

complaint against the pastor. That complaint, if they have in them real deacon timber, will not emanate from a personal standpoint, but they will feel that they are hindered in the discharge of their difficult duties. There was an old style, prevalent now in England, which I greatly like. As regularly as the minister is called elder, or by some other preacher title, the deacon is given his Scriptural appellation. It is Deacon Estey and Deacon Baines, and so on. If I could have the fixing of titles common in our churches, I would have all the people address the pastor by his office, even as the Swedes do, and the deacon by his office. Then we would have Pastor Truett and Deacon Williams. This would help us to keep before all the office and the work of pastor and deacon.

I have gone among the churches in many places and entered into quiet conversation with brother preachers. I have heard them complain that their deacons make it hard for them to do their work. "They let my salary get behind. They do not look after the secularities of the church. They do not raise money for anything." And against these deacons, beyond question, the complaint is well lodged. But equally often, and certainly with as much reason, I have heard faithful deacons say: "My pastor makes it hard for us. He avoids saying anything about money. He courts the popularity of the weak by letting them feel that he don't care about the money; that he is not a money preacher, and he never teaches the people their financial obligations to God. When we go to them for money for his salary, or anything else, we cannot get it. Our pastor just breaks us down in our work, and then blames us because it is not done." Now, that is a complaint that many deacons lodge against the pastor, and it is a just one. In such case, the pastor is clearly not doing his duty to the deacons. He is expecting them to make brick without straw. He is expecting them to draw water out of empty cisterns. He expects them to succeed despite his own failure, and seeks to make himself popular with the unthinking by putting heavier burdens on the deacons. It is a grievous wrong such a pastor does against the faithful men to stand ready with all their might to do their duty, if the pastor does not help them as he ought. If pastors are wrong on the great questions of money, which goes to the feeding of the orphans and the help of the widows, and to the care of the poor, and to the relief of the poor, and to the relief of the sick, and to the support of the pastor; which goes to the building of the meeting house, to the paying of sextons, to the buying of hymn books, to the warning of the meeting house; which goes to the whole secular side of religion; if the pastor is wrong about money, and fails to do his duty, he puts a burden on the deacons which they are not able to bear. He not only wrongs the cause, but he wrongs the deacons and wrongs the church.—Baptist Standard.

Memories of D. L. Moody.

BY H. CLAY TRUMBELL, D. D.

Moody made his first impression on the general public in the East, and first showed his power there as a public religious leader, in December, 1866, when he organized and led the first "Christian Convention" for Massachusetts and New England, which met in Tremont Temple, Boston. The idea of it grew out of the "Christian Commission," which had done such service in ministering to the men of the army and navy in the Civil War. The purpose of the new plan was to unite Christians of every sort in earnest work for the good of all.

One Sunday, not long after this, I was in Mr. Moody's Sunday school in Chicago. As I sat with him in the desk I noticed before me a placard so placed as to confront the speaker without being in sight of the audience. It was, in substance, "Don't talk about the Prodigal Son." Recalling my own experience with visiting speakers in a mission school which I had superintended, I had another illustration of Moody's wisdom and shrewdness in guarding his school against the unwisdom of visiting speakers.

That Sunday Moody announced to the school his purpose of going to England during the coming week. In the evening of that day I met him again on one of the city bridges, and he stopped to tell me of his plans. He had never crossed the ocean, and his decision at this time had been recently made. Mrs. Moody was just then in poor health, and his physician had suggested that a sea voyage, with an entire change of air and scene, was very desirable. In view of this, Moody had prayerfully decided that it was his duty to take her across the ocean. Trusting God's leadings, as he did, he knew that the means would be provided for all his needs. Accordingly, he arranged for a start. Several of his good friends, hearing of his plans, sent him, during that week, liberal sums for the expenses involved. And it was in that way that he went to England for the first time. Through an English friend, I afterward learned of his public appearance before a London audience.

Having before this met Fountain J. Hartley, an Honorary Secretary of the London Sunday school Union, during his visit to America, Mr. Moody was invited to speak at the Anniversary of that society, or possibly the Ragged School Union, in Exeter Hall. It is customary in England for a speaker on such an occasion to be connected with a formal resolution, as its mover or seconder, in order to give him a right to the floor. Therefore Mr. Moody was assigned to move a vote of thanks to the chairman of the evening, who in this instance was the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury.

Toward the close of the meeting the chairman yielded his place to the vice-chairman, in order that such a resolution could be offered. The vice-chairman announced that they were glad to welcome their "American cousin,

the Rev. Mr. Moody of Chicago," who would now "move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl" who has presided on this occasion. The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's way of doing things. Had he attempted, at once, to conform to English ways, he might, or he might not, have succeeded in doing it gracefully; but he was too much of a man to be other than himself, and he brushed aside all forms, and showed himself as he was.

With refreshing frankness, and an utter disregard of conventionalities and mere compliments, Mr. Moody burst upon the audience with the bold announcement: "The chairman has made two mistakes, to begin with. I'm not the 'Reverend' Mr. Moody, at all. I'm plain Mr. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then, I'm not your 'American cousin'; by the grace of God I'm your brother, who is interested, with you, in our Father's work for his children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to the noble Earl" for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him, any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he tried to do his duty, and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all 'round.

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Its novelty was delightful. Mr. Moody carried his English hearers from that beginning to his latest labors. Indeed, that first talk of Moody's led to his invitation to visit England again as a leader in Evangelistic labors. It was his second visit to England when Sankey was his associate.

Indeed, one element in Mr. Moody's power was always his fearless independence in speech and manner. He dared to be himself, and he would never risk trying to be anyone else. In the fall of 1878, when he was conducting a series of meetings in Baltimore, he telegraphed me, asking if I would come down and pass the night with him, as he wanted to talk a matter over with me.

I went down, joined him in his meeting, and then passed the night in his temporary home. In the morning he asked me to conduct worship in his family group. I said I would read the passage for next Sunday's lesson, "Zaccheus the Publican." Noticing my pronunciation of the proper name he said, "Is that the way to call it?" "Yes," I said, "the proper pronunciation is 'Zach-chéus,' but we Yankees most always start the emphasis a little too soon. Zachcheus."

"Zach-chéus," "Zach-chéus," said Moody, trying the word to his ear; and then added, "I guess I'd better stick to the old way." He measured himself aright; as he did a good many others.

Moody knew his power and knew his lack, and he had due regard to both. He never attempted what was outside of his limitations, but he was fearless in the use of what he had.

In Moody's earlier days, in Chicago, an over zealous critic, who was not an over-active worker, took Moody to task for his defects in speech.

"You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody. You make so many mistakes in grammar."

"I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "and I lack a great many things; but I am doing the best I can with what I've got. But look here, my friend, you've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

Moody was no Oriental scholar, nor did he assume to give a Bible picture in its Eastern setting. But he did give the idea of the Bible scene as he had it in his mind, and as he wanted his hearers to have it in theirs. I once heard him in telling the story of Daniel, picture Daniel as taking out his watch to note the time as noon approached, when he would pray as usual, lions or no lions. In his earnest, graphic, vivid way he made that scene so real that one thought of as an anachronism on his part.

So again, as he told the story of Noah's warnings before the Flood, he pictured the scoffers of that day while the deluge was delayed.

"They'd say to one another, 'Not much sign of old Noah's rain storm yet.' They'd talk it over in the corner groceries evenings."

Then in an explanation, he added:

"I tell you, my friends, before the world got as bad as it was in Noah's day, they must have had corner groceries."

Everybody could understand that kind of talk.

Yet Moody was a hard student, and he gained and grew steady in intellect and knowledge as years went on. He told me of the surprise expressed by one man who found him in his study with his books open before him.

"You don't mean, Moody, that you use commentaries, do you?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I shan't enjoy your sermons as I have, now that I know that."

"Have you ever liked my sermons?"

"Of course I have."

"Then you've liked Moody's commentaries, have you?"

—Sunday School Times.

Shaky Preaching.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

I have heard of a Scottish congregation who presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church and said to him, "Oh, by-the-by, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well; he didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church-member, very calmly, "it was na him, it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

Against what particular style of minister this sharp shot was aimed I do not know, but there is a certain type

of preaching from which any intelligent congregation might well seek to have a long vacation. It is what may, in homely phrase, be described as shaky preaching. The minister, if he belongs to any Apostolic succession, is a successor of Thomas the Doubter. He spends his week in a sort of twilight atmosphere, groping about in the company of writers who are a compound of speculation and skepticism, and who claim to be the representatives of "advanced thought." The poor man may be afflicted with a natural tendency to doubts and indecision in spiritual matters, and instead of selecting books that would confirm his weak faith, he chooses those that unsettle him all the more. He dives into some of the latest issues of "conjectural criticism," and pores over them until he not only rejects the traditional authorship of many of the books in his Bible but he's doubtful if his Bible is really the supremely infallible Word of God after all. He looks at it as "through a glass darkly." Instead of grasping its grand vital truths firmly and building his pulpit work on them, he groops about among the mysterious things which "belong unto God," and he puzzles his brains with that which is too deep for any mortal man to fathom. That glorious tonic preacher, Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, says that every minister "ought to burn his own smoke;" but the shaky minister prefers to live in the smoke of his own doubts, and envelops himself in the superadded mists of other men's unsettling speculations. Instead of keeping his feet firmly planted on the Everlasting Rock, and attempting to draw everybody else up on to that Rock, he is constantly venturing off upon the shoals and sand-bars. "I suppose that you know all the reefs and shoals and sunken rocks on this coast," said a passenger to the captain of a coasting steamer. "No," replied the sagacious captain, "I do not pretend to that, but I do know where the deep water is." It is a thousand pities that every minister of the Lord Jesus Christ has not sense enough to imitate that sagacious ship-master.

When the minister who has spent his week in the unwholesome atmosphere of human speculations and reckless Biblical criticisms, and "oppositions of science falsely so called," enters his pulpit on the Sabbath, he is completely ham-strung. He comes before his congregation who have had their own share of difficulties and doubts and temptations and trials. They need to be fed, and with the veritable bread of heaven, and not to be put off with the hard "stone" of human quarrying. They have troubles enough of their own without listening to their minister's troubles about "inspiration," or about "evolution" or about "the existence of sin in God's world," or any other abstruse questions. Instead of being unsettled, they want to be confirmed and strengthened and helped to fight the battles of daily life with a more vigorous faith and a brighter hope. The man who has no spiritual backbone enough to stand up straight and deliver the mighty message which the Holy Spirit has given him, and to deliver it without any trembling of his knees or stammering of his lips—such a man had better doubt whether God Almighty has ever called him into the pulpit at all. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream, and he that hath My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully."

The ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ who not only draw their fellowmen around their pulpits, but draw souls to the Saviour, are men who, like Spurgeon and Simpson and Maclaren and Newman Hall and Phillips Brooks and Moody and McNeill, have a clear conviction of vital spiritual truth and a firm courage in proclaiming it. The theological seminaries—in all our evangelic denominations—who turn out well-rooted, well-grounded, spiritual-minded preachers of the everlasting gospel, will preserve the confidence of the churches. Strong winds that blow down ill-rooted trees may be expected in the religious as in the natural world; but the men who are stoutly enough vertebrated to stand up against a cyclone, are the men whom God wants in his pulpits in these days. As for the whole tribe of shaky preachers, let them be granted leave to enjoy a perpetual vacation.—Evangelist.

Religious Irreverence.

The above is not the contradiction of terms it may seem at first sight. In these days, when Christian organizations and Christian literature of the polemic kind are multiplied beyond computation, it is well to state them occasionally, and discover how many really deserve the name. Nothing in these later days more shocks the sensibility of reverent Christians than such questions as "What would Jesus do in my place?" The men who put a kingly robe on our Lord, and then bowed in mockery before him, were hardly less irreverent in their ignorance of whom he was, than are professedly enlightened, modern, Christian teachers, who deliberately and repeatedly ring the changes on how he would do in our place. It is nothing short of blasphemy, to compare mortal, sinful man, even in his best estate, with our Lord and Saviour.

Two years ago the announcement that it was proposed to erect a new building at one of the Summer Schools in this country, and call it "The Hall of the Christ," carried a thrill of horror to many among us. It required then no prophetic vision to see how easily—perhaps thoughtlessly—but in a way to destroy forever the proper attitude of true reverence in the young people who gather there, that title would be thrown from one to another, by all sorts of employees and other godless ones in the streets, hotels and boarding houses. Nor is it reasonable to expect that these young "Christians" will be guiltless of the same careless handling of "the name that is above all other names."

If it ever was the case, it is no longer a proper question for Christians to ask, "How shall the church reach the masses?" A properly constituted church is as free of access to the masses (and this without having free pews) as to those who form the organization. The questions for to-day are, "How to restore the church to its rightful position," and "How to keep its members, especially the younger, so reverential and worshipful as to commend the church to the masses without." Editors of religious papers and pastors of churches can do much to forward this much-needed reform by maintaining and advocating a higher standard for church-membership. The too easy examination, the "coming in by some other way" into the sheepfold, is the cause of much of this present-day irreverence.—O., in the Presbyterian.