a tremendous cheer, followed by a roll of drums and a blast of trumpets. The chief agency which the army employs to gather its audiences is music—whether it be the rattling of the tambourine, or the martial sound of a brass band. Some of their hymns are little better than pious doggerel, and they do not hesitate to add to Perronet’s grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus name," such a stanza as the following:

"Let our soldiers never tire,

In streets, in lane, in hall,

The red-hot Gospel’s shot to fire

And crown Him Lord of All."

Grotesque as are some of the methods of this novel organization, I cannot but admire their zeal and courage in dredging among the submerged masses with such spiritual apparatus as they can devise. They are doing a work that God has honored, and that has reached and rescued a vast number of outcasts. Their chief weakness is that they appeal mainly to the emotions, and give too little solid instruction to their ignorant hearers. Their chief danger is that when the strong arm of

their founder is taken away he may not leave successors who can hold the army together. Let us hope and pray that the period of their usefulness may yet be protracted.

While an abnormal agency, like the Salvation Army, may do some useful service among the occupants of the slums, the greater work of reaching and evangelizing the immense mass of plain, humble working people must be done by the churches themselves. What do the dwellers in the by-streets and the tenement houses need? They need precisely what the dwellers in the brown stone houses on fine avenues need—a sanctuary to worship in, a Sunday school for their children, a preacher to give them the Gospel, and a pastor to visit them and watch over them—in short, a spiritual home. As for bringing the poorer class of the back streets into the elegant churches on the fashionable avenues it is an absurdity, both geography and human nature are against it. The plainly dressed laborers of the back districts could not come to the fine churches on Fifth Avenue, or similar streets, because these edifices are already occupied by their regular pew holders; they would not come, for they would not feel at home there. Since the humbler toiling classes will not come to the sanctuaries occupied by the rich, the only true Christian policy is for the rich churches to build and maintain plenty of attractive auxiliary chapels in the regions occupied by those humbler classes. Not mean and unattractive soup-house style of chapels should they be, either—they ought to be handsome, cheerful, well-appointed sanctuaries, manned by godly pastors who are not above the business of saving souls that are clad in dirty shirts. And that is not all: the members of the wealthy churches which rear the auxiliary chapels should personally go and attend the services and Sunday schools and weekly meetings in the chapel—not go in costly raiment that touches the pride of God’s poor, but in plain clothes and with a hearty democratic sympathy in their whole bearing. To reach the masses we must go after them—and then stay with them when we get there. If broadcloth religion waits for poverty and ignorance to cross the chasm to it, then may they at last come to be a menace to the safety of society—with imprecations on it for criminal neglect. Christianity must build the bridge across the chasm, and then keep its steady procession crossing over it with bright lamps for dark homes, and Bibles for darker souls, and bread for hungry mouths, and, what is best of all, personal intercourse and personal sympathy. The music of a Christmas carol would be very sweet in poverty’s garret; the advent of the living Jesus in the persons of His true-hearted followers would be a "Merry Christmas" all the year round.

Brooklyn is not a city of slums, nor does it abound with the sky-scraping tenement houses, like those in which the myriads of New York live, but we have a large population of wage-earners of the humbler class. These mainly occupy streets by themselves. In order to do our part in giving the bread of life to these worthy people, Lafayette Avenue Church has always maintained two, and sometimes three, auxiliary chapels. Of these, the "Cuyler Chapel," built and supported entirely by our Young People’s Association, is a fair representative. It has an excellent preacher, who visits the plain people in their homes; it has a well-equipped Sunday school—prayer meetings, kindergarten—its own Society of Christian Endeavor, and King’s Daughters, its penny savings bank and its temperance society—in short, every appliance essential to a Christian church. Many others of our strong Brooklyn churches are working precisely on the same practical, common-sense lines. If all the wealthy churches in New York would illuminate the darker quarters of that city with a hundred well-manned light-houses, well provided with the soul-saving apparatus of the poor man’s Gospel they would do more to silence the cavils against Christianity, and more

to bridge the chasm between the rich and the poor than by any of the superficial methods of the "Humanitarians." What a poor man wants is not only a clean shirt, a clean home, and a clean account on Saturday night; he wants a clean character and a clean soul for this world and the next. Christianity makes a sad mistake if it is satisfied to give him a full stomach, and leave him with a starving soul. In recent years we have heard much about the "Institutional Church" as the long sought panacea. It is claimed by some persons that the churches cannot succeed unless they add to ordinary spiritual instrumentalities, various useful annexes, such as reading rooms, kindergartens, dispensaries, and certain social entertainments. But it is a noteworthy fact that the chief pioneer in "Institutional" methods was the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and he was the prince of old-fashioned gospel preachers. He never thought of his orphanage, and other benevolent adjuncts of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as substitutes for the sovereign purpose of his holy work, which was to convert the people to Jesus Christ. He subordinated the physical, the mental, and the social to the spiritual; and rightly judged that making clean hearts was the best way to secure clean homes and clean lives. I have no doubt that a very strong, well-manned and thoroughly spiritually managed church may wisely maintain as many adjuncts, such as reading-rooms, libraries, dispensaries, kindergartens and other humanitarian annexes as it has the means to support. An illustration of this is seen in the successful and Heaven-blessed Bethany Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, founded and maintained and guided by that hundred-handed Briareus in the service of Christ—my beloved friend, the Hon. John Wanamaker. The aim of that great church and its well-known Sunday School, is to make people happy by making them better, and to save them for this world after saving them for another world. When a church has the spiritual purposes and spiritual power of the London Tabernacle and the Bethany Church, and is guided by a Spurgeon or a Wanamaker, it may safely become "institutional." But some experiments that have been made to establish churches of that name in this country have not always been conspicuously successful. In taking this, my retrospective view at four-score, I have noted many heart-cheering tokens of social and religious progress, and many splendid mechanical and material inventions to make the world better and happier. Yet I have also seen some painful symptoms of decline and deterioration. All the changes have not been for the better; some have been decidedly for the worse. For example, while there is an increase in the number of the Christian churches, there is a lamentably steady diminution of attendance at places of religious worship. Careful investigation shows a constant falling off in church attendance—both in the large towns, and in the rural districts. In spite of the blessed influence of the Sunday School, the Young Men’s Christian Association and Christian Endeavor, there is an increasing swing of young people away from the House of God, and therefore from soul-saving influences. The Sabbath is not as generally kept sacred as formerly. One of the indications of this sad fact is a decrease in church attendance, and another is the enormous increase in the secular and godless Sunday newspapers. Materialism and Mammonism work against spiritual religion, and the social customs which wealth brings are adverse to a spiritual life. As one illustration of this a distinguished pastor said to me: "Forty years ago my people lived plainly, were ready for earnest Christian work, and attended our devotional meetings; now they have grown rich, our work flags, and our weekly services are almost deserted." Half-day religion is on the increase almost everywhere. Sporting and gambling are more rife than formerly. What is still worse, the gambling element enters more largely into transactions of trade and traffic. Divorces have become more easy and abundant, and, as Mr. Gladstone once said to me: "This tends to sap one of the very foundations of society," All

these are deplorable evils to which none but a fool will shut his eyes and by which none but a coward will be frightened. God reigns, even if the devil is trying to. The practical questions for every one of us are: how can I become better? How can I help to make this old sinning and sobbing world the better also?

# 03.17. A RETROSPECT, CONTINUED.

A RETROSPECT, CONTINUED. As I look over the changes that half a century has wrought in the social life of my beloved country, I see some which awaken satisfaction—others which are not so exhilarating. The enormous and rapid increase of wealth is unparalleled in human history. In my boyhood, millionaires were rare; there were hardly a score of them in any one of our cities. The two typical rich men were Stephen Girard in Philadelphia and John Jacob Astor in New York; and their whole fortunes were not equal to the annual income of several of the rich men of to-day. Some of our present millionaires are reservoirs of munificence, and the outflow builds churches, hospitals, asylums, and endows libraries—and sends broad streams of charity through places parched by destitution and suffering. Others are like pools at the base of a hill—they receive the inflow of every descending streamlet or shower, and stagnate into selfishness. Wealth is a tremendous trust; it becomes a dangerous one when it owns its owner. Our Brooklyn philanthropist, the late Mr. Charles Pratt, once said to me: "There is no greater humbug than the idea that the mere possession of wealth makes any man happy. I never got any happiness out of mine until I began to do good with it." To the faithful steward there is a perpetual reward of good stewardship. No investments yield a more covetable dividend than those made in gifts of public beneficence. When Mr. Morris K. Jesup drives through New York his eyes are gladdened in one street by the "Dewitt Memorial Chapel" that he erected; in another by the Five Points House of Industry, of which he is the president, and in still others by the Young Men’s Christian Association and kindred institutions, of which he is a liberal supporter.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is reputed to have an annual income equal to that of three or four foreign sovereigns; but his inalienable assets are in the universities he has endowed, the churches he has helped to build, the useful societies he has aided, and in the gold mines of public gratitude which he has opened up.

Many of our most munificent millionaires have been the architects of their own fortunes. It is most commonly (with some happy exceptions) the earned wealth, and not the inherited wealth that is bestowed most freely for the public benefit. The Hon. William E. Dodge once stated in a popular lecture that he began his career as a boy on a salary of fifty dollars a year, and his board—part of his duty being to sweep out the store in which he was employed. He lived to distribute a thousand dollars a day to Christian missions, and otherwise objects of benevolence.

There are old men in Pittsburg (or were, not long ago), who remember the bright Scotch lad, Andrew Carnegie, to whom they used to give a dime for bringing telegraph messages from the office in which he was employed. The benefits which he then derived from the use of a free library in that city, have added to his good impulse, to create such a vast number of libraries in many lands that his honored name throws into the shade the names of Bodley and Radcliffe in England, and that of Astor in America. The mention of this latter name tempts me to narrate an amusing story of old John Jacob Astor, the founder of the fortune of that family, and a man who was more noted for acquiring money than for giving it away for any purpose. Mr. Astor came to New York a

poor young man. His wealth consisted mainly in real estate, which he purchased at an early day. When the New York and Erie Railroad was projected (it was the first one ever coming directly into New York), my friend, Judge Joseph Hoxie, called on Mr. Astor to subscribe to the stock, telling him that it would add to the value of his real estate. "What do I care for that?" said the shrewd old German, "I never sells, I only buys." "Well," said Judge Hoxie, "your son, William, has subscribed for several shares." "He can do that," was the chuckling reply, "he has got a rich father." It is a fair problem how many such possessors of real estate it would take to build up the prosperity of a great city.

There is one temptation to which great wealth has sometimes subjected its possessors, which demands from me a word of patriotic protest. It is the temptation to use it for political advancement. No fact is more patent than the painful one that some ambitious men have secured public offices, and even bought their way into legislative bodies, by the abundancies of their purses united to skill in manipulating partisan machines. This is a most serious menace to honest popular government. It is one of the very worst forms of a plutocracy. I often think that if Webster and Clay and Calhoun and John Quincy Adams and Sumner and some other giants of a former era could enter the Congressional halls of our day, they might paraphrase the words of Holy Writ and exclaim: "Take the money-changers hence, and make not the temple of a nation’s legislation a house of merchandise."

Foreign travel is no longer the novelty that it was once, and many wealthy folk spend much of their time abroad since the Atlantic Ocean has been reduced to a ferry. This growth of European travel has brought its increment of information and culture; but, with new ideas from abroad, have come also some new notions and usages that were better left behind. A prohibitory tariff in that direction would "protect" some of the unostentatiousness of social life that befits a republican people. No young man or woman, who desires to attain proficience in any department of scholarship, classical or scientific, need to betake themselves to the universities of Europe. Those universities have come to us in the shape of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell and our other most richly endowed institutions of learning for both sexes.

Quite too much of the social life of our country is more artificial than formerly, and one result is the growing passion for publicity. Plenty of ambitious people "make their beds in the face of the sun." Many things are now chronicled in the press that were formerly kept behind the closed doors of the home. The details of a dinner or a social company at the fireside become the topics for the gossip of strangers. I sometimes think that the young people of the present day lose much of the romance that used to belong to the halcyon period of courtship. In the somewhat primitive days of my youth, young lovers kept their own secrets, and were startled if their heart affairs were on other people’s tongues; but now-a-days marriage engagements are matters of public announcement—not infrequently in the columns of a newspaper! It seems to be forgotten that an engagement to marry may not always end in a marriage. The usage of crowned heads abroad is no warrant for the new fashion, for royalty has no privacies, and queens and empresses choose their own husbands—a prerogative that the stoutest champion of woman’s rights has not yet had the hardihood to advocate.

It has always required—but never more than now—no small amount of moral courage on the part of newly married couples, whose incomes are moderate, to resist the temptations of extravagant

living. As the heads of young men are often turned by the reports of great fortunes suddenly acquired, so the ambition seizes upon many a young wife to cut a figure in "society." Instead of "the household—motions light and free" that Wordsworth describes, the handmaid of fashion leads the hollow life of "keeping up appearances." If nothing worse than the slavery of debt is incurred, home life becomes a counterfeit of happiness; but any one who watches the daily papers will sometimes see obituaries there more saddening than those which appear under the head of "Deaths," it is the list of detected defaulters or peculators or swindlers of some description—often belonging to the most respectable families. While the ruin of those evil-doers is sometimes caused by club life or dissipated habits, yet, in a large number of cases, the temptation to fraud has been the snare of extravagant living. In my long experience as a city pastor I have watched the careers of thousands of married pairs. One class have begun modestly in an unfashionable locality with plain dress and frugal expenditure They have eaten the wholesome bread of independence. I wish that every young woman would display the good sense of a friend of mine, who received an offer of marriage from a very intelligent and very industrious, but poor young man who said to her: "I hear that you have offers of marriage from young men of wealth; all that I can offer you is a good name, sincere love and plain lodgings at first in a boarding house." She was wise enough to discover the "jewel in the leaden casket" and accept his hand. He became a prosperous business man and an officer of my church. As for the other class, who begin their domestic career by a pitiable craze to "get into society" and to keep up with their "set" in the vain show, is their fate not written in the chronicles of haggard and jaded wives, and of husbands drowned in debt or driven perhaps to stock-gambling or some other refuge of desperation? In another portion of this autobiography I have uttered a prayer for the revival of soul-kindling eloquence in the pulpit. In this age of dizzy ballooning in finance and social extravagance, my prayer is: "Oh, for the revival of old fashioned, sturdy, courageous frugality that ’hath clean hands and a clean heart, and hath not lifted up its soul to vanity!'"

"Do you not discover a great advance in educational facilities and in the enlargement of means to popular knowledge?" To this question I am happy to give an affirmative reply. Schools and universities are more richly endowed and our public schools have been greatly improved in many directions. Among the educated classes, reading clubs and societies for discussing sociological questions are more numerous, and so are free lectures among the humbler classes. Books have been multiplied—and at cheaper prices—to an enormous extent. In my childhood, books adapted to the reach of children numbered not more than a score or two; now they are multiplied to a degree that is almost bewildering to the youthful mind. Newspapers printed for them, such as the Youth’s Companion and the National Society’s Temperance Banner, were then utterly unknown. The sacred writer of the ecclesiastics needs not to tell the people of this generation: "That of making many books there is no end."

It is not, however, a matter for congratulation that so large a portion of the volumes that are most read are works of fiction. In most of our public libraries the novels called for are far in excess of all the other books. Let any one scrutinize the advertising columns of literary journals, and he will see that the only startling figures are those which announce the enormous sale of popular works of fiction. I am not uttering a tirade against any book simply because it is fictitious. OurDivine Master spoke often in parables; Bunyan’s matchless allegories have guided multitudes of pilgrims towards the Celestial City. Fiction in the clean hands of that king of romancers, Sir Walter Scott, threw new

light on the history and scenes of the past. Such characters as "Jennie Deans" and her godly father might have been taken from John Banyan's portrait gallery; Lady Di Vernon is the ideal of young womanhood. Fiction has often been a wholesome relief to a good man's overworked and weary brain. Many of the recent popular novels are wholesome in their tone and the historical type often instructive. The chief objection to the best of them is that they excite a distaste in the minds of thousands for any other reading. Exclusive reading of fiction is to any one's mind just what highly spiced food and alcoholic stimulants are to the body. The increasing rage for novel reading betokens both a famine in the intellect, and a serious peril to the mental and spiritual life. The honest truth is that quite too large a number of fictitious works are subtle poison. The plots of some of the most popular novels turn on the sexual relation and the violation in some form of the seventh commandment. They kindle evil passions; they varnish and veneer vice; they deride connubial purity; they uncover what ought to be hid, and paint in attractive hues what never ought to be seen by any pure eye or named by any modest tongue. Another objection to many of the most advertised works of fiction is that they deal with the sacred themes of religion in a very mischievous and misleading manner. A few popular writers of fiction present evangelical religion in its winning features; they preach with the pen the same truths that they preach from the pulpit. Two of the perils that threaten American youths are a licentious stage and a poisonous literature. A highly intelligent lady, who has examined many of the novels printed during the last decade, said to me: "The main purpose of many of these books is to knock away the underpinning of the marriage relation or of the Bible." If parents give house room to trashy or corrupt books, they cannot be surprised if their children give heart-room to "the world, the flesh, and the evil one." When interesting and profitable books are so abundant and so cheap, this increasing rage for novels is to me one of the sinister signs of the times.

Within the last two or three decades there has been a most marked change as to the directions in which the human intellect has exerted its highest activities. This change is especially marked in the literature of the two great English-speaking nations. For example, there are now in Great Britain no poets who are the peers of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning;—no brilliant essayists who are the peers of Carlyle and Macaulay, and no novelists who are the peers of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. In the United States we have no poets who are a match for Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes; and no essayists who are a match for Emerson and James Russell Lowell—no jurists who are the rivals of Marshall, Kent and Story; and no living historians equal Bancroft, Prescott and Motley. These facts do not necessarily indicate (as some assert) a widespread intellectual famine. The most probable explanation of the fact is that the mental forces in our day exert themselves in other directions. This is an age of scientific research and scientific achievement. It is an age of material advancement, and in those lines in which the human mind can "seek out many inventions." The whole trend of human thought is under transformation. In ancient days "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon thick trees." The man is famous now who makes some useful mechanical invention, or explores some unknown territory, or bridges the oceans with swift steamers, or belts the earth with new railways, or organizes powerful financial combinations. If the law of demand and supply is as applicable to mental products as it is to the imports of commerce, then we may readily understand that the realm of the ideal, which was ruled by the Wordsworths, Carlyles and Longfellows, should be supplanted by a realm in which the master minds should be political economists, or explorers, or railway kings, or financial magnates, or empire-builders of some description. The philosophical and poetical yield to

the practical, when "cui bono?" is the lest question which challenges all comers. This change, if it be an actual one, may bring its losses as well as its gains. We are thankful for all the precious boons which inventive genius has brought to us—for telegraphs, and telephones, and photographic arts, for steam engines and electric motors, for power presses and sewing machines, for pain-killing chloroform, and the splendid achievements of skillful surgery. But the mind has its necessities as well as the body; and we hope and pray that the human intellect may never be so busy in materialistic inventions that it cannot give us an "Ode to Duty," and a "Happy Warrior," a "Snow Bound," and a "Thanatopsis," an "Evangeline" and a "Chambered Nautilus," a "Pippa Passes" or a "Biglow Papers," an "In Memoriam" or a "Locksley Hall."

One characteristic of the present time is the radical and revolutionary spirit which condemns everything that is "old," especially in the realm of religion. It arrogantly claims that the "advanced thought" of this highly cultured age has broken with the traditional beliefs of our benighted ancestors, and that modern congregations are too highly enlighted to accept those antiquated theologies. No pretentions could be more preposterous. Methinks that those stalwart farmers of New England, who on a wintry Sabbath, sat and eagerly devoured for an hour the strong meat of such theological giants as Jonathan Edwards, and Emmons and Bellamy and Dwight, would laugh to scorn the ridiculous assumption of the present day congregations, many of whom have fed on little else during the week but novels and newspapers. This revolutionary spirit is expert in pulling down; it is a sorry bungler at rebuilding. Nothing is too sacred for its assaults. The iconoclasts who belong to the most extreme and destructive school of "higher criticism" have reduced a large portion of God’s revealed word utterly to tatters. King David has been exiled from the Psalter; but no "sweet singers" have yet turned up who could have composed those matchless minstrelsies. Paul is denied the authorship of the Epistle to the Romans; but the mighty mind has not been discovered which produced what Coleridge called the "profoundest book in existence." The Scripture miracles are discarded, but Christianity, which is the greatest miracle of all, is not accounted for. The "new theology" which has well nigh banished the supernatural from the Bible pays an homage to the principle of "evolution," which is due only to the Almighty Creator of the universe. Spurgeon has wittily said that if we are not the product of God’s creating hand, but are only the advanced descendants of the ape, then we ought to conduct our devotions accordingly, and address our daily petitions "not to our Father which is in Heaven, but to our father which is up a tree."

I do not belong to that class which is irreverently styled "old fogies," for I hold that genuine conservatism consists in healthful and regular progress; and it has been my privilege to take an active part in a great many reformatory movements; yet I am more warmly hospitable to a truth which has stood the test of time and of trial. There are many things in this world that are improved by age. Friendship is one of them, and I have found that it takes a great many new friends to make an old one. My Bible is all the dearer to me, not only because it has pillowed the dying heads of my father and my mother, but because it has been the sure guide of a hundred generations of Christians before them. When the boastful innovators offer me a new system of belief (which is really a congeries of unbeliefs) I say to them: "the old is better." Twenty centuries of experience shared by such intellects as Augustine, Luther, Pascal, Calvin, Newton, Chalmers, Edwards, Wesley and Spurgeon are not to be shaken by the assaults of men, who often contradict each other while contradicting God’s truth. We have tested a supernaturally inspired Bible for ourselves.

As my eloquent and much loved friend, Dr. McLaren, of Manchester has finely said: "We decline to dig up the piles of the bridge that carries us over the abyss because some voices tell us that it is rotten. It is perfectly reasonable to answer, 'We have tried the bridge and it bears.' Which, being translated into less simple language, is just the assertion of certitude, built on facts and experience, which leaves no place for doubt. All the opposition will be broken into spray against this rock-bulwark: 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they are the joy and rejoicing of my heart.'"

# 03.18. MY HOME LIFE.

MY HOME LIFE.

One of the richest of the many blessings that has crowned my long life has been a happy home. It has always seemed to me as a wonderful triumph of divine grace in the Apostle Paul that he should have been so "content in whatsoever state he was" when he was a homeless, and, I fear, also a wifeless man. During my own early ministry in Burlington, N.J., my widowed mother and myself lodged with worthy Quakers, and realized Charles Lamb's truthful description of that quiet, "naught-caballing community." On our removal to Trenton, when I took charge of the newly organized Third Presbyterian Church, we commenced housekeeping in what had once been the residence of a Governor, a chief-justice, and a mayor of the city; but was a very plain and modest domicile after all. My new church building was completed in November, 1850, and opened with a full congregation, and I was soon in the full swing of my pastoral duties. As I have already stated in the opening chapter of this volume, my father and mother first saw each other on a Sabbath day, and in a church. It was my happy lot to follow their example. On a certain Sabbath in January, 1851, a group of young ladies, who were the guests of a prominent family in my congregation, were seated in a pew immediately before the pulpit. As a civility to that family we called on the following evening, upon their guests. One of the number happened to be a young lady from Ohio who had just graduated from the Granville College, in that State, and had come East to visit her relatives in Philadelphia. The young lady just mentioned was Miss Annie E. Mathiot, a daughter of the Hon. Joshua Mathiot, an eminent lawyer, who had represented his district in Congress. That evening has been marked with a very white stone in my calendar ever since. It was but a brief visit of a fortnight that the fair maiden from the West made in Trenton; but when she, soon afterwards returned to Ohio, she took with her what has been her inalienable possession ever since and will be, "Till death us do part." My courtship was rather "at long range;" for Newark, Ohio, was several hundred miles away, and I have always found that a man who would build up a strong church must be constantly at it, trowel in hand. On the 17th of March, 1853, the venerable Dr. Wylie conducted for us a very simple and solemn service of holy wedlock, closing with his fatherly benediction, one of the best acts of his long and useful life. The invalid mother of my bride (for Colonel Mathiot had died four years previously) was present at our nuptials, and for the last time was in her own drawing-room. Mrs. Mathiot was a daughter of Mr. Samuel Culbertson, a leading lawyer of Zanesville, and was a lady of rare refinement and loveliness. She had been a patient sufferer from a painful illness of several months' duration, and peacefully passed away to her rest in September of that year. Of the qualifications and duties of a minister's wife, enough has been written to stock a small library. My own very positive conviction has always been that her vows were made primarily, not to a parish, but to her own husband; and if she makes his home and heart happy; if she relieves him of needless worldly cares; if she is a constant inspiration to him in his holy work, she will do ten-fold more for the church than if she were the manager and mainspring of a dozen benevolent societies. There is another obligation antecedent to all acts of Presbytery or installing councils—the sweet obligation of motherhood. The woman who neglects her nursery or her

housekeeping duties, and her own heart-life for any outside work in the parish does both them and herself serious injury. If a minister's wife has the grace of a kind and tactful courtesy toward all classes, she may contribute mightily to the popular influence of her husband; and if she is a woman of culture and literary taste, she can be of immense service to him in the preparation of his sermons. The best critic that ministers can have is one who has a right to criticize and to "truth it in love." Who has a better right to reprove, exhort and correct with all long suffering than the woman who has given us her heart and herself? There are a hundred matters in the course of a year in which a sensible woman's instincts are wiser than those of the average man. There is many a minister who would have been spared the worst blunders of his life, if he had only consulted and obeyed the instinctive judgment of a loving and sensible wife. If we husbands hold the reins, it is the province of a wise and devoted wife to tell us where to drive.

It is very probable that my readers have suspected that this portraiture of a model wife for a minister was drawn from actual life; and they are right in their conjectures. In the discourse delivered to my flock on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my pastorate was the following passage, to whose truth the added years have only added confirmation, "There is still another sweet mercy which has been vouchsafed to me in the true heart that has never faltered and the gentle footstep that has never wearied in the pathway of life for two and thirty years. From how many mistakes and hasty indiscretions her quick sagacity has kept me, you can never know. If you have any tribute of thanks for any good which I have done you, do not offer it to me; go carry it down to yonder home, of which she has been the light and the joy, and lay it at her unselfish feet." On that occasion (for the only time) I heard a murmur of applause run through my congregation.

About the time of our marriage, I received a call from the Shawmut Congregational Church of Boston, and soon afterwards overtures from a Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and from the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. All these attractive offers I declined, but within a few months I accepted a call from the Market Street Dutch Reformed Church of New York—a far more difficult field of labor. My ministry in Trenton was one of unbroken happiness, and the Church were profusely kind; but at the end of nearly four years I felt that my work there was done. The young church had built a beautiful house of worship without a dime of debt, and it was filled by a prosperous congregation. I was ready for a wider field of labor. The Market Street Dutch Reformed Church, to which I was called, was down town, within ten minutes' walk of the City Hall, and was beginning to feel the inroads of the up-town migration, when my excellent predecessor, Dr. Isaac Ferris, left it to become the Chancellor of the New York University. Although most of the well-to-do families were moving away, yet East Broadway was full of boarding houses packed with young men and these in turn packed our church on Sabbath evenings. Of the happy spiritual harvest-seasons in that old church, especially during the great awakening in 1858, I have written in the chapter on Revivals. I was as eager for work as Simon Peter was for a good haul in fishing, and every week there, I met on the platform the representatives of temperance societies: The Five Points House of Industry, Young Men's Christian Associations, Sunday schools or some other religious or reformatory enterprise. These outside activities were no hindrances to either pulpit or pastoral work; and, like that famous English preacher who felt that he could not have too many irons in the fire, I thrust in tongs, shovel, poker and all. The contact with busy life and benevolent labors among the poor supplied material for sermons; for the pastor of a city church must touch life at a great many points. Our domestic experiences in early housekeeping were very agreeable.

The social conditions of New York were less artificial than now. Pastoral calls in the evening usually found the people in their homes, and I do not believe there were a dozen theatre-goers in my congregation. After a very busy and heaven-blest ministry of half a dozen years, I discovered that the rapid migration up town would soon leave our congregation too feeble for self-support. I accordingly started a movement to erect a new edifice up on Murray Hill, and to retain the old building in Market Street as an auxiliary mission chapel. A handsome subscription for the erection of the up-town edifice was secured, and the "Consistory" (which is the good Dutch designation of a board of church officers), convened to vote the first payment for the land. The new site was not wisely chosen, and many of my people were still opposed to any change; but the casting vote of one good old man (whom I shall thank if I ever encounter him in the Celestial World) negatived the whole enterprise, and it was immediately abandoned. A few weeks before that decision, I had received a call to take charge of a brave little struggling Presbyterian Church in the newer part of Brooklyn. I sent for the officers, and informed them that if they would purchase the ground on the corner of Lafayette Avenue and Oxford Street, and pay for it in a fortnight, and promise to build for me a church with good acoustics and capable of seating from eighteen hundred to two thousand auditors, I would be their pastor. Instead of turning purple in the lips at such a bold proposal, they "staggered not at the promise through unbelief" and in ten days they brought me the deed of the land paid for to the uttermost dollar! I resigned Market Street Church immediately, and on the next Sabbath morning, while the Easter bells were ringing under a dark stormy sky, I came over and faced, for the first time, the courageous founders of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. The dear old Market Street Church lingered on for a few years more, bleeding at every pore, from the fatal up-town migration, and then peacefully disbanded. The solid stone edifice was purchased by some generous Presbyterians in the upper part of the city, who organized there the "Church of the Sea and Land," which is standing to-day, as a well-manned light-house amid a dense tenement-house foreign population. The successful work that is now prosecuted there is another confirmation of my favorite theory that the only way to reach a neighborhood crowded with the poorer classes, is for the wealthy churches to spend money for just such an auxiliary mission church as is now thriving in the structure in which I spent seven happy years of my ministry. This portion of Brooklyn to which we removed in 1860, was very sparsely settled, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said to me: "I do not see how you can find a congregation there." He lived to say to me: "You are now in the center, and I am out on the circumference," Brooklyn was then pre-eminently a "city of churches," and, though we had not a dozen millionaires, it was not infested with any slums. In a population of over three hundred thousand there was then only a single theatre, and when one of our people was asked: "What do you do for recreation over there?" he replied, "We go to church."

Certainly no one was ever attracted to our own modest little temporary sanctuary by its beauty; for it was unsightly without, though very cheerful within. Soon after we commenced the building of our present stately edifice the startling report of cannon shook the land from sea to sea.

"And then we saw from Sumter’s wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,

And armed hosts were pressing on

The broken lines of Washington."

Every other public edifice in this city then in process of erection was brought to a standstill; but we pushed forward the work, like Nehemiah's builders, with a trowel in one hand and a weapon in the other. To raise funds for the structure, required faith and self-denial, and in this labor of love, woman's five fingers were busy and helpful. One brave orphan girl in New York gave, from her hard earnings as a public school teacher, a sum so large that the announcement of it from my pulpit aroused great enthusiasm, and turned the scale at the critical moment, and insured the completion of the structure. Justly may our pulpit vindicate woman's place, and woman's province in the cause of Christ and humanity, for without woman's help that pulpit might never have been erected. On the 16th of March, 1862, our church edifice was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, Dr. Asa D. Smith, of Dartmouth College, delivering the dedication sermon, and in the evening, my brilliant and beloved brother, Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, gave us one of his incisive and inspiring discourses. The building accommodates eighteen hundred worshippers, and in emergencies, twenty-five hundred. It is a model of cheerfulness and convenience, and is so felicitous in its acoustics that an ordinary conversational tone can be heard at the opposite end of the auditorium. The picture of the Church in this volume gives no adequate idea of the size of the edifice; for the Sunday School Hall and lecture-room and social parlors are situated in the rear, and could not be presented in the photographic view. I fear that too many costly church edifices are erected that are quite unfit for our Protestant modes of religious service. It is said that when Bishop Potter was called upon to consecrate one of the "dim religious" specimens of mediaeval architecture, and was asked his opinion of the new structure, he replied: "It is a beautiful building, with only three faults: you cannot see in it—you cannot hear in it—you cannot breathe in it."

I need not detail the story of my happy Brooklyn pastorate; for that is succinctly given in the closing chapter of this volume. Our home-life here for the past forty-two years has been a record of perpetual providential mercies and unfailing kindness on the part of my parishioners and fellow townsmen. Brooklyn, although removed from New York (for I cannot yet twist my tongue into calling it "Manhattan") by a five minutes' journey on the East River Bridge, is a very different town in its political and social aspects. New York is penned in on a narrow island, and ground is worth more than gold. It is therefore piled up with very fine apartment houses for the rich, or tenement houses for the poor to more stories than the ancient buildings on the Canongate of Edinburgh. Here in Brooklyn we have all Long Island to spread over, and land is within the reach of even a parson's purse. A man never feels so rich as when he owns a bit of real estate, and I take some satisfaction in the bit of land in the front of my domicile, and in the rear, capable of holding several fruit trees and rose-beds. Oxford Street has the deep shade of a New England village. We come to know our neighbors here, which is a degree of knowledge not often attained in New York or London. The social life here is also less artificial than at the other end of the bridge. There is less of the foreign element, and of either great wealth or poverty; we have neither the splendor of Paris, nor the squalor of the by-streets of Naples. The name of "Breucklen" was given to our town by its original Dutch settlers, but the aggressive New Englanders pushed in and it is a more thoroughly Yankee city to-day than any city in the land outside of New England. My old friend, Mayor Low, urged the consolidation of Brooklyn with New York on the ground that its moral and civic influence would be a wholesome counteraction of Tammany and the tenement-house politics. For self-protection, I joined with my lamented brother, the late Dr. Storrs, in an effort to maintain our independence. Ours is pre-eminently a city of homes where the bulk of the people live in an undivided dwelling, and I do not believe that there is another city either in America, or elsewhere,

that contains over a million inhabitants, so large a proportion of whom are in a school house during the week, and in God’s house on the Sabbath.

[Illustration: THE LAFAYETTE AVENUE CHURCH.]

One of the glories of Brooklyn is its vast and picturesque "Prospect Park," with natural forests, hills and dales and its superb outlook over the bay and ocean.

I hope that it may not be a violation of propriety to say that the Park Commissioners in this city of my adoption bestowed my own name on a pretty plot of ground not far from my residence; and its bright show of flowers makes it a constant delight to my neighbors. Last year some of my fellow-townspeople made an exceedingly generous proposition to place there a memorial statue; and I felt compelled to publish the following reply to an offer which quite transcended any claim that I could have to such an honor:

176 SOUTH OXFORD STREET, JUNE 12, 1901.

MESS JOHN N. BEACH, D.W. MCWILLIAMS, AND THOMAS T. BARR. My Dear Sirs,

I have just received your kind letter in which you express the desire of yourselves and of several of our prominent citizens that I would consent to the erection of a "Memorial in Cuyler Park" to be placed there by voluntary contributions of generous friends here and elsewhere. Do not, I entreat you, regard me as indifferent to a proposition whose motive affords the most profound and heartfelt gratitude; but a work of art in bronze or marble, such as has been suggested, that would be creditable to our city, would require an outlay of money that I cannot conscientiously consent to have expended for the purpose of personal honor rather than of public utility. Several years ago the city authorities honored me by giving my name to the attractive plot of ground at the junction of Fulton and Greene Avenues. If my most esteemed friend, Park Commissioner Brower, will kindly have my name visibly and permanently affixed to that little park, and will direct that it be always kept as bright and beautiful with flowers as it now is, I shall be abundantly satisfied. I have been permitted to spend forty-one supremely happy years in this city which I heartily love, and for whose people I have joyfully labored; and while the permanent fruits of these labors remain, I trust I shall not pass out of all affectionate remembrance. A monument reared by human hands may fade away; but if God has enabled me to engrave my humble name on any living hearts, they will be the best monument; for hearts live on forever. While declining the proffered honor, may I ask you to convey my most sincere and cordial thanks to the kind friends who have joined with you in this generous proposal, and, with warm personal regard, I remain, Yours faithfully, THEODORE L. CUYLER.

I cannot refrain here from thanking my old friend, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, the brilliant editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, for his generous tribute which accompanied the publication of the above letter. His grandfather, Dr. John McKelway, a typical Scotchman, was my family physician and church deacon in the city of Trenton. Among the editorial fraternity let me also mention here the name of my near neighbor, Mr. Edward Gary, of the New York Times, who was with me in Fort Sumter, at the restoration of the flag, and with whom I have foregathered in many a fertilizing conversation. Away off on the slope above beautiful Stockbridge, and surrounded by his Berkshire Hills, Dr. Henry M. Field is spending the bright "Indian summer" of his long and honored career. For forty years we held sweet fellowship in the columns of the New YorkEvangelist. The experience of the

great Apostle at Rome, who dwelt for nearly two years in his "hired house," has been followed by numberless examples of the ministers of the Gospel who have had a migratory home life. My experience under rented roofs led me to build, in 1865, this dwelling, which has housed our domestic life for seven and thirty years. A true homestead is not a Jonah's gourd for temporary shelter from sun and storm, it is a treasure house of accumulations. Many of its contents are precious heirlooms; its apartments are thronged with memories of friends and kinsfolk living or departed. Every room has its scores of occupants, every wall is gladdened with the visions of loved faces. I look into yonder guest chamber, and find my old friends, Governor Buckingham, and Vice-President Wilson, who were ready to discuss the conditions of the temperance reform which they had come to advocate. Down in the dining-room the "Chi-Alpha" Society of distinguished ministers are holding their Saturday evening symposium; in the parlor my Irish guest, the Earl of Meath, is describing to me his philanthropies in London, and his Countess is describing her organization of "Ministering Children." In the library, Whittier is writing at the table; or Mr. Fulton is narrating his missionary work in China; out on the piazza my veteran neighbor, General Silas Casey, is telling the thrilling story of how he led our troops at the storming of the Heights of Chapultepec; up the steps comes dear old John G. Paton, with his patriarchal white beard, to say "good-bye," before he goes back to his mission work in the New Hebrides. No room in our dwelling is more sacred than the one in which I now write. On its walls hang the portraits of my Princeton Professors, and those of majestic Chalmers and the gnarled brow of Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, the precious gifts of the author of "Rab and His Friend." Near them is the bright face of dear Henry Drummond, looking just as he did on that stormy evening when he came into my library a few hours after his arrival from Scotland. I still recall his reply to me in Edinburgh, when I cautioned him against permitting his scientific studies to unspiritualize his activities. "Never you fear," said he, "I am too busy in trying to save young men; and the only way to do that is to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ," In former years this room was my beloved mother's "Chamber of Peace" that opens to the sun-rising. Her pictured face looks down upon me now from the wall, and her Bible lies beside me. In this room we gathered on the afternoon of September 14, 1887, around her dying bed. Her last words were: "Now kiss me good night," and in an hour or two she fell into that sweet slumber which Christ gives His beloved, at the ripe age of eighty-five. Her mental powers and memory were unimpaired. On the monument which covers her sleeping dust in Greenwood is engraved these words: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." This room is also hallowed by another tenderly sacred association. Here our beloved daughter, Louise Ledyard Cuyler, closed her beautiful life on the last day of September, 1881. On her return from Narragansett Pier, she was stricken with a mysterious typhoid fever, which often lays its fatal touch on the most youthful and vigorous frame. She had apparently passed the point of danger, and one Sabbath when I read to her that one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, which records the watchful love of Him who "never sleeps," our hearts were gladdened with the prospect of a speedy recovery. Then came on a fatal relapse; and in the early hour of dawn, while our breaking hearts were gathered around her dying bed, she had "another morn than ours." Why that noble and gifted daughter, who was the inseparable companion of her fond mother, and who was developing into the sweet graces of young womanhood, was taken from our clinging arms at the early age of twenty-two, God only knows. Many another aching parental heart has doubtless knocked at the sealed door of such a mystery, and heard the only response, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Upon the monument that bears her

name, graven on a cross, amid a cluster of white lilies, is inscribed: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of thee." The lovely twin brother, "Georgie" (whose sweet life story is told in "The Empty Crib"), reposes in our same family plot, and beside him lies a baby brother, Mathiot Cuyler, who lived but twelve days. As this infant was born on the twenty-fifth of December, 1873, his tiny tomb-stone bears the simple inscription: "Our Christmas Gift."

During all our seasons of domestic sorrow the cordial sympathies of our noble-hearted congregation were very cheering; for we had always kept open doors to them all, and regarded them as only an enlargement of our own family. In our household joys, they too, participated. When the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage occurred, they decorated our church with flags and flowers and suspended a huge marriage-bell on an arch before the pulpit. After the President of our Board of Trustees, the Hon. William W. Goodrich, had completed his congratulatory address, two of the officers of the church in imitation of the returning spies from Eshcol marched in, "bearing between them on a staff" a capacious bag of silver dollars. A curiously constructed silver clock is also among the treasured souvenirs of that happy anniversary. In April, 1885, the close of the first quarter-century of my ministry was celebrated by our church with very delightful festivities. Addresses were delivered by his Honor Mayor Low, Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and the Hon. John Wanamaker, Post-Master General. A duodecimo volume giving the history of our church and all its activities was published by order of our people. From such a loyal flock in the full tide of its prosperity, to cut asunder, required no small exercise of conscience and of courage. When the patriarchal Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Massachusetts, resigned his church at the age of eighty, he gave the good reason: "I mean to stop when I have sense enough to know that I have not begun, to fail." In exercising the same grace, on a Sabbath morning in February, 1890, I made before a full congregation the following announcement: "Nearly thirty years have elapsed since I assumed the pastoral charge of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church; and through the continual blessings of Heaven upon us it has grown into one of the largest and most useful and powerful churches in the Presbyterian denomination. It has two thousand three hundred and thirty members; and is third in point of numbers in the United States. This church has always been to me like a beloved child: I have given to it thirty years of hard and happy labor. It is now my foremost desire that its harmony may remain undisturbed, and that its prosperity may remain unbroken. For a long time I have intended that my thirtieth anniversary should be the terminal point of my present pastorate I shall then have served this beloved flock for an ordinary human generation, and the time has now come to transfer this most sacred trust to some other, who, in God’s good Providence, may have thirty years of vigorous work before him, and not behind him. If God spares my life to the first Sabbath in April, it is my purpose to surrender this pulpit back into your hands, and I shall endeavor to co-operate with you in the search and selection of the right man to stand in it. I will not trust myself to-day to speak of the pang it will cost me to sever a connection that has been to me one of unalloyed harmony and happiness. It only remains for me to say that after forty-four years of uninterrupted mental labor it is but reasonable to ask for some relief from the strain that may soon become too heavy for me to bear." The congregation was quite astounded by this unexpected announcement, but they recognized the motive that prompted the step, and acted precisely as I desired. They agreed at once to appoint a committee to look for a successor. In order that I might not hamper him in any respect, I declined the generous offer of our church to make me their "Pastor Emeritus." As my pastorate began on an Easter Sabbath, in 1860, so it terminated at the Easter in 1890. Before an immense

assemblage I delivered, on that bright Sabbath, the Valedictory discourse which closes the present volume, and which gives in condensed form the history of the Lafayette Avenue Church. Our noble people never do anything by halves; and a few evenings after the delivery of my valedictory discourse they gave to their pastor and his wife a public reception, for which the church, lecture-room and the church parlors were profusely adorned; and were crowded with guests. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, by Professor William M. Paxton, of Princeton Theological Seminary; and congratulatory letters were read from the venerable poet, Whittier, the Hon. William Walter Phelps, Mr. A.A. Low (the Mayor's father), General William H. Seward, Bishop Potter and Dr. Herrick Johnson, besides a vast number of others renowned in Church and State. On behalf of the Brooklyn pastors an address was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. L.T. Chamberlain, which was a rare gem of sparkling oratory. In his concluding passage he said: "Nor in all these have I for an instant forgotten the dual nature of that ministry, which has been so richly blessed. I recall that in the prophet's symbolic act, he took to himself two staves, the one was 'Beauty,' while the other was 'Bands.' In the kingdom of grace and in the kingdom of nature, loveliness is ever the fit complement of strength. Accordingly, to her, who has been the enthroned one in the heart, the light-giver in the home, the beloved of the church, we tender our most fervent good wishes For her also we lift on high our faithful, tender intercession. To each, to both, we give the renewed assurance of our abiding affection. God grant that life's shadows may lengthen gently and slowly! Late, may you both ascend to Heaven: long and happily may you abide with us here!" The report of the proceedings of that evening says that at this reference to the "dual" character of his ministry, "the veteran pastor sprang to his feet and, seizing Dr. Chamberlain's hand, exclaimed; 'I thank you for that, and the whole assembly's applause revealed its heartfelt sympathy." I had declined more than once, for good reasons, the kind offer of my generous flock to increase my salary, but, when on that evening that crowned my thirty years of labor, my dear neighbor and church elder, Mr. John N. Beach (on behalf of the congregation), put into my hands a cheque for thirty thousand dollars, "not as a charity but as a token of our warm hearted grateful love," I could only say with the Apostle Paul: "I rejoice in the Lord that your care has blossomed out afresh" (for this is the literal reading of the great apostle's gratitude). The proceedings of that memorable evening were closed by a benediction by the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Thompson, then Moderator of our General Assembly and now the super-royal Secretary of our Board of Home Missions. The proceedings were afterwards compiled in a beautiful volume entitled "A Thirty Years' Pastorate," by the good taste and literary skill of my beloved friend, the late Jacob L. Gossler. In justice to myself, let me say that I have given this narrative of the closing scenes of my pastoral labors, not, I trust, as a matter of personal vain glory; but that good Christian people in our own land and in other lands may learn from the example of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church how to treat a pastor, whose simple aim has been, with God's help, to do his duty.

# 03.19. LIFE AT HOME—AND FRIENDS ABROAD.

LIFE AT HOME—AND FRIENDS ABROAD. A few months after my resignation, the Lafayette Avenue Church extended an unanimous call to the Rev. Dr. David Gregg, who had become distinguished as a powerful preacher, and the successful pastor of the old, historic Park Street Church, of Boston. He is also widely known by his published works, which display great vigor and beauty of style, and a fervid spirituality. When Dr. Gregg came on to assume his office, I was glad, not only to give him a hearty welcome, but to assure him that, "as no one had ever come up into the pilot house to interfere with the helmsman, so I would never lay my hand on the wheel that should steer that superb vessel in all its future voyagings." From that day to this, my relations with my beloved successor have been unspeakably fraternal and delightful. While I have left the entire official charge of the church in his hands, there have been many occasions on which we have co-operated in various pastoral duties among a flock that was equally dear to us both. Recently the Rev. George R. Lunn, a young minister of exceedingly attractive qualities both in the pulpit and in personal intercourse, has been installed as an assistant pastor. The divine blessing has constantly rested upon the noble old church, which has gone steadily on, like a powerful ocean steamer, well-manned, well-equipped, well-freighted, and well guided by the compass of God’s infallible word. Last year the church rendered a signal service to the cause of Foreign Missions by erecting a "David Gregg Hospital" and a "Theodore L. Cuyler Church" in Canton, China. They are both under the supervision of the Rev. Albert A. Fulton, who went out to China from our Lafayette Avenue flock, and has been a most energetic and successful missionary for more than twenty years. My ministry at large has brought a needed rest, not by idleness, but by a change in the character of my employment. Instead of a weekly preparation of sermons, has come the preparation of more frequent contributions to the religious press. Instead of pastoral visitations have been the journeyings to different churches, or colleges, and universities and Young Men’s Christian Associations for preaching services. I doubt whether any other dozen years of my life have been more crowded with various activities. To my dear wife and myself have come increased opportunities for travel, which have been, during the almost half century of our happy wedded life, a constant source of enjoyment. We have journeyed together from Bar Harbor, in Maine, to Coronado Beach, in Southern California. We have traversed together the Adirondacks, the White Mountains and the Catskills, the prairies of Dakota and the orange groves of Florida, the peerless parks of Del Monte on the shores of the Pacific, and the "Royal Gorge" in the heart of the Rocky Mountain Range. Our various trips to Europe have photographed on our hearts the memories of many dear friends and faces, some of whom, alas! have vanished into the unseen world. In the summer of 1889, when we were at Ayr, the late Mr. Alexander Allan, came down for us in his fine steam yacht, the Tigh-na-Mara, and took us up to his hospitable "Hafton House" on the Holy Loch, a few miles below Glasgow. For several days he gave us yachting excursions through Loch Goil, and the Kyles of Bute, and Loch Long, with glimpses of Ben-Lomond and other monarchs of the Highlands. When we saw the gorgeous purple garniture of heather in full bloom, we no longer wondered that Sir Walter Scott was quite satisfied to have his beloved hills devoid of forests.

Another memorable visit of that summer was to Chillitigham Castle in Northumberland, from whose towers we got views of Flodden Field and the scenes of "Marmion." The venerable Earl of Tankerville (who was a contemporary and supporter of Sir Robert Peel in Parliament), and his warm-hearted Countess, who has long been a leader in various Christian philanthropies, entertained us delightfully within walls that had stood for six centuries. In a forest near the Castle were the famous herd of wild cattle which are the only survivors of the original herd that roamed that region in the days of William the Conqueror. They are beautiful white creatures, still too wild to be approached very nearly; and Sir Edwin Landseer, an old friend of the Earl, has preserved life-sized portraits of two of them on the walls of the lofty dining hall of the castle. When the servants, gardeners and other retainers assembled for morning worship in the chapel, the handsome old Earl presided at the melodeon, and the singing was from our American Sankey's hymn-book, a style of music that would have startled the belted knights and barons bold who worshipped in that chapel five centuries ago.

While at Dundee, as the guests of Mr. Alexander H. Moncur, the Ex-provost of the city, I had the satisfaction of preaching in St. Peters Presbyterian Church, whose pastor, sixty years ago, was that ideal minister, Robert Murray McCheyne. The Bible from which he delivered his seraphic sermons was still lying on the pulpit. When I asked a plain woman, the wife of a weaver, what she could tell me about his discourses, her remarkable reply was: "It did me more good just to see Mr. McCheyne walk from the door to his pulpit than to hear any other man in Dundee." A fine tribute, that, to the power of a Christly personality. A sermon in shoes is often more eloquent and soul-convincing than a sermon on paper. I spent a very pleasant hour with sturdy John Bright, and he told me that he had more relatives living in America than in England. His reason for declining the invitation of our government to visit the United States was that he knew too well what our enthusiastic countrymen had in store for him. The separation of Bright and Gladstone on the question of Irish Home Rule had a certain tragic element of sadness. When I spoke of this to Mr. Gladstone, the old statesman of Hawarden tenderly replied: "Whenever I think now of my dear old friend, I always think only of those days when we were in our warmest fellowship" Among the many other recollections of foreign incidents I must mention a very delightful luncheon at Athens with Dr. Schlieman in his superb house which was filled with the trophies of his exploration of the Troad and Mycenae. I found him a most genial man; and he told me that he had never surrendered his American citizenship, acquired in 1850. It was very amusing to hear him and his Grecian wife address their children as "Agamemnon" and "Andromache" and I half expected to see Plato drop in for a chat, or Euripides call with an invitation to witness a rehearsal of the "Medea." Athens is to me the most satisfactory of all the restored cities of antiquity, every relic there is so indisputably genuine. My sunrise view from the Parthenon was a fair match for a midnight view I once had of Olivet and Gethsemane.

I cannot close these recollections of foreign friends without making mention of the late Mr. William Tweedie and his successor the late Mr. Robert Rae, the efficient Secretaries of the National Temperance League (of which Archbishop Temple has long been the President). They rendered me endless acts of kindness, and at their anniversary meetings I met many of the most prominent advocates of the temperance reform in Great Britain. It gives me a sharp pang to recall the fact that of all the leaders whom I met at those meetings, the gallant Sir Wilfred Lawson and Mr. Caine are almost the only survivors.

Returning now to the scenes of our happy home life I should be criminally neglectful if I failed to give even a brief account of the gratifying incidents connected with the recent commemoration of my eightieth birthday. Reluctant as I was to quit the good Society of the Seventies, the transition into four-score was lubricated by so many loving kindnesses that I scarcely felt a jolt or a jar. During the whole month of January a steady shower of congratulatory letters poured in from all parts of the land and from beyond sea, so that I was made to realize the poet Wordsworth's modest confession:

"I've heard of hearts unkind kind deeds

With coldness still returning,

Alas, the gratitude of men

Has oftener left me mourning." In anticipation of the event Mrs. Houghton, the editor of the New York Evangelist, to which I have been so long a contributor, issued a "Birthday Number" containing the most kindly expressions from representatives of different Christian denominations, and officers of various benevolent societies, and from representative men in secular affairs, like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Jesup, General Woodford, the Hon. Mr. Coombs, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, and others. On the afternoon of January 9th, the National Temperance Society honored me with a reception at their Publication House in New York, which was attended by many eminent citizens and clergymen, and "honorable women not a few." Letters and telegrams from many quarters were read and an eloquent address was pronounced by Mr. Joshua L. Bailey, the President of the Society. The evening of my birthday, the 10th of January, was spent in our own home, which was in full bloom with an immense profusion of flowers, and enriched with beautiful gifts from many generous hearts. For three hours it was the "joy unfeigned" of my family and myself to grasp again the warm hands of our faithful Lafayette Avenue flock, and of my Brooklyn neighbors who had for two-score years gladdened our lives, as the Great Apostle was gladdened by his loyal friends at Thessalonica.

[Illustration: DR CUYLER AT 80] [From a photograph, January, 1902] On Saturday evening the 11th, the "Chi Alpha" Society of New York, the oldest and most widely known of clerical brotherhoods, gave me their fraternal greetings at the residence of the venerable Mrs. William E. Dodge, now blessed with unimpaired vigor, in the golden autumn of a life protracted beyond four-score and ten. The walls of that hospitable mansion on Murray Hill have probably welcomed more persons eminent in the religious activities of our own and other lands than any other private residence in America. Brief speeches were made; a beautiful "address" was presented, which now, embossed and framed, adorns the walls of my library. After this the Rev. Charles Lemuel Thompson, an Ex-moderator of our General Assembly, and now the Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, read the following ringing lines which he had composed on behalf of my fellow voyagers on many a cruise and in many a conflict for our adorable Lord and King. My only apology for introducing them here is their rare poetic merit which entitles them to a more permanent place than in the many journals in which they were reprinted. I ought to add that "Croton" is the name of the river and the reservoir that supply New York with its wholesome water: OUR CAPTAIN.

Fill—fill up your glasses—with Croton!

Fill full to the brim I say,

For the dearest old boy among us,

Who is ten times eight to-day.

It is three times three and a tiger—

It is hand to your caps, O men!

For our Captain of captains rejoices,

In his counting of eight times ten.

Foot square on the bridge and gripping

As steady as fate the wheel,

He has taken the storms to his forehead,

And cheered in the tempest’s reel.

He has seen the green sea monsters

Go writhing down the gale,

But never a hand to slacken,

And never a heart to fail. So It’s—Ho’—to our Captain dauntless,

Trumpet-tongued and eagle-eyed,

With the spray of the voyage behind him,

And the Pilot by his side.

Together they sail into sunset—

Slow down for the harbor bell,

For the flash of the port, and the message

"Well done"—-It is well—It is well. So it’s three times three and a tiger!

Breathe deep for the man we love,

His heart is the heart of a lion,

His soul is the soul of a dove.

It is—Ho!—to the Captain we honor,

Salute we the man and the day,

On his brow are the snows of December,

In his heart are the bird songs of May. The Scripture passage from which I discoursed on the next Sabbath morning, January 12th, in our Lafayette Avenue Church pulpit—"At evening time it shall be light"—seems especially appropriate to an autobiography penned at a time when the life-day is

already far spent. There are some people who have a pitiful dread of old age. For myself, instead of it being a matter of sorrow or of pain, it is rather an occasion of profound joy that God has enabled me to write in my family record "Four score years." The October of life may be one of the most fruitful months in all its calendar; and the "Indian summer" its brightest period when God's sunshine kindles every leaf on the tree with crimson and golden glories. Faith grows in its tenacity of fibre by the long continued exercise of testing God, and trusting His promises. The veteran Christian can turn over the leaves of his well-worn Bible and say: "This Book has been my daily companion; I know all about this promise and that one and that other one; for I have tried them for myself, I have a great pile of cheques which my Heavenly Father has cashed with gracious blessings." Bunyan brings his Pilgrim, not into a second infant school where they may sit down in imbecility, or loiter in idleness; he brings them into Beulah Land, where the birds fill the air with music; and where they catch glimpses of the Celestial City. They are drawing nearer to the end of their long journey and beyond that river, that has no bridge, looms up the New Jerusalem in all its flashing splendors. In a previous chapter I have told the story of our bereavement when God took three of our precious children to Himself; but to-day we can chant Psalms 23:1-6, for the overflowing cup of mercies that sweeten our home, and for the two loving children that are spared to us. Our eldest daughter, Mary, is the wife of Dr. William S. Cheeseman, an eminent physician in the beautiful city of Auburn, the County-seat of my native County of Cayuga. It is the site of one of our principal Theological Seminaries, from which have graduated many of the foremost ministers in our Presbyterian denomination. One of the earliest professors of that institution was the revered Dr. Henry Mills, who baptized me in my infancy. Auburn is also well known as the residence of our celebrated statesman William H. Seward, who was Secretary of State under President Lincoln. From the window of my daughter's home I look over at the summer house in which that illustrious patriot meditated some of his state papers; and just beyond is the bronze statue reared to his memory. Our only living son, Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, Jr., the surviving twin brother of "little Georgie," fills an honorable position as an officer of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company in New York. Since the death of his lovely young wife, several years ago, he has resided with us, and his only son, "Ledyard," is the joy of his grandparents' hearts. The sister and niece of my wife complete our household—and our happiness. My journey hence to the sun-setting must be brief at the farthest. I only ask to live just as long as God has any work for me to do—and not one moment longer. I do not seek to measure with this hand how high the sun of life may yet be above the horizon; but when it does go down, may my closing eyes behold the bright effulgence of Heaven's blessings upon yonder glorious sanctuary, and its faithful flock. After my long day's work for the Master is over, and this mortal body has been put to sleep in yonder beautiful dormitory of "Greenwood" by the sea, I desire that the inscription that shall be written over my slumbering dust may be, "The Founder of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church."

Chapter 35

# 03.20. THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

THE JOYS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. A Valedictory Discourse Delivered to the Lafayette Avenue Church, April 6, 1890.

I invite your attention this morning to the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the second chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians:

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

These words were written by the most remarkable man in the annals of the Christian Church. Great interest is attached to them from the fact that they are part of the first inspired epistle that Paul ever wrote. Nay, more. The letter to the Church of Thessalonica is probably the earliest as to date of all the books of the New Testament. Paul was then at Corinth, about fifty-two years old, in the full vigor of his splendid prime. His spiritual son, Timothy, brings him tidings from the infant church in Thessalonica, that awakens his solicitude. He yearns to go and see them, but he cannot; so he determines to write to them; and one day he lays aside his tent needle, seizes his pen, and, when that pen touches the papyrus sheet the New Testament begins. The Apostle's great, warm heart kindles and blazes as he goes on, and at length bursts out in this impassioned utterance: "Ye are my glory and joy!"

Paul, I thank thee for a thousand things, but for nothing do I thank thee more than for that golden sentence. In these thrilling words, the greatest of Christian pastors, rising above the poverty, homelessness, and scorn that surrounded him, reaches forth his hand and grasps his royal diadem. No man shall rob the aged hero of his crown. No chaplet worn by a Roman conqueror in the hour of his brightest triumph, rivals the coronal that Pastor Paul sees flashing before his eyes. It is a crown blazing with stars; every star an immortal soul plucked from the darkness of sin into the light and liberty of a child of God. Poor, is he? He is making many rich. Despised is he? He wouldn't change places with Caesar. Homeless is he? His citizenship is in heaven, where he will find myriads whom he can meet and say to them: "Ye, ye are my glory and joy." Sixteen centuries after Paul uttered these words, John Bunyan re-echoed them when he said:

"I have counted as if I had goodly buildings in the places where my spiritual children were born. My heart has been so wrapt up in this excellent work that I accounted myself more honored of God than if He had made me emperor of all the world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it. He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways doth save a soul from death, and they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

Now, the great Apostle expressed what every ambassador of Christ constantly experiences when in the thick of the Master's work. His are the joys of acquisition. His purse may be scanty, his teaching may be humble, and the field of his labor may be so obscure that no bulletins of his achievements are ever proclaimed to an admiring world. Difficulties may sadden and discouragement bring him to his knees; but I tell you that obscure, toiling man of God has a joy

vouchsafed to him that a Frederick or a Marlborough never knew on the field of bloody triumph, or that a Rothschild never dreams of in his mansions of splendor, nor an Astor with his stores of gold. Every nugget of fresh truth discovered makes him happier than one who has found golden spoil. Every attentive auditor is a delight; every look of interest on a human countenance flashes back to illuminate his own. Above all, when the tears of penitence course down a cheek and a returning soul is led by him to the Saviour, there is great joy in heaven over a repentant wanderer, and a joy in that minister's heart too exquisite to utter. Then he is repaid in full measure, pressed down, running over into his bosom.

Converted souls are jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers and pastors. They shall flash in the diadem which the Righteous Judge shall give them in that great day. Ah! it is when an ambassador of Christ sees an army of young converts and listens to the first utterances of their new-born love, and when he presides at a communion table and sees his spiritual off-spring gathered around him, more true joy that faithful pastor feels than "Caesar with a Senate at his heels." Rutherford, of Scotland, only voiced the yearnings of every true pastor's heart when he exclaimed: "Oh, how rich were I if I could obtain of my Lord the salvation of you all! What a prey had I gotten to have you all caught in Christ's net. My witness is above, that your heaven would be the two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all would be two salvations to me."

Yet, my beloved people, when I recall the joy of my forty-four years of public ministry I often shudder at the fact of how near I came to losing it. For very many months my mind was balancing between the pulpit and the attractions of a legal and political career. A single hour in a village prayer-meeting turned the scale. But perhaps behind it all a beloved mother's prayers were moving the mysterious hand that touched the poised balance, and made souls outweigh silver, and eternity outweigh time. Would that I could lift up my voice this morning in every academy, college and university on this broad continent. I would say to every gifted Christian youth, "God and humanity have need of you." He who redeemed you by His precious blood has a sovereign right to the best brains and the most persuasive tongues and the highest culture. Why crowd into the already over-crowded professions? The only occupation in America that is not overdone is the occupation of serving Jesus Christ and saving souls. I do not affirm that a Christian cannot serve his Master in any other sphere or calling than the Gospel ministry, but I do affirm that the ambition for worldly gains and worldly honors is sluicing the very heart of God's Church, and drawing out to-day much of the Church's best blood in their greedy outlets. And I fearlessly declare that when the most splendid talent has reached the loftiest round on the ladder of promotion, that round is many rungs lower than a pulpit in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world. What Lord Eldon from the bar, what Webster from the Senate-chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realms of romance, what Darwin from the field of science, what monarch from Wall Street or Lombard Street can carry his laurels or his gold up to the judgment seat and say, "These are my joy and crown?" The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if so humble a servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor can ever point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, "What is my hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing. Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?"

Good friends, I have told you what aspirations led me to the pulpit as a place in which to serve my Master; and I thank Christ, the Lord, for putting me into the ministry. The forty-four years I have spent in that office have been unspeakably happy. Many a far better man has not been as happy

from causes beyond control. He may have had to contend with feeble health as I never have; or a despondent temperament, as I never have; or have struggled to maintain a large household on a slender purse; he may have been placed in a stubborn field, where the Gospel was shattered to pieces on flinty hearts. From all such trials a kind Providence has delivered your pastor. My ministry began in a very small church. For that I am thankful. Let no young minister covet a large parish at the outset. The clock that is not content to strike one will never strike twelve. In that little parish at Burlington, N.J., I had opportunity for the two most valuable studies for any minister—God's Book and individual hearts. My next call was to organize and serve an infant church in Trenton, N.J., and for that I am thankful. Laying the foundation of a new church affords capital tuition in spiritual masonry, and the walls of that church have stood firm and solid for forty years. The crowning mercy of my Trenton ministry was this, that one Sunday while I was watering the flock, a goodlier vision than that of Rebecca appeared at the well's mouth, and the sweet sunshine of that presence has never departed from the pathway of my life. To this hour the prosaic old capital of New Jersey has a halo of poetry floating over it, and I never go through it without waving a benediction from the passing train. The next stage of my life's work was a seven years' pastorate of Market Street Church in the city of New York. To those seven years of hard and happy labor I look back with joy. The congregation swarmed with young men, many of whom have risen to prominence in the commercial and religious life of the great metropolis. The name of Market Street is graven indelibly on my heart. I rejoice that the quaint old edifice still stands and welcomes every Sabbath a congregation of landsmen and of sailors. During the year 1858 occurred the great revival, when a mighty wind from Heaven filled every house where the people of God were sitting, and the glorious work of that revival kept many of us busy for six months, night and day.

Early in the year 1860 a signal was made to me from this side of the East River. It came from a brave little band then known as the Park Presbyterian Church, who had never had any installed pastor. The signal at first was unheeded; but a higher than human hand seemed to be behind it, and I had only to obey. That little flock stood like the man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over and help us," and after I had seen the vision immediately I decided to come, assuredly concluding that God had called me to preach the Gospel unto them. This morning my memory goes back to that chilly, stormy April Sunday when my labors began as your first pastor. About two hundred and fifty people, full of grace and grit, gathered on that Easter morning to see how God could roll away stones that for two years had blocked their path with discouragement. My first message many of you remember. It was, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Of that little company the large majority has departed. Many of them are among the white-robed that now behold their risen Lord in glory. Of the seventeen church officers—elders, deacons and trustees—then in office, who greeted me that day, only four are living, and of that number only one, Mr. Albion P. Higgins, is now a member of this congregation. I wonder how many there are here this morning that gathered before my pulpit on that Easter Sunday thirty years ago? As many of you as there are present that were at that service thirty years ago will do me a favor if you will rise in your pews.

(Thirteen people here stood up.) God bless you! If it hadn't been for you this ark would never have been built.

Ah! we had happy days in that modest chapel. The tempest of civil war was raging, with Lincoln's steady hand at the helm. We got our share of the gale; but we set our storm-sails, and every one that could handle ropes stood at his or her place. Just think of the money contributions that small church made during the first year of my pastorate—$20,000, not in paper, but in gold. The little band in that chapel was not only generous in donations but valiant in spirit, and it was under the gracious shower of a revival that we removed into this edifice on the 16th of March, 1862. The subsequent history of the church was published so fully at the notable anniversary five years ago that I need only repeat the chief head-lines in a very few sentences. In 1863 Mr. William Wickes started a mission school, which afterward grew into the present Cumberland Street Church. In 1866 occurred that wonderful work of grace that resulted in the addition of 320 souls to our membership, one hundred of them heads of families. As a thank-offering to God for that rich blessing the Memorial Mission School was established, which was soon organized into the Memorial Presbyterian Church, now on Seventh Avenue, under the excellent pastorate of my Brother Nelson. During the winter of 1867 a conference of gentlemen was held in yonder study which set on foot the present Classon Avenue Church, where my Brother Chamberlain administers equally satisfactorily. Olivet Mission was organized in 1874. It will always be fragrant with the memory of Horace B. Griffing, its first superintendent. The Cuyler Chapel was opened on Atlantic Avenue in March, 1886, by our Young People's Association, who are maintaining it most vigorously. The little Corwin Mission on Myrtle Avenue was established by a member of the church to perpetuate his name, and is largely sustained by members of this church. Of all the efficient, successful labors of the Lafayette Avenue Temperance Society, the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, their Benevolent Society, the Cuyler Mission Band, the Daughters of the Temple, and other kindred organizations. I have no time or place to speak this morning. But I must repeat now what I have said in years past, that the two strong arms of this church are its Sunday School and its Young People's Association. The former has been kept well up to the ideal of such an institution. It is that of a training school of young hearts for this life and for the life to come. God's blessing has descended upon it like the morning dew. Of the large number of children that have been enrolled in its classes 730 have been received into membership with this church alone, and to the profession of faith in Christ—to say nothing of those who have joined elsewhere. Warmly do I thank and heartily do I congratulate our beloved brother, Daniel W. McWilliams, and his faithful group of teachers, and the Superintendent of the primary department and her group of assistants, on the seal which God has set upon their loving work. They contemplate the long array of children whom they have guided to Jesus; and they, too, can exclaim, "What is our joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the Lord?"

If the Sunday School has rendered good service, so has the well-drilled and well-watered Young People's Association. The fires of devotion have never gone out on the altar of their Monday evening gatherings. For length of days and number of membership combined, probably it surpasses all similar young people's associations in our country. About three thousand names have been on its membership roll, and of this number twelve have set their faces toward the Gospel ministry. Oh, what a source of joy to me that I leave that association in such a high condition of vigor and prosperity! No church can languish, no church can die, while it has plenty of young blood in its veins.

What has been the outcome of these thirty years of happy pastorate? As far as the results can be tabulated the following is a brief summary:—During my pastorate here I have preached about 2,750 discourses, have delivered a very large number of public addresses in behalf of Sunday Schools, Young Men's Associations, the temperance reform, and kindred enterprises for advancing human welfare. I have officiated at 682 marriages. I have baptized 962 children. The total number received into the membership of this church during this time has been 4,223. Of this number 1,920 have united by a confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. An army, you see, an army of nearly two thousand souls, have enlisted under the banner of King Jesus, and taken their "sacramentum," or vow of loyalty, before this pulpit. What is our crown of rejoicing? Are not even they in the presence of Christ at His coming?

It is due to you that I should commend your liberality in gifts to God's treasury. During these thirty years over $640,000 have been contributed for ecclesiastical and benevolent purposes, and about $700,000 for the maintenance of the sanctuary, its worship, and its work. Over a million and a quarter of dollars have passed through these two channels. The successive boards of trustees have managed our financial affairs carefully and efficiently. The architecture of this noble edifice is not disfigured by any mortgage. I hope it never will be.

There is one department of ministerial labor that has had a peculiar attraction to me and afforded me peculiar joy. Pastoral work has always been my passion. It has been my rule to know everybody in this congregation, if possible, and seldom have I allowed a day to pass without a visit to some of your homes. I fancied that you cared more to have a warm-hearted pastor than a cold-blooded preacher, however intellectual. To carry out thoroughly a system of personal oversight, to visit every family, to stand by the sick and dying beds, to put one's self into sympathy with aching hearts and bereaved households, is a process that has swallowed up time, and I tell you it has strained the nerves prodigiously. Costly as the process has been, it has paid. If I have given sermons to you, I have got sermons from you. The closest tie that binds us together is that sacred tie that has been wound around the cribs in your nurseries, the couches in your sick chambers, the chairs at your fireside, and even the coffins that have borne away your precious dead. My fondest hope is that however much you may honor and love my successor in this pulpit, you will evermore keep a warm place in the chimney-corner of your hearts for the man that gave the best thirty years of his life to your service.

Here let me bespeak for my successor the most kind and reasonable allowance as to pastoral labors. Do not expect too much from him. Very few ministers have the peculiar passion for pastoral service that I have had; and if Christ's ambassador who shall occupy this pulpit proclaims faithfully the whole Gospel of God and brings a sympathetic heart to your houses, do not criticize him unjustly because he may not attempt to make twenty-five thousand pastoral visits in thirty years. House to house visitation has only been one hemisphere of the pastor's work. I have accordingly endeavored to guard the door of yonder study so that I might give undivided energy to preparation for this pulpit.

You know, my dear people, how I have preached and what I have preached. In spite of many interruptions, I have honestly handled each topic as best I could. The minister that foolishly runs races with himself is doomed to an early suicide. All that I claim for my sermons is that they have been true to God's Book and the cross of Jesus Christ—have been simple enough for a child to

understand, and have been preached in full view of the judgment seat. I have aimed to keep this pulpit abreast of all great moral reforms and human progress, and the majestic marchings of the kingdom of King Jesus. The preparation of my sermons has been an unspeakable delight. The manna fell fresh every morning, and it had to me the sweetness of angels' food. Ah, there are many sharp pangs before me. None will be sharper than the hour that bids farewell to yonder blessed and beloved study. For twenty-eight years it has been my daily home—one of the dearest spots this side of Heaven. From its walls have looked down upon me the inspiring faces of Chalmers, Charles Wesley, Spurgeon, Lincoln and Gladstone; Adams, Storrs, Guthrie, Newman Hall, and my beloved teachers, Charles Hodge and the Alexanders of Princeton. Thither your infant children have been brought on Sabbath mornings, awaiting their baptism. Thither your older children have come by hundreds to converse with me about the welfare of their souls. Thither have come all the candidates for admission to the fellowship of this church, and have made there their confession of faith and their allegiance to Christ. Oh, what blessed interviews with inquirers have been held there! What sweet and happy fellowship with my successive bands of helpers, some of whom have joined the general assembly of the redeemed in glory. That hallowed study has been to me sometimes a Bochim of tears, and sometimes a Hermon, when the vision was of no man save Jesus only. And the work there has been a wider one for a far wider multitude than these walls contain this morning. I have written there nearly all the hundreds of articles which have gone out through the religious press, over this country, over Great Britain, over Europe, over Australia, Canada, India, and New Zealand. During my ministry I have published about 3,200 of these articles. Many of them have been gathered into books, many of them translated into Swedish, Spanish, Dutch, and other foreign tongues. They have made the scratch of a very humble pen audible to Christendom. The consecrated pen may be more powerful than the consecrated tongue. I devoutly thank God for having condescended to use my humble pen to the spread of his Gospel; and I purpose with His help to spend much of the brief remainder of my life in preaching His glorious Gospel through the press.

I am sincerely sorry that the necessities of this hour seem to require so personal a discourse this morning; but I must hide behind the example of the great Apostle who gave me my text. Because He reviewed His ministry among His spiritual children of Thessalonica, I may be allowed to review my own, too—standing here this morning under such peculiar circumstances. These thirty years have been to me years of unbounded joy. Sorrow I have had, when death paid four visits to my house; but the sorrow taught sympathy with the grief of others. Sins I have committed—too many of them; your patient love has never cast a stone. The faults of my ministry have been my own. The successes of my ministry have been largely due under God, to your co-operation, and, above all, to the amazing goodness of our Heavenly Father. Looking my long pastorate squarely in the face, I think I can honestly say that I have been no man's man; I have never courted the rich, nor wilfully neglected the poor; I have never blunted the sword of the Spirit lest it should cut your consciences, or concealed a truth that might save a soul. In no large church is there a perfect unanimity of tastes as to preaching. I do not doubt that there are some of you that are quite ready for the experiment of a new face in this pulpit, and perhaps there may be some who are lusting after the fat quail of elaborate or philosophic discourse. For thirty years I have tried to feed you on "nothing but manna." Whatever the difference of taste, you have always stood by me, true as steel. This has been your spiritual home; and you have loved your home, and you have drunk every Sunday from your own well, and though the water of life has not always been passed up to

you in a richly embossed silver cup, it has drawn up the undiluted Gospel from the inspired fountain-head. To hear the truth, to heed the truth, to "back" the truth with prayer and toil, has been the delight of the stanchest members of this church. Oh, the children of this church are inexpressibly dear to me! There are hundreds here to-day that never had any other home, nor ever knew any other pastor. I think I can say that "every baptism has baptized us into closer fellowship, every marriage has married us into closer union, every funeral that bore away your beloved dead, only bound us more strongly to the living." Every invitation from another church—and I have had some very attractive ones that I never told you about—every invitation from another church has always been promptly declined; for I long ago determined never to be pastor of any other than Lafayette Avenue Church.

What is my joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye—ye—in the presence of Christ at His coming? Why, then, sunder a tie that is bound to every fibre of my inmost heart? I will answer you frankly. There must be no concealment or false pretexts between us. In the first place, as I told you two months ago, I had determined to make my thirtieth anniversary the terminal point of my present pastorate. I determined not to outstay my fullest capacity for the enormous work demanded here. The extent of that demanded work increases every twelve months. The requirements of preaching twice every Sunday, to visit the vast number of families directly connected with this church, attending funeral services, conferring with committees about Christian work of various kinds, and numberless other duties—all these requirements are prodigious. Thus far, by the Divine help, I have carried that load. My health to-day is as firm as usual; and I thank God that such forces of heart and brain as He has given me are unabated. The chronic catarrh that long ago muffled my ears to many a strain of sweet music, has never made me too deaf to hear the sweet accents of your love. But I understand my constitution well enough to know that I could not carry the undivided load of this great church a great while longer without the risk of breaking down; and there must be no risk run with you or with myself. I also desire to assist you in transferring this magnificent vessel to the next pilot whom God shall appoint; and I wish to transfer it while it is well-manned, well-equipped, and on the clear sea of an unbroken financial and spiritual prosperity. No man shall ever say that I so far presumed on the generous kindness of this dear church as to linger here until I had outlived my usefulness. For these reasons I present to-day my resignation of this sacred, precious charge. It is my honest desire and purpose that this day must terminate my present pastorate. For presenting this resignation I alone am responsible before God, before this church and before the world. When you shall have accepted my resignation, the whole responsibility for the welfare of this beloved church will rest on your shoulders—not on mine. My earnest prayer is that you may soon be directed to the right man to be your minister, to one who shall unite all hearts and all hands, and carry forward the high and holy mission to which God has called you. He will find in me not a jealous critic, but a hearty ally in everything that he may regard for the welfare of this church. As for myself I do not propose to sit down on the veranda and watch the sun of life wheel downward in the west. The labors of a pen and of a ministry at large will afford me no lack of employment. The welfare of this church is inexpressibly dear to me—nothing is dearer to me this side of heaven. If, therefore, while this flock remains shepherdless, and in search of my successor, I can be of actual service to you in supplying at any time this pulpit or performing pastoral labor, that service, beloved, shall be performed cheerfully. The first thought, the only thought with all of us, is this church,this church, THIS CHURCH. I call no man my friend, you must call no man your friend that does not stand by

the interests of Lafayette Avenue Church. It is now called to meet a great emergency. For the first time in twenty-eight years this church is subjected to a severe strain. During all these years you had very smooth sailing. You have never been crippled by debt; you have never been distracted with quarrels, and you have never been without a pastor in your pulpit or your homes when you needed him. And I suppose no church in Brooklyn has ever been subjected to less strain than this one. Now you are called upon to face a new condition of things, perhaps a new danger—certainly a new duty. The duty overrides the danger. To meet that duty you are strong in numbers. There are 2,350 names on your church register. Of these many are young children, many are non-residents who have never asked a dismission to other churches; but a great army of church members three Sabbaths ago rose up before that sacramental table. You are strong in a holy harmony. Let no man, no woman, break the ranks! You are strong in the protection of that great Shepherd who never resigns and who never grows old. "Lo! I am with you always! Lo! I am with you always! Lo! I am with you always!" seems to greet me this morning from every wall of this sanctuary. I confidently expect to see Lafayette Avenue Church move steadily forward with unbroken column led by the Captain of our salvation. All eyes are upon you. The eye that never slumbers or sleeps is watching over you. If you are all true to conscience, true to your covenants, true to Christ, the future of this dear church may be as glorious as its past. And when another thirty years have rolled away, it may still be a strong tower of the truth on which the smile of God shall rest like the light of the morning. By as much as you love me, I entreat you not to sadden my life or break my heart by ever deserting these walls, or letting the fire of devotion burn down on these sacred altars. The hands of the clock warn me to close. This is one of the most trying hours of my whole life. It is an hour when tears are only endurable by being rainbowed with the memory of tender mercies and holy joys. When my feet descend those steps to-day, this will no longer be my pulpit. I surrender it back before God into your hands. One of my chiefest sorrows is that I leave some of my beloved hearers out of Christ. Oh, you have been faithfully warned here, and you have been lovingly invited here; and once more, as though God did beseech you by me, I implore you in Christ’s name to be reconciled to God. This dear pulpit, whose teachings are based on the Rock of Ages, will stand long after the lips that now address you have turned to dust. It will be visible from the judgment seat; and its witness will be that I determined to know not anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. To-day I write the last page in the record of thirty bright, happy, Heaven-blessed years among you. What is written is written. I shall fold up the book and lay it away with all its many faults; and it will not lose its fragrance while between its leaves are the pressed flowers of your love. When my closing eyes shall look on that record for the last time, I hope to discover there only one name—the name that is above every name, the name of Him whose glory crowns this Eastern morn with radiant splendor, the name of Jesus Christ, King of kings, and Lord of lords. And the last words I utter in this sacred spot are unto Him that loves us and delivers us from sin with His precious blood; and unto God be all the praise and thanks and dominion and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Chapter 36

# 04.00. Wayside Springs from the Fountain of Life

Wayside Springs from the Fountain of Life by Theodore Cuyler, 1883

Section 1 The Song at the Well Christ the Fountain The Great Promise Patching the Old Garment A Good Life—How to Begin it Be Thorough Christ’s Jewels Citizens of Heaven

Section 2 Give Christ the Best Right and Wrong Praying The Night of Failure—the Morning of Faith Christians for the World—Not of it A Sermon All the Week The Lily-work on the Pillars Standing the Strain Turning Winter into Spring

Section 3

One by One Gleaning for Christ Seeking after Holiness Glimpses of Heaven The Wreck of the Gold ships The Honey of the Word Can We Be Sure?

Asleep in Jesus The Seven "Blesseds

# 04.01. Section 1

The Song at the Well From there the Israelites traveled to Beer, which is the well where the Lord said to Moses, "Assemble the people, and I will give them water." There the Israelites sang this song: "Spring up, O well! Yes, sing about it! Sing of this well, which princes dug, which great leaders hollowed out with their scepters and staffs." Numbers 21:16-18

There was once a sermon at a well. The teacher was Jesus of Nazareth, and the discourse was delivered to one poor sinful woman as the entire audience. The Son of God felt (what we ministers too often forget on stormy Sundays) that a single immortal soul is a great audience. Other wells in the Bible are historic besides the well of Sychar. One, at Bethlehem, is associated with a princely act of chivalry; another, at Nahor, with the beginning of a singular courtship. We venture to say that there is one well beside which most of our readers never halted—and out of which they have never drawn either a song or a sermon.

It was situated on the borders of Moab, not far from Mount Pisgah. It bears the name of Beer, which signifies a well-spring. Up to this spot thirsty Israel came on their journey from Egypt to Canaan. The Lord had just said unto Moses, "Gather the people together—and I will give them water." Here is a promise; but, like most of God’s promises, it is coupled with a condition. The condition in this case is that the leaders of the congregation were to dig for the water. A striking scene unfolds itself. The leaders of the host begin to open the loose sand with the staves which they carried. Moses directs the work, and the dirt is thrown out fast. While the digging goes forward the people sing a simple song—one of the oldest snatches of song that has come down to us: "Spring up, O well! Yes, sing about it! Sing of this well, which princes dug, which great leaders hollowed out with their scepters and staffs."

Presently the cool water begins to fill up the cavity. The water bubbles up to music. The splash of the cool liquid mingles with the song of the multitude as they press forward and draw the sweet refreshment for their thirsty tongues. It is an inviting scene and is brimming with spiritual instruction.

Many a sweet lesson may we draw from this outgushing well at Beer. We learn afresh the good old truth that—the Lord will provide. It is a grievous sin to doubt God or to limit the Holy One of Israel. He can open rivers in the midst of the desert, and can make the dry land to become springs of water. As long as we remain unbelieving, our souls parch up with the dryness. Poor stingy, faithless professors find their religious life little better than a dull march over a very barren Sahara of formalities. There is no joy in their souls—and no song on their tongues. As long as Christians neglect duty and prayer, and disobey God they must expect nothing else than drought and barrenness.

God puts his well-springs of blessing inside the gateway of faith, and our faith is to be proved by our obedience. As soon as Israel believed God enough to dig, and as soon as the staves were thrust into the sand—the waters began to bubble up. The people began to work—and God began

to work also. They began to pray also; their prayer took the form of a song. They sang their prayer: "Spring up, O well!"

Really the deepest, richest, and devoutest hymns we sing—are full of aspiration and petition. They are yearnings towards God—and outcries for blessings. That matchless hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," is the soul's passionate call upon Jesus to open his bosom of love and let us hide ourselves there. "Nearer, my God, to you" is a prayer which has floated up on the wings of song from thousands of yearning hearts. "Guide me, O you great Jehovah!" is another. When a long-thirsting church is beginning to arouse into a revival, its hymns begin to become fervent soul-cries for the power from on high. Such song is irrepressible. The soul bursts into it. Petition mingles with praise, and the heart's deepest desires are blended with the heart's fullest gratitude. While we are digging for the water and praying for the water, we are singing for thankfulness that the water begins to flow. This complex idea runs through all of David's richest Psalms. They are blended prayer and praise. This triple process belongs to every Christian's best labors and sweetest joys. He yearns after Jesus, and after a fuller tasting of Jesus' love, and after a fuller filling with the Spirit. With his hands he is digging—but with his lips he is singing. Duty is no longer drudgery—it is delight.

Witness, all you beloved brethren who have experienced the richest joys of revival seasons—has not preaching the Word, and praying for the conversion of sinners, and honest work for the Master been a spiritual luxury? As you plied the staves and the waters of salvation gushed out, you have taken out Israel's strain, "Spring up, O well!" That gathering at the fountain of Beer was a primitive praise-meeting. We should have many such in our churches, and if we were filled with the Spirit we would multiply our "sacrifices of praise. "The more the blessings—the more the joys; and the more the joys—the more the music. While Israel continued to murmur against God—they were parched with drought. When they began to work and to pray and to sing—the fountain burst forth. An ounce of song is worth a ton of scolding. As a group of sailors on the deck, when they pull with a will, always pull to the cadence of a song, so God's people will always pull with more harmony and strength when they join in the voice of praise.

"Whoever offers praise glorifies Me." God never loves to hear us murmur or scold or revile each other. He loves the prayer of faith and the upspringing of joyful praise. It was not only Paul's prayer—but Paul's midnight song of praise, which shook open the old dungeon at Philippi.

One other thought must not be forgotten as we stand by that well of Beer. Those inflowing waters are a beautiful type of the Holy Spirit. As the previous scene of the uplifted brazen serpent is a type of the atoning Savior, so the fountain of Beer is a symbol of the influences of the Spirit. Christ himself employed the same emblem, as we read in the seventh chapter of John's Gospel. When the divine Spirit flows into our souls—then come refreshment, peace, strength, holiness, and the sweetest, purest of all joys. Then we work for Christ with elastic hope. Then we see the fruits of our toil springing up like Beer's bursting well. Then we have the new song put into our mouths—and our hearts make melody. Life becomes an foretaste of heaven. We are becoming attuned for those hallelujahs which we shall sing with rapturous sweetness beside that crystal stream which flows out of the throne of God and of the Lamb!

Christ the Fountain "If any man thirsts—let him come to Me and drink!" John 7:37 This was an astonishing announcement. If Plato had uttered it from his Academy, it would have savored of boastful presumption. Yet a Galilean peasant, whose whole "school" of followers scarcely went

beyond a dozen fishermen and publicans, makes this proclamation to all human kind: "If anyone is thirsty for pure happiness—I will satisfy him; if any one is suffering from a sense of guilt—I will relieve him; if any one is heart-broken—I will comfort him."

There is no alternative. Either this carpenter's son from Galilee is an insane impostor—or else he is a being clothed with divine power. No madman ever talked for three years without uttering one foolish syllable; no impostor ever pushed himself before the public eye for three years without doing one selfish act. Jesus of Nazareth, then, was what he claimed to be—the Son of God. He does not draw from others, his supplies for human needs; he invites everybody to come and draw from him. He is not a reservoir filled up from some other sources and liable to be exhausted; he is an original, self-supplied fountainhead!

Never had the face of humanity been more parched and dusty and barren, than was that Oriental world when Jesus burst up through it like an artesian well. Even Judaism had become like a desert, and lo! there breaks forth this gushing fountain of crystal waters. He is more than a teacher, giving instruction on all profound and practical questions. He is more than a miracle-worker, giving sight to the blind, ears to the deaf, and healing to the diseased. His supreme gift to man is himself! From himself flows forth the recovering influence; from the inexhaustible depths of his own divine being—a whole thirsty race may draw refreshment!

"The water that I give, shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." It is not simply profound truths that Jesus offers, or a system of doctrine, or a beautiful model of right living. He offers himself as the Satisfier! Drink me, take me into your souls—and I will relieve your soul-thirst! What a thirsty crowd fills all the thoroughfares of life!

Quacks offer their panaceas on every hand. Ambition sets up its dizzy ladder and proclaims: If any man thirsts for happiness, let him climb up come here! Mammon puts up over the doors to his temples of gold: If any man thirsts, let him come to me and get rich! Pleasure lights her saloons and strings her violins and sets out her flagons of wine, and cries aloud to the passers-by: If any are wretched and thirst for enjoyment, let them turn in here and drink! And all these are but miserable, broken cisterns, which hold no water. In every human soul is a crying need, a hunger which such husks cannot feed, a thirst that grows the keener the longer it is trifled with. My soul recognizes sin—and thirsts for relief from it. I am so weak that I have been overthrown again and again; I need strength equal to the conflict. My earthly sources of happiness are precarious. Death has already shattered more than one beautiful pitcher at my domestic fountain. God has put within me desires and demands that no uncertain rivulet can satisfy. My soul thirsts for the living Christ! When he opens up the well-spring within me—peace flows like a river. Pure motives well forth, desires after holiness, and love in its satisfying fullness. Conscience is kept clean and sweet by the presence of Christ, the fountain-head. This fountain never dries up. It is never frozen over. No sediment defiles it. Every good thing that I ever sought for outside of Jesus Christ—has had its defects, and the very best has brought a shade of disappointment. But whenever I got a deep draught of Christ's wonderful words, they were like Jonathan's honeycomb, they "enlightened my eyes." Whenever I have swallowed his promises, they have put new strength into every muscle for the hard climb. But we must drink from the fountain—if we would receive strength, joy, and life. The proclamation is not, Come to the Bible and read; or Come to the church and listen; or, Come to the altar and pray; or. Come to the font and be baptized; or, Come to the sacramental table and

partake. It is, "Come unto ME and drink! This is a voluntary act, so simple that a babe understands it by instinct. On a hot summer day we dip the vessel into the cool spring, and, as its delicious draught passes into the lips and through the whole system—an exquisite refreshment steals through every nerve and fibre of the frame. So does faith take in Christ, and his grace reaches every faculty and affection of the soul. Coleridge said that the best proof of the inspiration of God's Word was that is the only book in the world, which finds me at every point of my nature. "The best argument for Jesus Christ, is that he alone satisfies me. His grace goes to the right spot. His comfort soothes the sore place; his atoning blood makes me sure of pardon; his love cures my wretched selfishness as nothing else can do! Of almost everyone and everything else we can get tired—but what true child of Christ ever got tired of the water of life? With joy does he ever draw water from this well of salvation.

Yet tens of thousands around us are perishing, not from the lack of the life-giving water—but because their foolish, depraved hearts do not thirst for it. A lady who visited one of the tropical islands for health, wrote home to her friends, "This is a lovely spot. I have every kindness, and abundance of food and fruits and luxuries—but I have no appetite. If I could only get an appetite I would soon recover." Alas, within a month she was gone! She died, not from lack of food—but from lack of hunger; not for lack of refreshing drinks—but from the lack of thirst for them.

It is the worst symptom of sin in the human soul—that it kills the appetite for holiness. We crave other sources of enjoyment than Christ offers. Drugged with the devil's treacherous draughts, we cry constantly for more, and yet refuse to touch the water of everlasting life! Blessed are those who thirst after purity and pardon and peace and power—for in Christ they may be filled.

"Whoever is thirsty, let him come! And whoever wishes, let him take the free gift of the water of life!" Revelation 22:17. These words are written for those who are thirsty. You who have a real aspiration for a nobler and purer life, you who have never yet been delivered from the plague and power of sin—listen to that celestial voice: "If any man thirsts—let him come to me and drink!" There is a flock at the fountain now. Go and join them. Draw for yourself. Drink for yourself. Drink, that your joy may be full. In heaven there is a perpetual Thanksgiving Day; for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne is their Shepherd, and he leads them to ever new fountains of waters of life.

The Great Promise

Many of the sorest sorrows in this world are caused by broken promises. Oft and again the tradesman is brought to bankruptcy, because the promissory notes which he held proved to be worthless. How many a home is shadowed by the sins of violated vows; hearts are broken by the broken promises of wedlock. "Until death us do part" is the solemn engagement fluently spoken—but it is the "death" of affection or of moral character which brings the real parting.

While human promises are so often broken by either willfulness or weakness, it is a glorious thought that there is one Faithful Promiser whose word is surer than the everlasting hills. Sometimes his providence seems to be contradicting his promises, as when he assured Paul of the safety of all on board the ship; but all in good time, the shipwrecked crew and passengers escape safely to land on the broken pieces of the ship. We are often too hasty in judging our Heavenly Father, and as often mistake what he has agreed to give us. He never agrees to give us wealth or health, or freedom from care or sharp affliction. But "this is the promise that he has

promised us, even ETERNAL life." A great deal more than deliverance from the condemnation of sin is signified by this word "life". It is the inbreathing of a new principle by the Holy Spirit; it is the vital organic union of the soul, to the Son of God. Because he lives—we shall live also. Our whole spiritual nature is elevated, ennobled, purified, and strengthened by having this Christ-life infused. We do not lose our individuality or our responsibility to do our utmost in watchfulness or in work. The disciples on Galilee in the night-storm must all pull at the oars, even though Jesus was on board both as pilot and preserver. Christ's almighty grace bestows the new life, and maintains it, and most lovingly aids it; but after all, you and I must do the living. If we have only a gasping, feeble, fruitless life when he offers to give it "more abundantly," then it is our own criminal fault. We must work out our own salvation, even while he is working in us and upon us. The real grandeur of this grand promise, is that Jesus guarantees never to desert us. "My grace is sufficient for you" means all that it asserts. "No man shall be able to pluck you out of my hands" means that the hand that holds is omnipotent; all our concern must be to stay in that hand. We are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation. A young minister, while visiting the cabin of a veteran Scotch woman who had grown ripe in experience, said to her, "Nannie, what if, after all your prayers and watching and waiting, God should allow your soul to be eternally lost?" Looking at the youthful novice in divinity, she replied, "Ah, let me tell you, that God would have the greatest loss. Poor me would lose her soul, and that would be a great loss; but God would lose his honor and his character. If he broke his word, he would make himself a liar, and the universe would go to ruin." The veteran believer was right. Our only real ground of salvation lies in God's everlasting word. This is the promise which he has promised; let us cleave to that.

If the title-deed to my house is safely lodged in the register's office of Brooklyn, why should I lie awake at night for fear of ejectment from the premises? It is my business to continue in the house, and it is the city's business to keep secure my title to it. Just two things are essential to a Christian's hope of salvation. The first one is that he must be sure that he is alive—and life is self-evidencing. A corpse never breathes or answers questions. As long as you really breathe out honest penitence and desires after God, as long as you feel any degree of genuine love to Jesus, as long as your lips move in sincere prayer and your hands move in obedience to Christ's commandment, you are not a corpse; you are alive. The life may be too languid and feeble—but it is alive. Make sure of that by honest self-searching, and by a comparison of yourself with what Christ demands. When your state corresponds to the Christian's state, as described in the Bible, you have the witness of the Spirit that you are his. Having this actual life, strive to have it more abundantly; the more you have, the richer, purer, stronger, and more useful you become. Being assured that we are born again and are living today, the other essential is from God, and belongs exclusively to him. You and I have nothing to do with it—God will take care of his own promises. If he said, "He who believes has everlasting life," you have nothing to do except believe and obey.

Last year I sat at eventide on the battlements of the castle of Mar Saba, and looked down into the deep gorge of the Kidron. All night I lay secure in the strong fortress while the jackals howled and the Bedouin prowled without. So may every child of God who has lodged himself in the stronghold of the divine promise rest securely, and let the devil's jackals howl as loudly as they choose, or the adversary lie in wait outside the solid gateway. "This is the promise that He has promised us—even eternal life." Cleave to that! As long as we trust God in Christ, and attest our faith by our conduct, we may roll the responsibility of our salvation upon God himself. But will this life outlast

the grave? Will it reach across that great mysterious chasm that separates us from the unseen world? Will it be eternal? These are the questions which sometimes torment the survivors when they have gone down to the shore of the unbridged river, and watched a beloved child or husband or wife disappear slowly out of sight. "Can I feel sure that there is a heaven for that loved one to land in?" But nobody comes back from that other world, nobody ever will come back, to bring a single syllable of assurance. The boats on that river of death all head one way; there are no "return trips."

Suppose that one should come back and tell us that he had actually found a heaven, and entered it, and participated in its splendors and joys. If we believed the statement, it would have to be on a single human authority. But if we would believe the witness of a man, is not the witness of the Almighty God infinitely greater? If we are only to feel sure of a heaven on the testimony of somebody coming back to each one of us, then would we consent to exercise a faith that glorifies a worm of the dust and dishonors the God of the universe. For one, I would rather trust a single word of divine promise—than a million human assertions.

Just open to the first chapter of that epistle which the Holy Spirit wrote by Peter’s hand, and read the third, fourth, and fifth verses. If you, as a follower of Christ, do not feel sure of an "inheritance reserved for you"—then you would not believe though an army of saints came back from the skies. Then trust God! Let your faith be

"The living power from heaven,

That grasps the promise God has given;

Securely fixed on Christ alone,

Your trust shall ne’er be overthrown."

Patching the Old Garment

Some of our Lord’s parables are to be weighed rather than measured. Brief as to space, they are most profound and practical in their significance. In a single verse is compressed the following parable: "No one sews a patch of unshrunk cloth on an old garment. If he does, the new piece will pull away from the old, making the tear worse." No sensible man would patch an old, threadbare, outworn garment, with a piece of unshrunk cloth, and for two good reasons: the ill-matched patch would make an ugly appearance, and the strong cloth would soon tear out from the weak, rotten fabric, and the whole process would end in failure. By this pithy parable, the Great Teacher taught that the old dispensation of ceremonial observances had had its day and become obsolete. His gospel was a new system of religious faith and methods, entirely complete and adequate for all persons and all time. Any attempt to engraft it upon the out-worn system of Judaism would be abortive. The new faith was to be embodied in renovated forms of speech and forms of service. This parable has a very practical bearing upon the vital point of ’character’ and the vital process of conversion. Hardly any simile describes character better than that of a fabric, made up of innumerable threads, and put together by numberless stitches. The earliest stitches are commonly put in by a mother’s hand; and the subsequent work of Sunday-school teachers and pastors may do much in the making or the marring of the fabric. A great many poor, glossy fabrics have a smooth and substantial look—but in the wear of life they betray the weak spots, and ravel out.

Some people also are not stoutly sewed; they are only basted. When the warp and woof of character is weak and worthless, when it is badly rotted by sin, there are two methods of repair: the one is to patch up the old; the other is to discard it altogether and procure an entirely new fabric. The first is man's plan; the second is Christ's plan. The fatal objection to the first method, is that a patched character does not look well and will not last. Harmony is a prime essential of beauty, and a bright strip of virtue pieced in upon a godless life—only makes the rest of the fabric look more unsightly. Nor is there strength enough in the fabric to hold the incongruous patch.

We ministers make a sad mistake when we direct our main efforts against particular sins, instead of striking at the source of all sins—a godless, unrenewed heart! Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. Many a drunkard, disgusted and horrified by his own loathsome vice, has made a solemn resolution to break off his evil practice—but has not gone the whole length of seeking a new heart and the mighty help of God. He has attempted to patch a new habit on an old unregenerate heart. Even his temperance pledge may soon tear out and the tear be made worse. What the inebriate needs, is the new fabric wrought by the almighty power of the Holy Spirit. So with all kindred sins of falsehood, lechery, covetousness, and the like. A man may be shamed out of certain public acts of sin, and yet hide away a sinful heart. An eloquent appeal may wring a contribution out of a stingy soul; but he will lock his purse the tighter the next time, and confirm his covetousness. What he needs is the melting power of a new afiection; if he does not give from a right motive, he is none the better for having his money extorted from him. Barnabas gave his land to the Christian church because he had first given his heart to Jesus. In all my long ministry I have never been able to patch up a sinner so that he will look and act like a genuine Christian. Christ's method of dealing with human character is the only thorough and successful method. He says, "Behold, I make all things new." If any man be in Christ, and Christ in him, he is a new creature. The rotten garment has been discarded, and the complete righteousness has been put on, so that the shame of his nakedness might be hidden. How sharply Jesus clove to the core of the matter, with Nicodemus! He does not tell the inquiring Pharisee to go home and reform certain bad habits—but "you must be born again." The rich young ruler was able to display some very bright patches of virtue, and expected to be praised for them; but when the Savior offered him the entirely new garment which cost self-denial, and would pass him into heaven—the poor fellow went away with his old patched robe, disappointed and sorrowful.

God has ordained this principle: that no pardon of sin and no spiritual blessing can ever be obtained, except through an inward acceptance of Christ, and an entire regeneration by the Holy Spirit. The supreme gift of the Lord Jesus is a new character. The apostles never wasted a moment on a gospel of patchwork. Their twofold text was, "Turn to the Lord," which meant repentance; and "Cleave to the Lord," which meant a life of faith and holiness.

It is quite in line with this idea of spiritual clothing, that the apostle exhorts everyone to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." That signifies the entire inwrapping and infolding of ourselves in the holy texture of his perfect righteousness and all-sufficient grace. We walk inside of our clothes. So a consistent Christian walks inside of the beautiful garment which Christ has woven for him and wrapped about him.

Bear in mind, that it is a "seamless robe" which the dear Master provides for us; we must have it all—or none. How warm it is in its ample protection against all weathers! How beautiful it is when

washed white in the blood of the Lamb! How well it wears! I have seen it look brighter than new—after fifty years of hard service! In heaven, that wedding-garment will make even a pauper to shine like an angel of light. With such a beauty of holiness offered to us, why should so many professors of religion be content to be only "patched up"? Inconsistent professors simply disgust the people of the worid, and lead them to say, "If that be Christianity, I don't want it; my coat is as good as that, and better." A poor fabric is made none the better by the patchwork of public prayers or professions. A real conversion, a new heart work, and a renovation of the very warp and woof of character, is what God requires. What a new power and beauty and irresistible influence, would go forth from all our churches if we were all freshly clad in Christ Jesus!

"This spotless robe the same appears

When ruined nature sinks in years.

No age can change its glorious hue;

The robe of Christ is ever new."

A Good Life—How to Begin it

Some people who honestly desire to begin a better life are puzzled about the first steps. They imagine that some intense excitement, either within themselves, or around them in the form of a "revival," may be indispensable. This is a grievous mistake. Many a genuine conversion has been attended by the anguish of a pungent conviction of sin, and the joy of a sudden relief and inlet of peace; but we doubt whether one-half of the sincerest Christians have had precisely this experience. For anyone to wait for such an experience is folly; for anyone to demand it from God is insane presumption.

There is one case of conversion mentioned in the New Testament which affords a beautiful illustration of the right way to begin a good, honest, useful Christian life. The man himself was not a genius, and his spiritual change had nothing dramatic or sensational about it. He belonged to a very odious class—the tax-collectors of Palestine. The average Jew regarded the publican who wrung out of him tribute for Caesar, as very odious. The Jew never paid his tax without a grudge and a growl; if the publican himself were a Jew, he was excluded from the temple and from all social fellowship with his countrymen. Our Lord, in the course of his walk from Capernaum to the country, came across one of these detested publicans sitting at the tax booth—which was not a permanent building—but a shed or arbor by the roadside. The collector of taxes who sat at the booth was a Jew named Levi; he is elsewhere called Matthew—a name which signifies "the gift of God." Jesus was probably no stranger to him, for every well-informed man must already have heard of the wonderful prophet from Nazareth whose words and works were the talk of all Galilee.

Christ approaches the publican kindly, and addresses to him that short, simple sentence which seems to have been his frequent formula of invitation. He just said to Levi, "Follow me." That is precisely what he says to every immortal soul through his Gospel of Love. Christ wanted Matthew—and Matthew needed him. Those two brief, pithy words changed the whole career of the publican; they killed the old covetous self—and gave birth to a new and noble character. We are told that Matthew "left all, rose up, and followed Jesus." There was no outbreak of compunction that we read of; certainly there was no dallying or delay. He saw his duty—and he did it.

Now what did the publican leave? Not his property, for he soon after gave our Lord a hospitable entertainment in his house. He left his old and odious business; he left his spiritual errors and blindness; he left his worldly aim and his wicked heart behind. He found a new calling; he found peace of conscience; he found a field of amazing usefulness (as a disciple and afterwards as an inspired evangelist); he found a Friend; and he found an everlasting inheritance among the crowned ones in the New Jerusalem.

Here is a model for you, my friend, if you are willing to yield to the Holy Spirit, and to begin a new style of acting and living. Can you make a wiser choice than Matthew made? He was a plain, every-day man, busy at his offensive line of work. By no means an extraordinary personage like Saul of Tarsus, and by no means awakened by a lightning-flash like the brilliant and bloody persecutor. He did not wait for a Pentecost, nor for any external pressure of excitement. Neither should you. Under the influence of a strong call from the Lord Jesus himself, he decided. So can you. There was entire free agency. Matthew was moved by the divine love that appealed to him; his reason and conscience were convinced; his heart was in the step when he rose up and followed the divine Teacher from Nazareth.

Nothing but your own stubborn, selfish, sinful will has kept you so long from accepting the precious gift of eternal life. All the surrender that has been required of you—is to give up what is sinful. All the duty that is required of you—is to do what is right. You must abandon your besetting sins—and do so voluntarily. This may cost you some struggle and self-denial, but God will help you through. The publican "rose up" without losing any time, or tampering with the loving invitation. It was now or never. Even so must your acceptance of Christ be prompt, and your obedience be sincere and practical. Matthew did the very first thing that Jesus bade him to do. Are you ready to do as much? If not, you are rejecting Christ, and throwing away all hope of a better, purer, safer, and holier life. The chief thing, observe, that the publican did—was to follow Jesus. He did not dictate, or mark out a course for himself, or insist on having his own way. He chose to go in Christ’s way—and precisely so must it be with you if you would be a Christian in this world, and have the Christian’s home in the next world. Christ goes before you—follow him. He gives you his illuminating Word—study and obey it. He offers you a line of usefulness—enter it. If he demands of you a cross, you may so bear it as to make it a crown. Do not linger, I implore you. Death will soon find you, and cut you down in your guilt; your last chance will be gone!

Up to that hour at the toll-booth, Matthew’s life was chaff; thenceforth it was precious wheat. Your life without Christ is chaff for the flames of perdition, listen to Jesus; obey him; follow him; and you may open a new life whose golden grain will be a part of the glorious harvest of heaven! BE THOROUGH The bravest man of his time in Jerusalem stood up in the temple gateway, on a public occasion, and delivered a very short but a very searching sermon. It was a model of plain, pungent preaching. He did not utter any message evolved from his own brain; he gave them God’s message. It ran in this way: "This is what the Lord Almighty, the God of Israel, says: Reform your ways and your actions, and I will let you live in this place!" The moral condition of the people had become deplorable. The command to them is, thorough reform of character and conduct. A rich promise is made to them—if they obey; if they remain wedded to their sins, their temple and their homes would be left to them desolate. Jeremiah’s pithy address to his countrymen is a capital text for our times. Finney, in the days of his greatest power, used to take such passages as this to drive them like a plough—deep through the consciences of his auditors. So he broke up the fallow

ground and got it ready for the seed of the gospel. He believed in thorough work, in a thorough exposure of the wickedness of human hearts, in a thorough conviction of sin, in a thorough reformation of character under the mighty workings of the renewing Holy Spirit. The fatal mistake of many people, is that they seek for a cheap religion. Some preachers and teachers, in their desire to recommend the glorious freeness of the gospel and the simplicity of faith, hold out the idea that it is the "easiest thing in the world to become a Christian." They hold up very attractively summer-religion, which is all clear weather and sunshine, and Christianity as a sort of close-covered carriage, in which one can ride for nothing and be safely landed, without too many jolts, at the gateway of heaven. Very little allowance is made by these rosewater teachers for the stubborn depravity of the human heart, for the tremendous power of the adversary, and for the poisonous atmosphere through which one must fight his way to the "prize of the high calling."

Grand old Samuel Rutherford, in his incisive way, says, "Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. I pray you to make your soul sure of salvation, and make the seeking of heaven your daily work. If you never had a pained soul for sin—you have not yet lighted upon Christ. Look to the right marks; if you love him better than the world, and would leave all the world for him, then that proves that the work is sound." Probably no writer has ever combined the richest, sweetest ecstasies of devotion—with a more pungent exhibition of the plainest rules of everyday morality. The first step towards a genuine, abiding Christian character—is true repentance of sin. John the Baptist made this the keynote of his ministry, which was a preparatory work for the Messiah, just at the door. Jesus himself struck the same note. Matthew tells us that "from that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent!" When the apostle Peter delivered that Pentecostal discourse which pricked into three thousand hearts, and they cried out, "What shall we do?" his prompt answer was, "Repent!"

There is a logical necessity in this; for no man can cleave to his sins—and lay hold of Christ with the same hand. No man can turn to the Lord—until he has turned his back upon his evil practices and is willing to thoroughly amend his ways and his doings. Our beloved brother Moody, indeed, once declared that he had had far more success when he has preached Christ’s goodness—than when he has preached upon repentance; and this reveals the only weak point we have ever discovered in the methods of this most popular and powerful preacher of the Word. An immediate and temporary "success" may be gained by inducing a person to rise up and declare that he believes in so lovable a being as Christ Jesus—and yet that same person may soon drift back under the dominion of the sins which he had never sincerely abandoned. We doubt whether any person ever lays thorough hold on the Savior—until he feels the need of one who can save him from his sins. Certainly no one in that death-trap of a hotel in Milwaukee even dreamed of flying to the fire-escapes until he was aroused to the dangers from the crackling flames. Why should any man betake himself to a Savior, if he does not realize that he needs one, and that there is an abominable and deadly evil in his own heart and life that he must be saved from? When David’s eyes had been opened to behold the loathsome depravity of his own conduct, he asks for no compromise—but cries out, "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity!" So abhorrent was his sin—that like a filthy garment, he was ready to be rubbed and mauled and beaten—until the black spots were cleansed away from the fabric!

Such an abhorrence of sin—it is the office of the Holy Spirit to produce; therefore should we pray for the Spirit. Such a view of his guilt—it is the office of the minister to bring before every

unconverted man; therefore should the minister hold up the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The clearer the view of sin—the more thorough is likely to be the repentance.

"You must be born again," said the Master to his anxious inquirer, Nicodemus. But the new birth, or regeneration, is the production of a new principle in us, which is antagonistic to sin—as well as obedient to God. The only evidence of true repentance—is thorough reformation. This takes hold both upon character and conduct; character as what we are—and conduct as what we do. This amendment must be thorough and go to the roots—or it will be as evanescent as the morning dew. The shallow "conversions" that are so often trumpeted as the result of shallow, sensational preaching—end in very shallow and short-lived religion. That dark and dismal fountain-head of the heart, is not purified by the Spirit, and pretty soon the foul streams begin to trickle out again into the daily conduct! Bad habits are not pulled up. The deceitful practices are soon resumed in business transactions, or the young man soon drifts back into his sinful haunts; the unconquered bad temper begins to take fire and explode again; the covetous spirit gets hold again with a fresh grip. In short, the new emotion passes away—but it does not leave a new man. Christ has no hand in such conversions. They are a delusion—and often an unmeasured curse. When Jesus is presented and pressed upon a sinner's acceptance, he must be presented as not only infinitely beautiful, tender, compassionate, and lovable—but as so infinitely holy, that his eyes flash flame through everything wrong. The very bitterness of his sacrificial sufferings for us on the cross, arose from the bitterness of the sin he died to atone.

One thought more. Genuine conversion demands thorough amendment of conduct, and no exception must be made for what we call little sins. Small leaks, left unstopped, are equally fatal. Maclaren well says that "the worst and most fatal sins—are often those small continuous vices which root underneath and honeycomb the soul. Many a man who thinks himself a Christian, is in more danger from the daily commission, for example, of small pieces of deceitful practice in his business, than ever King David was at his worst. White ants pick a carcass clean—sooner than a lion will.

There is a transcendent promise that accompanies such thorough amendment of character and life. "I will let you dwell in this place." This bespeaks peace and permanence under the benignant smile of God. This means room to root and to grow. A soul that is rooted into Christ—will thrive like a tree planted by the rivers of water; the leaves shall never wither, and death will be only a transplanting into glory!

CHRIST'S JEWELS The Lord Jesus when on earth, was one of the poorest of men. He was bom to poverty; he was cradled in a stable; he went through his brief life on foot; he had no home during his ministry in which to lay his weary head; and his crucified body was buried in a family tomb borrowed from a stranger. Yet he was all the time laying the foundations, for the most magnificent possessions in the universe of God. He was accumulating the only treasures which can outlast this fleeting globe. They are innumerable human souls redeemed by him unto everlasting glory! To them, his prophetic eye looked forward when he said, "They will be Mine—in the day when I make up My jewels!" Malachi 3:17

Christians are Christ's jewels! They are purchased at the infinite price, of His atoning blood. As the pearls are only won from the depths of the sea by the dangerous dive of the fishers, so were the pearls for Messiah's crown brought up from the miry depths of depravity by the descent of that

divine Sufferer who came to seek and to save the lost! The most brilliant and precious gem known to us—is of the same chemical substance as the black and opaque coal of the mine. Crystallization turns the carbon—into the diamond. In the same manner, the grace of the Lord Jesus transforms a black soul—into a jewel which reflects the glory of Christ's countenance! All the luster that the ripest Christian character possesses, is but the reflection of that Sun of Righteousness. He who lives nearest to Jesus shines the brightest. A "pearl cast before swine" is not more out of place than is a professed follower of Jesus, in the society of scoffers or in the haunts of revelry. Not all precious jewels glitter in conspicuous positions. The Master has his hidden ones; there are costly sapphires beneath coarse clothing—and up in the dingy attic of poverty. That self-denying Christian daughter who wears out her youthful years in nursing a poor infirm mother—is a ruby of whom the Master says, "You are Mine—in the day when I make up My jewels!"

Many a precious pearl, do our faithful Sunday-school teachers fish up from the dregs of ignorance. From an awful depth did Jesus rescue that converted inebriate, near whom we sat last Sunday at the communion-table. All soul-saving work is a pearl-fishery for King Jesus! "We are His workmanship," said the great apostle. The luster of a gem—depends much on the polishing. This is often a sharp and a severe process. Many of God's people can recall the times when they were under the harsh file, or were pressed down to the grinding-wheel. Blessed be the affliction, however fierce—which gives new luster to the diamond! The Master spends no time upon worthless pebbles; only his jewels are polished for His palace. Nor is this process only wrought by the divine hand; every Christian must strive to make his or her own character the more shapely and beautiful. The roughnesses must be smoothed by careful, painstaking self-control; the sharp edges must be cut down by self-sacrifice; the surface must be evened by daily work and spiritual exercise—even trials and sorrows must be borne patiently, knowing that they will give the character an added luster which will more worthily reflect the Master's image. When these jewels are made ready for his crown—Christ will take them home unto himself! Luther said that there is great divinity in the personal pronouns of Scripture. "They shall be mine says the Lord." This claim is founded on the purchase made in redeeming blood. Regeneration by the Holy Spirit confirms it, and every true believer is also self-surrendered to the ownership of Christ.

Up to the hour of conversion we had other masters—self, sin, and the devil. Now Jesus says to each Christian, "You are mine; I own you. I will instruct you, and polish you, and put you wherever it pleases me. I will take care of your salvation, and no man shall pluck you out of my hand. You shall be my special treasure in the day of my triumphant appearing. I will place you in my crown!" What a coronation day that will be! All else on this globe will be but as lumber and rubbish—fit only for the flames—in comparison with his choice ones.

Then shall the homeless man of Nazareth come into full possession of his magnificent trophies. On the head once bleeding with the thorns—will flash the diadem of his imperial glory! And then will all the universe confess that the ransom was worth all its bitter cost of agonies, when the King shall ascend his throne of victory, and be encircled with the constellations of his jewels!

CITIZENS OF HEAVEN

There is no meaning at all in the first clause of Php 3:20, "for our conversation is in heaven"—if we use the word "conversation" in its ordinary modem sense. But if we render the sentence according

to the original Greek—we have the vividly impressive truth, "Our citizenship is in heaven." To the Christians at Philippi this expression had a peculiar point, for Philippi was a Roman colony. The people were proud of the fact that they belonged to imperial Rome, and received their laws from the city of the Caesars. While living in Philippi, their citizenship was in that proud capital which ruled the world.

Just so, is every true child of God a citizen of heaven. Our homestead is on high. A part of the blood-bought family are there already, and every day witnesses the home-coming of thousands more. Only a thin veil separates me—from the multitudes around the celestial throne; when death drops the veil—I am there! Here on earth—I am but a pilgrim—a transient lodger, for this world is not my rest. Here on earth, we who are Christ's have no continuing city; we are seeking for and pressing towards the magnificent city which has foundations, whose builder is the Almighty God. "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul." 1 Peter 2:11 A wondrous comfort does this thought bring to us—amid the discomforts and the sharp trials on the weary road. This life is only our training-school, to purify us and make us more "fit" for the heavenly community among whom we expect to dwell.

If we are citizens of the New Jerusalem, then our laws come from thence. The best citizens of this republic are those whose lives are loyal to the higher law which God has written in his Word. No earthly statute is fit to be enacted, which contravenes God's truth; and that professed Christian is a coward and a traitor to his Master—who does not carry his religion into his politics as much as into his business pursuits or his household. "If you love me," said our loving Redeemer, "keep my commandments." The world around us has its unwritten code of morals and of manners. It sets up its standards and fixes its fashions to suit itself. But they are no rule for the Christian. Jesus has "chosen us out of the world," and given his own life to be our standard and our pattern. Every consistent Christian's motto should be: "I must live in this world, and yet not be of it!" Daniel did his best service for wicked Babylon, by keeping his windows open towards Jerusalem, and by loyalty to its everlasting King.

"Do not be conformed to this world; but be transformed by the renewing of your mind." Romans 12:2. This world never will be converted—by conformity to it; but it would be overwhelmingly impressed by the sight of a vast body of people who would live and speak and act as the citizens of heaven itself. What a salt would our influence be; what a power would our example be; what a trumpet would our every word be! Every Christian, therefore, should dare to be singular. It is of little account to be judged of man's judgment; he who judges us is the Lord. We are members of society, and bound to contribute our very utmost to its benefit; but we do that best by remembering that our first allegiance is to that society whose leader is Christ. We report to headquarters. The first question of a Christian should be, "What does my Master command? Would he approve my mode of doing business, my style of living, my amusements, my temper, my whole daily conduct? If so, that is enough. My citizenship is with him, and I must see to it that other people recognize that fact. I am not to copy the behavior of this world, when sinful customs make their claims, or worldly seductions offer their bribes. If I am Christ's servant, then I am a citizen of no small city—a member of no insignificant family!"

Let every Christian assert his high birth—by his high bearing. He is never to stoop to anything base, never to be caught at contemptible tricks, never found in suspicious places. As high as the

heavens are above the earth, so much higher should a Christian’s ways and words and whole conduct be above the ways of the world. He should never apologize to the world, for daring to do right. If we are citizens of heaven, let us be ever setting our affections on things above, on the treasures which are laid up at His right hand.

Just as surely as we set our hearts on any lower objects—our hearts are apt to be broken. But when I climb high enough to put my heart, my aims, my most treasured things in the keeping of my Savior—then Satan himself cannot reach them. Is not this the true "higher life," after all? The amazing grandeur and glory of this citizenship of heaven will be fully realized when we get there. John says that once "there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." Surely if you or I reach the Celestial City, and are ushered into its transcendent light and rush of melodies—we may well be struck silent with unutterable wonder that we are there! Yet we shall be there, if we secure our title through Christ’s atoning blood, and if we walk worthy of our high calling, and if we endure as seeing him who is invisible. Then we pilgrims on this planet shall go home to our mother country—and be forever with our King!

# 04.02. Section 2

GIVE CHRIST THE BEST

"The best is always good enough for me," was the playful reply of a lady friend of ours, when we asked her which of several things she would prefer. What our friend said playfully—may be applied in all seriousness to the gifts which every Christian ought to offer to his Redeemer. The best is never too good for him; in fact, we should never put off our Lord with anything less. The fundamental idea of true Christianity, is our giving to Jesus all we that have and all that we are. This is one important meaning of that much-perverted word sanctification. Some people use it to signify a process of purification, or a putting off of moral filthiness, until a perfect sinlessness is reached. But the ordinary meaning of "sanctify" is "to set apart, to consecrate to God." When Jesus said, "I sanctify myself," he certainly did not affirm that he was putting off impurity and becoming perfectly holy. He had never been anything else than sinless. His meaning was, "I consecrate myself to the redemption of man—and the fulfillment of my Father's will." A true Christian life is the continual consecration of our bodily powers, of our energies, our affections, our resources, and our influence—to Him who bought us with His precious blood. The more willing we are to give Jesus the very best we have—the more nearly are we attaining to genuine holiness. Is this the usual practice of those who profess and call themselves Christian?

Take the matter of money. How many Christians habitually give a due share of their income to the Lord? "Ah, I cannot afford to give so much as I once did," is a very current apology. Yes—but you have not cut back your style of living! You began by cutting down in your contributions to benevolence, when that ought to have been the very last thing to be touched when cut backs were forced upon you. The true principle is, give God the first claim—and let others wait until he has been served. "When I get any money," said Erasmus, "I buy books; if any is left—I buy my other necessities." There spoke the genuine scholar. But too many Christians say in practice, "If I am making money, I shall treat myself to a new car, or my family to new furniture, etc.; if there is anything over, I will put it in the contribution-box." The fattest sheep is killed for the table of selfishness! The poor "crow-bait" is palmed off for sacrifice upon God's altar! This same wretched principle is manifested when six days are given to business, and one or two evening hours are stingily begrudged to the prayer meeting or to works of benevolence. The punishment of all such petty larceny of the Lord, is that the perpetrators become mere "crow-baits" spiritually, and never taste the rich morsels which God bestows. "The liberal soul shall be made fat;" all the rest are but skin and bone.

Here is a solemn point for parents in training their children, and for Christian sons and daughters in choosing their calling. "That boy is a very bright fellow; I will make a lawyer of him. His brother is a good conscientious chap; but he has brains enough, I think, for a parson." So reasons the parents—and the sons catch the infection. The one with ten talents goes to the university, and perhaps becomes a great lawyer—and a very small Christian. The one with two talents consecrates them to the work of winning souls, and becomes the heir of a great inheritance in

heaven. God blessed the one who gave him the best he had; the other "reaped what he had sowed," and did not get a basketful. Jesus Christ has a sovereign right to the best brains, the best culture, the best estates, the best powers in the land.

Suppose that the venerable Stephen Tyng had decided in his youth, that his capacities were only worthy of the Senate House. Suppose that he had entered the ranks for wealth and fame, and climbed to the highest round of the ladder. When the frosts of fourscore were gathering on his brow, would he have been the happy man he has been, with the blessings of Heaven covering his gray hairs like a crown of light?

We do not affirm that a man cannot serve Christ in any other calling, than the Christian ministry. But we do affirm that SELF should never be consulted by a true Christian, in making life's choices. Christ's prior right to our very best—is the only right rule. And that rule, well observed, will give to Christ's service the "pick" of human power and influence. What is left over may go to the inferior claims of "the things which perish."

RIGHT AND WRONG PRAYING

"Find your happiness in God—and he will give you the askings of your heart." This is the exact rendering of the fourth verse of Psalms 37:1-40, and it throws a flood of light upon the important question of—what is right prayer—and what is wrong prayer. A great deal of prayer is born of selfishness, and takes on the airs of dictating to our Heavenly Father. It is not humble supplication, born of a devout, submissive spirit; but it amounts to a demand. When we go into our bank and present a check for one thousand dollars, we have a right to demand that sum from the teller. But God's promises to his children are not unconditional; and we have no such spiritual assets standing to our credit that we may presume to dictate to the God of wisdom and of love. The hackneyed illustration of "drawing on the bank of faith" may be very misleading.

What is laid down distinctly, as the indispensable quality of right asking in the above quoted verse? It is a right feeling towards God. When a soul comes into such an entire submissiveness towards God that it can honestly say, "Not as I will—but as you will;" when that soul delights in seeing God reign, and in seeing his glory advanced—then its desires will be so purified from the dregs of selfishness, that they may be fearlessly poured out before God. In this frame of unselfish submissiveness, the soul may indeed come boldly to the throne of grace, and ask for grace suited to its every need. The desires of God and the desires of a sincere Christly soul will agree. God loves to give to those-who love to be submissive to Him. They are as willing to accept his "no" as his "yes," for they are seeking not their own desires and glory—but his; they find their happiness in the chime of their own desires with the will of God. A capital illustration of the difference between right and wrong desires, is furnished in the biographies of James and John. These two fishermen-disciples come to our Lord and say to him, "Master, we want that you should do for us, whatever we shall desire." Then bolts out the amazing request, that Jesus would place one of them on his right hand and the other on his left, when he set up his imperial government. Disguise it as they might, they were selfish office-seekers. Their dream was of twelve thrones, with their own in the center! Christ's foresight saw instead of this—a cross of agony and shame! It was not a crown—but a cup of suffering, which was in preparation, and he tenderly inquires if they were ready for that. As long as those two ambitious disciples found their happiness in self-seeking, Jesus would not and could not give them the askings of their hearts.

Now, look ahead a few years farther, and you will find those two identical men uttering the strongest declarations in behalf of God’s willingness to hear and answer prayer. Their own hearts have been so renewed by the Holy Spirit, they have become so consecrated to their Master’s service, and they are in such complete chime with him, that they are not afraid to come to him and say, "Do for us what we desire." Having purified and unselfish desires, they rejoice to discover how fully and delightfully they are satisfied—even more abundantly than they asked. So one of them (James) declares that if any of us lacks wisdom—we must ask of God, who gives liberally. And then—as if he remembered what a disgracefully selfish prayer he had once been guilty of—he says, "You ask and you receive not—because you ask amiss—that you may consume it upon your own pleasures." The other disciple (beloved John) exclaims, "Whatever we ask—we receive from him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." It is not self any longer, which is to be pampered—but God, who is honored. Just as soon as those two Christians found their supreme happiness in Christ and his cause, they received the askings of their hearts. Christ and they were im perfect unity. As a kind father loves to grant the reasonable requests of a dutiful son, so does our Heavenly Father love to grant righteous and reasonable requests through Jesus, the Intercessor. The only "prayer-gauge" I believe in—is that which gauges the character of our prayers and the spirit in which we offer them. The very first essential to all right prayer, is unconditional submissiveness to God’s will. "Nevertheless, Father, not as I will—but as you will." The richest blessing that prayer can bring—is to bring us into closer communion and agreement with the all-holy and the all-loving One.

Dr. Bushnell’s illustration of the "bow-line" represents this most happily. A man stands in a row-boat out on a lake, and pulls upon a line attached to the shore. His pull does not move the solid ground one hair’s breadth—but it does move his boat towards the land. In like manner, when I attach the line of my desire, fast to the everlasting throne, my faith does not expect to move the throne—but to draw me closer to it. When I get more and more into harmony with God—I receive all that my heart most desires. Finding my happiness in Christ—I am satisfied. Money, health, promotion, ease, and all kindred worldly cravings, are only lawful—when they are subordinated to God’s higher desires for me; and the moment they get the upper hand we must expect to be dismissed as John and James were when SELF got the upper hand in them. The question now arises—What are right desires? As far as my ignorance has been enlightened by the Word, I would reply that every desire is a right one—which aims only to please God and not SELF. Grace does not forbid desires, or reduce us to a spiritual emasculation. It encourages at the same time that it purifies and directs our desires. Nay, the Bible exhorts us to "eagerly desire the greater gifts." 1 Corinthians 12:28. Wisdom from above, strength for the hour of need, faith, grace, the filling of the Holy Spirit, and kindred blessings, are in harmony with God’s promises. These are the very things which God has told us to covet! For them we are to "open our mouths wide" and our hearts; and when we do this we are filled unto all the fullness of God. Our Heavenly Father does not hand over to us the reins—when our selfishness grasps after them. Nor does he allow our ignorance to be the judge of what is best for us. He often surprises us by sending something better than what we petitioned for. But infinitely the best thing which he can give us—is his favor, which is life. If we find our supreme happiness in these—oh, how our souls are purified from base, selfish, wayward, and wicked desires! And with what banqueting on His love, and with what foretastes of heaven—are our best askings are answered!

The Night of Failure—the Morning of Faith

Many of the personal incidents in the lives of our Lord and his disciples, light up like transparencies, with vivid spiritual instruction. One of these is in that most suggestive experience of Peter and Andrew and the two sons of Zebedee, when they "toiled all the night" with their nets and drew in nothing. That long night's work—and probably hard work too—meant failure. Peter's sad words, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing," might be written under the history of more than one human undertaking.

Pastors sometimes write this epitaph over their sermons, or over a period of labor—which ends in empty nets. Christian workers—looking at the largeness of outlay and expectations, and the smallness of visible results—have often thrown away their nets in sheer despair!

Say what we may, the fact remains that godly men and women who toil hard in a noble undertaking, do not always win immediate success—none certainly which is visible to their own eyes. God is sovereign! And that signifies that God always will have his own way, and not ours. We may man our prayer services, or our mission enterprises, or any other Christian undertakings, with a boat-load of capable workers, and just as surely as we begin to count our fish before we have caught them—we may come to shore at last with an empty net "Not by might, nor by power—but by my Spirit, says the Lord!"

Even Paul's arm may swing the seed-bag, and Apollos may guide the irrigating water with his foot—but God alone can give the increase. This is the lesson which we have to be taught again and again; for our Heavenly Father always vetoes every claim of human independence. But let us turn over the leaf and see how the night of failure was followed by the morning of faith. When the sun had lighted up the blue waves of Galilee, and a whole navy of fishing boats boats are lying by the strand, Jesus appears. He delivers a discourse to the multitude on the beach, and then he thinks of his poor, disappointed disciples. He always feels for us, in our disappointments. Knowing what a tedious and fruitless night the four fishermen had spent, and seeing that their nets were washed and mended, he gave the order, "Put out into deep water, and let down the nets for a catch." Peter had a vast deal of human nature in him; so he frankly says, "Master, we have toiled all night and taken nothing." Had he stopped there, he would have deserved a sharp rebuke. He was despondent—but he was not despairing. So out bolts from his eager tongue that noble answer, "Nevertheless, Lord, at your word I will let down the net."

Here is a motto for faith to nail to its masts. Faith is more than willing to try another venture—yes, a score of them—provided that it has the "word" of Jesus for going ahead. Christ offered to go with them himself. Christ gives the word of command, "Launch out into the deep!" Faith has nothing to do but obey orders and bend to the oar. Down goes the net. And lo! a mighty swarm of fish is pouring into the net, so that the meshes are breaking with the strain. As busy as fervent Christians are in the most glorious revival, are Peter and Andrew in hauling in that overloaded net. Ah, faith has brought fullness now.

It always does. Peter makes signal to John and James to bring their two boats alongside and to help harvest the multitude of fish. Both boats are so overloaded that they are in danger of sinking. And Peter is so overwhelmed with the miraculous power of Jesus of Nazareth that he throws himself down at Jesus' knees, and cries out, "O Lord, I am a sinful man!" So grand does Jesus

seem to him, and so base does he seem to himself, that he does not feel fit to remain in his Lord's presence. Sweet indeed was Christ's reply to the awe-struck disciple, "Fear not, Peter; henceforth you shall fish for souls; henceforth you shall catch men!"

I have often thought that the experience of that night of failure and that morning of success, must have been a capital lesson in the schooling of those apostles. Just such a lesson we need now. We need to be taught that success does not depend on strong arms or strong nets or well-manned boats. It depends on Christ's presence with us in the boats, and our obeying his divine directions.

Methinks that we hear his heavenly voice of love saying to all of us, brothers and sisters, "Launch out into the deep!" Leave the shallow places. Seek for deep experience—deep study of God's precious truth—and deeper draughts of the Spirit of Christ. Then we cannot utterly fail; for faith overcomes, and all things are possible to him who believes. At the end of every night spent without Christ (however hard we toil) you may write "failure." At the close of every day spent with Christ, and under his oversight, you will joyfully write, "fullness of blessings."

Christians for the World—not of the World

There was a prodigious significance in that intercessory prayer of our Lord on the eve of his sufferings; "My prayer is not that you take them out of the world—but that you protect them from the evil one." John 17:15. The preservation of the world from moral ruin, depended on the preservation of the church of God. "You are my witnesses," said the Master. The followers of Christ were to be his representatives; the visibility of Christ on earth was to be in the persons, in the acts and lives of those whom he had redeemed to be a peculiar people, zealous in good works.

They were to be a wholesome leaven, penetrating the whole mass of sinful humanity; they were to be the salt of the earth, preserving society from putrefaction by the savor of pure godliness. "Let your light shine!" To "shine" means something more than the possession of a renewed heart or the enjoyment of an inward peace. It signifies the luminous reflection of Christ in character and conduct. This world cannot afford to have Christians degenerate or become demoralized. No city can afford to have its gas apparatus so damaged as to leave its streets in darkness, or its water system so neglected as to leave it a prey to typhoid fevers or cholera. Divine grace is imparted—in order to purify its possessor; and he, in turn, is to do his part to purify the community. If he fails, the community is the loser.

We who profess to call ourselves Christians, ought to know that the world expects us to stand for righteousness, and never to compromise; to act as disinfectants and to maintain our savor; to hold them up, and not to be dragged down by them. If all the Christianity in existence were to become bankrupt in character, even the scoffers themselves would be frightened. Sneer as they may, they expect us to stand by our colors. Our desertion of God and of the right—would not only disgrace us—it would alarm even the ungodly. "If this world is so bad with the Christian religion," said the shrewd Franklin, "what would it be without it?" A personal incident will illustrate this secret reliance which the people of the world have upon the people of God. A young man, who was a professed Christian, was seeking to win the heart and hand of a young lady of wealth and fashion. His suit did not prosper, and one day she said to him, "You know that you are a church member, and I am a mirthful girl, very fond of what you call the pleasures of the world." This led him to suspect that

his religion was the obstacle to his success in winning her consent to marry him. He accordingly applied to the officers of his church, which must have been very loose in its joints, for a release from his membership. They granted it. "Now," said he to her, when he met her again, "the barrier is removed. I have withdrawn from my church and I do not make any profession to be a Christian." The honest-hearted girl turned on him with disgust and horror, and said to him, "You know that I have led a frivolous life, and I feel too weak to resist temptations. I determined that I never would marry any man who was not strong enough to stand firm himself, and to hold me up also. I said what I did just to try you; and, if you have not principle enough to stick to your faith, you have not principle enough to be my husband. Let me never see you again!"

Whether this incident be actual or not, the lesson it teaches is beyond dispute. The world expects Christians to stand by their colors; when we desert them, we not only dishonor our Master and ourselves—but we disappoint the world.

Christ's church never will save the world by secularizing itself or surrendering its strict principles of loyalty to whatever is right and pure and holy. Conformity to the world—will never convert the world. "Come out and be separate," says the Lord, "and touch no unclean thing." Even if the world could succeed in bringing the church down to its own standard of opinion and practice, it would only work its own moral destruction.

It would extinguish the light-houses which illumine mine its own channels; it would destroy the spiritual leaven which Christ has ordained and prepared to save human society from corruption. The demand of this time is not to lower the claims of God—but to elevate them; not to weaken the authority of divine inspiration—but to reinforce it; not to unloose obligations to Bible creeds—but to tighten them; not to accommodate Christianity to the thought and fashion of the times—but to keep it stoutly and steadily up to its original standards. We must stand fast, not only to the faith once delivered to the saints—but to the practices enjoined in God's Word. The church of this day is in no danger of excessive Puritanism. The peril is in the opposite direction.

Conformity to the world is weakening the backbone of the church, and thus far diminishing its power to lift the world up towards God. "If you would pull a man out of a pit," said quaint old Philip Henry, "you must have a good foothold, or else he will pull you in." In no direction should Christians make their testimony more emphatic than in the line of righteous living. The sin of modern civilization has been well described as "making more of condition than it does of character." The very essence of Bible religion is to make character everything, and conduct the test and evidence of character. "By their fruits you shall know them;" make the tree good and the fruits shall be like it. This is the core of Christ's practical teachings. He "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people." The Revised Version has it "that he might purify unto himself a people for his own possession." The gist of this, is that Christ owns us, and not the world. Our first duty is to him, and really this is the most effectual way of serving them. Our loyalty to Christ is to be the world's salvation. The moment we betray him—we betray them and empty ourselves of all reforming and regenerating power. When the salt has lost its savor—it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. When a Christian so conducts himself as to be despised by his unconverted neighbors, he inflicts upon them an incalculable injury. He confirms them in unbelief. He brings Christianity into contempt. He poisons the well from which they ought to draw good influences. "You are my

witnesses," said our loving Lord and Master; but what if the witnesses swear falsely? In whatever direction we apply it, the fact remains clear—that our godless society needs a strict, pure, honest, self-denying, godly-minded church. In commerce and trade, Christianity has its indispensable place, and God's people their sphere of usefulness. The Golden Rule is the true Christian's yardstick; commerce becomes a cheat if it is disused or broken. When a church member defaults or turns swindler, he repeats the sin of Judas. Christ is betrayed, and men's faith in Bible integrity is so far shattered. A Christian merchant, manufacturer, or mechanic has a call to serve Christ and save his fellow men—as much as any gospel minister. Every ounce of leaven has its place.

Social life, with increase of wealth, has a trend towards demoralization. Luxury weakens morality. Popular amusements become sensualized and offer their temptations to the church. "Do not be conformed to the world" applies to the theater, the ball-room, the wine-cup, and to everything that would turn God's earth into a "Vanity Fair." Conformity to the world amounts, in the end, to more than the corruption of Christ's church. It puts out the light which Christ kindled; it destroys the very leaven which he has prepared to purify and sweeten and save a "world lying in wickedness."

A Sermon All the Week

"Why do you go to hear that minister preach? He is not a brilliant preacher." "Very true," was the sensible reply; "I know that his pulpit performances are not brilliant—but his life is a sermon to me all the week." With a minister, as much as with the private Christian, character is of the greatest import. More than one pulpit orator has destroyed the effect of his discourses by his self-seeking egotism, or his unscrupulous practices, or his overbearing temper, or some other very unchristian trait. On the other hand, a full one-half of the power of some eminent pastors lies in their pure, unblemished piety. Everybody trusts them. Their unselfish humility would silence a scoffer. Good as they are in the pulpit—they are still better out of it. Their life is eloquent from Monday morning to Saturday night.

What is true of the ministry is equally true of the laity. An honest, consistent, godly character is a "sermon all the week." Nay, it is Christ's own preaching; for Christ lives in such a believer, and shines out from him. This good man's fruits are Christ's fruits, just as much as the big, luscious grapes are the outcome of a fruitful vine. The credit does not belong to the grapes—so much as it belongs to the vine which yields such superb fruit. Our divine Lord recognized this, when he said that herein was he glorified, when his disciples bore much fruit. The godly Christian—pure of heart and unspotted by the world—is the best preacher of the gospel. And it is just from the lack of this gospel salt, that society suffers corruption and decay. Revivals and conversions are painfully few. The revival which is most urgently needed, is a revival of practical godliness. Sunday preaching is not enough; we need more "sermons all through the week."

Let us go down to the core. The only basis of good character, is a renewed heart, a heart in which Jesus Christ lives by his divine Spirit, a heart which is in the habit of obeying Christ's commandments. Such a man draws his motives of action from his deep, abiding love to Jesus. Up from the very roots comes his daily devotion to those things which are pure and honest and lovely and of good report. Rooted into Christ, he is not easily shaken. He does not bend to trickery or yield to temptation. The world cannot move such a man. What does he care for its changing, frivolous fashions; his fashion is to do the will of his holy Master. A spiritual drought does not dry up such a Christian. Some church members are only flourishing during the heavy rains of a revival

season; the rest of the year they are as brown and barren as the desert! If their pastors grow sick and tired of such fitful professors, how patient must their Lord be to endure them at all!

Let the reader of this volume examine himself, or herself, in the light of conscience and God's Word. Perhaps you are wondering why so few are converted, and why the church has so little power, and why the attendance upon God's house is so scanty, and the state of religion is so low. The reason is that more of the preaching of practice is needed all through the week. And none of us can rise higher before the world than the fountain-head in our own hearts. "O God, renew within me a right spirit!"

The Lily-work on the Pillars

There were two massive pillars in the porch of Solomon's Temple which bore the names of "Jachin" and "Boaz." One name signifies "He will establish," and the other signifies "In strength." The two together are admirable emblems of solid goodness of character. Not hollow, not easily thrown off their base, and of undecaying material—they typify the firmness and the strength of the man who is immovably fixed, trusting on the Lord. But, while these two pillars were made strong, they were also made ornamental; for they were wreathed with delicate chains of carved pomegranates. Thus are strength and beauty to be combined in every well-developed Christian character.

Beauty is that combination of harmony in color or in form—which gives pleasure to the eye of the beholder. One of the profoundest prayers in the Bible is the prayer that the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us. One of the richest promises is that "the meek will He beautify with salvation," and the loftiest ideal set before us is "the beauty of holiness." When our eyes gaze upon our enthroned Savior in his celestial splendors, then shall they "see the King in his beauty." It was the ineffable perfection of Jesus of Nazareth which not only constitutes the glory of the New Testament—but furnishes the most unanswerable argument for the essential divinity that was clothed in human form.

Christ enjoined upon every one of his disciples to study him, to learn of him, and to imitate his example. A true Christian is the representative of Christ in this world—the only embodiment of gospel teaching and influences, that is presented in human society. How vitally important is it, then, that those of us who profess and call ourselves Christians, should make our Christianity attractive! Multitudes of people know very little and think very little about the Lord Jesus; nearly all the ideas they get of his religion is what they see in those who profess it, and their eyes are as sharp as those of a lynx, to discover whether their neighbor is one whit the better for his religion. I will venture to say that the life of William E. Dodge was the most eloquent sermon in behalf of practical Christianity, which has been presented in this community lately. It was worth many a volume of ingenious Apologetics to refute infidelity and silence the gainsayers. "Then they will make the teaching about God our Savior attractive in every way." Titus 2:10 But not all the solid piety is as attractive as it might be made. There is many a Jachin and a Boaz—which has not much lily-work about his harsh and repulsive character. Of course we do not refer to such disgraceful delinquencies as some church members are guilty of, who defraud their neighbors, or steal trust funds, or practice knaveries in politics, or befoul themselves with sensual excesses. Such members of the flock do not wear a fleece big enough, to hide the wolf! But we might instance thousands of genuine Christians, honest at heart and sincere in their professions, who

would be wonderfully improved by lopping off some of their unsightly branches.

Egotistical brother 'A' would look better in the eyes of his neighbors, if he had a more liberal hand. Brother 'B' is devout in his prayers—but his clerks and his employee's would enjoy hearing them better—if he did not treat them as if they were pack-mules. Mrs. 'C' is indefatigable in the Ladies' Benevolent Union; but her badly-clothed children look as if they needed a Dorcas Society at home. And so we might go through the alphabet with descriptions of those whom the grace of God has converted—but they have not added many of the graces of "lily-work" to their pious constructions. None of us need travel a mile to find some unquestionable Christians who sour their religion with censoriousness. Grant that their standard is high and exacting; but who made them judges over their neighbors? After an hour's talk with them, you acquire an insensible prejudice against some of the best people in your community.

Such Christians are in God's orchard; but they bear crab apples. Everybody respects their sincerity, both in creed and conduct; yet nobody loves them. I once had a venerable and most godly-minded member of my church who never did a very wrong act to my knowledge. Yet I am sorry to say that he scarcely ever did a pleasant one! There was a good, sound nut in that chestnut-burr; but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. So the rugged, honest old man was left to go on his way to heaven—working and praying and scolding as he went stubbornly along; and even the children in the street were almost afraid to speak to him. I suppose he has grown more mellow, since he passed into the congenial atmosphere of the heavenly world. One of the most blessed things about heaven is that the best and holiest who are admitted there—will have left every disagreeable thing about them outside the gates!

Sanctification is a genuine and gracious process, and it never reaches completeness in this life. This should make us tolerant and charitable towards the infirmities of sincere followers of our Master. Yet it should never excuse our own wilful adherence to words, or practices, or traits of character which disfigure our religion and mar our influence. In building a character for eternity, we should regard its impression on our fellow-men; we are as much bound to ornament it with the "lily-work" as we are to make the structure solid and enduring. An attractive Christian is the one who hits the most nearly that golden mean between love on the one hand—and firmness on the other hand. He is strict—but not censorious. He is sound—and yet sweet and mellow, as one who dwells much in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. He never incurs contempt by compromising with wrong, nor does he provoke others to dislike of him by doing right in a very harsh or hateful or bigoted fashion. Our Master is our model. What marvelous lily-work of gentleness, forbearance, and unselfish love adorned the massive divinity of that life! What he was, we, in our imperfect measure, should pray and strive after. Study Jesus, brethren. Get your souls saturated with his spirit. His grace imparted to you and his example imitated—can turn deformity into beauty, and adorn your lives with those things which are true and honest and lovely and of good report. He who wins souls is wise. But if we would win the careless and the godless to our Savior—we must make our daily religion more winsome.

Standing the Strain

"What can I do then?" David asked. "Just tell me and I will do it for you." Then they replied, "It was Saul who planned to destroy us, to keep us from having any place at all in Israel. So let seven of Saul's sons or grandsons be handed over to us, and we will execute them before the Lord at

Gibeon, on the mountain of the Lord." "All right," the king said, "I will do it." David gave them Saul's two sons Armoni and Mephibosheth, whose mother was Rizpah He also gave them the five sons of Saul's daughter Merab. The men of Gibeon hanged them on the mountain before the Lord.

Then Rizpah, the mother of two of the men, spread sackcloth on a rock and stayed there the entire harvest season. She prevented vultures from tearing at their bodies during the day and stopped wild animals from eating them at night. 2 Samuel 21:3-10

How often do we ever hear a sermon or ever think about poor Rizpah? There she sits—in the sacred story—for five long, weary months upon the sackcloth spread on the rock of Gibeah. The noonday sun pours down its heats upon her head, and the midnight its chilling dews—but they cannot drive her from her steady vigil beside the forms of her two crucified sons. From the early harvests of April—to the early rains of October, she allows neither the birds of the air to assail them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. The wayfarers by the northern road from Jerusalem grow accustomed to the strange, sad spectacle of that heart-broken mother guarding from vulture and jackal—the remains of her beautiful Mephibosheth and Armoni.

Those two youths were crucified; there seems but little doubt of that. They were sacrificed to appease the wrath of the Gibeonites for the cruelties once practiced upon them by the hands of their father Saul. If we could ask that long-enduring woman, Rizpah, what enabled her to stand those five months of severe strain—her answer would be in one single word, "Love." It was the quenchless affection of a true mother's heart. It transcends every other earth-born affection. It can neither be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. This was the chord which bound Rizpah to that long vigil on the desolate rock and stood the tremendous strain.

There is a lesson for every Christian in this touching episode of the "the mother of sorrow" on the rock of Gibeah. There is only one principle in the human heart which can withstand the severe strain, which the daily wear and tear of temptation and trial bring upon us. It is love for Jesus. Our heart must be in our religion—and our religion in our heart—or else it is a most toilsome drudgery or an irksome hypocrisy. This is the secret reason why so many church members shirk their duties. There is no genuine, long-enduring love of their crucified Master at the core of the heart. So their religion is toil and task-work. The Bible is taken as a bitter medicine, and not devoured as sweet honey. There must be a constant baiting and bribing by attractions of fine preaching and fine music, or else the Sunday service would be a sort of compulsory penance. As it is, about every rainy Sunday brings doubt and disgrace upon full one-half of the professed piety of the land. A man in whose soul, love for Jesus rings no bell of devotion—is always glad for an excuse to shirk the sanctuary on a disagreeable day.

Money-giving for Christ's cause is to such a professor—an orthodox larceny; he flings his contribution at the box grudgingly, as if he would say, "There it is—since you must have it; when will these everlasting donations be done with?" The whole routine of external service in the name of religion, is gone through slavishly, perfunctorily, and heartlessly, as if the lash of a task-master was brandished over the head. Such Christianity is Christless. There is no joy and no power in it, and when a severe strain of temptation comes on its possessor, it snaps like a thread, and leaves him to a terrible fall. The secret of every case of bad backsliding during the past year—has been the lack of staying power; and that staying power is based solely on the indwelling of Christ—and

a supreme love for him.

Love of Jesus is essential to Christianity. It endures all things; it never fails. No privations can starve it, and no burdens can break it down. It keeps the heart of the frontier missionary warm, amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and gives sweetness to the crust which the overworked seamstress eats in her lonely lodging—disdaining the wages of sin. It is the core of all the piety which Christ loves to look at. It is the only cure of the reigning worldliness and covetousness and fashion-worship, which have made such havoc in too many churches. "The love of Christ constrains us." 2 Corinthians 5:14 The test-question for every Christian life is—Have I in my inmost heart, a love of Jesus strong enough to stand the strain? My religious profession has lost its novelty; will it hold out? Temptations will come; shall I conquer them or break? Christ demands constant loyalty; can I be true to him? Am I as ready to stand watch day and night to protect his honor—as poor Rizpah was to protect the lifeless forms of her beloved sons, from the birds and the beasts? These are the questions which touch the very marrow of our religion. They underlie all our heart-life, our church-life, and the very existence of every work of self-denying charity. My brother, there is only one way to be a steadfast Christian, a thorough soul-saving Christian. It is to get the heart full of Jesus—so full that the world, and the lusts of the flesh, and the devil can get no foothold. Whether you are a pastor longing for a fresh blessing on your flock, or a Sunday-school teacher set in charge of young immortals, or a parent guarding the fireside fold, or a philanthropist toiling for the ignorant, the suffering, and the lost—you need this ever-living mainstay and inspiration.

If you only love Jesus—you will love to live for him and to labor for him. Jacob toiled seven years faithfully for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love which he had to the beautiful maiden in the fields of Laban. Love’s labors were light. Would you then be a lightsome, joyous laborer in Christ’s vineyard? Get your heart full of him. Would you be a power in your church? Get the heart full of Jesus. Would you be kept safe from backsliding? Then keep yourself in the love of your Savior. Put that master-affection so deep down, that it shall underlie all selfishness; so deep that the frosts of the current skepticism cannot reach it; so deep that the frictions of daily life cannot wear upon it; so deep that the power of temptation cannot touch it; so deep that even when old age dries up the other affections of our nature, this undying love shall flow like an artesian well.

Let us stop then occasionally and take one look at that steadfast Rizpah watching beside the crosses of her crucified sons. She stood the strain, until her noble constancy won the king’s eye and secured their honorable burial. There is an infinitely holier cross, an infinitely diviner Sacrifice, which demands our steadfast loyalty. If a mother’s love could endure so much, what will not the love of a redeemed soul bear for its Redeemer? Oh, for a fresh baptism of this mighty love—a fresh and a full inpouring, so that no accursed spirit of the world, no temptation, no self-indulgence, no, nor any other creature—shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

Turning Winter into Spring At the midwinter season, many people fall, naturally, into the error that the sun emits less heat than during the midsummer. But while we are shivering with the cold, the fact is that the mighty furnace of the sun is glowing with the same heat as in July—a heat so intense that every square foot of its vast surface gives off enough energy to drive the colossal

engine of the Centennial exhibition—a heat that, concentrated, would melt a column of ice fifty miles in diameter as fast as it shot towards the sun, even though it flew with the speed of light! The simple reason why we all shiver in February, is that our globe lies at another angle towards the solar furnace, and only receives its indirect radiations. The change is in our position. This astronomical fact gives a new freshness and vividness to that prayer of the Psalmist; "Turn us, O God, and cause your face to shine, and we shall be saved." God's love is inexhaustible and unchangeable. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. The reason why a Christian is cold, or why a church gets frozen up—is that they have swung off from God, and put themselves into the same position towards him that our globe has towards the winter sun. When a Christian backslides from duty, he throws himself out of the sunlight of God's countenance. His spiritual winter is of his own making. So with an ice-bound church, in which formality and fashion and frigidity have so lowered the spiritual temperature, that the plants of grace are frostbitten. Sermons lie like icicles upon its floor; its prayer-room becomes a refrigerator, and no poor sinner is ever attracted in there to be warmed and melted. This is hardly a caricature of those churches in which conversions have sunk down to zero. The first duty of a cold Christian, or a church of cold Christians, is to recognize and confess a wrong position towards God. He who never mourns—never mends. He who covers his sins must take the consequences. But when we are ready to say, and do say, "O God! I have wandered away from you; I have fled from your face into the cold atmosphere of worldliness and selfishness and unbelief; help me to turn from my backslidings;" when our hearts utter this prayer, there is the first step taken towards recovery. Such an honest, contrite confession as this, made without any attempt at concealment or excuse—would be the harbinger of a revival in scores of churches today.

God never blesses one of his children while in an attitude of disobedience. The change needed is not a change of our circumstances, although we often make a scapegoat of the word and talk about "our unfavorable circumstances." The change demanded is one of character and conduct. The love of the world—the silly ambition to walk in a vain show—and that "big house-devil" of self-indulgence, have drawn the soul away from Christ. It is undeniable, that he who is farthest from Jesus, is the most frozen and lifeless. The first step, then, is a re-conversion. The word "conversion" signifies a turning from sin—to the Savior. Re-conversion is not regeneration, for the Bible never speaks of such a thing as being "born again" a great many times. Re-conversion means simply the return of a backsliding Christian to God and to the path of forsaken duties. Peter was thus re-converted after his shameful fall in Pilate's judgment-hall. The very gist of the prayer, "Turn us, O God," is that the Holy Spirit will move us with mighty power, and so work in us that we shall return to the Lord and begin a new style of holy living. As Spurgeon pithily puts it, "All will come right—when we are right." All will come right with me—the moment that I get into the right position towards God. All will come right with the minister's sermons, and with the prayer-meetings and with the Sunday-school; a new converting power will descend into the church just as soon as it swings back from the polar regions of sin—into the light of God's countenance.

There is only one way by which nature turns winter into spring; it is by bringing the face of the earth into a new position towards the sun- rays. Then the snow-banks vanish, the seeds sprout, the grass peeps out, the buds open, and the sun renews the face of the year. Just so, there is but one way to be delivered from a spiritual winter which blights our graces and kills all spiritual activity. It is by coming back to God, so that his face may shine upon us. Then we shall walk in the

broad, full light of his countenance without stumbling. Then our affections will thaw out, and, with some Christians, one of the first symptoms will be seen in the opened purse. Then tongues long frozen up, will begin to be heard in the prayer-meeting. A new quickening power will descend and make the buried seeds of gospel truth to start up into the awakening and conversion of souls. God's face, God's favor will accomplish all this, and diverse other rich and wonderful blessings. In short, we shall be saved. Christians will be saved from the guilt of neglected duty. We shall be saved from the deadly malaria of the world, and saved from the dominion of the adversary. The impenitent will be reached, and so turned from the error of their ways as to save their souls from eternal death. This, my dear brethren, is the urgent, imperative need of the hour—even a thorough, hearty turning back into the full blaze and light and heat of God's face. Oh, what a revival that will bring!

Faithless praying and fruitless preaching will disappear like ice in April. God will cause his face to shine upon us, and restore unto us the joys of his salvation. Then shall transgressors be taught his ways, and sinners (both in the church and out of it) shall be converted to the Lord. The winter will be past and gone, and the time of the singing of souls will come again.

# 04.03. Section 3

ONE BY ONE When a lad, I used to join in the apple-gatherings in the ripe month of October. The common fruit, which was destined to the cider-press or the swine, was shaken from the trees, and no amount of bruising did any harm. But the choice pippins and Spitzenbergs, which were destined for the apple-bins, were carefully picked by hand. Those were gathered one by one; we intended that they should keep through the winter. This process illustrates the only effectual method for the conversion of souls. "You shall be gathered one by one," was the declaration made to God’s people in the olden time. The Lord declares that in the time of the purification and restoration of Israel, he would gather in his grain seed by seed; each seed should be tested, and not a single one overlooked, or one genuine kernel be lost. This emphasizes the fact that in God’s sight there is no such thing as "the masses." God sees only individuals; every one unlike every other, and every one the possessor of an immortal soul. Guilt is an individual thing appertaining to a personal conscience; when a nation sins, or when a church goes astray, it simply means that there are a great many personal sinners. Nor are sinners saved by regiments. When three thousand were converted in a single day at Jerusalem, each one repented for himself, each one came into personal union with the risen Christ. When engaged in earnest efforts for the conversion of souls, it is vitally important for Christians to study and imitate the example of Jesus and his apostles. A very large portion of Christ’s inspired biography is occupied by his personal interviews—with a guilty woman by a well, with a publican by the wayside, with a young ruler, with a blind beggar, or with a Nicodemus in a private room. To the Son of God, as to every faithful gospel minister—one soul was a great audience. The extended discourses which Christ delivered, were aimed at every auditor before him. No fact is more patent on the face of the book of the Acts, than that it is the record chiefly of individual labors for the conversion or the spiritual training of individuals. Those first Christians were men and women who understood thoroughly, their personal responsibility and the power of personal effort. Find, if you can, the appointment of a single "committee" in the book of the Acts. Seven men were indeed designated to the work of dispensing charities to the poor; but this was done in order to release the others for personal labor in declaring the word of life. Very little is said about church organizations. Nothing was allowed to keep man from man—the individual believer from the individual sinner. Peter goes right after Cornelius; Philip talks directly to Queen Candace’s treasurer; Aquila and Priscilla have a great Bible-class in the person of eloquent Apollos; and Dorcas is a sewing-society in herself.

Amid all the committees and meetings, and endless talk about revivals, is there not danger that each Christian may forget that he or she is the bearer of one lamp? And if that lamp is well filled with grace, and its light be lovingly thrown on one sinner’s path, more good will be accomplished, than by a whole torchlight procession out on parade. A crowd is often in the way, when a soul is to be rescued. Christ led a deaf man out of the crowd when he wished to deal with him alone. Those early Christians wrought wonders for God and dying humanity—but they accomplished them by the simple direct method—every man to his fellow man. Personal holiness made each worker a partner with the Omnipotent Jesus. As I recall my own ministerial experience, I can testify that

nearly all the converting work done has been by personal contact with souls. For example, I once recognized in the congregation a newcomer, and at my first visit to his house was strongly drawn to him as a very noble-hearted, manly character. A long talk with him seemed to produce little impression; but before I left he took me up stairs to see his three or four rosy children in their cribs. As we stood looking at the sleeping cherubs, I said to him, "My friend, what sort of a father are you going to be to these children? Are you going to lead them towards heaven, or towards hell?" That arrow lodged. At our next communion season he was at the Master's table, and he soon became a most useful officer in the church. There is an unbolted door in about everybody's heart—if we will only ask God to show us where to find it.

Every pastor, and every successful Sunday-school teacher will recall similar experiences of personal interviews that did the business. Mr. Moody has often told me that his most effective work is done in the inquiry-room, where he deals with souls one by one. The true way to insure conversions in our congregations, is for individual Christians (you, for instance) to give themselves afresh to Jesus, and then go after some one soul that is within the reach of their influence. Be on the watch for opportunities. Do a personal kindness, or make a personal visit to open the way to the heart's door. Sometimes a kind, faithful letter is blessed to a soul's awakening. A single sentence, kindly spoken to him in the street, brought one of my neighbors to the Savior. Heaven has its myriads of saved sinners; but they were all gathered there one by one.

Let me also remind those Christians who desire to make this opening year a time for growth in godliness, that they may commit the serious mistake of trying to grow "by wholesale." A vague desire to be better, stronger, holier, will come to nothing. Character is built, like the walls of an edifice, by laying one stone upon another. Lay hold of some single fault and mend it. With God's help, put the knife to some ugly besetting sin. Stop that one leak that has let so much foul sewer-water into your soul. Put into practice some long-neglected duty. The first step to improvement with one person, was to banish his newspapers; with another, to ask the pardon of an injured friend; with another, to go after some street children and take them to a mission-school. He can never be rich towards God, who despises a pennyworth of true piety. Holiness is just living aright in the least things—as well as the greatest; for graces can only be gathered one by one.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound—but we build the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, and we mount to its summit round by round.

GLEANING FOR CHRIST

Ruth, the Moabitess, was in many respects a model for our American maidens. Too industrious to be ashamed of honest work—too independent to rely on her poor mother for her daily bread—she goes out to the barley-field to glean after the reapers. She knows that it is the custom of the country to leave some stalks of corn for the poor to gather. Boaz also commands his harvesters to "pull out some stalks for her from the bundles and leave them for her to pick up." The wisest of all charities, is that which helps the poor to help themselves.

Ruth has a brave heart and nimble fingers, does not mind a backache or a scratch of her fingers among the brambles; and at sunset she comes home to her mother with an ephah of barley. Proud mother is Naomi as she inquires of the busy-fingered girl, "Where have you gleaned today?" This is a fitting question for every Christian on a Sunday evening. Equally fit is it for every

Sunday-school teacher at the close of his or her day’s work. All genuine Bible-study is gleaning. Some of the most nutritious and soul-strengthening truths are unexpected discoveries. We come upon them just where we did not expect to find them. Right in the midst of a catalogue of names in the fourth chapter of Chronicles, we light upon the word "Jabez," the child who was born in sorrow—but proved to be a sunshine and a blessing. That little stroke of Bible history has been a mine of spiritual instruction to many a child of God. There is good gleaning too, in the book of Leviticus—which some careless people set down as a mere catalogue of Jewish upholsteries. Such Bible explorers as Bonar and Arnot and Bushnell and Moody will bring you an "ephah of barley" out of the neglected corners of God’s wonderful grain-field. He lets fall many a handful for the benefit of those who believe that every line in their Bibles is inspired, and was written for a purpose. The ministers who never wear out of sermon material, are the men who are never afraid of a backache in searching for a fresh truth.

Genuine work for the ingathering of souls is like Ruth’s work in her kinsman’s barley-field. It may be described by four P’s.

1. In the first place, it is patient. No pastor or Sunday-school teacher is fit for his post, unless he has rubbed the word "can’t" out of his vocabulary. The hardest part of all Christian work is to toil a great while with little or no result. It takes a long hammering to break some hearts, and to beat some vital truths into some dull consciences. Unless Ruth had been content to pick up one stalk at a time, she never would have got her bag of barley.

2. The next qualification for a good gleaner is to be painstaking. Ralph Wells will find a hundred kernels of golden grain in a passage which a careless reader will pronounce as empty as the east wind. He will spare no pains either to win some young street youth, who was regarded as a fair candidate for the police station. Christ Jesus took a long journey into the coast of Tyre and Sidon, just to bring a blessing to one poor woman. What pains he took with that bigoted and loose-principled woman of Sychar, until he had probed her heart to the core. The longest of all his recorded conversations was with a person whom his disciples would disdain to notice. If Christians would exercise their ingenuity and set themselves resolutely to work, as Harlan Page did, for the conversion of individual souls, our churches might be doubled every year.

3. All good work comes to nothing which is given up when half done, and not persevering. If Harlan Page had stopped that winter evening talk with young E. H. at the corner of the street before his young friend surrendered to Christ, then that soul might have lost the precious gift of eternal life, and New York lost one of its best pastors. "Why do you tell that boy the same thing twenty times?" "Because," replied Susannah Wesley, "the other nineteen times will go for nothing unless the twentieth time makes the impression." God’s Spirit is wonderfully persevering in the conversion and discipline of souls. It required a long process to build up such a man as Paul. A great sculptor never begrudges the chisel strokes which fit his art to shine in the gallery of masterpieces. A Christian is carving for eternity.

4. But no patience, and no painstaking and persevering labor for Jesus will secure the result without the gift of the knees. Prayer brings God to our aid—and then the victory is sure. From Paul’s day to this, the men and women who bring in the big sheaves have been "instant in prayer." Out of the hardest fields and the thorniest experiences, a prayerful soul will gather the "ephah" for God’s granaries. Brother! sister! have you attained to the four P’s in your spiritual training? Then,

at the close of life’s toils, when you stand up for the final reckoning, you will not be afraid to meet the question, "What have you gleaned today?"

SEEKING AFTER HOLINESS The word holiness is formed from holy, which signifies whole, sound, entire. Holiness is equivalent to the old Saxon word health; therefore a holy person is one who has been healed, and is in a sound spiritual condition. The real disease that afflicts and maims and torments and kills—is sin. Holiness is the recovery from the controlling and deadly power of this disease. But as we never yet saw any one so perfectly healthy as never to feel an ache or a pain—so we need not expect here to be beyond the smart of inward sinfulness of desire—the pain of much conscious wrong-doing, and the mortifying sense of incompleteness and shortcoming. The very expression which Paul employs, "you are complete in Him," means, "you are made full in Him." It refers to completeness of provision in Christ, and not to any completeness of performance or character in us. Shall we seek after holiness? Is there any encouragement to do this? Yes; not only encouragement as strong as the love of Jesus can make it—but obligation also. A holy Christian is one who is in good health. The heart has been delivered from the supreme control of the devil, and brought under the blessed dominion of Christ. The conscience is quick to detect sin—even under some smooth disguises—and rises into protest and strong strugglings against it. The affections go out towards Jesus; there is a sweet delight in his service, and an honest endeavor to keep his commandments. A Christian’s liberty is the possibility of serving God; the bond-slave of sin has not reached that, and never can—until Christ strikes off his fetters. One of the best evidences of holiness we know of—is the aim to obey Christ, and the sharp sense of contrition and self-abasement when he has been disobeyed. He who mourns not—mends not. We do not believe that the godliest man or woman lives, who does not often have need to smite on the breast, and cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" For the holiness which fights against sin, battles with temptation, keeps unspotted from the world, and lays SELF on the altar—there is a crying need in our time. It is a sympathetic spirit, going about doing good, yet it has no sympathy with the evil customs and fashions of the world. It strives to keep clean. Against the downward pull of the world—it braces itself and says, "If others do this—yet I will not." It dares to be singular and unfashionable. It keeps out of places where it would be stained; and finds such enjoyment in prayer, in Bible-study, in deeds of charity, and in the innocent joys of life—that it does not hanker after the theater and kindred sensualities. Walking in the Spirit—it does not stoop to the lusts of the flesh. This soul-health, is not obtained by single occasional acts, such as going to a sermon, or a prayer meeting, or by coming to the communion-table. Whatever benefit may be received by these or other exercises, the case demands something deeper than externals. The soul must take in Christ, and let him abide there. The will must submit to him, and let him control, and the life must feel his invigorating power as my body feels the nourishing effect of wholesome bread and the restoring effects of honest sleep. The pulse of the heart must beat for Christ steadily—not with feverish rapidity today, and feeble languor tomorrow.

Surely we may aspire after such health of heart and wholesome and happy living—as are briefly outlined above. The more we possess it—the less shall we boast of it. Other people will detect it, as we do the presence of the fire that is burning in the stove. The inward heat comes out and affects every particle of air in the room. We can no more conceive of genuine holiness that is unfelt by others—than we can of a burning fire that emits no warmth.

GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN

One of the many internal evidences that the Bible is of divine origin, is furnished by its method of dealing with heaven. If it were a human composition, it would devote a large space to that existence in which immortal beings are to spend everlasting ages; it would dwell on numberless particulars in its description of the "better country." But God's Book devotes over one hundred average pages to the rules of life in this world—even though this life on earth is measured by two or three score of years. Its aim is to show us the way to heaven—and when we get there it will be time enough to find out what kind of place it is, and what will be the precise employments of its occupants. A very few sentences only in God's Word are devoted to the description of the saints' everlasting home. The Bible says just enough to pique our curiosity and to stimulate speculation—but not enough to lift the sublime mystery which overhangs it like a cloud of glory. A few things seem clear to us. It is a place—a distinctly bounded one—or else such words as "walls" and "gates" are a mere phantasy. The light of heaven, proceeds from a central throne; for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne is the light thereof.

There is something beautifully suggestive in the many-sidedness of heaven, with gates of entrance from every point of the compass. This emphasizes the universality of God's "many mansions," into which all the redeemed shall enter, from all parts of the globe, and from every denomination in Christ's flock. All shall come in through Christ—yet by many gateways. The variety of "fruits" on the trees of life points towards the idea of satisfying every conceivable taste and aspiration of God's vast household. Heaven is assuredly to be a home; its occupants one large, loving household. It will meet our deepest social longings; no one will complain of lack of "good society." The venerable Emmons is not the only profound thinker who has fed his hopes of "a good talk with the apostle Paul." Dr. Guthrie is not the only parent who has felt assured that his "wee Johnnie" would meet him inside the gate. Many a pastor counts on finding his spiritual children there, as a crown of rejoicing in that day. The recognition of friends in heaven, cannot be a matter of doubt. Nor will any hateful spirit of caste mar the equalities of a home, where all have a common Lord, and all are brethren. When Cyneas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, returned from his visit to Rome in the days of her glory, he reported to his sovereign that he had seen a "commonwealth of kings." So will it be in heaven, where every heir of redeeming grace will be as a king and priest unto God, and divine adoption shall make every one a member of the Royal family. What a comfort that we need never to pull up our tent-poles in quest of a pleasanter residence. Heaven will have no "moving-day." When you and I, brother, have packed up at the tap of death's signal-bell, we set out on our last journey, and there will be a delightful permanence in those words "forever with the Lord!" The paces to that home are few and short. Happy is that child of Jesus whose life-work is kept up so steadily to the line—that he is ready to leave it at an instant's notice; happy is he who is ever listening for the invitation, to hasten to his home.

One of the best evidences of the changed and entirely sanctified condition of Christians in that new world of glory—will be that God can trust us there with complete, unalloyed prosperity! I never saw a Christian yet, who could be trusted with prosperity. Even Paul himself needed a "thorn" to prick his natural pride, and keep him humble. There is not one of us whose religion might not soon decay, like certain fruits, if exposed to the blazing heat of a perpetual sunshine. Here we require constant chastisements and disappointments, and frequent days of cloud and storm. God could not more effectually ruin us—than by letting us have our own way. But in heaven, we can bear to be perpetually prosperous, perpetually healthy, perpetually happy, and freed from even the need

of self-watchfulness! The hardest recognition of heaven—will be to know ourselves. We shall require no rods of discipline there, and there will be no room for crosses in the realms of perfect holiness. Can it be, that you and I shall never see a day that shall ever know a pang, never witness a false step, never hear a sigh of shame or mortification, never see one dark hour, and never have a cloud float through its bright, unbroken azure of glory? Can all this be? Yes, this will all be true of me, if I am Christ's faithful child! But oh! what a changed creature must I be, when I get on the other side of that gate of pearl! Heaven will not be a greater surprise to us than—we shall be to ourselves! THE WRECK OP THE GOLD-SHIPS

There are many passages in the Word of God, that most readers pass by, as they would pass unlighted transparencies in the street at night. If somebody sets a lamp behind the transparency, its picture or inscription becomes luminous, attracting all eyes to it. One purpose of good preaching, is to set lamps behind neglected passages.

Among the overlooked episodes in Old Testament history which are full of suggestive wisdom, is one in the life of that good and great Judaean monarch, Jehoshaphat. His reign exalted the southern kingdom to a high prosperity. He wrought a good educational work among his people, and established a commission for expounding the Mosaic laws. He did many other noble things; but upon the luster of his characteristic good reign, fell one great and grievous shadow.

It was the sin of alliance with wicked men. "Jehoshaphat had great wealth and honor, and he allied himself with Ahab by marriage." Ahab was the profligate tyrant of the northern kingdom. Jehoshaphat gave his son in marriage to Ahab's daughter, and made a military alliance with Ahab, which ended in the battle of Ramoth-Gilead, in which the northern king played a treacherous part and lost his life. Not satisfied with these entangling alliances, which were both prompted by selfish policies, he entered into a commercial partnership with Ahab's successor, the godless Ahaziah. Jehu, a prophet of Jehovah, had the courage to administer the sharp rebuke, "Should you help the ungodly—and love those who hate the Lord? Therefore is wrath upon you from before the Lord!" The narrative of Jehoshaphat' s venture with wicked Ahaziah, reads very much like some of the "big bonanza" schemes of these days in Colorado and Nevada. The two monarchs join hands in a gold-hunting expedition. The sacred chronicler tells us that they built ships in partnership, on the Gulf of Akabah, for the purpose of seeking gold in Ophir. But the wicked enterprise was blasted by the Lord. "Jehoshaphat also built a fleet of trading ships to sail to Ophir for gold. But the ships never set sail, for they were wrecked at Ezion-geber." This was no accidental catastrophe; for the fearless Eliezer told Jehoshaphat plainly, "'Because you have allied yourself with King Ahaziah, the Lord will destroy your work.' So the ships met with disaster and never put out to sea." Upon that illuminated transparency which pictures the wreck of the gold-ships, there blazes out this truth; partnership with sin is a fatal mistake!

We could fill the pages of this book with illustrations of this truth drawn from our own observation. Many a sorrowing father can tell the story of what befell his beloved boy. The youth, fascinated with a set of mirthful fellows, who were immersed in all the amusements of the town, fell into their snares, and spent his evenings with them in their favorite haunts. He comes home in the late hours of the night, while his foolish parents are asleep on their pillows.

It is the old, old story, short but crushing. Like Eli—the father "restrains not" the son when he is "making himself vile," and like Eli, he pays the bitter penalty. When the ruin has been wrought by a

round of wine-suppers, theaters, and brothels, the parents get their eyes open to see that evil company has wrecked their gold-ship. The streets of all our cities, like the rocks of Ezion-geber, are strewed with the ruins of high hopes that went to pieces in wicked associations. When parents entrust a night-key to a son who has no self-restraint or Bible-conscience—they give him a free pass on the road to perdition!

There is another phase of domestic life, in which this Old Testament episode finds its frequent parallels. We recall now an only daughter of rare beauty and accomplishments. Her perilous charms attracted a suitor who was coarse and sensual; but he was heir to an expected fortune. His anticipated wealth bribed the foolish parents and overcame the daughter's scruples. She consented, contrary to her own judgment, to marry him. Within a few years he was disgraced, and she was divorced. God's law is, "Whatever you sow—that shall you also reap."

It was that law, more irresistible than the winds of heaven, that wrecked the poor girl's gold-ship, in broken hopes and a broken heart. Of all the alliances with sin from mercenary motives, the most certainly fatal are those which are made under the sacred name of wedlock. The political history of our country is sadly eloquent with examples of civilians and statesmen who have wrecked their careers by alliances with wrong men, wrong policies, or wrong institutions. Every man, on his entrance upon public life, has his "mount of temptation." If he courageously says, "Get behind me, Satan!" his subsequent path to honor and true success is assured. If he yields—he is lost. The sorceress, during more than one generation, was slavery. By her much fair speech and promises of promotion, she caused many an ambitious statesman to yield to her, and "straightway he went after her—as an ox goes to the slaughter. " This truth of perilous partnerships is full of warnings to business men. Especially is it admonitory to young men who are anxious to reach wealth by short-cuts and are not scrupulous as to the methods. The market is crowded with sharp schemers, the papers abound with glowing announcements of commercial ventures and golden enterprises. The number of credulous Jehoshaphats who are enticed into gold expeditions to Ophir, with Ahaziahs in the partnership, is almost past belief. The wrecks are well near as numerous.

It is not only from wild schemes of speculation that danger arises. Many a merchant, banker, manufacturer, or tradesman has been induced by friends or partners to ally himself with methods and practices which his own conscience, in his better moments, did not approve; but he hushed conscience with the promise of big profits, or with the current sophistry, "Oh! everybody does such things!" The men who, like William E. Dodge, refuse to "break God's laws for a dividend" are rare to find. Commerce and trade, like politics, contain a thousand repetitions of that old Scripture line, "Because you have joined yourself with Ahaziah—the Lord has wrecked your works!"

"Do not be not partakers of other men's sins" is a divine admonition that has not lost its solemn portent. Though hand joins in hand, wrongdoing will not go unpunished. If sin is not punished in this world, then surely it will be in the next. Just as certainly as that the wages of sin is death, so certain is it that eternity will reveal the fearful wreck of innumerable gold-ships—the "loss total, and no insurance!" THE HONEY OF THE WORD

"See how my eyes have been enlightened—when I tasted a little of this honey." So spoke Jonathan, the true-hearted son of a false-hearted father. Saul had pronounced a curse upon any of his army who should taste of food during their pursuit of the enemy. But when the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up their abundant stores, several honeycombs were

found lying upon the ground. The royal prince, not having heard of his father's harsh edict, put forth the rod which was in his hand, and dipped it in a honeycomb and put it to his mouth; and his eyes were brightened. Refreshment came to his hungry frame, and enlightenment to his eyes, which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident is to set forth one of the richest blessings of the Word of Life! The Psalmist extolled it as "sweeter than honey;" but he also exclaimed, "The entrance of Your Word gives light; yes, understanding to the simple." It is not the mere reading of the Word carelessly, or the hearing of it listlessly—but its entrance into the soul—which produces this inward illumination. Thousands of people listen to God's truths every Sunday without any effect on the heart or the life. They do not take the truth into their souls, as Jonathan took the honey into his system. But when the Word is partaken of, and the Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skillful eye surgeon. His mother led him out of doors, and taking off the bandage, gave him his first view of sunshine and flowers.

"O mother!" he cried, "why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" The tears started as she replied, "I tried to tell you, my dear—but you could not understand me!" So the spiritual sight must be opened, in order that the spiritual glories may be discerned. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious gospel our gospel is—until he has swallowed the honey for himself.

Even as a mental discipline, there is no book like God's Book. No other study so strengthens the understanding, clarifies the perceptions, and enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, invigorates the judgment, and educates the whole man. The humblest day-laborer who saturates his mind with this school-book from heaven becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man—but a clearer-headed man.

It was this honey from heaven which gave to the Puritans much of their sagacity, as well as all of their steadfast loyalty to holiness. The secret of the superiority of the Scottish peasantry, is found in that big Bible, which is the daily study at every cottage fireside. What an argument this is for keeping God's own school-book for his children in every school of our land, high or humble. As the honey strewed the forest for Israel's common soldiers to partake of, so the Lord has sent down his Word for the masses. It is more than light, for it is an enlightener. Not only does it reveal the grandest and most elevating truths in the universe—but it improves the actual vision. It makes the blind to see, and the strong-sighted stronger. Who of us that has been terribly perplexed about questions of right and wrong, and been sorely puzzled as to our duty, have not caught a new view and a true view—as soon as he dipped his rod into the honeycomb of God's Word? A single text once settled for me, a vexed question of duty. Cowper found in the twenty-fifth verse of the third chapter of Romans, the honey which brought light to his soul when overclouded with despair. John Wesley thrust his rod into this verse: "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, has made me free from the law of sin and death." Even Paul had not learned his own sin, until the commandment against covetousness opened his eyes. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah so enlightened the eye of the Ethiopian treasurer, that he discovered Jesus the Lamb of God!

Ah, there is many a reader of these pages who can testify how the precious honey from heaven brought light and joy to his eyes—when dimmed with grief. The exceeding great and precious promises were not only sweet—they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of

death. They showed how crosses can be turned into crowns, and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When in a sick-room, I always dip my rod into the honeycomb of the fourteenth chapter of John. It brings Jesus there. One of my bravest Sunday-school teachers so fed on this honey that on her dying-bed she said, "My path through the valley is long—but it is bright all the way."

Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to see himself and to see the Savior of sinners—like the simple Word. The Bible is the book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If the young man will dip his rod into this warning, "Look not on the wine when it is red," he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find heaven and hell to be tremendous realities!

Brethren of the ministry, I do not know how you all may feel; but I am growing confident that our chief business, is not only to eat hugely of this honey ourselves—but to tell our people where to dip their rods! We have got no new gospel for them—no "advanced thought" beyond Moses, John, and Paul. The honey lies thick on the ground. May the divine Spirit help us to point it out to blinded dying men! CAN WE BE SURE?

It was said of a certain magnificent speech of Daniel Webster that "every word weighed a pound." But there is a line in the thirty-fifth Psalm—mostly made up of monosyllables—in which every word weighs a ton. David uttered it in a season of despondency, when he cried out, "Say unto my soul—I am your salvation." The old monarch was in trouble. His own throne was assailed, and so he went to the Everlasting Throne. His own heart was assailed by doubts, and so he sought for a fresh and full assurance of salvation. Whatever David's own experiences may have been, he furnished a golden prayer for universal use in these pregnant, pithy words: "Say unto my soul, I am your salvation." The salvation which all of us most need, is a deliverance from the guilt and dominion of sin—to be liberated from the bondage of that great slave-holder, the devil. Beset with temptations, we need succor when we are tempted. The only salvation "under heaven given among men" is by the atoning blood of Jesus and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. This is a full salvation, a complete salvation; it is God's masterpiece of mercy to us guilty, depraved, and dying sinners! Can this salvation be made sure to a man, and can he be sure that he possesses it? We answer unhesitatingly, Yes! David did not ask for impossibilities, when he asked God to assure him of his salvation. There is no perhaps about the salvation of a true follower of Christ—any more than there is about the rising of tomorrow's sun. It does not depend upon my say, or your say, or any man's say. Only God can give the decisive and infallible assurance to us, that we are safe for this world and for eternity.

Let it be carefully noted, that the prayer is that God would say unto the soul, "I am your salvation." There is no audible voice addressed to the ear; in fact, multitudes hear the offer of salvation every Sunday by the ear—and yet their hearts are as deaf as adders! What God says—can only be heard by the heart. We would define faith to be heart-hearing. And unto the teachable, believing soul, God says wonderful things, and things to make the soul leap for joy. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!" I open the ivory chamber of John's Gospel, and read these words: "Truly, truly, I say unto you, he who hears my word and believes on him who sent me—has everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation." Again, Jesus says in the same Gospel, "This is the will of him who sent me, that

everyone who sees the Son and believes on him—may have everlasting life." "My sheep hear My voice, I know them, and they follow Me. I give them eternal life, and they will never perish—ever! No one will snatch them out of My hand. My Father, who has given them to Me, is greater than all. No one is able to snatch them out of the Father's hand!" Being eternally safe, we have a right to know it, and to feel all the serenity and satisfaction which this ownership by the Lord Jesus can inspire.

Faith is the soul's trust in Jesus as our salvation. It ought to bring a delightful sense of security. But it does not always do so, because it is too weak and doubting to produce assurance. Faith is the milk—and assurance is the cream which rises on it. The richer the milk—the more abundant will be the cream. Assurance is not essential to salvation, as faith is; for God will let a great many people into heaven who had a very feeble faith here on earth. Faith is life, though it be sometimes a very weak, anxious, burdened, and uncomfortable life. Assurance marks a higher degree of health, vigor, joy, and power to overcome.

Peter possessed some faith when he screamed to his Master from the waves, "Lord, save me!" He had reached a much higher attainment by the Spirit when he exclaimed in the market-place of Jerusalem, "This Jesus is the stone despised by you builders, who has become the cornerstone."

Saul of Tarsus had an infant faith born in his soul when he was groping about in the house of Ananias at Damascus. The infant had grown into a giant—when Paul had reached up to the eighth chapter to the Romans, and could shout, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him!" Jesus had really said to Paul, "I am your salvation." Paul had the witness of the Spirit—that he was Christ's. There was an inward conviction and an outward life, and the two corresponded with each other. They both corresponded also to the Spirit's description of true piety in the Bible. When a tree produces the leaves of a pear and the fruit of the pear—we are sure that it is a pear-tree. When a man feels the love of Jesus in his soul and keeps the commandments of Jesus in his life—he has the witness of the Holy Spirit that he is in Christ. Being in Christ, he is safe. There is no condemnation to such a man. The Lord has said unto such a consistent believer, "I am your salvation!" But when an oily-tongued dissembler, who cheats his creditors or lives a life of secret impurity, rises in a prayer-meeting and prates glibly about his holiness or his sanctified attainments, he simply unmasks his own hypocrisy.

We have just said that assurance is not an essential of saving faith; but yet it is the privilege and the duty of a genuine Christian to possess the assurance of Christ's love and protection. Old Latimer used to say that when he had this steadfast trust in his Master, he could face a lion; when he lost it, he was ready to run into a mouse-hole. Why should the soul to whom Jesus has said, "I am your salvation," be continually worrying itself sick with doubts and fears? If I have put my everlasting all in Christ's hands, he is responsible for the trust—as long as I leave it with him.

Two men go out to Colorado and purchase tracts of mining-land. One of them spends half his time worrying about his deed, and in running to the clerk's office to see whether his title is good. While he is tormenting himself in this idiotic way, the other man has worked his goldmine so industriously that he has sent fifty loads of solid ore to the mill. Brethren, if we have taken Christ's word, and committed our souls to his keeping and our lives to his disposal, let us not worry about our title-deeds to heaven. Let us understand the power of the two pronouns "my" and "your." It is my

soul to which the Almighty Jesus says, "I am your salvation." Go about your life-work, brother, and do it honestly and thoroughly. God is responsible for the results and the reward. If I check my baggage to Chicago, it is not mine until I get there. It belongs to the baggage-master. Surely, I ought to have as strong a faith that my immortal soul is safe in Christ's keeping as I have that my trunk is safe in the charge of a railway officer.

Assurance of salvation by the Son of God is no modern discovery. It is not a new invention "patented" by any school of Bible students. It is as old as the cross of Calvary. Paul built his Epistle to the Romans on this rock. The Psalmist of Israel was seeking after it, in his troubles, when he cried out to the living God, "Say unto my soul—I am your salvation!"

ASLEEP IN JESUS No Scriptural description of death is so suggestive and so consoling, as that which is conveyed by the familiar word sleep. It recurs often. Stephen the martyr breathes his sublime prayer, and then "he fell asleep." Our Lord said to his disciples, "Our friend Lazarus is asleep; but I go that I may awaken him out of sleep." Paul, in that transcendently sublime chapter on the resurrection, treats death as but the transient slumber of the body, to be followed by the glorious awakening at the sound of the last trumpet. And then he crowns it with that voice of the divine Spirit, that marvelous utterance which has been said and sobbed and sung in so many a house of bereavement: "Brothers, we do not want you to be ignorant about those who fall asleep, or to grieve like the rest of men, who have no hope. We believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him." No three words are inscribed on more tombs—or on more hearts—than these: "Asleep in Jesus."

These declarations of God's Word describe death as simply the temporary suspension of bodily activities. Not a hint is given of a total end, an extinction, or an annihilation. The material body falls asleep, the immortal spirit being meanwhile in full activity; and the time is predicted when the body, called up from the tomb, shall reunite with the deathless spirit, and the man shall live on through eternity. What we call dying is only a momentary process. It is a flitting of the immortal tenant from the frail tent or tabernacle, which is so often racked with pain and waxes old into decay. Paul calls it a departure: "To depart and be with Christ." The spiritual tenant shuts up the windows of the earthly house before he departs; he muffles the knocker at the ear, so that no sound can enter; he extinguishes the fire that glows about the heart, stops the warm currents that flow through the veins, and leaves the deserted house cold, silent, and motionless. We, the survivors, bend over the deserted heart-house; but there is neither voice nor hearing. We kiss the brow, and it is marble. The beloved sleeper is sleeping a sleep which thunders or earthquakes cannot disturb. But what is there in this slumber of the body which suggests any fear that the ethereal essence of the spirit has become extinct or even suspended its activities? When the mother lays her darling in its crib, she knows that sleep simply means rest, refreshment, and tomorrow morning's brighter eye, nimbler foot, and the carol of a lark in her nursery. When you or I drop off into the repose of the night, we understand that the avenues of the five bodily senses are closed for a few hours; but the mind is, meanwhile, as busy as when we wake. Death means just this: no more and no less.

Above all, they live a fuller, grander life, because they "sleep in Jesus" and are gathered into his embrace, and wake with him, clothed with white robes, awaiting the redemption of the body. In God's good time, the slumbering body shall be resuscitated and shall be fashioned like to Christ's glorious body—it shall be transformed into a condition which shall meet the wants of a glorified

soul in its celestial dwelling-place. Truly, with this transcendent blaze of revelation pouring into the believer's death-chamber and his tomb—we ought never to sorrow as those who have no hope. In this view of death (which is God's own view) how vivid becomes the apostle's exclamation, "I am confident and willing—rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." Who is it that is to be absent? I, Paul—the living Paul—I can be entirely absent from that poor tabernacle of flesh—and yet live! My body is no more Paul. Paul was entirely willing that the old scarred and weary body—might be put to sleep, so that he might go home and be present with his Lord. Then mortality would be swallowed up of life. "Go to sleep, poor, old, hard-worked body," the apostle seems to say, "and Jesus will wake you up in good time, and you shall be made like His glorious body, according to the working whereby he subdues all things unto himself."

Let us not be charged with pushing this Scripture simile too far, when we hint that it illustrates the different feelings with which different persons regard the act of dying. When we are sleepy—we covet the pillow and the couch. When work is to be done, when the duties of the day are pressing on us, then the more awake we are—the better. Sleep then is repulsive. Even so do we see aged servants of God, who have finished up their life-work, and many a suffering invalid racked with incurable pains—who honestly long to die. They are sleepy for the rest of the grave—and the home beyond it.

Yet desire for death is not natural to the young, the vigorous, or especially to the servants of God who are most intent upon their high calling. These recoil from death, however saintly or spiritual they may be, or however strong their convictions are, that heaven is infinitely better than this world. It is not merely the natural shrinking from death (which the man Christ Jesus felt in common with us)—but the supreme idea of serving their God to the utmost possible limit. For Christ here, with Christ yonder—is the highest instinct of the Christian heart. The noble missionary, Judson, phrased it happily when he said, "I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet, when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school. " He wanted to toil for souls until he grew sleepy, and then he wanted to lay his body down to rest and to escape into glory. A dying-bed is only the spot where the material frame falls asleep. Then we take up the slumbering form and gently bear it to its narrow bed in mother earth. Our very word "cemetery" describes this thought. It is derived from the Greek word, which signifies a sleeping-place. Greenwood Cemetery is really a vast dormitory in which tens of thousands are laid to their last repose—some in their gorgeous environments of rosewood and marble, and others in the poor little trundle-beds of the paupers' plot. It is a mingled and mixed sleeping-place; but the Master "knows those who are his." Those who sleep in him—shall awake to be forever with their Lord. On this tremendous question of the resurrection of our loved ones and our reunion with them, our yearning hearts are satisfied with nothing less than certainty. Poetic fancies are a cobweb; analogies from the sprouting of seeds and bulbs, probabilities, intuitions, and all philosophizings are too shadowy to rear a solid faith on. We demand absolute certainty, and there are just two truths which can give it. The first one is the actual fact of Christ's own resurrection from the death-slumber; the second is his omnipotent assurance that all those who sleep in him, shall be raised up and be where he is for evermore!

Those early Christians were wise in their generation, when they carved on the tomb of the martyrs "In Jesus Christ—he fell asleep. THE SEVEN "BLESSEDS"

There are seven benedictions in the book of Revelation, which will repay every Christian's closest study. The first occurs in the opening lines of John's Apocalypse: "Blessed is he who reads, and those who hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein." Just at the close of the Apocalypse, is another similar passage: "Blessed is he who keeps the sayings of the prophecy of this book." These two verses are like the golden clasps, one on each lid, which hold together a dear old family Bible. The divine commendation is here pronounced on the Bible-reader and the Bible-keeper. God's Word always honors itself. No man is fit to preach it—who ever skims over the truthfulness and authority of its every page. The next benediction is pronounced upon the gospel-guests: "Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb." This is what our sound old fathers style "effectual calling." Those who are drawn by the attraction of the cross—are renewed by the Holy Spirit. Theirs is a place at the celestial banquet. Upon them is put the clean and white linen, which is the righteousness of Christ. How careful should every disciple be—to walk unspotted from the world, for every stain looks ugly upon a white ground. Why should we wait until our arrival in heaven—to look clean!

There is a hint as to the method of keeping pure, clearly given in the third benediction: "Blessed is he who watches and keeps his garments, lest he walks naked and they see his shame." No believer can preserve the purity of his character, without prayerful vigilance. "Watch!" And one reason for this watchfulness, is that Christ's coming is to be as unannounced as the midnight robbery of a burglar. The thief never sends us word that he is coming to steal our clothes. It will be a terrible thing to lose our wedding-garment.

Upon the gospel-doers, rests the sweet approval of the fourth benediction. It is the blessing upon those "that keep His commandments." The evidence and the joy of discipleship, both lie in obedience to Christ. This is what the world has a right to demand from us—a religion of fruits. Away with the wretched delusion that "good works" have no place in the Christian's salvation! Faith without works—is dead. He, and he alone, who is born of Christ will be able to pass this searching ordeal. Christ's approval at the last great day will be, "You did it unto me." The next blessing in John's wonderful Revelation, is that angelic voice which floats over the resting-place of the pious dead. "Blessed are the dead—who die in the Lord." To them the perils of the voyage are over. They have cast anchor in the haven. They are safe. Peter shall never deny again, and Paul will no more be obliged to battle with an unruly "body." Calvin and Wesley can clasp hands over the glorious fact that neither one of them shall ever fall from grace. That is a joyful anthem which sings itself so sweetly over a believer's dust, "Blessed is he—for he died in the Lord."

About the last one of the benedictions in this sublime book, there has been no little controversy: "Blessed and holy is he who has part in the first resurrection." Our Millenarian brethren make much of this passage; but none of their ingenious speculations seem to clarify the mystery which hangs over that word "first." It is enough for me that if I fall to sleep in Jesus—I shall awake with him. Little does the date trouble me, or the question of precedence. There is not an unmarked grave in all Christ's household of the slumberers. He will call them up at the last day. "We believe that Jesus died and rose again and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him!" When we all reach that celestial home, we shall see these seven "blesseds" shining like the seven candlesticks before the throne!

Chapter 40

# 05.00. Words of Cheer for Christian Pilgrims

Words of Cheer for Christian Pilgrims Theodore Cuyler, 1896

Section 1 The Land of Beulah God’s Veterans Light at Evening Time The Cedar Christian Living by the Day In the Sunshine of Christ’s Love The Lord’s Shut-Ins Jesus Close By Us

Section 2

Songs in the Night

Waiting on God A Precious Faith Seven Jewels in the Christian’s Casket Mothers in Israel Christ Knows His Own The Honey of God’s Word

Section 3

The Right Kind of Submission Sugar in the Tea; or, The Christian’s Assurance God Never Disappoints Us Fruitful Christians A Little While

Ready!

Cheerful Thoughts about Going Home An Eye on Heaven

# 05.01. Section 1

Words of Cheer for Christian Pilgrims Theodore Cuyler, 1896

The Land of Beulah

Those who are familiar with John Bunyan's immortal allegory will remember how he brings his Pilgrims, in the closing days of their homeward journey, into the Land of Beulah. They had left far behind them the valley of the death-shadow and the horrible Doubting Castle in which Giant Despair imprisoned and tortured his hapless victims. In this delightful Beulah-land, they found the atmosphere very sweet and balmy. They heard continually the singing of birds and saw an abundance of flowers blooming by the wayside. The sun shone by night as well as by day.

Glorious visions of heaven broke upon them; for they were in sight of the Celestial City, and in their walks they encountered several groups of the shining ones. Here they were not in need of the fruits of the field or the yield of the vintage, for the King fed them with an abundance of all the good things which they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. As they walked to and fro in this goodly land, they had more rejoicing than when traveling in regions more remote from their Father's house.

Beside their path were open gates inviting them into orchards and vineyards, and gardens filled with flowers and fruits delicious to their taste. In answer to their questions, the gardener informed Christian and Hopeful that these were the King's gardens, planted by him for his own delight as well as for the solace of the pilgrims. The gardener invited them to freely partake of all the orchards and the vineyards, and bade them refresh themselves with the dainties. They were drawing near to the end of their long journey, and beyond the river that has no bridge, was the New Jerusalem in all its flashing splendors. They were almost home!

Now it may seem at first sadly at variance with facts, to compare the closing years of even the best Christian's life with that region of Beulah which Bunyan has pictured in such glowing colors. Is not old age commonly a period of declining bodily powers and sometimes of increasing mental decrepitude? "Your limbs will tremble with age, and your strong legs will grow weak. Your teeth will be too few to do their work, and you will be blind, too. And when your teeth are gone, keep your lips tightly closed when you eat! Even the chirping of birds will wake you up. But you yourself will be deaf and tuneless, with a quavering voice. You will be afraid of heights and of falling, white-haired and withered, dragging along without any sexual desire. You will be standing at death's door. And as you near your everlasting home, the mourners will walk along the streets." Ecclesiastes 12:3-5

All this is indeed true, in regard to the physical infirmities that overtake many of Christ's faithful followers during the latter stages of their pilgrimage. A Christian has no immunity from disease, or poverty, or affliction, or bodily decline, or death. In these respects the same lot happen to all.

Yet there is another side to the picture. Old age is often a period of activity and of high spiritual joy, as well as of ripe experiences, of that perfect love that casts out all fear. It was "Paul the aged" who was rejoicing in the Lord always, and with many a scar on his back and many a dent on his shield—went home to glory rejoicing! Those who wait on the Lord, renew their strength. Those who have dwelt in blessed communion with God for many a year, and have beheld as in a mirror the glory of their Lord, may find themselves changed more and more into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord.

It is my purpose to present in these following brief chapters, some hearty words of cheer to such of my comrades as have heard the clock of time strike out its solemn threescore years and ten. There is nothing in that sound to frighten us, or to make our lips turn white or our knees to tremble. Rather should this voice out of the eternities quicken our zeal, and fire our ardor, and invigorate our faith, and make us as those whom, when the Bridegroom comes—he shall find watching.

I have some hope, therefore, that many a veteran servant of Jesus Christ, when he or she shall peruse these pages, may feel the soft breezes of Beulah-land fanning their cheeks; and may hear the music of Beulah's singing-birds as a sweet carol from the heavenly climates.

Quite too often, is old age represented under the dreary similitude of winter—with its bitter biting winds whistling through leafless boughs, and its frozen clods ringing like iron beneath our feet. In our American climate, there is a more congenial season which bears the picturesque name of Indian Summer, when nature puts on a sweet smile before the wintry frosts set in, and the lingering foliage is clad in crimson and gold. A Christian life has its bright Indian Summer also. The harvest of good deeds—from good seed sown in early youth—is being garnered. Graces adorn the veteran believer and beautify him like the scarlet glories of an autumn forest. Like shocks of corn ripened in sunshine and shower—are those servants and handmaids of the Lord, who still "bring forth fruit in old age" that is savory to the taste. Whatever may be said of the longevity of the mental powers, some of the most beautiful Christians I know of are in the congenial Indian Summer of threescore and ten. Their orchards are still as fruitful as the orchards of Beulah, and yield their fruits every month. They are always abounding in the work of their Master.

God's Veterans

"The righteous will flourish like a palm tree, they will grow like a cedar of Lebanon; planted in the house of the Lord, they will flourish in the courts of our God. They will still bear fruit in old age, they will stay fresh and green." Psalms 92:12-14

Young Christians are like an orchard in May; every blossom is full of promise. The same people, after the sunshine and showers of forty or fifty years, become like an orchard in October, when the ripe apples are ready for the bin. In this fast age, there is a clamorous demand for young men, and sometimes a disposition to shelve those who are past threescore; but there are some men who will not be shelved, or, if they have been, the public necessities take them down again, and demand their ripe judgment and experience. When a difficult case comes into court, it is commonly a veteran lawyer who is called on to make the decisive argument; when the young physician is baffled by the novel disease—the old doctor, who has hunted down every malady known to mortal flesh, is called into consultation. For many of the achievements of life, youth and early manhood and womanhood are the most favorable; but for certain others—the long experience, the

compacted mental fiber and matured judgment of old age, are the most serviceable endowment. Some people do not get their full growth, until they have passed the meridian. A great deal of wicked nonsense has been written about "the dead line of fifty." The author of that preposterous phrase could never have heard that Milton wrote the "Paradise Lost" and Benjamin Franklin began his philosophical studies, when they had passed that "dead line."

Chalmers at sixty-three was the fieldmarshal of the glorious exodus of the Scottish Free Church; John Wesley at eighty-eight preached every day and still held the helm of Methodism; and Richard S. Storrs at seventy-five can outwork and outpreach a legion of brilliant pulpiteers whose armor sparkles with the "dews of youth." My beloved British brother, Newman Hall, still finds his bow abiding in strength at fourscore; and a most vivacious letter from Neal Dow, the father of "prohibition," now lies before me, written at the completion of his ninety-second year!

There is a vast difference between being old in years—and being old in mental and spiritual force. Some young people have the weakness of senility, while many veterans have the fiber of life's morning far into its afternoon. The secret of keeping young—is to keep at work and never allow the rust to collect on one's weapons. Worry corrodes—but steady mental work strengthens; especially when one obeys the simple laws of health which God has written on our bodies. Actual "retiring from business" is very apt to rust any man out speedily. If a man resigns his store, his shop, or his profession, let him lay hold of something else useful to his fellow men. The celebrated Archibald Alexander kept young, by doing a certain amount of intellectual work every day, so that he would not lose his touch. He was as full of sap on the day before his death—as he was when he mounted his horse and rode through Virginia on his missionary tours at the age of twenty-two. He prepared, and often used, a prayer that was so beautiful that I quote a portion of it for my fellow-seniors on life's arena: "Oh, most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength fails. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from senility and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience, whatever may be your holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last; and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion, and of your faithfulness in fulfilling your gracious promises. And when my spirit leaves this clay tenement, Lord Jesus, receive it! Send some of the blessed angels to convey my redeemed soul to the mansions which your love has prepared; and oh, may I have an abundant entrance ministered unto me into the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." This petition of the veteran servant of God was sweetly fulfilled; and he fell gently asleep, to wake to the exceeding glory.

Mental vigor often continues through old age, and we know that the spiritual graces often grow in depth and vigor by the lapse of years. The Indian Summer of many a life, is its most beautiful period. Its leaf, instead of withering, turns to bright scarlet and gold. Faith grows in its tenacity of fiber—by the long-continued exercise of testing God and trusting his promises. A veteran Christian can turn over the leaves of his well-worn Bible and say, "This Book has been my daily companion, I know all about this promise, and that one, and that other one, for I have tried them for myself. I have a great pile of checks which my heavenly Father has cashed with precious blessings." The Bible of my dear old mother was full of pencil marks set down alongside of the passages which had been her "rod and staff" through a pilgrimage of eighty-five years. To those of my readers who have reached the threescore or the fourscore, I would say that you ought to grow better as you

grow older. Veteran soldiers become more expert in the selection and use of their weapons. In spiritual combats the Christian who has vanquished Apollyon often with the sword of "all-prayer" is able to say, as David said to Abimelech, "there is none like it—give it to me!" The testimonies of men and women who have known not only what, but Whom they believed, carry vast weight. I defy the conceited, scoffing skeptic to answer the experimental arguments of a humble needle-woman of my acquaintance who has known Jesus Christ intimately for fifty years. "Paul the aged" spoke with the authority of a long experience, as well as with the higher authority of a divine inspiration. "The glory of young men is their strength—and the beauty of old men is the gray head." The silvery crown is often worn by those mountain peaks which tower highest toward heaven. As they who voyage toward the Spice Islands catch the fragrance when they approach the shores, so the voyagers to the Better Country inhale sweet foretastes when they draw nearer home.

Bunyan locates a Christian old age, in the land of Beulah, in full bright prospect of the Celestial City, where the singing of birds was heard, and the sun shone night and day. Fellow-pilgrims, be of good cheer! Make happy inventory of your mercies, and never give way to peevish and fretful lamentations. Keep every window of your mind open to new ideas, and strive to keep step with the progress of truth and of our Master’s glorious kingdom. While the love of Jesus flows like the vital sap into every limb and leaf of your nature—let your fruits of grace fall abundantly into the laps of your fellow-men. Every hour of life is precious—don’t idle away the evening, when the morning of glory may break so soon!

Light at Evening Time

God’s Word is an inexhaustible jewel-bed. What a gem of the first water is this beautiful text: "At evening time—it shall be light!" Like a many-sided diamond, it flashes out as many truths as it has polished sides. As the diamond has the quality of glistening in dim and darksome places, so this passage shines brightly in seasons of trouble and despondency. Old people may well put on their spectacles of faith and see what a rare and precious verse it is. The people of God who are under a cloud may also find in it the foretoken of better things to come. The passage gleams out from one of the olden Jewish prophets—from the prophecies of Zachariah, of whom we know very little except that he flourished about the time of the return from Babylon, 520 years before Christ’s advent. He is that cheerful seer who pictures the streets of Jerusalem as yet to be filled with old men leaning on their staffs and little boys and girls playing in the streets. The text occurs at the close of a remarkable passage, which reads as follows in a close translation: "And it shall be in that day, that there shall not be the light of the glittering orbs—but densely thick darkness. But there shall be one day (it is known to Jehovah) when it shall not be day and night; for at the evening time it shall be light." The beautiful text is so rich in spiritual suggestions that we are quite satisfied to catch some gleamings of the diamond.

1. The very essence of hope, is in this inspiring verse. Gray-haired Jacob in his loneliness wails out, "Joseph is dead; Simeon is dead; now they take Benjamin also. All these things are against me!" Presently the returning cavalcade arrives to tell him that Joseph is governor of Egypt, and that he is invited to come and spend his sunset of life, in the best of the land that Pharaoh can offer. A long, troubled day has the patriarch weathered through—but at evening time, it is light. This has been the ten thousand times repeated experience of God’s children.

It is a part of God’s discipline with us—to hide his throne in clouds and darkness. The office of faith is to hold fast to the fact, that behind those clouds—a loving Father dwells upon that throne. It is the office of hope to look for the clearing of the clouds by and by. If we had no storms—we would never appreciate the blue sky. The trial of the tempest—is the preparation for the warm afterglow of sunshine. Blind unbelief is continually railing at God, charging him with cruelty and denying the idea of a special providence of all-wise love. But faith whispers, "Think it not strange, or as though some strange thing happened unto you. God sees the end from the beginning. To the upright, there arises light in darkness. All things work together for good—to those who love him." Hope bids us push on and upward. Only keep pressing higher, and closer to Jesus, instead of wandering downward into doubt and sullen despair. The darkness may be thick about you now, my brother; but the Christian life is a walk of faith. God never deceives his children. If we but keep fast hold of God’s Guiding Hand—we shall find the road to be not one step longer or harder than is best for us. God has piloted every saint through this very road and up these very hills of difificulty. It will be better further on. Every chastening of a believer’s soul lies at the end of a painful ordeal. Every success worth the having lies at the end of brave, protracted toil. Twenty years of storm must be battled through by Wilberforce and Clarkson before Negro emancipation is enacted by the British Parliament. At evening time the sky was crimsoned with the flush of victory.

2. This passage has a beautiful application to a Christian old age. Many people have a silly dread of growing old, and look upon gray hairs with dread. But, if life is well spent, its Indian Summer ought to bring a full granary and a golden leaf. The spiritual light at the twilight of life, becomes mellower; it is strained of mists and impurities. The aged believer seems to see deeper into God’s Word—and further into God’s heaven.

Yet not every human life has a golden sunset. Some suns go down under a cloud. At evening time it is cold and dark. I have been looking lately at the testimonies left by two celebrated men who died during my boyhood. One of them was the king of novelists, the other was the king of philanthropists. Both had lost their fortunes and lost their health. The novelist wrote as follows: "The old body gets more shattered every day. Windows will not pull up; doors refuse to open and shut. Sicknesses come thicker and faster, friends become fewer and fewer. Death has closed the long, dark avenue upon early loves and friendships. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those once dear to me." Ah! that is not a cheerful sunset of a splendid literary career. At evening time it looks gloomy and the air smells of the sepulcher.

Listen now to the old Christian philanthropist, whose inner life was hid with Christ in God. He writes: "I can scarcely understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be just as happy without a fortune as with one." The veteran pilgrim was getting nearer home. The Sun of Righteousness flooded his western sky. At evening time—it was light.

3. What a contrast there is between the death-bed of the impenitent and that of the adopted child of God, whose hope is anchored to Jesus. The one is dark; a fearful looking forward to a wrath to come. The other is the earnest expectation of an endless day which lies beyond the glorious sunset. I have just come from the sick-room of a woman whose life is ebbing away amid intense bodily suffering. It is one of the most cheerful spots in this sorrow-laden world. Jesus is watching by that bedside. He administers the cordials. He stays up that sinking head. "I am with you always" is to her the promise and foretoken of that other state of joy, "where I am—you shall be also." At

evening time that chamber of death is light!

The Cedar Christian

Strolling one bright summer morning over the velvet carpet of Chatsworth Park, we came suddenly upon a cedar of Lebanon. It was the first and only one we ever saw—this lone representative of the most regal family of trees upon the globe. Every bough was laden with glorious association to us. Broad, gnarled, rough old tree as it was—yet it blossomed with poetry and hung golden with heavenly teachings. As we gazed through our tears at the exiled sovereign, the voice of the psalmist was in our ears, "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." With that hardy veteran of Chatsworth in our mind's eye, let us say a word about the kind of cedar Christians that we need in our day. Of pliant, willow church-members; of brash and brittle basswood professors; of pretentious, fashion-following, bay-tree Christians—we have quite too many. Give us more cedars for the pulpit and for the pews!

1. The first quality of the cedar, is that it GROWS. It is a live tree. Where there is hearty life—there must be growth. And it is the lamentable lack of inward godliness, which makes the stunted professor. There is not vitalizing sap enough in his heart-roots to reach up into the boughs of his outward conduct. There is not vigor enough in the trunk of his character, to stand erect. No answering showers brought down by fervent prayer, cleanse the dust of worldliness from his yellow, sicklied leaves.

There he is—just as he set out in the church a score of years ago; no larger, no broader, no brighter in graces than he was then! The caterpillars of lust have spun their unsightly webs all over his branches. He has not grown an inch—in any one Bible trait. He has not yielded one single fruit of the Spirit. He is a cumberer of the ground—fit only to be cut down. He is all the while drinking up God's pure air and water—and yet fulfilling Satan's purpose! Not of such a prayer-neglecting professor, not of such a time-serving, money-loving, fashion-worshiping professor, could we honestly say, "He grows like a cedar in Lebanon."

2. But the cedar not only grows; it has a peculiar style of growth which God's people may well imitate. It grows through all weathers. It is a hardy tree, or else it could not live a month in the arctic climate of Lebanon's sky-piercing summits. Delicate plants might thrive on the warm lap of southern exposures—but not up among the rifts of whirling snows, or where the steel-like air gleams under the silent moon. Sudden hurricanes may twist off the gorgeous magnolias of the valley, or crack the brittle bay-tree—but let the gale rage ever so fiercely on Lebanon's blustering heights, let the snow-squadrons join battle—the cedar tosses the tempest from its elastic boughs, and stands firm like the everlasting mountain under it. In God's Church there are to be found just such hearty characters, storm-proof, money-proof, temptation-proof. What a plantation of such cedars were the early apostles! What a coronet of stalwart storm -defiers graced the summit of God's Zion in Reformation days! John Knox, who never feared the face of man; burly Latimer, who marched singing to Smithfield's kindled stake; John Huss, gazing up into the open heavens from the suffocating smoke and flame which are wrapping his tortured limbs—all these were cedars through whose branches the very gales of persecution made glorious music.

Here and there—is such a cedar Christian discoverable in our century. They never bend. They never break. They never compromise. To such Christians, worldliness comes, and

smooth-tongued expediency comes, and sensual pleasure comes—but "finds nothing in them." Hurricanes come down amain upon them—but the cedar of principle proves an overmatch for the blast of selfishness, worldliness, or power. Persecution only makes the roots of resolution strike the deeper, and the trunk of testimony stand the firmer.

3. The greatest peril to such Christians as read these lines, will not come in the form of persecution—but rather from those secret influences which are the most fatal in the every-day life of the professor. There is a whole colony of busy insects which will test the quality of a believer's timber.

Insidious worms gnaw out the very heart of the pretended piety of the false professor. When the community is shocked by the scandalous sin of some prominent man in the church—it is only the crack of a beam which was worm-eaten by secret sin long before!

He alone is a cedar of Christ's training and polishing—who is sound to the very core! For the cedar was famous for its solidity of wood. It knew no decay. It afforded no asylum to any stealthy insect—which turned its aromatic wood into dust and ashes. Therefore did Israel's royal temple-builder select it for the most conspicuous and important portions of the edifice on Mount Moriah. With its fine grain, its high polish, and delightful fragrance, every lintel and every door-post was at once a strength and an ornament to the temple of the living God. So stand the faithful, fearless minister of Christ, the incorruptible Christian layman, the unflinching testimony-bearer for the truth as it is in Jesus. They bid defiance to the worm of sin while they live, and to the worm of calumny when they are dead. Centuries hence their memory will be as sound and as fragrant as the chests of sandal-wood in which the Oriental kings were accustomed to conceal their treasures.

4. The last noticeable thing with the cedar is its breadth of limb. The verdant veteran of Chatsworth had a diameter of branches, greater than his height. Elliot informs us that he saw cedars on the top of Lebanon that were thirty feet in circumference of trunk! Their limbs were so wide-spreading that the diameter of the branches from the extreme of one side of the tree to the opposite extreme was one hundred feet! Under that majestic canopy a whole regiment might find shelter. Now, we need not go far to find just such a broad-armed Christian. Broad in his sympathy with all the "faithful in Christ Jesus" of every sect; broad in his love of man, irrespective of climate, color, or condition; broad in his financial benevolence, is our cedar brother. Hundreds of happy beneficiaries lie down under the shadow of his liberality. The poor scholar whom he helps with books, the poor orphan whom he helps to a home, the poor harlot and the drunkard for whom he builds the asylum, the poor sin-struck heathen man of far-away India to whom he sends the "good tidings," are, each and all, the richer for his broad-limbed beneficence.

There is room for regiments of sufferers to encamp under such a man. It will make a sore and sorrowful void—when that imperial cedar is transplanted to the banks of the crystal river in the Paradise of God!

Living by the Day

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best, strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another, like the blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptation to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried,

and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year—but really there is only one working day—and that is today. "Each day has enough trouble of its own." This is just the sort of living that I commend to my readers. God means to shut you up to this style of thinking and planning and doing—when he makes his gracious promise, "As your day—so shall your strength be." The journey made up a high mountain, is simply a succession of steps. If the climber attempts to leap upward—he exhausts his strength; if he looks down—he grows dizzy; and if he looks too far forward—he gets discouraged by the distance yet to be surmounted. So in accomplishing each day's work—you have simply to take one step at a time, and to take that wisely is all that you need to think about.

"Don't worry about tomorrow!" God never made a Christian strong enough to stand the strain of today's duties—and all the load of tomorrow's anxieties, piled upon the top of them. The apostle Paul himself would have broken down, if he had attempted the foolish experiment. We have a right to ask our Heavenly Father for strength equal to the day—but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength beyond it! My friend, learn to take short views. If you have money enough today for your daily needs, and something for Christ's treasury, don't torment yourself with the idea that you will yet end up in the poor-house. If your children cluster around your table today, enjoy the music of their voices—train them for God and trust them to God, without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may be carried off by scarlet fever, or the older ones may fall into bad marriages or some other disaster. Faith carries present loads, meets present battles, feeds on present promises—and commits the future to a faithful God. So we exhort you again most earnestly to take short views. Let us not climb the high wall—until we get to it; or fight the battle—until it comes; or shed tears over sorrows which may never come, or lose the joys and the blessings, that we have by the sinful fear that God may take them away from us. We need all the grace that he can give us for today's battles. I should not penetrate into the secrets which tomorrow hides—if I could. It is far better to know Whom we trust, and that he is able to keep all that we commit to him until the last great day. The earnest Christian who lives by the day, not only faces each duty or each trial as it comes—but he also is on the lookout for each day's opportunities for serving his Master. Almost every Christian promises himself that some time or other—he will be very holy-minded and very useful. The growing, productive Christian, is he who is on the watch for opportunities, and grasps them when they come. The beautiful morning-glories which opened in my little garden yesterday, are all withered away. So with some precious opportunities to serve my Savior and to do good to my fellow-man—they will never bloom again. But there were fresh flowers which opened with this morning's sun; even so does our Master give us a fresh chance to serve him and to bless others every day we live.

Here lies the basic difference between profitable and unprofitable Christians. The one class are always looking for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus. Harlan Page made it a rule never to talk to any person even for fifteen minutes without saying something helpful to profit that person's soul. Our days are very much what we choose to make them. The happy days are those in which we improve the golden occasions, and the most terrible specter that can haunt us is the spirit of a lost opportunity. That is what will make hell so unendurable to those who fling away Christ's loving offers and their time for repentance. With new duties come new supplies of grace every morning to those who seek it by earnest prayer. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered fresh manna every

morning—so must we look upward for a fresh supply of heavenly rations for the day's march. The early hour is the best for prayer and for feeding on God's word. In these times of awful stress and strain on business men, would it not clear their heads and nerve their faith if they would stop, amid the heat of the day's toil and hurry, to have a few minutes face to face with God? The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances—but in our own heart life. A large draught of Bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make your feet "like hinds' feet" for the day's march.

If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight, bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds which blow. Live for Jesus by the day, and on every day—until you come where "the Lamb is the light thereof," and there is no night there.

In the Sunshine of Christs Love

One of the historic landmarks of the church of Christ, was that "upper room" in Jerusalem where the Master instituted the sacrament which commemorates his atoning love. After he had broken the bread, and given the cup to his disciples, he summons them to "arise and go hence," and leads them out towards Gethsemane. What a wonderful walk was that, and what a wonderful talk he gave them as they moved through the silent streets to the valley of Kedron! That chamber had been redolent of his redeeming love; the atmosphere was laden with its sweet fragrance. The first thing he speaks of, is the vital union which he has formed between them and himself—a union as close as that of the parent vine to all its branches and tendrils. Then he tells them that even as the Father had loved him so did he love them, and tenderly charges them, "Abide in my love." Not their love to him—but his love for them. He had created a warm, bright, blessed atmosphere of love, and he urges his little flock to continue in it. Is it possible for all of us Christians, to live steadily in this bright sunshine, where his love is falling in a constant stream of warm effulgence? It must be possible; for our Master never commands what we cannot perform. Sinless perfection may not be attainable in this life; but there is one thing which all of Christ's redeemed people can do—and that is to keep themselves in the delightful atmosphere of his love. It is our fault and our shame that we spend so many days in the chilling fogs, or under the heavy clouds of unbelief, or down in the damp, dark cellars of conformity to the world.

There are three conditions which Christ enjoins upon us. If we fulfill them—we shall abide in the sunshine of his love.

I. The first one is obedience. "If you keep my commandments—you shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love." A boy leaves home for school or college and his mother packs his trunk, with many a tear moistening his wardrobe. She puts a Bible there, and says to him, "Now, my dear boy, this you will read every morning and night; and while you are on your knees in prayer—your mother is with you." In like manner we who call ourselves Christians should ever abide in the bright warm atmosphere of our Master's love.

We must heartily accept a whole Christ, both as Savior and Lord, and accept him without any reserves or limitations. He has a right to command—it is ours simply to obey.

2. The second direction for keeping in the bright beamings of the divine love is growth in godly character. Turn to the Epistle of Jude and read this: "Building up yourselves on your most holy faith—keep yourselves in the love of God." The construction of a Christian character is like the construction of a house. There must first be a solid foundation. But some church members never get much beyond this.

Up yonder on Lafayette Avenue are long lines of massive stone work, laid there twenty years ago. Those grass-grown stones are the foundation for a cathedral—but no cathedral stands there yet. Some people start with a certain amount of faith in Christ, and profess that before the world. Then they stop there. They do not "add to their faith courage, temperance, meekness, patience, godliness, love," and all the other stones that enter into a solid and beautiful Christian life. Every Sunday they come and draw away more bricks and stones, in the shape of truth; but they do not build them into their character. Such self-stunted professors know but little of the sweet sunshine and joy of Christ's smile. They may be growing rich, or growing popular, or growing in self-esteem—but they are not growing in grace. They try to live in another atmosphere, than the love of Christ, and their piety is "winter-killed" and withering away. Such religion is a poor joyless thing; it succeeds no better than an attempt to raise oranges among the freezing fogs of Newfoundland.

3. There is one more essential to a strong and a happy life. Keeping Christ's commandments and constructing a solid, godly character cannot be done without divine help. Therefore the apostle adds, "Praying in the Holy Spirit—keep yourselves in the love of God." I can understand why a backslider does not pray; or, if he does, makes it a hollow formality. But every one who desires to be lifted into the sweet, warm atmosphere of communion with Christ—must use the wings of fervent prayer. Those who make it their business to battle down besetting sins, and to build themselves up in Bible holiness, cannot make headway without constant laying hold of the promises of divine strength. Prayer keeps us in the love of Jesus; and while keeping in that warm, pure, healthy atmosphere—we find that praying has wonderful power. Jesus told his disciples that if they would only abide in his love—they might ask what they would and it shall be done unto you!"

Then, my good friend, do you want to be happy? Do you want to have power with God—and peace with yourself? Do you want to get some installment of heaven in advance? There is only one sure way, and that is to live in the light-giving, warmth-giving sunshine of your Savior's love!

The Lord's Shut-ins

Just why the loving Master confines some of his choicest and best people in rooms of suffering, and cripples others in body or in purse—we cannot always tell. One thing is very clear, and that is that he does not mean to cripple their usefulness. To speak for Christ or to work for Christ is often easy and pleasant; but to bear for Christ either pain, or poverty, or confinement, with courageous patience, is more eloquent than many a pulpit discourse. No portion of Paul's wonderful career was productive of more solid results—than the years of his imprisonment at Rome. He styled himself an "ambassador in chains," and he preached the kingdom of God to those around him, until there were many converts in "Caesar's household." He wrote seven of his thirteen epistles while he was the prison chaplain under the eyes of Nero's jailers. One of these was the letter to Philippi, which is the epistle of gratitude for divine mercies and of exultant joy under sharp

afflictions.

If the cages of birds are sometimes covered up in order to make them sing, the old hero was caged to furnish to the world one of its most melodious epics of sublime faith in Jesus. Satan afterwards clapped John Bunyan into a prison, and lo, out of the windows of the Bedford jail—floated the transcendent allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress"! The service of Jesus Christ is not limited by any stress of circumstances. A sick chamber has often been made a chosen spot for glorifying God. The celebrated Halyburton of Scotland welcomed scores of visitors to his sickroom where they stood around his bedside and listened to words which seemed to be inspired by a glimpse of heaven from the land of Beulah. None of his previous sermons equaled his discoursings from that bed of suffering. "This is the best pulpit," said he, "that I was ever in. I am laid on this bed for this very end—that I may commend my Lord." He called it a shaking hands with the King of Terrors. After a night of agonizing pain he said to his wife, "Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters; and he said to me, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, and I have the keys of death." He stilled the tempest in my soul, and there is a great calm. I have ripened fast under the bright sun of righteousness.'' After his voice failed him in the last moments—he continued to clap his hands in triumph.

It is not only by such joyful testimonies to the sustaining power of divine grace, or by cheerful patience, that the prisoners of Jesus Christ have preached and are preaching his precious gospel. There are many ways of doing good open to invalids. During the years that the wife of Charles Spurgeon was confined to her sickroom, she conceived the plan of providing commentaries and useful books for poor ministers and village preachers. She told me that over one hundred thousand such volumes had been secured in response to her appeals. When I visited her last summer in the beautiful old home at Westwood, I found that she was cheering the lonely hours of her widowhood, by continuing this labor of love.

Some of Charlotte Elliott's sweetest hymns, in England—and some of the best productions of Mrs. Paull, in our own land, have been written during periods of confinement in the chamber of an invalid. A large-hearted lady, shut in from her former activities out-of-doors, spends much of her time in folding and addressing little leaflets of awakening or of consoling truth—to those who may be profited by them. In many a house there is a room whose silent influence is felt all over the dwelling. The other members of the family come there to inquire after the sufferer—to bring some choice fruit or pleasant gift, to read aloud, or watch with her through the lonesome night. From that room steals forth an influence which makes everyone gentler and tenderer and more unselfish. Perhaps this may be one of the reasons why God permits some of his children to suffer; they not only grow purer by the chastening—but become evangelists of blessing to others. Paul in his prison prompted many besides Onesiphorus to deeds of sympathy for him, and he evoked such deeds of kindness from his spiritual children at Philippi, that he writes to them that their love "has blossomed out afresh." That is the literal rendering of the message sent by the old, sunny-souled prisoner of Jesus Christ. The Master takes great delight in many of his shut-ins. They are weaving bright crowns for themselves, to be worn in that land in which none shall say "I am sick," and neither shall there be any more pain!

Jesus Close by us

"Make Christ your constant companion," says my brilliant Scotch friend, Drummond, in one of those practical addresses which he is scattering like golden grain over our land. This is the secret of a strong, serene and sanctified life.

"Lo, I am with you always" is his precious promise; and he is the happiest and the holiest Christian, who invites the Master to be ever at his side, and who is becoming more and more changed into his image. The godly-minded Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, kept a portrait of the missionary, Henry Martyn, hanging on the wall of his study. Looking up at the bright, youthful face, he would often say, "There, see that blessed man. No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying to me, 'Be serious, be earnest, don't trifle.'" Then bowing toward the benign countenance of Martyn, Simeon would add, "No, I won't. I won't trifle." If the good Cambridge preacher caught a constant inspiration by looking at the silent face of the great missionary, how much more may we do so by keeping our Savior constantly before us and beside us. He is ever saying to us, "Look at me, learn of me, live for me!"

Sometimes a smooth-tongued temptation assails us, and when we are wavering, a sight of Him who conquered the great adversary breaks upon us, and we get the grace to drive the tempter from us. Sometimes we are inclined to shirk a disagreeable duty or hard task that goes against the grain. How promptly our Master's voice is heard, "Whoever will not take up his cross, and come after me, is not worthy of me!" At another time our spirits are sinking down, under discouragement or disappointment. Just then the loving countenance draws up very close and we catch the cheering words, "Let not your heart be troubled; I am with you; my grace is sufficient for you." When we are tempted to bolt out a hot resentful word, or to practice some shabby deceit, the sorrowful countenance whispers in our ears, "Wound me not in the house of my friends." And when we have come back ashamed and crestfallen from some cowardly desertion of the right, or some compromise with conscience, oh, how that eye which fell upon skulking Peter seems to say to us, "Will you also go away? Could you not watch with me one hour?"

Evermore is that divine Master and Monitor not far from every one of us, watching every step, rebuking every lapse, chiding every delay, and arousing us to every fresh call to duty, or to grapple with the many-headed devil of selfishness.

Prayer has a new stimulus and encouragement, if we realize that Jesus is close by us. He is within call. The telephone is one of the marvels of modern invention, bringing a whole community within speaking distance of each other. Yet it has its defects and limitations; it may be out of order, or be in use by some long-winded customer, or the ear may be lacking at the other end of the wire. But the telephone of faith always reaches the open ear of our beloved Lord; yes, a million voices may all be addressing him at once without delay and without confusion. He is near unto all who call upon him. The very phraseology of his promise recalls the familiar process of telephoning: "You shall call—and the Lord will answer; you shall cry—and he shall say, Here I am." In every phase of prayer, whether confession of sin, or offering thanks, or supplicating help—this blessed near-at-handness of Jesus, is a precious encouragement. His seeming delays are not denials of us; he may be only testing our faith or our sincerity. Do not let us think of prayer as the coaxing or the conquering of a reluctant friend—but rather as the confident appeal to One who is always wise, and always willing to give us what is best for us. Not only is our loving Master within call; he is ever within our reach. A very present help is he in time of trouble. Peter sinking in the waves cries out,

"Lord, save me!" and immediately the almighty arm grasps his. While all others on board the tempest-tossed ship were smitten with panic, Paul has One by his side who says to him, "Fear not, Paul; you must be brought before Caesar." And soon afterward, when the weather-beaten old hero faces the savage Nero with cheek unblanched, it is because the Lord Jesus stood with him and strengthened him.

One of the chief purposes of trial and affliction, is to make us send for our Savior. If the famine had not reached to the land of Canaan, the sons of Jacob never would have found their brother Joseph. If there is no famine in our souls—we do not hunger for Christ; blessed be the sharp trial which impels us to throw out a grasping hand on our Elder Brother! A peculiar trial sometimes besets us. We are perplexed with the mysteries of providence and have an intense craving for some explanation. We long for complete knowledge—on the spot. The divine dealings with us are dark and incomprehensible. At such times if we will but listen—we will hear a Voice saying to us, "I am with you; what I am doing you do not understand now—but you shall know hereafter."

How encouraging is the thought to every awakened sinner—that he need not go off searching after a Savior and feeling after him in the dark! Jesus is already at your heart’s door, my friend. He is knocking for admission. Let him in! He will come to stay. Some of us have known lately how close the loving Jesus is in a dying chamber. In one house the little song-bird of the family was gasping for life, and Christ just opened the cage and let the darling soar up to the sunny climates. A beloved daughter lay dying; but the Master gently said, "She is not dying, she only sleeps; so give I my beloved sleep." Our gray-haired father or mother is entering the valley of the death-shade; and the calm testimony of their trust is, "I fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff—they comfort me."

# 05.02. Section 2

Songs in the Night

We always think of our Lord and Savior as a divine teacher, preacher, and worker of wondrous miracles; we seldom or never think of him as a singer. Yet there is every probability that on one occasion his voice joined in a service of sacred song; and he may have done this on other occasions. On that night when he had eaten the paschal supper with his disciples, and delivered his last loving discourse to them, "they sang a hymn"; and we may well suppose that the Master's voice blended with theirs. The hymn usually sung at the close of the Passover supper was that majestic old Hebrew song of praise beginning with the words, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endures forever!"

Gethsemane, the betrayal, and the dreadful conflict in the garden were just before him; yet our Master set us the sublime example of a "song in the night"—and that, too, the darkest night he had ever known on earth. A few years afterward, Paul and Silas are confined in a stifling dungeon at Philippi—their backs lacerated with the scourgings of their brutal persecutors. Instead of wails and groans, the two heroes break forth into such a triumphal burst of sacred song that their fellow prisoners are awakened by the extraordinary duet! It was a glorious triumph of spiritual exultation over bodily tortures, when, in the black gloom of that midnight,

"Paul and Silas, in their prison,

Sang of Christ the Lord arisen." In these experiences of our Lord and of his two apostles, there were literal songs in the night; and they were the ante-types of thousands of Christian experiences in all subsequent times. It has always been the test of the deepest and the strongest faith that, like the nightingale, it could pour forth its sweetest melodies in the hours of darkness. This is a spiritual phenomenon, not to be explained by ordinary natural law. It is supernatural. The Bible tells us that "God our Maker—gives songs in the night." This happy phrase explains itself. It means that in times of sorest affliction, our Heavenly Father gives to his faithful children cause for songs—both the matter to sing about, and the spirit of grateful praise. While they are sitting under the shadow of severe trial—he can wrap them about with "the garment of praise" and fill their mouths with singing. While selfishness is fretting, and unbelief is blaspheming, faith has a voice of its own—pitched to a high key of love and trust, and gratitude and holy joy. That old-time saint had caught this pitch when he sang: "Even though the fig trees have no blossoms, and there are no grapes on the vine; even though the olive crop fails, and the fields lie empty and barren; even though the flocks die in the fields, and the cattle barns are empty—yet I will rejoice in the Lord! I will be joyful in the God of my salvation!" You cannot starve a man, who is feeding on God's promises; and you cannot make any man or woman wretched, who has a clean conscience, and the smile of God, and the love of Jesus shed abroad in the soul.

What a thrilling outbreak of triumphant faith was that which came from the brave old Thomas Halyburton of Scotland in the darkest hours of his bereavement! When a much loved son was

taken away, he makes this record: "This day has been a day to be remembered. Oh, my soul, never forget what this day I reached. My soul had smiles that almost wasted nature. Oh, what a sweet day. Today, my child, after a sharp conflict, slept pleasantly in Jesus, to whom pleasantly he was so often given." His own fatal sickness was very protracted, and was attended with intense suffering. After a night of excruciating pain he said to his wife, "Jesus came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters, and he said to me, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, and I have the keys of hell and of death.' He stilled the tempest in my soul, and lo! there was a great calm." A philosopher of the Hume and Huxley school would be likely to dismiss all this as a devout dream of an excited imagination. But Halyburton was a hard-headed professor of theology in a Scotch university—not a style of man easily carried away by the illusions of a distempered fancy. "You are beside yourself," said the pagan Festus to the acutely logical apostle, who wrote what Coleridge pronounced to be the most profound production in existence. No skeptic's sneers can explain such spiritual phenomena. When men of the caliber of Paul sing such "songs in the night" as he sent forth from Caesar's guardhouse, they cannot be explained on any theory of frigid psychology.

While dark hours of calamity or bereavement bring to the ordinary man of the world distress and peevish complaints, they bring to a Christ-possessed soul tranquil submission, and often an uplift of triumphant joy. Such experiences are contrary to the ordinary course of nature. They can only be accounted for by that deeper and divine philosophy which makes God to be the direct personal comforter of his own people in their season of sore affliction. When they pass through valleys of the death-shadow, it is his rod and his staff which support them. The path of trial may lead down into grim and gloomy gorges that no sunbeams of nature penetrate; but "You are with me" is the cheerful song which faith sings along the darksome road.

There are some of us old-fashioned Christians, who still believe that a loving God creates dark nights as well as bright noon-days; that he not only permits trouble—but sometimes sends troubles on his own children for their spiritual profit. As many as he loves—he sometimes corrects and chastens; and a truly filial faith recognizes that all his dealings are perfectly right. "Happy is the man whom God corrects; therefore do not despise the chastening of the Almighty."

I have seen a farmer drive his ploughshare through a velvet greensward, and it looked like a harsh and cruel process; but the farmer's eye foresaw the springing blades of wheat, and that within a few months that torn soil would laugh with a golden harvest. Deep soul-ploughings bring rich fruits of the Spirit.

I have often had occasion to tell my parishioners that there are bitter mercies as well as sweet mercies; but they are all mercies, whether given to us in honey—or given in wormwood. The day is God's and the night also. This is as true in the realm of grace—as in the realm of nature. God orders the withdrawal of the sun at evening time—yet that very withdrawal reveals new glories in the midnight sky. Then, how the creation widens to our view! The stars which lay concealed behind the noontide rays, rush out and fill the spangled canopy. So in the night seasons which often descend upon the Christian, fresh glories of the divine love are revealed, fresh power is given to our faith, fresh victories are won, and a new development is made of godly character.

What sweet voices—are God's promises to our chastened hearts! What deep melodies of praise do the night hours hear! "The Lord commands his loving kindness in the daytime—and in the night

his song shall be with me."

I trust that these simple, honest words may come as a lamp into some sick chamber, or into some house of sorrow, or into some sorely-troubled hearts. Bethany had to become a dark town to two poor women before Jesus could flood it with joy. Before Gethsemane's midnight struggle, Christ himself chanted a hymn; and happy is the man or woman who can go into life's hard battle singing! The ear of God hears no sublimer music—than a Christian's songs in the night.

Waiting on God

"Those who wait on the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint!" Isaiah 40:31. It is very easy to misunderstand this word "wait," and regard it as meaning inactive passivity. There is a vast deal of nerve in the original Hebrew; it signifies to be strong enough to hold out. It expresses a solid endurability such as belongs to a stiff piece of oak, which never bends and never breaks under heavy pressure. The word signifies patience—as opposed to worry and despondency. Waiting, in this oft-quoted text, denotes a habit of mind—a devout habit that loves to call on God, a submissive habit that is ready to receive just what God sees fit to send, an obedient habit that is glad to do just what God commands, a stalwart habit of carrying such loads as duty lays upon our backs. It is a religion of conscience, and not a mere effervescence of pious emotion. In short, it is a grace, just as much as the grace of faith, or love, or humility.

If you and I have this grace, and if we practice it, what may we expect? The first thing is that God will "renew our strength." For every new occasion, every new trial, every new labor, we shall get new power. If we have failed, or have been foiled, God will put us on our feet again. The spiritually weak will gain strength, and those who were strong before—will wax stronger. Just such a well of spiritual force, is the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming to him in a receptive, suppliant, hungering spirit, he restores our souls, he heals our sickness, he girds up our weak will as with steel, he infuses iron into our blood, he makes our feet like hinds' feet; we can run without getting weary.

Paul had put himself into just such a connection with the Source of all power, when he exclaimed, "I can do all things through Christ—who strengthens me." All the men and women of power—are men and women of prayer. They have the gift of the knees. Waiting on the Lord by prayer has the same effect on them that it has on an empty bucket to set it under a rain-spout. They get filled. The time spent in waiting upon God is not wasted time. "I have so much to do," said Luther, "that I cannot get on with less than two hours a day in praying!" After I have heard Spurgeon pray—I have not been so astonished at some of his discourses. He fed his lamp with oil from the King's vessels—and his sermons were full of light.

Waiting on God not only gives strength, it gives inspiration. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." God means that every soul which waits on him, shall not creep in the muck and the mire, nor crouch in abject slavery to men or devils. When a soul has its inner life hid with Christ, and lives a life of true consecration, it is enabled to take wing, and its "citizenship is in heaven." He catches inspiration; he gains wide outlooks; he breathes a clear and crystalline atmosphere. He outflies many of the petty vexations and groveling desires that drag a worldling down into the mire. What does the eagle care for all the turmoil, the dust, or even the murky clouds that drift far beneath him—as he bathes his wing in the translucent gold of the upper sky? He flies in company

with the sun. Just so, a heaven-bound soul flies in company with God.

You may gain all this strength and reach these altitudes of the Christian life, my friend, if you will wait steadily on God and knit your soul's affections fast to Jesus Christ. You will find a wonderful lift in your piety. You will be delighted to find what power it has to carry you clear of low, base, groveling desires, and to inspire high ambitions and holy thoughts. It will kindle joy in the darkest hours of affliction, and keep you as serene as the stars which no storm-clouds can ever reach. Try all this for yourself. Quit waiting on your fellow-men's opinions and rules and ways of living—and try waiting on God. Try the wings of prayer. Set your affections on things above, and insure your heart's best treasures—by lodging them in heaven.

Keeping thus the Godward side of your life clear and strong—your piety will be all the stronger on its manward side. The celestial springs will brighten and fertilize and refresh the lowly valleys of your every-day existence. Christ will be with you every day in your home, in your business, in your fields, in your shop, in your humblest toils. Christ will sweeten your daily cup. His love will lighten every cross and every care. Don't expect to get to heaven before your time; wait on the Lord down here. A Precious Faith

There is a legend that a traveler over the desert who was nearly perishing with hunger, came upon the spot where a company had lately encamped. Searching about for some article of food, he found a small bag which he hoped might be a bag of dates. Opening it, he discovered that it contained shells and silver coins. Throwing it down, in bitter disappointment, he exclaimed, "Alas! it is nothing but money!" A single date or a fig would have been worth more to him—than than a chest-full of gold. There is a time coming to all of us when we would gladly surrender the wealth of the whole world for what an apostle once called "a like precious faith."

Peter was partial to this word, precious; it is one of the ear-marks to establish the identity of authorship in the two Epistles which bear his name. He speaks of the precious blood of Christ, of a precious cornerstone, of the precious trial of our faith, and of precious and exceeding great promises. Among this jewel-cluster, there is none more full of meaning than when he speaks of "those who have obtained a like precious faith with us in the righteousness of our God and Savior Jesus Christ."

Faith is confiding trust. "Ah—but my faith was anything but precious to me," says some one, "for I trusted a man who wronged me out of thousands of dollars." Your faith, my friend, was not a wrong principle—but you bestowed it on the wrong person. His worthlessness made your trust worthless. Without mutual confidence, all the sweetest fellowship of domestic life and all the operations of trade would come to an instant halt. If faith in one another is so indispensable to the ordinary transactions of life, faith in the divine Redeemer is indispensable to our salvation. It is the very core of Bible-religion. But this saving faith is vastly more than a good opinion about Christ, or a belief in Christ. Multitudes of unsaved sinners have this. Saving faith is not only a confidence in the atoning Savior; it is a strong grasp of this Savior and a union of heart and life to him. It is the act of trust by which I, a person, unite myself to another person, even to the Son of God.

Saving faith is unspeakably precious, because it is the source of all my spiritual life. No grace—until that grace comes. Faith drives the nail which fastens me to Jesus, and then love clinches it. Faith ties the knot, and true love makes it tighter and stronger every hour.

1. Faith is precious, because it is the channel of connection through which Jesus pours his life stream into my soul. The value of the channel is what it brings to me. The lead pipe which passes from the street in under my house may be worth only a few cents a pound—but the water it conducts is the life of my family. Christ dwells in our hearts only through faith. The cause of drought in a Christian or in a church—is that sin has obstructed the faith-pipe, and Christ is shut off. A revival, or a re-living, means a clearing out of the spiritual channel.

2. The preciousness of faith lies also in its protection from deadly adversaries. We read of the "shield of faith," but it has been well said that Christ is the actual shield, and faith is only the grasping arm which holds it up before us! A false faith inspires a false security. Right there lies the awful danger of many in our congregations. They are trusting in their own morality, or in their good works, or perhaps in the popular delusion of a second chance after death. Christ is the actual Protector. His presence barricades my heart from the assaults of the tempter. His strength is made perfect in and for our weakness.

3. Precious is this Christ-faith, also, because it imparts power. As a principle of action throughout all human history, faith has been the inspiration of progress. The human mind is at its best and strongest when under this inspiration, whether it is elevating Galileo’s telescope, or steering Columbus’ ship, or trailing Morse’s telegraph-cable through stormy seas. The moment that the man with the withered arm exercised faith in Christ—the divine power shot into that paralyzed limb, and he lifted it.

Faith calculates on this reserved strength, and is not afraid to essay difficult tasks. "I can do all things through Christ—who strengthens me." Here is the encouragement for young converts who propose to make a public confession of Christ; they can calculate just as confidently on their Master’s perpetual aid—as they can on the rising of tomorrow’s sun.

4. What consolations too does this precious faith afford! How it restores the balance between all the inequalities of life! Are you poor? Yes—but richer than Croesus, with the unfathomable riches of Christ! Have you met with a heavy loss? Yes—but you open the blessed Book and read that to you "are given precious and exceeding great promises." Suppose that you had received a letter announcing the loss of the money you were depending on for support. While you are reading it a generous friend happens in, who observes the sadness on your face, and asks to read the letter. When he has finished it he quietly remarks, "Don’t worry; I’ll take care of this." Your countenance lights up in an instant. So the blessed Jesus draws up closely to the bereaved mother and whispers, "I have that believing child in my eternal keeping;" so he says to the disheartened minister, "Go on and sow my gospel-seed and I will take care of the harvest." Yes, in all the dark, trying hours—faith trims her lamp with the oil of the promises which Jesus furnishes.

Heaven is as yet only a promise; but to the believer it would not be one whit more a certain, if his feet were already in the golden streets.

5. This Christ-faith is so precious, also, because it is so costly. On Christ’s part—it cost Gethsemane’s agony and Calvary’s sacrifice. On our part—it costs repentance of sin, self-surrender, the denial of greedy lusts, and hard battles with temptation, A very hot furnace is often required to make its pure gold shine; and roaring tempests are often let loose in order to tighten the hold of its anchor.

Seven Jewels in the Christian’s Casket

What will I gain by loving and serving God? That is a very legitimate question for anyone to ask, and I find God’s own answer to this vital question condensed into the few closing lines of the ninety-first Psalm. Here they are: "Because he set his love upon me," says the Lord, "I will rescue him; I will protect him, for he acknowledges my name. He will call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." Psalms 91:14-16.

These are the seven rewards of a godly life. These are the seven jewels in the Christian’s casket. Look at them, my reader—until you admire them; look at them—until you covet them and pray for the Holy Spirit to help you secure them! These seven wonderful promises, are made only to those who "set their love" on God. That means to give God your heart. What will he do in return for you?

1. The first reward, is deliverance from the dominion of sin and the power of the devil. Our pathway through this world is lined with temptations, and often the soil beneath us is honeycombed with explosives as dangerous as dynamite. Such temptations to fleshly lusts—as beset Joseph and David; such temptations to cowardice as beset Daniel; and such temptations to self-conceit as beset Peter; are to be encountered. Jesus Christ comes to the rescue. There is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. That means a pardon of sin so complete that it kisses away the tears on the cheek of Penitence. That means a full salvation. The bigger the cup we bring—the more it will hold. This rescuing work of our Savior continues all the way to heaven, and when we get there and see what a dangerous road we traveled, we will want to spend the first century in singing praises for his atoning blood and redeeming grace. Suppose that it were possible for us up there to get a distant glimpse of hell—how we would thrill with joy over our merciful deliverance!

2. The second blessing promised is security. God says, "I will set him on high." Fortresses in olden times, were built on lofty elevations; and our God is the stronghold into which the righteous man runs and is safe! When we embrace Jesus Christ by faith, and join our weakness to his strength, we have a delightful sense of safety. We know whom we have believed, and are perfectly sure that he is able to keep that which we have committed to him.

Every child of God who is lodged in the stronghold of redemption may let Satan’s jackals howl and let the adversary prowl, as long as they will. We are safe while on the rock; but God makes no promises to backsliders who wantonly wander away from the citadel. The history of every faithful Christian is full of special providences of deliverances.

3. This brings us to the third precious promise: "He shall call upon me—and I will answer him." How closely these two words, "call" and "answer," come together! The prayer going up—and the answer coming down. I don’t believe that a true Christian ever yet breathed a right prayer in a right spirit—and received no answer. If we delight ourselves in the Lord—he delights to give us the desires of our hearts. God loves to give to those who love to let him have his wise and loving way. When we ask for a blessing—we must work for that blessing at the same time, or else the acts of our lives will contradict the utterances of our lips. What a glorious epic the triumph of victorious faith will make! Prayer is faith’s pull at the rope, and he who obtains the blessing, is the man who pulls boldly and continuously until the great bell rings in the ear of the Infinite Love.

4. What music to the soul there is in the fourth promise: "I will be with him in trouble!" God's people must take their share of this universal malady, for all men are born to it as certainly as the sparks fly upward. The first sound that escapes from the lips of infancy—is a cry of need or pain; the last sound on the dying bed is often a groan or a painful respiration. But under the aching heart and fainting spirit, God puts his everlasting arm. Jesus declares to us, "In the world you shall have tribulation—in me you shall have peace." It is not in the power of any amount of troubles to wreck the true Christian—as long as his will is sweetly submissive to God's will.

Blessed be the discipline which makes us reach our soul's roots into closer union with Jesus! Blessed be the gale which shakes down the golden fruit from our branches! Sunshiny days often bring out adders; but in dark nights we look for him who comes over the billows with the cheerful greeting, "Lo! I am with you always—do not be afraid!"

5. The next promise is one of promotion. "I will honor him." How? With wealth and wordily rank? With something infinitely better. "I call you my friends," says the glorious Son of God. That approving smile of the Master gives an inward joy beyond any roar of earthly acclamations. "Those who confess me—I will confess before my Father in heaven." When a marshal of France fell on the battlefield, the emperor hung the Legion of Honor medal on his breast, and the old soldier died with a gleam of joy on his countenance. But what is that—in comparison to the promise made to the humblest follower of Christ: "Be faithful unto death—and I will give you a crown of life!" There will be some wonderful promotions up in heaven, when many a neglected sufferer from a hovel or an attic shall be called up into the royal family, and when some hard-toiling, ill-paid frontier missionary shall receive his sparkling diadem. Be of good cheer, brother, your turn will come. "Those who honor Me—I will honor." We shall be kings and priests unto God!

6. In those olden times, length of days was regarded as a special evidence of the divine favor, and it is still true that obedience to God's laws, commonly lengthens life. But the promise, "With long life will I satisfy him," goes deeper than chronology. It describes a life that is long enough to fulfill life's highest purpose. If you and I live long enough to do what God made us for, and Christ redeemed us for—ought not that to satisfy us? Who would ask for anything more? Life is measured by deeds, and not by hour marks on a clock. In the warm morning sun of grace, many a young soul has grown fully ripe for a harvest of glory!

7. The last promise is the Kohinoor diamond of them all: "I will show him my salvation." This word does not signify the process of being saved; it signifies the result of being saved, and that is—life everlasting. The word translated "show" means to see with joy. He shall gaze with delight on the glory which is in store for him; he can say: "As for me, I shall behold your face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with your likeness." This last promise spans the chasm and reaches over into the magnificent inheritance of the saints in light.

Once more let us count over these jewel passages, rendered according to their most literal meaning: "Because a man falls in love with Me—I will rescue him from danger. I will set him up on a stronghold because he knows my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer his prayer. I am with him in every time of trouble. I will deliver him and honor him with my favor. He shall live long enough to be satisfied; and then he will behold with joy his everlasting salvation."

Here are seven precious promises of what a loving God will do for us. If, through Christ's redeeming and renewing grace, we reach that celestial home—we shall see those fulfilled promises shining like the seven candlesticks before the throne!

Mothers in Israel When the Hebrew matron called out to Joab from the walls of the beleaguered city of Abel, and exhorted him to spare the town and "a mother in Israel," she did more than she bargained for. She not only saved her own life—but she originated a fine proverbial expression which has constantly been applied to pious women who have distinguished their maternity by a beautiful and godly influence. The holy-hearted Hannah heads the roll of these model mothers—the woman who dedicated her first-born son to God in those memorable words—"for this child I prayed, and the Lord has given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he lives, he shall be lent to the Lord." Samuel also heads the roll of eminent servants of God who owed an incalculable debt to wise maternal influence. What was true in ancient times—has been true ever since. At the starting point of a vast majority of the best Christian lives—stands a Christian mother. When I was a student in Princeton Theological Seminary the chairman of the examining board requested all of us who had praying mothers to rise up, and nearly the whole one hundred and fifty leaped instantly to their feet. There we stood, a living witness to the power of a mother's prayers and of her shaping influence and example. My own widowed mother was one of the best that God ever gave to an only son. She was more to me than school, or college, or pastor, or all combined. In our early rural home, the first Sunday-school I ever attended had but one scholar, and she was the superintendent; the only book studied was God's book, and committed to memory. During my infancy she dedicated me to the Christian ministry, and kept that steadily before her own eye and mine.

I cannot now fix the date of my conversion; it was her constant influence that led me gradually along, and I grew into a pious life under her potent training, and by the power of the Holy Spirit working through her untiring agency. If all mothers were like her, the "church in the house" would be one of the best feeders of the church in the public sanctuary.

We ministers must not take on airs. There is a ministry that is older and deeper and more potent than ours; it is that ministry that presides over the crib, and impresses the first gospel influence upon the infant soul. Before the pulpit begins, or the Sunday-school begins, the mother has already begun, and has been molding the plastic wax of character—for weal or woe, for heaven or hell. A stupendous power this; it is the same power which sent Samuel out of the godly home of Hannah; and wicked Ahaziah out of the home of godless Jezebel. Both of them "walked in the way of his mother."

Far be it from me to underrate the influence of fathers for good or evil. But still the fact remains, that it is mainly the mother who shapes the home influence and imparts to it its prevailing atmosphere; for the most important part of moral education is atmospheric. The purity or impurity, the wholesome or the demoralizing qualities of that atmosphere of the home, depend, for the most part, on the mother—the sovereign of the home. There is her throne; there is her sway; there she can make or mar the destiny of the immortal soul beyond anyone else, on this side of the throne of God.

Among eminent living ministers none preaches the great vital doctrine of the atonement more powerfully than Newman Hall of London; he almost idolized his mother, and has told me that the

first words she ever taught him were, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." That text became the key-note of his grand ministry, and of his world-known tract, "Come to Jesus!" Susannah Wesley's hand rings all the Methodist church bells around the globe today. Suppose that Lord Byron had been reared by such a mother as Newman Hall and the Wesleys had; the world might have escaped the moral leprosy that tainted so many of the brilliantly bad pages that he scattered far and wide. Would that I could burn it into the heart of every mother who reads these lines that—under God, she is chiefly responsible for the moral and spiritual welfare of her household! If the mother is a frivolous fashion-worshiper, or is utterly prayerless and impious, or even careless of the spiritual welfare of the children—the whole home atmosphere catches the taint! The downward pull of her home preaching is quite too strong for the upward pull of the best preaching in God's house on the Sunday. On the other hand, if she does her utmost to make the religion of Jesus attractive to her family, if she is watchful of every opportunity to lead them Christward, if she follows up the effect of Sunday-gospel by the powerful influence of home-gospel—then there is almost a moral certainty that God will send his converting grace into that household. Oh, mothers in Israel, try the blessed experiment! That eminent preacher, Richard Cecil of London, tells us that when he was a youth he tried his utmost to be an infidel; but his mother's beautiful and eloquent Christianity was too much for him. He never could answer that. Sometimes she used to talk to him and weep as she talked. He says, "I flung out of the house with an oath; but I wept, too, when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother." Yes, there is a power in her love, when it is reinforced by the grace of God—to reach and bring down the most stubborn heart; it is a power that goes miles deeper than pulpit appeals, for it links itself with the primal instincts of our nature.

If every parent were thus faithful in prayer and winsome example—the family would become the nursery and training-school of piety. The home of natural birth would become the place of the new birth, and children—instead of running loose on the open common of sin, to be pursued by "revival efforts" in after years—would be led early to Jesus and into his church fold.

"Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages," said the Egyptian princess to Jochebed, the mother of Moses. She got her wages in better coin than silver or gold. She got them in the joys a mother feels, when she yields up a part of herself to sustain her darling child; she got them in the love of the babe she nursed; she got them in the glorious service which her son wrought for Israel in after years. She was paid in the heavenly coin with which God pays good mothers. For all her anxieties, and all her exertions to preserve the life of her "goodly child," was she abundantly rewarded. When God lays a new-born babe in the arms of a mother, he says to her heart, "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will give you your wages." The answer of maternal love should be, "Oh God, you have put your noblest workmanship into my hands. I accept the precious trust. I will shelter this young life under your mercy-seat. I will be truthful that it may never learn falsehood. I will nurse this soul in its infancy with the sincere milk of love, that in after years it may bear strong meat for strong service of God and righteousness. Oh, Heavenly Father, make my life in harmony with yourself, that this young life may reflect your blessed image in following my example!" To such pious fidelity—God offers the highest wages; he pays the heart's claim, in the heart's own coin.

Faithful Hannah found her great reward in Samuel's great career. Moses on the Mount was the "wages" of the poor Hebrew mother who cradled him in her basket of rushes. Augustine's mighty

service for the gospel—was the best reward that God could give Monica. Our Washington was God's splendid recompense to Washington's godly mother. The Lord never breaks his covenant with those who fulfill their covenant with him.

Christ Knows His Own

Jesus knows those who are his. "I am the good shepherd. I know My own sheep, and they know Me." John 10:14. He can call every one of the flock by name. The officers of a church may be deceived in many cases of those who apply for admission to membership; but no putting on of "sheep's clothing" can mislead the omniscient Shepherd. There is a wide-spread religious interest in the land—but among the many thousands who profess conversion, it is not possible that Christ himself can be deceived as to a solitary case. Not only does he read every heart to the bottom; it is by the operation of his divine Spirit that every soul is regenerated. Not everyone who enters an inquiry-room finds Christ; and not everyone who attends a "meeting of converts" is genuinely converted. Those who begin to lead a new life—have got the new heart; those who follow the Shepherd—have entered into the flock. There is a solemn warning in this fact. There is a precious comfort in it, too; for the Savior knows perfectly well whom he is saving. Not only does Jesus Christ know exactly who have come into his true flock—but he knows all about every one of them—their strong points and their weak points, their besetting sins and their new experiences of grace just beginning to sprout in their hearts. When we are sick, we send for the old family physician; he is best acquainted with our constitutions. It is half the battle in family government, for the parent to understand thoroughly the characteristics of a child. Here is one gentle boy who can be led by a cotton thread; and there is another who snaps the cords of restraint as Samson broke the seven green withes. Some parents pay dearly for their ignorance or willful blindness to the real character of their children. That was a wise as well as a loving mother who said, "I don't find it so hard to bring children up—as I do to take them down, when they need it." Our blessed Master, in his family discipline, commits no mistakes. When he takes an immortal soul under his loving care and into his training-school, he understands the character of each his pupils. Christ detects and exposes the self-seeking ambition of certain disciples, by setting a little child in the midst of them to teach them humility and unselfishness. In his raw inexperience, Simon Peter bragged loudly of his loyalty: but the Master takes him down by the startling announcement, "Before the rooster crows—you shall deny me thrice!" Jesus discovered the splendid natural qualities in Saul of Tarsus which converting grace could mold into a leadership of the churches; and what a tremendous schooling he gave him before he graduated! The same Great Shepherd has a place of usefulness in his flock for humble Tryphena and Tryphosa, for Tertius with his pen and for Dorcas with her needle. Jesus knows just what is in each of us, and just how much can be got out of us. This makes him, not a hard, exacting Master—but the most forbearing and considerate of employers and guardians. He never lays on weak shoulders, the loads which only stalwarts can carry. All the while, too, how sweetly come the encouraging words, "I am with you always; my grace is sufficient for you; as your days—so your strength shall be." He calls us not slaves; he calls us friends.

How perfectly acquainted he is, too, with all our weaknesses! He knows our frame; he remembers we are but dust. Here is great encouragement for penitent sinners. Those poor fellows who drift from their pubs into the Mission House, find there a pitying Shepherd who welcomes the most wretched outcast who has been bedraggled in the mire of sin. Up at the other end of the scale,

Christ is equally conscious of the intellectual doubts and difficulties with which some Christians of skeptical temperaments have to contend. He quenches no smoking flax; he breaks no bruised reeds. The secret sorrow which I dare not breathe to the most intimate friend, I can freely unbosom to my Savior. Ah, how well he knows every thorn which pricks my foot, and every wound which trickles its silent drops from my bleeding soul! This is a wondrous encouragement to prayer. For my Physician never will administer the wrong medicine, and I am sure he never will refuse to hear my pull at "the night-bell" in the hour of sudden distress. The fact of Christ's perfect knowledge of all our needs and requirements, throws great light on some dark providences. It explains some mysteries—why one of us is put up and another is put down; why one is prospered and another is impoverished; why one seems to run before the breeze and another is buffeted with contrary winds.

Dear, loving Master! He knows what is for our good. Let him probe to the bottom if the wound requires it. He knows what is in me; yes, and what ought to come out of me, if I would attain to full health and robustness of spirit. Far better the probe and the pruning-knife than to be cast out as useless cumberers of his fold. If it is a joy to know whom we have believed it is equally a joy that "he knows those who are his."

There is a bond of reciprocal knowledge and affection between the Redeemer and his redeemed ones. Christ even compares it to the unity between the everlasting Father and the Son; for as the Father knows the Son—so does the Shepherd know his flock! This is an overwhelming thought; and it points onward to an intimacy of everlasting love in heaven. The Honey of God's Word A singular incident in old Hebrew history, illustrates the sweetness and light that flow from God's blessed Word. Jonathan was leading the army of Israel in pursuit of the Philistines, and King Saul had forbidden the troops to taste of food during the march. When the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up their abundant stores, several honeycombs were found lying upon the ground. Jonathan—not having heard of the royal edict—put forth his rod and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put it to his mouth, "and his eyes were enlightened." Refreshment came to his hungry frame, and enlightenment to his eyes—which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident furnishes to set forth one of the manifold blessings of God's Word! In the superbly sublime nineteenth Psalm, David pronounces that Word to be sweeter than honey, and the droppings of the honeycomb. In the same passage he declares that "it is pure, enlightening the eyes." Again the psalmist says: "The entrance of your word gives light." It is not the careless reading, or the listless hearing of the Scripture—but its entrance into the soul which produces this inward illumination. There is a sadly increasing ignorance of the Scriptures; when read publicly in the sanctuary thousands give but little heed. They do not take the vitalizing, heaven-sent truth into their souls—as Jonathan took the honey into his system. But when the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skillful eye surgeon. His mother led him outside, and, taking off the bandages, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "why did you never tell me it was so beautiful!" The tears started as she replied. "I tried to tell you, my dear; but you could not understand me."

Just so, the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discovered. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a

glorious gospel our gospel is—until he has swallowed the honey for himself! Horace Bushnell voiced the experiences of many of us when he said, "My experience is that the Bible is dull—when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths." The most growing Christian never outgrows his Bible; in that exhaustless jewel mine, every stroke of the hammer reveals new nuggets of gold and fresh diamonds. Even as a mental discipline, there is no book like God's book. Nothing else so sinews up the intellect, so clarifies the perception, so enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, so quickens the imagination, so strengthens the understanding, and so educates the whole man. The humblest day laborer who saturates his mind with this celestial schoolbook becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man—but a clearer-headed man.

It was the feeding on this honey dropping from heaven which gave to the Puritans their wonderful sagacity, as well as their unconquerable loyalty to the truth. The secret of the superiority of the old-fashioned Scottish peasantry, was found in that "big Bible" which was the daily companion at every fireside. Simply as an educator, the Scriptures ought to be read in every schoolhouse, and there ought to be Bible instruction in every college. As the honey strewed the forests for Jonathan and his soldiers to feed upon, so the loving Lord has sent down his Word for all hungering humanity, high or humble. As the sunlight was made for all eyes—this divine book was made for all hearts.

It is more than light; for it is an enlightener. Not only does it reveal the grandest, sublimest and most practical truths—but it improves and enlarges the vision. It makes the blind to see, and strong sight all the stronger. Who of us that have been sorely perplexed about questions of right and wrong, and puzzled as to our duty—have not caught new views and true views—as soon as we dipped our rod into this honeycomb? Once when I was sadly perplexed about the question of changing my field of labor—which would have changed the whole current of my life—a single text of Scripture instantly decided me—and I never repented the decision. Poor Cowper, harassed and tormented, found in the twenty-fifth verse of the third chapter of Romans—the honey which brought light to his overclouded soul. John Wesley made the most signal discovery of his life, when he thrust his rod into this verse: "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, has made me free from the law of sin and death." Even Paul had not learned his own sinfulness until "the commandment came" and opened his eyes.

It is this heart-revealing power of the Book which makes it so invaluable in pulpit and inquiry-room. Ah, there is many a one among my readers who can testify how the precious honey from heaven brought light and joy to his eyes when dimmed with sorrow. The exceeding rich and infallible promises were not only sweet—they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of death; they showed how crosses can be turned into crowns—and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When I visit a sick room, I almost always dip my rod into the honeycomb of the fourteenth chapter of John. It brings the Master there with his words of infinite comfort. One of my noblest Sunday school teachers so fed on this divine honey, that on her dying bed she said, "My path through the valley is long—but 'tis bright all the way."

Nothing opens the sinner’s eyes to see himself and to see the Savior of sinners—like the simple Word. The Bible is a book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If a young man will dip his rod into this warning, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the skeptic and the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find hell a tremendous reality to be shunned, and heaven a glorious reality to be gained.

Brethren in the ministry, I am confident that our chief business is not only to eat hugely of this divine enlightening honey—but to tell people where to dip their rods! A distinguished theological professor said to me, "If I would return to the pastoral charge of a church—I would do two things: I would make more direct personal efforts for the conversion of souls, and I would spend no time on the rhetoric of my sermons. I would saturate my mind with Bible truth—and then deliver that truth in the simplest idiomatic English that I could command." The honey from heaven lies abundant on the ground. May God help us to show it to the hungry, the needy, and the perishing!

# 05.03. Section 3

The Right Kind of Submission Our divine Master once said, "Except you are converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The best trait of the best child, is implicit obedience to parental authority. And the clearest test of conversion, is implicit obedience to the Lord Jesus Christ. The trouble with us, is that we so often pick and choose just what we will obey, and how much we will obey, and whom we will obey. All the most striking cases of obedience mentioned in the Bible—Abraham laying his son on the altar, Daniel braving the king's lions, Naaman going straight to the Jordan, the leper hastening to the priest and being healed as he went, the paralytic stretching out his withered arm—all these have the quality of promptness to do just as they were directed. Issues and results are left with God.

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!" To march into the Red Sea belonged to Moses; to divide the Red Sea and make a dry pathway for his people was God's prerogative. If there be any one beautiful trait in healthy-hearted childhood, it is the trait of cheerful submission to the will of father and mother. Submission to the clearly ascertained will of God, whatever it may cost us, or however it may cross us—is one of the most genuine evidences of true conversion. I doubt if there be any higher attainment in the Christian life, than for any of us to be able to say honestly, "I pray God that I may never find my own will again as long as I live."

Let us understand, however, just what kind of submission we are to practice. We are bound to submit to God's distinct orderings, and to such trials as he lays upon us for our spiritual discipline. Payson wisely said that "no man is fit to rise up from a bed of suffering and labor again for Christ—until he is made willing to lie still and suffer as long as his Master pleases." But there are obstacles often found in our pathway that are just to test our faith, our courage, and our loyalty to the right. Many a Hill Difficulty is encountered on our road to heaven, to sinew our strength by the tough climb. Apollyon is allowed sometimes to stride right across our path with the defiant threat, "You shall go no farther, and here will I spill your soul!" He is a puny Christian, who has no such battles with the devil. Our Heavenly Father puts some things in our way as prohibitions; and we do ourselves deadly harm, if we try to remove them or get around them. Other things are placed there to test our spiritual might and our loyalty; the only right course is for us to lay hold of them and hurl them out of our way. When the youthful David discovered the lion and the bear attacking his flocks he did not say, "Providence sent these animals, and I must submit to them." If there were any providence in it—the object might rather be to develop his grit. In this whole great matter of submission to the will of God, it is exceedingly important to discriminate wisely. God may sometimes seem to turn a deaf ear to our prayers. His silence or failure to answer should teach us "to pray and not to faint." That earnest woman on the coast of Canaan would have made an awful mistake, if she had given over her praying simply because Christ kept her for a while at arm's length. Her persistence carried the day—as the Master meant that it should. God often says "no" to little faith and lazy hands—he loves to say "yes" to sturdy faith and hard work.

Sometimes my Heavenly Father lays heavy afflictions on me and tells me all the while, "those whom I love—I chasten." Then let me submit. At other times he lays, or permits to be laid, great obstacles in my path, and then the voice to me is, "If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed—this mountain shall be removed. My grace is sufficient for you." The line of correct distinction between the two opposite errors, seems to be this: a sinner submits to unrighteous demands; the true Christian never does. The sinner refuses to submit to God's just and holy demands, and to his orderings in providence; the childlike Christian submits without a murmur: "Not as I will Father—but as you will." God's wise government is the solidest ground of my confidence and joy; it is the rock-bed that underlies all my theology. To fight against God means—hell. To obey God and sweetly submit to him—is the prelude of heaven. The late Thomas Skinner was one of the godliest men I ever knew. When a circle of eminent ministers met at his house one Saturday evening he requested them to join in singing Schmolke's beautiful hymn: "My Jesus—as you will! Oh, may your will be mine. Into your hand of love—I would my all resign." On the next Saturday evening that same circle of brethren joined in paying loving tribute to his memory! The noble veteran had yielded up every wish to his Lord and Redeemer, and was sweetly surprised into heaven.

Sugar in the Tea—or, the Christian's Assurance When a young convert was asked the question, "How do you know Jesus Christ has accepted and forgiven you, and that you are a Christian?" the answer was, "How do you know when you have got sugar in your tea?" This was a sufficient answer; the forgiven soul had felt the change which conversion brings, and had tasted the love of Jesus. It was a positive experience; he knew whom he had believed.

Some good people who are troubled with a desponding temperament, worry themselves about this matter of assurance. To such we would say—don't vex your soul about assurance; practice the faith of adherence. Cleave fast to Jesus Christ. Fasten your weakness—to his omnipotence; in your ignorance—seek his guidance. When he says, "My blood cleanses from sin," believe him; and when conscience bids you do anything to please Christ—do it. That Savior who died for you, asks you to trust him and to follow him; and that is all that he demands of you. Are you sincerely, honestly doing that? Then listen to what that loving Savior says to you: "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand!"

All that is required of you is adherence and obedience. You have got to put the sugar into your tea—if you want to taste its sweetness. True repentance is a turning away from your sins unto God, with a full purpose of and endeavor after new obedience. Are you doing that? Saving faith is the heart's cling to Jesus Christ—and him alone. If you are doing that, it ought to give you a cheerful, delightful sense of security. "Faith is the milk," Spurgeon used to say, "and assurance is the cream that rises on it." If your milk is nearly all water—you cannot expect much cream. The stronger your faith of adherence—the more peace of mind and spiritual joy you will have. The Bible does not declare that assurance is essential to salvation; but it does declare that faith and obedience to Jesus Christ are essential. I don't doubt that a great many people will get into heaven, who had rather a feeble faith, and still less joy in this world. Their feet were not "like hinds' feet;" they hobbled along on crutches. That was not Christ's fault; it was their own fault. Poor Peter had rather a feeble faith, when he screamed to his Master out of the waves, "Lord, save me!" Later he had received from the Holy Spirit a mighty faith when his impelling sermon at Pentecost

brought in thousands of converts. Saul of Tarsus had an infant faith in his soul when he was groping about in the house of Judas at Damascus; the infant had grown into a giant, when Paul could shout, in the eighth chapter of Romans, "Neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

We have just said that assurance is not essential to salvation; but it is essential to our peace and comfort. It is the duty of every Christian to seek for it; the more sugar we put into the draught—the sweeter will it be to our taste. Old heroic Latimer used to say, that when he had a strong steadfast trust in his Master he could face a lion; when he lost it he was ready to run into a mouse-hole.

If you and I have put our entire trust in Jesus Christ for our salvation, and are striving every day to do his will and to bless our fellow-men with our religion, then he is responsible for the trust. Why should we worry? When I built this house I got a deed for the land and recorded it. I don't run down to the registry once every week to see that the title is good. If we have taken Jesus Christ at his word, and committed our souls to his keeping, and our lives to his ordering, and our powers to his service—let us not worry about our title-deeds to heaven. Go about your life work, brother, and do it thoroughly and conscientiously. God is responsible for the results, sooner or later, and for your final reward. The shepherd knows his flock, and calls them all by name. To you his voice is "Only believe," "Follow me!" If your cup of trial is sometimes bitter—put in more of the sugar of faith. If you feel chilled by the disappointment of your plans or the unkindness of others—get into the sunshine of Christ's love. If income runs down, invest more in God's precious promises. A good, stout, healthy faith will sweeten your affections, and sweeten your toils, and sweeten your home, and sweeten the darkest hours that may lie between this world and heaven.

God Never Disappoints us

We cannot trust ourselves too little—and we cannot trust God too much. "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean upon your own understanding." Somewhere in the future there hangs before us—a golden ideal of a perfect life—but as we move on, the dream of complete victory over sin moves on also before us. It is like the child running over the hill to catch the rainbow; when he gets over the hill, the rainbow is as far off as ever. If our expectation of spiritual growth and of conquest of temptation, rests on our own resolutions and on our own strength, then our day-dreams are continually doomed to disappointment.

"O my soul, wait only upon God; for my expectation is from him." God never disappoints us. When we study the Almighty in the book of nature, or the book of revelation, we find our utmost expectation overtopped by the wonderful reality. When we obey God we find the rich reward sooner or later—just as surely as day follows the sunrise. When we trust God—he never fails us. When we pray to him aright, with faith, with submissiveness, with perseverance, and with honest desire to glorify him—he answers us. I don't believe our Heavenly Father ever turned a deaf ear to an honest prayer offered in the right spirit. He is a Sovereign, and does his own wise will; and if it pleases him to keep us waiting for the answer, then we must understand that delays are not always denials.

If we had only to demand from God, just what we desire, and in the way and the time which suits our pleasure, then we would be snatching God's scepter and trying to rule the Ruler of the universe. Did you ever know a child who ruled its parents—without ruining itself? And if it spoils

our children to have their own way—I am sure that it would be for our ruin if we could bend God to all our wishes. If this is our "expectation" from God, then the sooner we abandon it the better!

God keeps all his promises—but he has never promised to let you and I hold the reins. He answers prayer—but in the way and at the time that his infinite wisdom determines. Some prayers are not answered at once; more than one faithful mother has gone to her grave before the child for whose conversion she prayed, has given his heart to Jesus. Some prayers are answered in a way so unexpected, that the answer is not recognized; only eternity will "make it plain." For many petitions are answered according to the intention and not according to the strict letter of the request; the blessing granted has been something different from what the believer expected.

Jacob, when he blessed the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. So God sometimes takes off his hand of blessing from the thing we prayed for—and lays it on another which is more for our good and his own glory. He often surprises his people with unexpected blessings—and heaven will have abundance of such surprises.

Let us rejoice to remember that our Savior is God, and in him dwells all fullness. "Of his fullness, have we all received," said the Beloved Disciple, and John was not disappointed. Neither was Paul when he found himself "filled with might in the inner man." There is a fullness of grace and love and power and peace and comfort that his redeemed children have never been able to explore, much less to exhaust! I left some little brooks, nearly run dry, the other day, up in the mountains—but I found yonder harbor, fed from the fathomless Atlantic, as full as ever. "Oh, how shallow a soul I have—to take in Christ's love," said the holy Rutherford; "I have spilled more of his grace—than I have brought with me. How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand; as little am I able to take away of my great Sea, my boundless and running over Christ Jesus!" When a friend of mine, long years ago, urged John Jacob Astor to donate for a certain object, and told him that his son had subscribed, the old German millionaire replied very dryly, "He can do it; he has got a rich father." Brother Christian, you and I have got a rich Father! We are heirs to a great inheritance, and possessors of exceeding precious promises! Let us ask for great things! God must take it ill, that we covet so little of the best things and pray with such scrimped and scanty faith. "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it." We can easily over-expect from our fellow-creatures, but we cannot over-expect God. "The Lord takes pleasure in those who hope in his mercy."

I have read many a biography which ended in bright hopes quenched in blackness of darkness—but I never have read, and never have I heard of the experience, of any man who confessed that he was disappointed in his Lord and Savior. "My soul, wait only upon God—for my expectation is from him." There can be no divided responsibility; it is God—or nobody. As the old Puritan writer Trapp reminds us, "They trust not God at all—who trust him not entirely; he who stands with one foot on a rock and another foot on a quicksand, will sink as surely as he who has both feet on a quicksand."

Fruitful Christians

Autumn is the season of fruit harvests, when the orchards have "paid their dividends," and the music of ripe apples is heard as they go rattling into their bins. The wormy and the worthless fruit has been thrown to the swine; only the sound fruit is accounted fit for the market. Every Christian church is an orchard, and every tree in that orchard is "known by its fruits." Too many there are

who try to pass for Christians; but from them the yield of genuine graces can no more be expected than the owner of a grove of pine trees, would expect a crop of Bartlett pears. The fruits of the Holy Spirit—as the apostle catalogues them—are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, and temperance. The first essential to a fruitful Christian—is that he be well-rooted. No part of a tree is so invisible—and yet so important as its roots. The condition of a tree commonly manifests where its roots are and what they are doing. A dearth of life below ground means barrenness above ground. The roots of our religious life—are our secret motives and our ruling affections; and no one can claim to be a genuine Christian unless Jesus Christ dwells down in the core of his heart. When we are shocked to discover the loose living and spiritual barrenness of some church members—it is because the branches of their profession hang over on the church side of the wall—while their roots are in the sandy soil of worldliness on the other side. There is no heart-union to Christ; and he has declared, "Unless you abide in me—you can bear no fruit." A godly life is not the result of a happy accident. Grapes do not grow on thorn bushes, nor are figs gathered from thistles. Multitudes of people expect at some day to become Christians, and often wish that they were Christians—and yet they do not apply the common-sense principle of causes and results. To be a Christian signifies that one has the divine "root of the matter" in him—that he has a character which grows out of faith in the crucified Christ, and proves itself genuine by obedience to Christ's commandments. Such a character is not a matter of divine decree, or of human haphazard, any more than wheat grows without planting, or that grapevines spring up spontaneously in our gardens.

Christian character is a growth—first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full, ripe corn in the ear. There can be no vigorous growth, without a deep rooting into Jesus Christ. Shallow conversions produce shallow Christians. Some Christians are bountiful fruitbearers, and the reason is that they draw all their supplies of grace and all their inspiration of daily conduct from their deep down heart-union to Jesus. Love of Jesus is the only motive which subdues selfishness. Loyalty to Jesus holds them as a stout root holds a tree amid the blasts of winter's tempests, or under the summer's parching droughts.

Glorious old Paul was always abounding in the work of the Lord, and he tells the secret of it when he said, "Christ lives in me." A drought never affects a well-rooted Christian whose soul is in constant connection with the fountain-head of all spiritual power.

There is too much periodical piety in our churches. Some brethren are only flourishing during seasons of "revival." The rest of the time they have a very dingy look; their leaves get so powdered over with the dust of worldliness that they are very unsightly objects. There are some others whose leaf turns yellow very soon after they are planted in the church. This betrays a lack of moisture at the root, or perhaps a secret worm of indulged sin that is devouring the life of the tree.

It is a wretched mistake to deal with the externals—while the condition of the heart is neglected. If the heart is rooted by the "rivers of water" the leaf will be always green, and the fruit abundant. Such a disciple never ceases to yield fruit. Every year is a fruit-bearing year.

It is the fixed habit of this faithful brother to attend the place of prayer in all weathers, to give according to his means, to pay everyone his dues, to share his loaf with the suffering, to give his vote as conscience demands, and to stand up for Jesus Christ everywhere and on all occasions. He is always abounding in the work of the Master. This is the sort of Christian, who glorifies his

Father in heaven by "bearing much fruit." The word "much" here is comparative. What would be much for a peasant, would be paltry for a millionaire. A certain city church, may plume itself on contributing fifty thousand dollars a year to foreign missions; but who in that church pinches himself or herself to do it? We could match against them, a poor widow who at the end of a day of drudgery, trudges two miles on foot to her prayer-meeting, saving her car-fare for the missionary box; truly her gift outshines them all. The Master weighs gifts and labor in the scale of self-denial. Barnabas heads the column in the apostolic church; he gives his real estate to the Lord, he goes as a city missionary to Antioch and a foreign missionary to Cyprus, and wins the lofty title, "full of the Holy Spirit."

"Much fruit" means the giving to Christ the best we have. It is the lading of every limb on life's tree—be it a giant or a dwarf. He who in the lowliest sphere walks according to the Scripture rule, employs his time and single talent, controls his words, regulates his conduct and does his work in such a conscientious way as to make his religion legible and luminous to all around him—such a man is a bountiful fruit-bearer. In the Isle of Wight dwelt a poor "Dairyman's Daughter" and a "Little Jane, the Young Cottager," whose precious clusters of choice grapes of grace have sent out a sweet fragrance over Christendom. They "did what they could." Luther, the prince of reformers, Wesley, the prince of church organizers, Livingstone, the prince of missionaries, shook down their fruits over many lands—yet in God's sight they won no higher honor than the two cottage maidens. One of the most magnificent bearers, who "yielded fruit every month" for forty years, was transplanted last winter from the soil of Boston to the soil of heaven.

Living to Jesus Christ every day and in the minutest things of life—is the secret of fruitfulness. A fruitful Christian is a growth—not a sudden creation. A noble Christly character cannot be gained by a religion of Sundays and sacraments and special services; it is the product of many days of sunshine and storm, of drawing in the vital sap from Jesus as the living Head, of conflict and prayer and self-denials, and down-pourings of the Holy Spirit. The religion which would rather be poor than touch a dishonest dollar, which would rather go through a Sunday's fierce storm to its mission school than lie on its lounge; a religion that in all things serves Christ for the sheer love of serving him—this is the kind of spiritual growth whose fruits taste of the divine life within it. Blessed is that Christian whose broad boughs are laden with "apples of gold" for God's "baskets of silver". Such blessedness is within the reach of everyone who reads this book; as you lay it down, ask yourself, "Am I bearing the genuine fruits of the Holy Spirit?" A Little While In our Lord's last conversation with his disciples before his betrayal and crucifixion he said to them, "After a little while—you will see Me!" John 16:17. Before them was the bloody tragedy on Calvary, and forty days after that, his ascension through the spring air to heaven. They would see him no more in earthly form. But in another little while—in fifty days thereafter—he would come again by his Holy Spirit in the wondrous baptism of power at Pentecost. He was then to be glorified by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of his disciples. Jesus Christ is with his people now; for did he not promise, "Lo, I am with you always"?

Those sweet tender words, "After a little while," have deep thoughts in them, like the still ocean at the twilight—thoughts too deep for our fathoming. They breathe some precious consolations to those believers whose burdens are heavy, either with care, or poverty, or sickness. If the prosperous can enjoy their prosperity only for a little while—neither shall the mourner weep much longer, or God's poor children carry much longer the pains or privations of poverty. The daily toil to

earn the daily bread, the carking care to keep the barrel from running low and the scanty "cruse" from running out, will soon be over. Cheer up, my brother! "After a little while—you will see Me!" says your blessed Master, "for I am going to prepare a place for you!" Oh the infinite sweep of the glorious transition! A few years here in a lowly dwelling, whose rent it is hard to pay—and then infinite ages in the palace of the King of kings. Here a scanty table and coarse clothing soon outworn—and yonder a robe of resplendent light at the marriage-supper of the Lamb! Let this blissful thought put new courage into your soul, and fresh sunshine into your countenance!

I sometimes go into a sick chamber where the "prisoners of Jesus Christ" are suffering with no prospect of recovery. Perhaps the eyes of some of those chronic invalids may fall upon this article. My dear friends, put under your pillows these sweet words of Jesus—"a little while." It is only for a little while—that you are to serve your Master by patient submission to his holy will. That chronic suffering will soon be over. That disease which no earthly physician can cure, will soon be cured by your Divine Physician, who by the touch of his messenger death, will cure you in an instant, into the perfect health of heaven! You will exchange this weary bed of pain for that crystal air in which none shall ever say, "I am sick;" neither shall there be any more pain. Not only to the sick and to the poverty-stricken children of God, do these tender words of our Redeemer bring solace. Let these words, After a little while—you will see Me!" bring a healing balm to hearts that are smarting under unkindness, or wounded by neglect, or pining under privations, or bleeding under sharp bereavements. I offer them as a sedative to sorrows, and a solace under sharp afflictions. "After a little while—you will see Me!" The sight of Him shall wipe out all the memories of the darkest hours through which you made your way through this wilderness world—to mansions of glory!

"A few more struggles here,

A few more conflicts more,

A little while of toils and tears,

Then we shall weep no more!"

These words of the Master are also a trumpet-call to duty. After a little while, my post in the pulpit shall be empty; what kind of minister ought I to be in fidelity to dying souls? Sunday-school teacher, after a little while you shall meet the young immortals in your class for the last time. Are you winning them to Christ? The time is short! Whatever your hands find to do for the Master—do it. Do it, Aquila and Priscilla, in the Sunday-school! Do it, Lydia, in the home! Do it, Dorcas, with your needle, and Mary in the room of sickness and sorrow! Do it, Tertius, with your pen, and Apollos, with your tongue! Do it, praying Hannah, with your children, and make for them the "little coat" of Christian character which they shall wear when you have gone home to a mother’s heavenly reward.

Only think, too, how much may be achieved in a little while. The atonement for a world of perishing sinners was accomplished between noon and three, on darkened Calvary. That flash of divine electricity from the Holy Spirit which struck Saul of Tarsus to the ground was the work of an instant—but the great electric burner has blazed over all the world for centuries. A half-hour’s faithful preaching of Jesus by a poor itinerant Methodist exhorter at Colchester, brought the boy Spurgeon to Christ, and launched the mightiest ministry of modern times. Lady Somerset tells us that a few minutes of solemn reflection in her garden decided her to exchange a life of fashionable

frivolity—for a life of consecrated piety.

Why cite any more cases, when every Christian can testify that the best decisions and deeds of his or her life, turned on the pivot of a few minutes? In the United States Mint they coin twenty dollar eagles out of the sweepings of gold dust from the floor. Brethren, we ought to be misers of our minutes! If on a dying bed they are so precious—why not in the fuller days of our healthful energies? Said General Mitchell, to an officer who apologized for being only a few minutes late, "Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the tenth part of a second!" Our whole eternity will hinge on the "little while" of probation here. Only an inch of time to choose between an eternity of glory—or the endless woes of hell! May God help us all to be faithful—only for a little while; and then comes the unfading crown of glory!

READY!

"You also must be ready all the time. For the Son of Man will come when least expected." Matthew 24:44. When Death calls the roll—always be ready to answer "Ready!" Everybody thinks that his or her name will soon be called. Everybody admits the uncertainty of life and the absolute certainty of death. Some of those who read this paragraph may be within a few weeks or days of the eternal world; the invisible cistern may be nearly run out, and only a few drops left. Suppose this were your case, my friend—would you be frightened? You ought not to be—if you are ready to go; and if you are not, then it is of infinite importance to you that you should be "setting your house in order."

Suppose that you ask yourself two or three questions, that you may know whether you are ready for the approaching roll-call.

1. Are your business affairs in the right condition? Are your accounts square, and your books so kept that you would be willing to have them audited, not only by your executors—but by the All-seeing Eye? Every man should conscientiously endeavor to keep his affairs so well ordered that, if a stroke of lightning or a heart attack should end his life in an instant, his creditors should not suffer the unjust loss of a dime. Death is a merciless revealer sometimes; he makes awful exposures of some men’s secret dishonesty and of others’ criminal carelessness and improvidence. Would a single creditor suffer if you were to die tomorrow? For remember that it is just as dishonest to cheat your fellow-men from your coffin—as to cheat them in your store, your shop or your office. No Christian, surely, would wish to escape his creditor—by hiding away in his sepulcher. It will be a terrible thing—to have some poor wronged fellow-creature carry up an unsettled account to the last tribunal. See to it, then, that you can go into the eternal world without leaving a single person in this world to charge you with wronging him out of a farthing! For death is not the last of it; settling-day comes in the next world!

2. No person who has any others dependent on him, is ready to die—unless he has made proper provision for them. Some people are afraid to make a will, lest death should overhear the scratch of their pens—and be on their track. This is worse than cowardice; it is often a most shameful injustice to surviving kindred. Not only should every conscientious man make a will—but the first provision in it should be for those who have the strongest moral claim. Healthy, prosperous, well-educated children have not a claim so strong, as infirm parents have, or poor invalid relatives, or some benefactor who has never had his due. When you have discharged all the honest claims of those who are dependent, then make your Lord and Savior your benefactor. Put your money

where it will do the most good after you are gone; for stewardship reaches beyond the probate judge's office—it goes up to the day of judgment. It is a blessed privilege to be scattering Bibles, or supporting missionaries—after you have reached heaven. Frederick Marquand went up to his rest years ago—but he built a noble edifice for the young men of Brooklyn, another for Mr. Moody's Christian school among the hills of Massachusetts, and other similar structures elsewhere. Give the Lord all you can while you live—and then make such a will as you will not be ashamed to show him when you come into his presence!

3. A third close question for you to ask is—Am I forgiven? Not merely by any fellow-creature whom you may have injured or wounded. See to that, of course; see to it that no injuries unredressed and no harsh words unrepaired and no bitter memories be laid in your coffin; let no nettles grow in the turf above your ashes! But the more vital question is, Have your sins been forgiven? All those evil thoughts towards God, all those secret sins that nobody has ever seen or dreamed of, all those transgressions of God's pure law, all your lost opportunities to do good, all your woundings of Christ's love and grievings of his Holy Spirit—have all these been pardoned? If not, they will condemn your soul and blast your hopes in eternity! Have you gone to Christ for forgiveness? "Whoever believes in him—shall receive remission of sins." Have you made honest confession and implored pardon in Jesus' name? Have you clinched the sincerity of your confession, by abandoning the sins you have loved, and set about a life of obedience to Christ's commandments? No repentance is of any avail—which does not lead to Christ. When you get rid of the old heart, by having a new and a clean heart—when you begin a new life in Christ and for Christ—then you are ready either to stay in this world or to go away into a better. "Blessed is that man, whose transgressions are covered." There is no condemnation in this world or in the next world, to the man who is in Christ Jesus.

Other questions might be started. But if you are sure on these points that have just been named, if you can give an honest "yes" to the questions already stated, then you need not be afraid to hear your name called. You need not be ashamed to present yourself at the door of your Father's House. That door will open to give you "an abundant entrance!"

Cheerful Thoughts about Going Home

There is one thing that we have all got to do one of these days—and that is to die. It is well to go "knock at the gate of our grave" occasionally, and to listen whether any painful echo comes back from within. When I am visiting my beautiful plot in "Greenwood cemetery" I often forecast the inevitable hour when my body shall be laid down beside those of my godly children in our family bed-room—"asleep in Jesus." This is the right way for a redeemed child of Christ to think and to speak about dying. A great many good people are plagued and tormented with a vague horror about their last hours; they have heard about the "pangs of death" and "deathbed agonies," and really die a thousand deaths themselves by frightened anticipation. Now it may relieve some of these excellent folk, to be reminded that in the vast majority of cases, there is but little physical suffering in the last moments. To a genuine Christian, few things in life are less painful than life's close. If our souls are at peace—we need not trouble ourselves about bodily sufferings—for commonly fatal disease has a certain benumbing effect upon the nerves, so that the dying suffer very little. Such has been my observation.

"I had not thought," said a certain godly man, "that it could be so easy a thing to die." As life ebbs away, usually sensibility to pain goes with it. So gently did a certain eminent chemist breathe his last—that a teaspoon of milk which he held in his hand was not even upset—the dead hand held it still. Death is very often a slow fading out of the faculties, like the coming on of a tranquil twilight. The sense of hearing sometimes remains intensely acute, that the dying overhear a whisper in the room. "She is sinking very fast," was whispered by an attendant in the dying-chamber of a godly woman. "No, no!" was the quick response of her who had overheard the words. "No, I am not sinking; I am in the arms of my Savior!" Of tragic accidents, and deaths on the battlefield—a large proportion must be without severe physical agony; for a gunshot wound is apt to benumb the sensibilities. When a bullet pierces either the heart or the brain—there can be no pain; probably our glorious martyr Abraham Lincoln "never knew what hit him." Drowning is far from painful. Those who have been resuscitated tell us that their sensations where rather exhilarating. Somewhat similar are the feelings of those who have been frozen to death in the Arctic regions; they imagined themselves to be sinking into a sweet slumber. But the recovery, the thawing out, was an excruciating agony.

It is about the same with backsliders in our churches—they find it very easy to drop off into spiritual torpor—but when God in mercy wakes them up, and brings them to by severe chastisements, the process of soul-conviction and contrition involves sharp sufferings. Blessed is the blow which awakens a freezing Christian!

I have witnessed a few jubilant and triumphant dying-beds—but ecstatic raptures are rare. Calm, sweet tranquility is oftener the attitude of the child of God who is waiting for the messenger to bear him home. On the other hand, I have but seldom witnessed poignant distress on the part of those who had given no evidence of preparation to meet God. To all such, however quiet may be their exit—the terrible pang must come afterwards! The real "sting of death" is not bodily pain, or separation from loved ones, or momentary remorse. It is a wasted life, a rejected Savior, and a lost soul! The full consciousness and the consequences of these, are realized in the next world.

It is neither wise nor well for a genuine, active and healthy Christian to be thinking too often about dying. To do every day a full, brave day’s work—is the main thing. Don’t let us look too far ahead; the blessed wages will be sure—when sundown comes. Our loving Father keeps our times in his own hand; he knows when to dismiss us from the life-school, and promote us to the higher grade in heaven. It is a luxury to live a full, hearty, vigorous life for Jesus, sowing and reaping, filling and being filled. As soon as God has something better for us to do, and something richer for us to enjoy, and something higher for us to reach—let us joyfully go up yonder after them! An Eye on Heaven A man who is setting out for a foreign country—especially if he intends to reside there—will be wise to study the localities in that land, and seek to become acquainted with the language and the customs of its people. His thoughts will be much upon it. But do the great majority of even true Christians spend much time on thought about heaven? Yet it is to be their dwelling-place through innumerable ages. In a little while, perhaps within a few days to some of us—the veil which hides the eternal world may drop—and the gates of the Father’s house may open before our astonished vision! If heaven is ready for Christ’s redeemed people—then surely they should be making ready for heaven. We ought to be thinking more about our future and everlasting home. If our treasures are there, then our hearts should be there also in frequent and joyful anticipations.

John Bunyan tells us of his Pilgrim, that "his heart waxed warm about the place where he was going." "This is not your resting place, because it is defiled, it is ruined, beyond all remedy!" Micah 2:10. This world is not our rest. It is only our temporary lodging-place, our battle-ground to fight sin and Satan, our vineyard in which to labor for our Master and our fellow men until sundown, our training-school for the development of character and growth in grace. A Christian, to whom Jesus Christ is real, and the glories of the world to come are real, and who has set his affections on things above—must inevitably have some deep meditations about his home and his magnificent inheritance. He loves to read about it, and gathers up eagerly the few grand, striking things which his Bible tells him about that glorious City of God. Among his favorite hymns are "Jerusalem the Golden" and the "Shining Shore"; they are like rehearsals for his part by-and-by in the sublime oratorios of heaven.

Sometimes, when cares press heavily, or bodily pains wax sharp, or bereavements darken his house—he gets homesick, and he says, "Oh that I had wings like a dove—then would I fly away and be at rest!" Such devout meditations do not prove any man or woman to be a dreamy mystic. They are not the pious sentimentalizings of mourners to whom this world has lost all its charm; or of enthusiasts whose religion evaporates in mere emotion. The hundred-handed Paul constantly reminds his fellow-workers that "our citizenship is in heaven. And we eagerly await a Savior from there, the Lord Jesus Christ!" Php 3:20 The godly Samuel Rutherford, who was said to be always studying, always preaching, and always visiting the sick—found time to feed on anticipations of Paradise. He tells us that he often longed to "stand at the outer side of the gates of the New Jerusalem and look through a crevice of the door and see Christ's face." He exclaims, "Oh, time, run fast! Oh, fair day, when will you dawn? Oh, shadows, flee away! Oh, well-beloved Bridegroom, be to me like the roe or the young deer on the mountains of division!" No man in modern times has written any volume so full of heavenly aspirations as Richard Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Yet Baxter was one of the most practical of philanthropists. While meditating on the Better Country he wore his busy life out, in striving to make England a better country; and the town of Kidderminster was revolutionized by his ceaseless labors for the bodies and the souls of its inhabitants!

Intense spirituality and intense practicality were beautifully united in the late A. J. Gordon, of Boston. If he kept one eye on heaven—he kept the other wide open to see the sins and the snares and the sorrows of his fellow-creatures all around him.

I truly believe that if we thought more about heaven, and realized more its ineffable blessedness—we would strive harder to get others there; we would not be content to travel there on a path only wide enough for one. It is no wonder that some professed Christians do not catch more distinct glimpses of the celestial world. Their vision is obscured. As a very small object when held close to the eye—will hide the noonday sun—so a Christian may hold a dollar so close to the eye of his soul—as to shut out both Christ and heaven.

Fish shut up in a cavern for a long time—become blind; and so will any of us lose even the faculty of spiritual sight—if we shut ourselves up in a cavern of carking worldliness!

Perhaps some reader of this article may despondingly say, "Well, I never get any sight of heaven; I am all in a mist; nothing but clouds and darkness are before my eyes." My friend, watch where you are standing! You are in Satan's marshy grounds and among the quagmires where the fogs dwell

continually. Ever since you left the "King’s highway," ever since you forsook the straight path of duty, ever since you quit honest praying and Christian work, and God’s Book for your ledger, and the service of Christ for the service of Mammon—you have strayed away into the devil’s territory! Heaven is not visible to backsliders! And never until your feet take hold again of that strait path of sincere, unselfish obedience to Jesus Christ, and your eyes are washed out with some sincere tears of repentance—will you have any fresh, gladdening glimpse of that heavenly rest which remains for the people of God. Throw off your worldly load, my friend; and the sins which so easily beset you—and, getting your feet again in the track, run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith. When you get your eye fixed again on Christ you will no longer complain that heaven is utterly out of sight.

Those whose hearts are in heaven, and who keep it constantly before their view, have abundant sources of spiritual joy. They renew their strength as they push upward and heavenward. What is it to them—that the road is long, and sometimes the hills of difficulty are steep, that there are often lions in the way, that there are crosses to be carried, that there are some valleys of the death-shadow to be threaded, and that not far ahead, is that river of death over which there is no bridge! None of these things disturb them! Heaven lies at the end of the way—clothed in its glorious light! Mount Zion is there—the city of the living God and the innumerable company of angels, some of whom may turn out to be old friends who have had their eye on us ever since we were born into Christ. From the hilltops we can, with the spy-glass of faith, bring heaven so near—that we can see its gates, and its streets of shining gold, and the Lamb on His throne! These views of our imperishable inheritance of glory, ought to quicken our zeal greatly. The time is short—and shortening every day. If we are to have treasures there—we must be securing them now; no time is to be lost. If we are to lead any souls—there we must be out after them now. If we are to wear any crown there, however humble—we must win it now. Christian zeal depends on inward warmth; and much of that heat must come from heaven.

"When," exclaimed grand old Baxter, "when, oh my soul, have you been warmest? When have you most forgot your wintry sorrows? It is when you have gotten above, closest to Jesus Christ, and have conversed with him, and viewed the mansions of glory, and filled yourself with sweet foretastes, and with the inhabitants of the higher world!"

It is certain, that he who doesn’t love Christ—doesn’t love heaven; and he who doesn’t love heaven—will never see heaven. A godly life is just a tarrying and a toiling in this earthly tent for Christ—until we go into the mansions with Christ! Brethren! the miles to heaven are few and short; let us be found busy in heart and hand when the summons sounds, "Come up here!" And they rose to heaven! Revelation 11:12.

Threescore and Ten By Edward Morris To me the years have gentler grown,

And time more gracious now than then,

Though here I sit and muse alone,

Threescore and ten.

The best of living is the last,

And life seems sweetest at its close;

And something richer than the past,

These days disclose.

I mourn not now the silvered hair,

The trembling hand, the failing power,

As here I wait and calmly dare,

The coming hour.

What dreams of honor or of gain,

Of wreaths or crowns to grace my brow,

Once stirred my spirit, none remain,

To stir me now.

The tossing life, the hope and fear,

The strife, the pain of earlier days,

On these, all past, I look with clear,

Unshrinking gaze.

And even when I sorrow most,

Yet happy are the tears I shed,

And bright the memories of the lost,

The pious dead.

The increase of the corn and wine,

And growing gladness in the heart,

And wondrous grace and joy are mine,

From men apart.

Alone, but not alone, I stand;

Around, above, a Power divine

Is shining, and a heavenly hand,

Is touching mine.

Strange glories gild my closing day,

And one bright star from out the west

Calls me in tender tones away,

From work to rest.

And voices which amid the din

Of outward life I could not hear

Are gently whispering within,

Their words of cheer.

So, welcome is each flying year,

And welcome is this silent bliss;

Nothing the noisy world can yield,

Compares with this.

And so, reclining on the slope

Of life, apart from busy men,

I firmly grasp this larger hope,

Threescore and ten!

Chapter 44

# S. Christian Recreation and Unchristian Amusement

Christian Recreation and Unchristian Amusement By T.L. Cuyler by T. L. Cuyler, October 24, 1858, New York.

"Then I realized that it is good and proper for a man to eat and drink, and to find satisfaction in his toilsome labor under the sun during the few days of life God has given him- for this is his lot." Ecclesiastes 5:18

"For you have spent enough time in the past doing what pagans choose to do- living in debauchery, lust, drunkenness, orgies, carousing and detestable idolatry." 1 Peter 4:3 "Laughter can conceal a heavy heart; when the laughter ends, the grief remains." Proverbs 14:13 My fellow-travelers to eternity, I want to discuss tonight, the great subject of Christian recreation and unchristian amusement. I wish to find out as far as I possibly can, what is healthful, and what is right; what is hurtful, and what is wrong; what every Christian may do, and what even a lost sinner ought not to do. It is a very delicate and a very difficult subject to treat; and I trust we may be guided wisely and safely through it. In order to throw 'light from heaven' upon our theme, I have grouped before you tonight three appropriate passages of Scripture.

"Then I realized that it is good and proper for a man to eat and drink, and to find satisfaction in his toilsome labor under the sun during the few days of life God has given him- for this is his lot." In this first text, you will observe the principle that all men have a clear and undoubted right to every healthful and innocent enjoyment. God never created us to be wretched. Do you imagine it for a moment? He gave us possibilities of enjoyment, and ten thousand good things to enjoy. He gave us a taste for pleasant food, and pleasant food and fruit to taste. He gave us a desire for the luscious grape and sunny peach; and the grape hangs on the trellis, and the peach ripens for us in the sun-beam. He gave us a thirst for refreshing drinks. He gave us healthful drinks with which to refresh ourselves. Never, however, did he make this world a distillery for alcoholic poisons. He gave us a desire to be happy, and then put within our reach means, abundant means, for all pure and healthy happiness.

While there is a "time to weep"- O my friends! these times to weep; how often they come and how long they last! There is also a "time to laugh;" so God tells us in his book. There is a time to be cheerful, there is a time to be full of sunshine, a time to be fully exuberant in the outflow of all emotional joys, in the liftings up of high mental delight, in the out-goings of pure and lofty spiritual enjoyment. This is right; this is commendable; and we shall see in the course of this discussion that it is necessary for our bodily, mental, and spiritual health to have just such enjoyments.

"For you have spent enough time in the past doing what pagans choose to do- living in debauchery, lust, drunkenness, orgies, carousing and detestable idolatry." This second text is from Peter's letter to Christians of his day. He reminds them that they ought to follow Christ, which is the great idea of Christianity. He wished to remind them that they used to walk in revelings, banquetings, and excess- these things were the bitter fruits of their former ungodly tastes and

appetites. They did not know any better. But now, he says, you are redeemed ones of Jesus Christ. Now I warn you, that you do know better, and you must put off the evil deeds, and live spiritually and righteously in this present evil world. You are no longer heathen, but Christians- the pledged, banded and bonded followers of the holy Savior, the professors of a pure faith, a "peculiar people," to keep your garments even unspotted from the world.

"Laughter can conceal a heavy heart; when the laughter ends, the grief remains." This third text is from royal Solomon. Poor old man! poor man! He ought to know (what he had found out to his sorrow) that reveling is the mother of all wretchedness, and that the end of mirth is heaviness. A heavy head, a heavy heart, a heavy load on the conscience, a heavy stupified moral sense, a heavy weight of remorse, a heavy account with God, an oppressive, crushing weight of final and everlasting retribution- these are mirth's bitter catastrophe.

Now these three texts unite in giving us a double truth for discussion. First, that Christian recreations are right, proper, commendable, and beneficial- but that sinful pleasures are dangerous to the body and damning to the soul. Let us enlarge upon this proposition, beginning with the first truth that Christian recreations are right the world over. We have already seen that God's word does not forbid rightful enjoyments. This book is not a teacher of Popish penances, it was not written by monks, or to turn the world into a stupendous convent. The religion of the Bible is radiant with the light and the joys of heaven; there is a world of sun-shine in God's book. O troubled heart! the spirit that book inspires is never a gloomy one, nor morose. It is a libel on our holy faith to represent it as productive in itself of melancholy, or denying men any really innocent pleasures. It is not against innocent enjoyments, but sinful ones, that God makes his protest. The libel is an old one. The skeptic who wants to caricature that bible before a young man, and the frivolous trifler who would turn life into a long frolic and one unending carouse- repeats the stale scoff in the face of that young man, in order to seduce him into profligacy and ruin. But the Gospel is a system of life, deliverance, hope, joy in the Holy Spirit. It came to make guilty men happy by making them good, and by bringing them into peace with their God. Now, in the very outset, I suppose that this assembly agree that we all need- that men and women, old and young- need recreation. Not only rest from toil (and the people of this country are the most overworking people on earth) but we need the occasional restorative of recreation. I use that word in its etymological sense- to re-create, to make a man over again as good as new.

You and I work ourselves down. Then we must be built up again. We need to unbend. We should not keep the bow always strung, else it loses its elasticity. Men were not created to be always drudges. They were to play once in a while as well as toil. All work makes a man a sorry slave. All play makes him a sorrier fool. The wise person avoids both extremes. God has not only given all powers of enjoyment, but recreation is an absolute need. I must have it, so must you. The best men have always found it so. Biographies of the most healthful Christians reveal them as unwinding in an innocent sportiveness. Their grave faces relax sometimes into what the old Puritan used to call "the Christian liberty of laughing." Their overactive brains are regaled with a healthy holiday. When at work, they work like men and Christians. When at play, they unbend and sport like little children. That is human nature; that is wise; that is beautiful.

Martin Luther bends over that German translation of the book of God. Martin Luther elaborates his treatises against the great Romish delusion; and refreshes himself by hearing his beautiful wife,

Catherine, sing sweet songs, and by decorating Christmas trees for his children. Granville Sharp never played more sweetly on human sympathies when he was arousing the world for the emancipation of the slaves, than when he used to retire from his philanthropies to play upon his flute in his terrace overhanging the Thames. Buxton is good at hunting abuses in Parliament. He is equally good in hunting with dog and gun over the English forest. Wilberforce battles all day for God and humanity; labors for Bible circulation; labors for genuine reform; labors for Christian missions, and for India; and then goes home to amuse his children with delightful stories, and trundles a hoop with them all around his garden at Clapham. He is as happy as a swallow. Blessed, blessed man! he had a right to be happy, for he labored like his Master. Who had a better right than he, to let his soul flow out in its innocent joy?

Now, then, we come to the practical point of this discourse- What kind of recreation do men need? For whatever a man needs, according to his God-given nature, is right. Fix that first in your minds. Taking this as a clue in your hands, my young friends, you will be guided into the path of right and safety. The daily laborer who toils twelve out of the twenty-four hours, probably finds no recreation like simple rest. Lying down upon his bed is recreation. The Sabbath comes to him with rest; social joys in his humble home are a part of his recreation; an occasional hour in some library, or listening to discoursings of truth, is healthful recreation. The great idea with him is Rest! Rest! The student needs change of occupation- physical exercise. That weakened form of his, which bends over the book until his face becomes as bloodless as the page he scans, should go out into God's free air, and all the better for him if the hand that is idle should swing the axe, or pull the oar upon the stream. I never shall forget a walk with that greatest of modern poets- the now departed Wordsworth- over the hills which he has made immortal; and as I saw the hearty and healthful countenance of the great poet, I understood what his servant meant when he said- "My master's study is always out of doors." One of the acutest minds in all England, Carlyle once vented itself in this way to me- "My greatest pleasure is to mount my horse and ride out in the teeth of the wind away from these smoky streets of London."

We have many methods of recreation open to the most conscientious and godly minded- Books! books which lift the soul up to the mountain-top; books which take me to Pisgah's heights, and permit me to survey the realm of God's universe; books which enliven me and lead me to the recesses of the heart; books which bring me nearer to God in all his works; books which I can make fireside companions; each one of them, as it were a vial, containing the extract and essence of a great heart. Books make the first and purest of our recreations!

But, methinks, some one starts up in this house and says- "May I read books of fiction?" Yes, sir, on two conditions only- first, that you never read any but those which are pure and soul-elevating; and next that you only read those as the occasional recreation of a mind fatigued by severer duties. It is as if you ask me, while sitting at a table- "May I eat that sweet dessert?" "Yes, after you have dined on healthy food." But woe to him who feeds his body on sweets alone! Woe to the young men or maidens, who have no good books in their heads or hearts! I believe there is more demoralization of the young, more loss of character and incipient infidelity, resulting from the vile pages of certain pestilential literature, which swarms in this country, than from any other source which Satan employs to ruin our youth. But a good book- a good book is one of God's best gifts to us.

Next to books comes music; music from the cradle- hymns which the sweet-voiced mother sings in our infancy- to the plaintive dirge that floats over the green sward, where we are laid to our rest. Music when it comes in the swelling oratorio, swelling and rolling in surges on the soul like the sound of many waters on the beach- or the martial air stirring the soul like the sound of a trumpet on the tented field; or the charming evening hymns sung by our beloved ones at the altar of our homes; or the anthems sung by the great congregations, rolling up to mingle with the oratorios of heaven- the ceaseless song of the ransomed and redeemed!

I care not that Satan has stolen music and perverted it to sensual and infernal uses. That is no more reason why I should not make my heart praise my Maker, than that the vile abuse of anything is an argument against its uses, unless as in the case of alcohol, where the use be an abuse of the user. The great dangers connected with the opera do not lie in the music, but in the usual accompaniments of the play-house; a subject of which we shall speak hereafter. Galleries of art, scientific lectures- are all means of recreation within the reach of the young; and I do thank those public benefactors, who are bringing to our shores so many masterpieces of genius; and were I possessed of a princely fortune (like him who was the princely constructor of this edifice,) one of the best gifts I would give to the young men of New-York would be some great hall, in which, turning their feet from every wicked place, they might come in and enlighten their reason and purify their hearts in the long evenings of this season of the year.

Without dwelling farther on specific recreations, we come to this principle- that whatever makes your body healthier, your mind happier, and your immortal soul purer, is Christian recreation. If you never depart from these good sayings, you will never bring down the maledictions of God, who pronounced such fearful curses upon the reveler and those who are given to banquetings and excess. In treating of recreations, I have gone upon the principle that they are sought for useful and lawful purposes. "Whatever you do, do all for the glory of God." Every Christian ought to take his religion into his pleasures, just as much as into his business or his church. No Christian ought ever to spend an evening in any place, from which he could not return with the most devout and graceful approach to his Savior, as he bends on his knee in his closet to spend the last hour of the day, as it flies up to God with its account.

Secondly, when most people when seek amusement, there is something very different in their minds, than a desire for healthy and wholesome recreation. In this part of my discourse, I wish to treat of this different thing. It is not recreation; it is not for the sake of being better fitted for life’s cares and toils and heroic duties- but it is pleasure for its own sake and ultimate end- and the gay, frivolous, and pleasure-loving are generally in pursuit of that. They do not merely seek refreshment; they desire stimulation and high excitement. A wise man, for instance, drinks for refreshment. Of course he drinks pure water, or something that will not stimulate. On the other hand, the sensualist drinks for stimulation. He goes to the bottle which maddens and intoxicates. The love of excitement is what fills our taverns. The great mass of men go to immoral places for what? for recreation? Not at all- but for excitement; and the more fiery, the more stimulating, the better.

Here is the supreme attraction of the theater, the gaming-house, the drinking-saloon, the billiard-room. Within those brilliantly lighted places, the chief attractions are the high excitements to the lusts of the youth, as well as the worn-out debauchee. The only reasons why young men

seek such places, are the very reasons why they should not seek them. Instead of rest to the body and delightful entertainment to the mind, they are indisputably destructive and poisonous. Such writers as those in this city who, during the last few months or the last year, have advocated dramatic entertainments, mistake the main position, when they confound innocent recreation with sinful pleasures. One is right and the other is ruinous. Everything that rests my body or mind, improves my health and elevates my soul, is commendable. Everything that stimulates my lustful propensities, until I become a walking maniac; everything that debauches my body, weakens my conscience, excites impure thoughts, and makes my soul a horrendous house of imagery; everything that makes me forget God and eternity; is dangerous, and in the last damnable. To this test we must bring the theater, the midnight carouse, and the ball-room. Do they provide refreshment of strength and mind? Does the drinking-house provide such refreshment? Do they improve or profit, or do they demoralize and destroy for time and eternity? That is the question. I do not suppose any ’ideal’ or ’imaginary’ theater, any ideal ale-house. I am not discussing an imaginary state of the drama, where the audience are all saints, the actors are all apostles; where the curtain would rise to the sound of prayer instead of an overture, and the performance would close with the Doxology instead of a song sung by a buffoon; where no possible farce on the stage could be so ridiculous a farce as the audience. Such a state of things is imaginary.

Introduce such a thing into a New York theater, and it would be deserted in one day! Introduce a theater in which such plays as Hannah More’s sacred dramas were to be performed by conscientious performers, and the whole class of theater-goers would desert it in a week. As the preacher entered at one door, the profligate would go out of the other. As the deacon entered, the beer drinker would retire. As the gracious mother came with her pure daughters, the painted harlot would take flight to some more congenial environment.

All who are attracted and stimulated by the lustful drama, by the indelicate innuendo, by the ballet dancers, by the wine-saloon, never, depend upon it, would waste a dollar upon a puritanic theater! It would be tasteless and insipid to them- it would be deserted in mass- and who would fill their places? Would you? Would I? Would my congregation like to know that I filled one of the vacant places in that theater? For myself, I can say that I have succeeded in obtaining all the recreation I have felt necessary, and an exuberant flow of spirit, without ever having entered the theater, witnessed an opera, played a game of cards, attended a ball, or indulged in the excitement of the wine-cup.

Millions tonight are empty in purse, character, and godliness, and empty of hope, from having tried each or all of them! Why, do you not know that the real attraction of such places is the temporary excitement? All that is passion-exciting in tragedy, and mirth-exciting in comedy, is brought in. In one thrilling scene, a mother shrieks out her agony for her lost boy; in another, a betrayed mistress wreaks revenge on her paramour; and in another, a ribald scoffer burlesques the most sacred passages of the blessed book of God. It feeds the passion; the eye is not forgotten by the scene-painter, nor the actress in the dress that captivates and inflames the lust.

Those that cannot be drawn by the stage are drawn by the exciting accompaniments- by the music, the wine-saloon, the presence of tempters to midnight debauchery.

"Skilled in doing evil!" would I write over the entrance of every theater that ever stood in this metropolis. "He that is wise, let him not enter in there."

"By their fruits you shall know them," is the test the world applies to us, my beloved fellow-professor of Christ's gospel. It is a good test. I wish Christians would not forget it. "By their fruits you shall know them;" and I in turn say to the lover of pleasure- will you let me apply that to your own amusements? By your fruits I would know you. And now I come to the theater, (saying nothing about cards, the wine-cup, or the ball-room,) and ask- Does it improve the morals of those who deliberately attend it? Would a sensible merchant hire a young man into his business, make him his bookkeeper, confident, or cashier, on the strength of the knowledge that that young man regularly attended the theater? The theater has led more to the workhouse and to ruin, than probably any other source of temptation to the young, ever known in the history of our metropolis.

Secondly- if the theater is a good school of morals, why do not the teachers learn and practice their own lessons? It is a poor gospel that does not convert its own advocates. Now, far be it from me to impugn the character of all performers; but in the best days of the dramas, Dr. Johnson used to say, he avoided their company, because of their tempting him to lust. Ought a lady to attend any place where she will see her own sex unclothed? That simple fact, a part and parcel of theatricals, is one of its most bitter and burning condemnations.

Again, if the drama is conducive to piety and morality, if it is productive of purity, why does it attract the debauched, the drunkard, and the profligate? While I do not say that no man of good morals has ever attended it, I do say that the loathsome people of this city have a most striking passion for theater-going; and where the immoral all love to go, the Christian ought never to go. Would any young lady in this house like to hear that her pastor had been in the playhouse? If she saw me preaching Christ after seeing me there, would she not probably have a far more vivid recollection of the play-house than appreciation of the truth I tried to teach? But God's test is the best- "when the laughter ends, the grief remains." Proverbs 14:13 When Dr. Harvey heard a lady speak of the pleasures of the theater in reply to the question as to what they were- "First," she said, "the pleasure of anticipation before I go; secondly, the pleasure of participation while I am there; and thirdly, the pleasure of recollection in recalling the play after I am gone." "Madam!" said that Christian gentleman, "madam! you forget one pleasure." "What is it, sir?" "It is the pleasure of retrospection, when on the dying-bed you look back on a life immersed in such frivolities as that." That was her last "pleasure of recollection" of a night in a theater. Do you say that many dramatic productions are masterpieces of intellect? I do not deny it. I do not deny that Shakespeare's plays are the best of all plays, and yet across that resplendent sun of his imperial intellect, how many a dark spot of obscenity and profanation, almost blasphemy. So much so, that when a female master of the art undertook to read those plays before a promiscuous audience, she was obliged to leap from point to point, from passage to passage, as one crossing a stream would leap from stone to stone, in order to keep a dry foot. My friends, it is not necessary to enter a theater to receive intellectual pleasure, from Shakespeare or any other dramatist. You can have it by the fireside without the contaminating vices of the play-house. But if the grandest dramatic pieces that ever leaped full-grown from the brains of the great master of English poetry and philosophy, are only to be learned by my son and daughter at the expense of their virtue, I would lay them in their graves, ignorant of the first line that Shakespeare ever penned! There are higher walks of knowledge still- walks that I can tread in company with the angels- walks that I can take with my Divine Master- walks from mountain-top to mountain-top, out into the great landscape in which I study God, and see my Father in all his works.

Now look upon this question in whatever light you choose, these places of excitement, not recreation, cannot bear scrutiny any more than any of the sinful excitements I have barely alluded to. I have dwelt upon the theater as a 'representative amusement', knowing that much we have said in regard to it would apply to kindred places of pernicious excitement. My last argument against it is, oh! how many a heart that has been touched by the Holy Spirit during the last revival year; how many a young man who has melted in the prayer-meeting, thrilled under the sermon, been aroused by the Spirit to the grandeur of a Christian life and the claims of God and the glory of heaven- how many such a young man dates his first relapse, and first steps of apostasy, to one or more of the ten thousand scenes of 'fashionable amusement', which surround him in New York! That noble man, Mr. Noel of London, allied by birth to the nobility of earth- and by the new birth to the nobility of heaven, says that a youth came to London and gave himself up to teaching and Christian service. By and by he missed him from the church- (that is the first step, my young friends)- then he heard that he was the frequenter of a play-house; from the play-house he traced him to the tavern; from the tavern to the skeptic's club; and then down he went rapidly with the necessary gravitation of sin, to the very depths of sin and debauchery. That young man, whose mother would not have recognized him had he been brought to her door, lay stranded upon life's shore, wrecked in body and wrecked in character. Mr. Noel was summoned to his dying-bed, and as he entered the room he saw that the young man was within a step of eternity. He took him by the hand- (oh! that pastors of the present day would take young men by the hand! you, my young friends, need men's hands, but God's hand most of all)- he took him by the hand and talked with him of Christ and hope in the dying hour. The young man lay under it all in total and terrible despair, as if he had quenched the Spirit forever- the last light seemed to have gone out. Noel bade him farewell and left him in indescribable agony of soul; but as he lifted the latch, the young man started up with a convulsive movement and begged him to return. The pastor went back to his bed. The young man mustering all his strength, drew his face down and whispered in his ear, "I am damned! I am damned!" and then fell back upon his pillow, and in a few moments was before his God!

If the play-house and the skeptic-club bring such retributions as that, what Christian father or mother will ever consent that their loved ones should tread such fearfully slippery places?

I will now present several simple tests, and I shall have completed this discussion.

1. Every recreation which makes me stronger in body, happier in mind, and purer in heart, is beneficial.

2. Every amusement which is not an excitement, but the means of healthful recreation and improvement, is allowable for a Christian. I stand upon my Christian right in reference to them all- a healthy conscience enlightened of God, is to be the best judge.

3. No Christian should ever take part in any entertainments from which he cannot conscientiously turn to his Bible and his closet.

4. No Christian should frequent any place which Jesus Christ would forbid if he were personally on earth; nor should he be seen in places so questionable that irreligious people would be startled in finding him there. "Abstain," my friends, "from all appearance of evil."

5. Let me remind you of the best rule of all- God’s rule. Here it is, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do," in work or pleasure, "do all to the, glory of God." Then, when all your activities are in full play for God, and your brain at work in blessed schemes for studying and honoring him, your hands occupied in leading men in paths of purity and truth, your whole self happy in your work, your principles, your recreations- that is life, oh! That is life!

You and I have heard sometimes a military band approaching from the distance. We first catch the notes of the horn, then the rich swell of the bugle; then, as the band comes nearer, the finer, gentler, and more delicate instruments mingle in with their harmony, until at length they come upon us with full burst! The ear feeds on the exquisite harmony, as the bee feeds on the honey of the flower. So a man who says, "Whatever I do, I will do for the glory of God," finds in one act a beautiful melody; in the next act a sweet harmony; in the next a delicious joy; and so he goes on in full play and full work, nobly blending power with power, affection with affection, and all with God; and making life a joyous procession to the sound of horn, timbrel, and trumpet, he sweeps in at last through the heavenly gates to the raptures of Paradise. O blessed Savior! let your service be my unending recreation- your presence my everlasting delight!

# S. The Value of Life

The Value of Life The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life.—Job 33:4.

There are two conflicting theories, nowadays, as to the origin of man. One theory brings him upward from the brute, the other, downward from God; one gives him an ascent from the ape, the other a descent from the Almighty. I shall waste no time in refuting the first theory. The most profound physicist of Europe, Professor Virchow, of Berlin, has lately asserted that this theory of man's evolution from the brute has no solid scientific foundation. Why need you and I seek to disprove what no man has ever yet proved or will prove? The other theory of man's origin comes down to us in the oldest book in existence, the Book of Job, and tallies exactly with the narrative in the next oldest books, those compiled by Moses: "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." That is the Bible account of your ancestry and mine.

We make a great deal of ancestry. The son of a duke may become a duke; the child of a king has royal blood in his veins; and a vast deal of honor is supposed to descend with an honorable descent. Grant this true, it proves a great deal; it proves more than some of us imagine. It proves that there is something grander than for man to have for his sire a king or an emperor, a statesman or a conqueror, a poet or a philosopher. It looks to the grandest genealogy in the universe, the ancestry of a whole race; not a few favored individuals, but all humanity. My brethren, fellow sharers of immortality, open this family record. Trace your ancestry back to the most august parentage in the universe: One is our Father, God; One our elder brother, Jesus. We all draw lineage from the King of kings and the Lord of lords. Herein consists the value and dignity of human life. I go back to the origin of the globe. I find that for five days the creative hand of the Almighty is busy in fitting up an abode of palatial splendor. He adorns it; He hollows the seas for man's highway, rears the mountains for his observatories, stores the mines for his magazines, pours the streams to give him drink, and fertilizes the fields to give him daily bread. The mansion is carpeted with verdure, illuminated with the greater light by day, lesser lights by night. Then God comes up to the grandest work of all. When the earth is to be fashioned and the ocean to be poured into its bed, God simply says, "Let them be," and they are. When man is to be created, the Godhead seems to make a solemn pause, retires into the recesses of His own tranquillity, looks for a model, and finds it in Himself. "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness.... So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.... So God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul." No longer a beautiful model, no longer a speechless statue, but vivified. Life, that subtle, mysterious thing that no physicist can define, whose lurking place in the body no medical eye hath yet found out—life came into the clay structure. He began to breathe, to walk, to think, to feel in the body the "nephesh": the word in the Hebrew means, in the first place, the breath of life, then, finally, by that immortal essence called the soul.

Now, it is not my intention to enter into any analysis of this expression, “the spirit,” but talk to you on life, its reach and its revenue, its preciousness and its power, its rewards and its retributions, life for this world and the far-reaching world beyond. Life is God’s gift; your trust and mine. We are the trustees of the Giver, unto whom at last we shall render account for every thought, word and deed in the body.

I. In the first place, life, in its origin, is infinitely important. The birth of a babe is a mighty event. From the frequency of births, as well as the frequency of deaths, we are prone to set a very low estimate on the ushering into existence of an animate child, unless the child be born in a palace or a presidential mansion, or some other lofty station. Unless there be something extraordinary in the circumstances, we do not attach the importance we ought to the event itself. It is only noble birth, distinguished birth, that is chronicled in the journals or announced with salvos of artillery. I admit that the relations of a prince, of a president and statesman, are more important to their fellow men and touch them at more points than those of an obscure pauper; but when the events are weighed in the scales of eternity, the difference is scarcely perceptible. In the darkest hovel in Brooklyn, in the dingiest attic or cellar, or in any place in which a human being sees the first glimpse of light, the eye of the Omniscient beholds an occurrence of prodigious moment. A life is begun, a life that shall never end. A heart begins to throb that shall beat to the keenest delight or the acutest anguish. More than this—a soul commences a career that shall outlast the earth on which it moves. The soul enters upon an existence that shall be untouched by time, when the sun is extinguished like a taper in the sky, the moon blotted out, and the heavens have been rolled together as a vesture and changed forever. The Scandinavians have a very impressive allegory of human life. They represent it as a tree, the “Igdrasil” or the tree of existence, whose roots grow deep down in the soil of mystery; the trunk reaches above the clouds; its branches spread out over the globe. At the foot of it sit the Past, the Present, and the Future, watering the roots. Its boughs, with their unleafing, spread out through all lands and all time; every leaf of the tree is a biography, every fiber a word, a thought or a deed; its boughs are the histories of nations; the rustle of it is the noise of human existence onward from of old; it grows amid the howling of the hurricane, it is the great tree of humanity. Now in that conception of the half savage Norsemen, we learn how they estimated the grandeur of human life. It is a transcendent, momentous thing, this living, bare living, thinking, feeling, deciding. It comes from God; He is its Author; it should rise toward God, its Giver, who is alone worthy of being served; that with God it may live forever.

II. In the next place, human life is transcendently precious from the services it may render to God in the advancement of His glory. Man was not created as a piece of guesswork, flung into existence as a waif. There is a purpose in the creation of every human being. God did not breathe the breath of life into you, my friend, that you might be a sensuous or a splendid animal. That soul was given you for a purpose worthy of yourself, still more of the Creator.

What is the purpose of life? Is it advancement? Is it promotion? Is it merely the pursuit of happiness? Man was created to be happy, but to be more—to be holy. The wisdom of those Westminster fathers that gathered in the Jerusalem chamber, wrought it into the well-known phrase, “Man’s chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.” That is the double aim of life: duty first, then happiness as the consequence; to bring in revenues of honor to God, to build up His kingdom, spread His truth; to bring this whole world of His and lay it subject at the feet of the Son of God. That is the highest end and aim of existence, and every one here that has risen up to

that purpose of life lives. He does not merely vegetate, he does not exist as a higher type of animal: he lives a man's life on earth, and when he dies he takes a man's life up to mingle with the loftier life of paradise. The highest style of manhood and womanhood is to be attained by consecration to the Son of God. That is the only right way, my friends, to employ these powers which you have brought back to your homes from your sanctuary. That is the only idea of life which you are to take to-morrow into the toils and temptations of the week. That is the only idea of life that you are to carry unto God in your confessions and thanksgivings in the closet. That is the only idea of life on which you are to let the transcendent light of eternity fall. These powers, these gifts, the wealth earned, the influence imparted, all are to be laid at the feet of Him who gave His life for you. Life is real, momentous, clothed with an awful and an overwhelming responsibility to its possessor. Nay, I believe that life is the richest of boons, or the most intolerable of curses.

Setting before you the power of a well-spent life, I might of course point first to the radiant pathway that extended from Bethlehem's manger to the cross of Calvary. All along that path I read the single purpose of love, all embracing and undying: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me.... I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." Next to that life we place the life begun on the road to Damascus. In him Christ lived again, with wondrous power, present in the utterances and footsteps of the servant. "For me to live is Christ:" that is the master passion of Paul. Whether he ate or drank, gained or lost, wrought or suffered, Christ filled the eye and animated every step. The chief end of Paul was to glorify his Savior; and of the winding-up of that many-sided term of existence he could exclaim, not boastfully, but gladly: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

I found myself lately studying with intense interest the biography of Baxter. For half a century that man gave himself to the service of Jesus with a perseverance and industry that shames such loiterers as you and I. Just think of a man that twice on every Lord's day proclaimed the gospel of his Master with most elaborate care and unflinching diligence; on the first two days of the week spent seven hours each day in instructing children of the parish, not omitting a single one on account of poverty or obscurity; think of him as devoting one whole day of each week to care for their bodily welfare, devoting three days to study, during which he prepared one hundred and sixty instructive volumes saturated with the spirit of the word, among them that immortal "Saints' Everlasting Rest," that has guided so many a believer up to glory. The influence of one such life as that changed the whole aspect of the town of Kidderminster. When he came to it, it swarmed with ignorance, profligacy, Sabbath-breaking, vice; when he left it the whole community had become sober and industrious, and a large portion converted and godly. He says: "On the Lord's Day evening you may hear hundreds of families in their doors singing psalms or reading the Bible, as you pass along the streets." Sixteen hundred sat down at one time to his communion-table. Nearly every house became a house of prayer. Such was one life, the life of a man much of the time an invalid, crying out often unto God for deliverance from the most excruciating bodily pains. Such was one life on which was a stamped "Holiness to Jesus," and out of which flowed the continual efflux of Christian power and beneficence. Such a man never dies. Good men live forever. Old Augustine lives today in the rich discourses inspired by his teachings. Lord Bacon lives in the ever-widening circles of engines, telegraph and telephones which he taught men how to invent. Elizabeth Fry lives in the prison reformers following her radiant and beneficial footsteps. Bunyan

lies in Bunhill Fields, but his bright spirit walks on the earth in the “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Calvin sleeps at Geneva, and no man knoweth his sepulcher to this day, but his magnificent “Vindication of God’s Sovereignty” will live forever. We hail him as in one sense an ancestor of our republic. Wesley slumbers beside the City Road Chapel; his dead hand rings ten thousand Methodist church bells round the globe. Isaac Watts is dead, but in the chariot of his hymns tens of thousands of spirits ascend today in majestic devotion. Howard still keeps prisons clean. Franklin protects our dwellings from lightnings. Dr. Duncan guards the earnings of the poor in the savings-bank. For a hundred years Robert Raikes has gathered his Sunday-schools all over Christendom; and Abraham Lincoln’s breath still breathes through the life of the nation to which, under God, he gave a new birth of freedom. The heart of a good man or a good woman never dies. Why, it is infamy to die and not be missed. Live, immortal friend, live as the brother of Jesus, live as a fellow workman with Christ in God’s work. Phillips Brooks once said to his people: “I exhort you to pray for fulness of life—full red blood in the body, full and honest truth in the mind, fulness of consecrated love to the dying Savior in the heart.”

III. In the next place, life is infinitely valuable, not only from the dignity of its origin and the results and revenues it may reach, but from the eternal consequences flowing from it. Ah, this world, with its curtaining of light, its embroideries of the heavens, and its carpeting of verdure, is a solemn vestibule to eternity. My hearer, this world on which you exhibit your nature this morning is the porch of heaven or the gateway of hell. Here you may be laying up treasures through Christ and for Christ, to make you a millionaire to all eternity. Here, by simply refusing to hearken, by rejecting the cross, by grieving the Spirit, you may kindle a flame that shall consume and give birth to a worm of remorse that shall prey on your soul forever and ever. In this brief twenty years, thirty, or forty, you must, without mistake, settle a question, the decision of which shall lift you to the indescribable heights of rapture or plunge you to the depths of darkness and despair. I am a baby at the thought of the word “eternity”; I have racked this brain of mine, in its poverty and its weakness, and have not the faintest conception of it, any more than I have of the omnipresence of Jehovah; yet one is as real as the other, and you and I will go on in the continuation of an existence that outnumbers the years as the Atlantic drops outnumber the drops of a brook; an existence whose ages are more than the stars that twinkled last night in the firmament—an existence interminable, yet all swinging on the pivot of that life in that pew. It is overpowering.

How momentous, then, is life! How grand its possession! what responsibility in its very breath! what a crime to waste it! what a glory to consecrate it! what a magnificent outcome when it shall shuffle off the coil, and break itself free from its entanglements, and burst into the presence of its Giver, and rise into all the transcendent glories of its life everlasting! In view of that, what a solemn thing it is to preach God’s word, and to stand between the living and the dead! And in view of life, its preciousness and power, its far-reaching rewards and punishments, let me say here, in closing, that there are three or four practical considerations that should be prest home upon us and carried out by us:

1. The first practical thought is, how careful you and I ought to be to husband it. The neglect of life is a sin; it is an insult to God; it is tampering with the most precious trust He bestows. The care of life is a religious duty. A great deal of your happiness depends on it, and I can tell you, my Christian brother, a great deal of your spiritual growth and capacity for usefulness depends on the manner in which you treat this marvelous mechanism of the body. Your religious life is affected by

the condition of the body in which the spirit tabernacles. It is not only lying lips, it is “the wilful dyspeptic, that is an abomination to the Lord.” Any one that recklessly impairs, imperils and weakens bodily powers by bad hours, unwholesome diet, poisonous stimulants or sensualities, is a suicide; and there are some men, I am afraid, in this congregation that yield themselves such unpitied bond-slaves to the claims of business, that they are shortening life by years and impairing its powers every day. Thousands of suicides are committed every year in Brooklyn by a defiance of the simplest laws of self-preservation and health. What shall we say of him who opens a haunt of temptation, sets out his snares and deliberately deals out death by the dram? So many pieces of silver for so many ounces of blood, and an immortal soul tossed into the balance! If I could let one ray of eternity shine into every dramshop, methinks I could frighten the poison seller back from making his living at the mouth of the pit.

2. Again, in this view of the value of life, what a stupendous crime wanton war becomes—offensive war, such war as multitudes have dashed into from the lust of conquest or the greed of gold. When war is to be welcomed, rather than a nation should commit suicide and the hopes of men perish, then with prayers and self-consecration may the patriot go out to the battle and the sacrifice; but offensive war is a monster of hell. With all our admiration for Napoleon’s brilliant and unsurpassed genius, there are passages in his life that make my blood sometimes tingle to the finger ends, and start the involuntary hiss at the very thought of such a gigantic butcher of his fellow creatures. If that man knew that a battery could be carried only at the cost of a legion of men, he never hesitated to order their sacrifice as lightly as he would the life of a gnat. I read that, after what is called his splendid victory of Austerlitz was over and the triumph was won and the iron crown of empire was fixt on his brow, as he stood on the high ground he saw a portion of the defeated Russians making a slow, painful retreat over a frozen lake. They were in his power; he rode up to a battery, and said, “Men you are losing time! fire on those masses; they must be swallowed up! fire on that ice!” The order was executed. Shells were thrown, and went crashing through the brittle bridge of ice, and amid awful shrieks hundreds upon hundreds of poor wretches were buried in the frozen waters of that lake. I believe the dying shrieks of his fellow creatures will haunt the eternity of a man who prostituted the most magnificent powers the Creator fashioned in this our century of time to the awful work of shortening life, tormenting his fellow creatures and sending a million unbidden before God.

3. Once more I emphasize upon you, my beloved people, life, its preciousness and power, its rewards and its retributions. And yet, what a vapor, what a flight of an arrow, what a tale that is told! Short, yet infinite in its reach and its retribution! When life is represented as an arrow flight and a vapor, it is not that it may be underrated in its infinite importance, but only that we may be pushed up to the right sense of its brevity. Everything in God’s world ennobles humanity and exhibits life as earnest, solemn, decisive, momentous. The highest ends are proposed to it while it exists, the most magnificent rewards are held out at the termination of its consecrated vitalities. At the end of it is the great white throne, and the decisions of the judgment. Some of you, turning from this discourse this morning, may say it was nothing but sacred poetry because your life is only the steady, monotonous round of a mill-horse—to-morrow across the ferry, home at night—through its routine in the shop, in the counting-room, in the family, on the Sabbath in church—and say, “I see nothing in my life that thus sparkles or shines or has this sublime characteristic!” Ah, my friend, grant that your life may be the mill-round of the mill-horse; you turn a

shaft that reaches through the wall into eternity, and the humblest life in this house sets in motion revolving wheels that shall at last grind out for God's garner the precious grain, or else the worthless chaff of a wasted existence. So again I say, life is the porch of eternity, the only one we shall ever have; and you are to decide now whether it shall be the uplift from strength to strength, from glory to glory, or the plunge downward and still downward and deeper downward to darkness and eternal death. My friend, what sort of a life are you living? A really earnest, humble consecration to God? Go on. Live, as I mean to do, as long as God shall spare power and intellectual faculty to serve Him. Live as long as you can, as largely as you can; and then carry all life's accumulation and lay it down at the feet of Him whose heart broke for you and me on the cross of Calvary, and say: "Master, here I am, and the life Thou hast given me."

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