

What I Saw and Heard in Boston.

No. 4.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Christ Church, London, the church of the eccentric Rowland Hill, came by invitation to help the evangelists of New York and Boston.

Before audiences, packing all the space in Tremont Temple, he reasoned of consecration, whole and unconditional—of ministers and Christians searching their hearts and lives for vanities, follies, sins, big and little, for carelessness and indifference, and whatsoever would hinder the free and full working of God's Spirit in the heart and life, and the casting out of one and all of these demons. Then through the minister and with the minister the Holy Spirit will do his work and bid defiance to all opposition.

Mr. Meyer looks to be about fifty years old. But it is hard to guess an Englishman's age. His attitudes and gestures are in open and flagrant violation of all the rules laid down by rhetoricians for the management of the body in public speaking. But it all seems natural to Mr. Meyer. His face is strong. The contour, features and expression of it are not unlike that of the late Dr. Tupper, when he was sixty years old. But Mr. Meyer's benevolent and luminous blue eyes are a poor substitute for the small, piercing black eyes that used to glow and flash from under the noble brow of that great and good man. Mr. Meyer's complexion is light. Dr. Tupper's was dark.

But Mr. Meyer was at his best when he faced 400 ministers of the gospel in the First Baptist church in Philadelphia—Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians—Episcopal ministers are as timid about attending such meetings in Philadelphia as they are in Halifax and St. John, and more so. In this church, on a Monday morning these hundreds of ministers, young and middle-aged and old, sat at the feet of the man from England with a message for them. The large house was crowded, men and women filled all the space not occupied by the ministers. For about an hour all hung on the lips of the speaker as if spellbound. Paul's examining himself lest he should be a castaway was his text. His interpretation was perhaps fanciful—not that Paul feared being cast off into perdition, but he feared that he might be cast aside as a successful laborer for Christ. To this end he searched his heart, and tried his spirit.

Mr. Meyer confronted the clerical audience with all the low and unworthy ambitions then occurring to his mind, which might be cherished by ministers, also sins, vanities, deficiencies, and urged them with much unction and zeal to cast them all aside and become vessels of the Lord. In glowing terms he contrasted the failure of men who depended on eloquence, or even truth. Hearts emptied of self and bodies, souls and spirits surrendered to God were conditions essential to success in the ministry. The audience listened with rapt attention and honest expression.

This scene dissolved, and another one came into view. Now Mr. Meyer has for his audience the 100 students and the staff of able professors, with the venerable Dr. Weston at that head in the chapel of the Crozer school at Chester, fourteen miles from Philadelphia. At the train Dr. Weston, with much brotherly expression, grasped the hand of Mr. Meyer in both of his own, and said "Come thou blessed of the Lord." A hundred sturdy, earnest, intelligent young men were those into whose eyes Mr. Meyer looked, and had in return every eye riveted on him. The evangelist simply told the students his ministerial experience. Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, sent him out into the world as a preacher. First he was an assistant at Liverpool. Then he found his way to York. There he was timid, fearing the big men, Mr. Moody and Sankey, crossed the Atlantic, found the man dead who had invited them—went to York to a man whom they knew and who knew Mr. Meyer. Moody in this way got into his pulpit. He saw Moody had what he had not. He sat at his feet and learned his first great lesson of full consecration. On he went with this added power. He was removed to another church. Judd and Smith, the students, the one first at cricket, the other first at the oar, came to his church. He saw they were in advance of himself. He went to them, asked them their secret, and was told it was full and unqualified surrender of themselves and all that they had to God forever. That night he threw away every known sin and vanity, received new strength and has been going on since, casting out anything and everything that shows its head in his religious life opposed to the Spirit and teachings of the word of the Lord. This, with much good advice, was the address to the students at Crozer.

Mr. Selden Cummings was the only face from the Maritime Provinces that I recognized in the audience. As soon as the service was closed, he had me by the hand. Five others from Western Canada gathered with him to welcome a Canadian Baptist to Crozer. Dr. Weston has collected his students all the way from British Columbia to South Carolina. The social life of the institution is freer and fuller than I have ever seen it at any kindred institution. The professors, their wives, and the students seem to be a happy family. Dr. Weston is the patriarch in appearance, in heart and in act. Mr. Cummings is getting on well. He works with the First church in Philadelphia, having Dr. Kerr Tupper as its energetic pastor and a popular preacher. Mr. Cummings teaches a Christian culture class of from 75 to 100 young men and young women, and works in a large city mission.

REPORTER.

Heroism in the Pines.

BY MARCUS DUNCAN.

One of the most impressive religious services I ever attended, one which moved me deeply, I want to briefly describe to you and mayhap in the scene and surroundings there may be something of help to those who toil in mission fields, home or foreign; something, perhaps, of stimulation to those who give of their substance to advance the cause of Christ in city slums, on the far frontier, or in the blackness of heathendom.

It was half-past five o'clock on a wintry afternoon in early December, in 1895's December. There was a shimmer of starlight through the rift in the roof where the stovepipe and the pine shingles failed to meet by several inches. The room was cold. A huge box stove on one side kept the air warm for those who sat nearest it, a half-dozen, serious-faced folk, in humble attire. I sat on a low school-seat bench and my heavy overcoat was hardly proof against the stinging cold. In front of me stood a rude desk on which two kerosene lamps made sad show of illumination. The room had no plastering, no furnishings. The building was made of pine boards with a covering of tarred paper, and was used for a schoolhouse.

At my left there stood a slender man in the white garb of a rector. His face was fluted from the biting cold, for he had been walking perhaps ten miles from his station to preach to this handful of people—not more than twelve all told. He used an abbreviated, or condensed form of the Episcopal ritual and then preached a short sermon. It was Advent Sunday and he made his sermon fit the day.

It was not so much the arrangement of his discourse, though that was sensible and logical; it was not so much the exposition of the wonderful coming of the Christ, though it was full of tenderness and void of irrationalism; it was not so much the manner of address, though that was forceful and worthy of a city pulpit;—not these that most impressed me, but if I may use the word, it was the transcendent earnestness of the man that marked this sermon as one to be remembered a lifetime. The central thought was the oft-repeated promise, "I will come again," and the universal need of being ready for this coming, whether it be on the morrow or in a thousand morrows.

The preacher's face was radiant with a hope that moved one as perhaps not even his earnestness did. But it was not only the preaching of this man that impressed me, as he told the story of the cross to this handful of people away up in the heart of one of the vastest pine forests yet left on the globe; there was even more in his life. I learned of this life from him only in the barest outlines—from others I learned more in detail.

Twenty-two years ago, a young rector, he went into the forests of northern Minnesota to preach the gospel to the Indians. Since that time he has been steadily at work among them. He has ten or a dozen mission churches, perhaps 300 souls all told. These churches are located at widely separated points on a vast Indian reservation. The preacher is absent from his home at the agency, where stays his devoted wife, about half of every week. Sometimes he will walk fifty miles to meet a preaching engagement to his Indians. Sometimes he travels on horseback, sometimes in a humble, one-horse rig, sometimes in the dead of winter, on snow-shoes. He sends his little children at the age of six years away to school, for not all the mission work he may do makes it safe morally for them to come in daily contact with the vices of the Indians—I might perhaps say the acquired vices of the Indians, for who shall say for how much the white man is responsible? Think of it, will you; forced to part company with his precious children at this age, to see them, perhaps, only semi-yearly until they reach manhood and womanhood. He told me, when I asked him about his life, with a sadness in his speech I shall not forget, that he was ashamed to say he read but little of the world's thought—he was so busy with his work, he was abroad in the forests so much, he could not find time to keep up with the mental pace of the day and he had quit trying to.

But there was one more phase to this man's life—not one of which he told me, but one of which on several occasions men in the woods who knew him had spoken with much earnestness—a phase which put special emphasis upon his life-work. Some years ago wealthy relatives in Great Britain left this rector a large fortune, several hundreds of thousands of dollars. A large portion of this fortune he has already spent for the Indians. He held back part of it and from this remainder he derives an annual income which, I was told, amounts to about \$12,000. Save for the absolutely necessary expenses of his household, and for the education of his children, this annual income is spent for the advancement of the interest of the Indians—spent in a thousand and one ways to make their lives happier and higher.

"I've known him for nine years," said a burly woodsman to me when we had been speaking about the man and his work, "and he's worn that same old fur overcoat you saw him have on, ever since I first saw him. If any man ever born in this here world gets to heaven, he's the one, you kin bet on that, mister."

He told me half sadly, when I asked him if he had

attended the recent triennial convention of his church in Minneapolis, a meeting which must have been of great interest to him, that he had to go to Minneapolis with a sick Indian and was so busy that he only had time to look in upon the convention a few moments one afternoon. But the traces of sadness in his voice or face were soon effaced when I led him to speak somewhat of the possibilities of his work. Then, indeed, did his face grow radiant, and he spoke as one who, amid all his trials, was glad with a great gladness that it was his privilege thus to labor for the out-spreading of the Master's truth.

He who seeks for heroism only in the red glare of battle or where great deeds of valor are done; or who delves into the mystic pages of romance or the stately chapters of history and thinks there only will he find heroes, how hath he been blinded to the truth, for in this century of missions unknown men, as common thought marks prominence, have been doing deeds of heroism that will live through all eternity.—The Standard.

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The Lord's Finances.

Stock Quotations of the Kingdom of God.

BY WILLIAM ASHMORE, D. D.

One of the features of our daily papers is a share list of stocks in the market. Every morning it comes to us and we look over it as we take our breakfast. Bank shares, railroad shares, mining shares, city improvements shares, land investment shares, manufacturing, insurance, government bonds, and what not—all offer themselves to our purchasing powers. Our men of means take interest in that share list as much as they do in their fragrant coffee. Shares pay dividends, and they want the dividends, and so they study when they can put in a little surplus and make it pay something.

There is likewise a share list of the kingdom of God. It is not published in our religious papers, though it might be a good thing if it were. It would include a great many things and make as long a column as comes from the reporters of the stock exchange. It would include churches, Sunday-schools, home mission societies, foreign mission societies, state mission societies, publication societies, education societies, aged ministers' homes, old people's homes, needy saints on the right and needy saints on the left, the Lord's poor in front and the Lord's poor behind; dozens and dozens of particular cases, and no end of minor openings for smaller investments.

Is it warranted to speak of these things as a share list? Beyond question, our first and supreme motive in giving of our substance is gratitude and love to our Redeemer, and to God our Father, who sent him. Our second motive is like unto it, love to our neighbor, and a conviction that we are to do good to all men, especially the household of faith. But now next to that, and over and above it, the Bible teaches us that what we give to God is also an investment. A debt it is, and we so recognize it. We are only paying our honest dues when we give, but the Lord is wonderfully gracious and treats our gifts as trust funds committed to himself. So the parallel is real and not fictitious.

There is a responsible authority receiving and guaranteeing these investments. That authority is God himself. He issues the prospectus, he invites the investors, he names places for investment. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven. Provide for yourselves bags that wax not old. Fruit that may abound to your account. Thou shalt have treasure in heaven. A treasure in heaven that faileth not.

There are dividends that accrue—real dividends—as actual and veritable dividends as are ever paid out over the counter of any bank. Christ himself it is who fixes the rates of interest and adjusts the scale of payments. He will repay the giver with interest. Christ never pays less than 100 per cent.; it can be shown that he pays more than 1,000, more than 10,000, more than 100,000 in his higher forms of investment. We shall look into it at another time, but just now we are content with declaring the simple fact that he does have a graduated scale of payments and issues enormous coupons; the man that takes in and cares for a prophet gets a prophet's reward; the man that entertains a righteous man gets a righteous man's reward. They all get the same dividend. There is not a bank on earth that could afford to do that, but the bank of heaven can and does do it. The form in which God pays dividends is wonderful and peculiar, but of that another time.

The account books are all accurately kept up there. They do keep books; and things are entered into books or the heavenly equivalent of books. The recording angels keep tally of every cup of cold water given out to a thirsty disciple because he is a disciple, everything goes down. In the days of Moses and Aaron the names of the men who gave spoons for the tabernacle service were entered, and there they are to this day more than 3,000 years afterwards. Their names have been better preserved than the names of mummified kings.

There is a dividend day appointed. Those shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the god. That one sentence is enough. God names the pay day.—Standard. Swatow, China.

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