

things." And his answer in brief was this: "He has helped me to be true to him." That is greatness, that is the upland! The soul has found in the Valley of Achor a door of hope, and it has gone up to the highlands of Christian heroism, of Christian devotion. Oh, friends, let us believe that God is in the valley. Let us not be afraid of Achor. It is repellent; I know by its gloom and its rough stones; but foot it bravely. It is Bethel! Bunyan says that Christian's mistake was this, that in the valley of humiliation he forgot God, he had to fight the devil. Just so. Remember God, keep him in view, grasp his hand, and the devil slinks off. Forget God, and the devil comes on, and Apollyon has to be faced. Are you in the Valley of Humiliation? Dear friends, do you remember that as with the Hebrew youths in the furnace there was one like unto the Son of God, so in the Valley of Achor, there is one who has led you into the wilderness, brought you to this ravine, and will take you right through it, will give you a doorway of hope in it, speak to you his most comforting words, put a new song in your mouth, and will lead you on to the highlands of Christian life and experience.

Perhaps there is someone here this morning in the valley who sees no door, whose sin is a blinding burden, whose distrust of God is an affliction, whose consciousness of wrong doing, persisted in again and again, steals the heart against all feeling, who cannot repent, and thus shrinks from trusting in the mercy of God. Christ comes into that valley with this one word to you: "Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; go in peace, sin no more." In that Valley of Achor, that valley of sin, there is a door of hope, and Christ Jesus is that door, and by him every one that believeth is justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

DISCIPLINE THE MEANING OF LIFE.

III. There are two other things I want to say to you very briefly, and the first is this. Hosea's gospel ought certainly to constrain us to dismiss all fear when we ourselves are in the Valley of Achor. Let us believe that the meaning of life is discipline, training, the formation of character; not happiness, except as the result of holy living. It will be worth untold gold to believe that, and thereupon cease avoiding the difficult duty, shirking the onerous task, the educating responsibility. It is not by treating life's duties as if they were trifles and its difficulties as though they were trivial, that a young man masters himself, gains the power of handling the forces of which he is possessed, and turns the stupendous chasms of life into doorways to the mansion of blessedness. Do not seek the easy path, I say again, and I say it to myself, for I hold that the besetting sin of Englishmen in this twentieth century is that of always shirking difficulties, getting out of the way of burden-bearing, of carrying responsibility—that is our besetting sin. Young men and young women, do not covet the place that demands the least. It is a policy that means ruin; it starves the intellect, it poisons the conscience, it enervates the will, it destroys manhood. Have you come into an easy place? Has your father or mother left you money? Is there no demand on you for work, be faithful and work like a man, but if there is not, if your life is easy, then I beg you, remember other people's difficulties and other people's burdens, other people's problems. Take them upon yourself, for your own sake, to get any little bit of manhood out of you that is in you. Take them up, go into the wilderness; go there with the purpose of helping those who are in trouble and by that process train yourself for serving your generation according to the will of God. Do not be afraid of welcoming difficulty. It is the flail that gets the chaff off the corn. "Difficulty is as a poet tells us, 'the salt of life'; it preserves it from putrefaction and death. It will be your education, your expansion, your best aid in attaining the highest manhood.

DISCIPLINE SHOULD LEAD TO SERVICE.

My last words is this. Hosea found his gospel where he found God, in himself, but he did not keep it to himself. He gave it to others. He turned the materials of his own experience into the means by which he became a Barnabas, a son of consolation. We have never done all we ought to do with our afflictions until we have converted them into good news for others. That is part, if not the primary meaning, of the burdens we have to carry, the temptations we have to resist, and the severe tasks we have to perform. For, bad as our lot may be, it is not unlikely we are living in the neighborhood of somebody whose conditions are worse, far worse, than ours. Hosea himself was a door of hope to Israel. The Gospel we have learned under God's gracious tuition ought to be expressed in our own way, set in our own forms, for the help, encouragement, salvation, and inspiration of others. That was the way Hosea dealt with his sorrows. Let us deal in fashion with our tribulations, and then our lives will be a forceful persuasion to men to trust in God, to live in the light of his countenance and the possession of his peace.—Baptist Times.

A Model Minister of Christ.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

During all the earlier years of my ministry the two best thumbed books in my library were Bunyan's Pilgrim and The Life of Robert Murray McChesney, the youthful pastor of St. Peter's Church, in Dundee. The life of Mc-

Chesney—which was Dr. Andrew A. Bonar's masterpiece—was published during my theological seminary days, and from that hour to this it has been a perpetual inspiration. Dr. Chalmers' biography was a gold mine; Dr. Norman McLeod's is brilliant with poetry and power, but rather too surcharged with hilarity. To spend an hour with Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, is almost like sitting with Paul in his "hired house" at Rome; but his seraphic piety was mournfully tinged by his morbid temperament. McChesney's piety was eminently healthful, cheerful and saintly, without being sanctimonious. He dwelt during the nine years of his fruitful ministry far away from the damps that arise about Doubting Castle, and hard by the Beulahland where the sunlight ever falls. Robertson, of Brighton, saddens me while he stimulates me; but the biography of McChesney has a rare power to sober me when tempted to trifle, and to cheer me when tempted to despondency.

To the younger ministers who are coming on the stage it may be necessary to say, in brief, that Robert Murray McChesney was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of St. Peter's, in Dundee, and was called away to his crown a few weeks before the disruption of the Scottish National Church in 1843. He entered the vineyard at twenty-one—hungry for the salvation of souls. After nine years of intense, earnest and untiring labor he was laid—amid the tears of thousands—in that tomb at the corner of his little church which has been visited by weeping thousands during the last half century. His parish was composed of the plain people; and the wife of a poor weaver told me that it did her "more good just to see Mr. McChesney walk up the aisle to his pulpit than to hear a sermon from another man." His personality was a power; his life more eloquent than any discourse he ever delivered. To pray and to search the word of God, to carry the hidden fire from house to house, to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary, to plead with dying men, and to allure to brighter worlds by the joyous up-trend of his own heavenward march—these formed the varied yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit. With what eager joy he leaped into the bosom of the Scriptures! No cavils of the critics ever disturbed his impregnable faith in the adamant Word. "When you write to me," said he to a friend, "tell me all you can about the meaning of the Scriptures. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

Love of Jesus Christ was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he never wearied, and he never rested. Every hour he gave to his Master. The celebrated Dr. James Hamilton, of London, who was his intimate friend, once told me that McChesney used to seal his letters with the device of a sun going down behind the mountains and the motto over it, "The night cometh." For souls he watched as the fisherman's wife trims her lamp in the window and watches for the storm-tossed and belated husband in the offing. He hoisted the light of Calvary; and like Spurgeon, it was his life's joy to welcome the returning wanderers into the "covert from the tempest." In prayer he was a mighty and prevailing wrestler. He prayed before he sat down to his studies; before he went out to visit the sick; before he entered his pulpit; he had what he called a "scheme of prayer," and marked the names of missionaries on his map that he might pray for them in course and by name. Literally he walked with God. In writing to a friend he said: "Now remember that Moses, when he came down from the mount, wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life and of the ministry. Oh, for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but oh, for a holy ignorance of our own shining!"

A few years ago I visited Dundee, and preached in the pulpit of St. Peter's Church. After the service the provost of the city introduced me to one of the very few survivors of McChesney's ministry. He was a gray-headed man of three-score and ten, and spoke of the pastor of his youth with the most reverent love. The chief thing that he remembered was that McChesney, a few days before his death, met him in the street, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him kindly, "Jamie, I hope that all is well with your soul. How is your sick sister? I am coming to see her again shortly." That sentence or two struck to the old Christian for nearly half a century! McChesney's hand was on the old man's shoulder yet. This little incident gave me a fresh insight into the secret of McChesney's pastoral fidelity and personal power. I commend the incident to young ministers who underrate the work of a faithful pastor who keeps in touch with every member of his flock.

It is fifty-nine years since McChesney was borne to his grave in Dundee. His fatal sickness was brought on by visiting the victims of a prevailing epidemic. During the wanderings of his mind, in the delirium of the fever, he kept repeating, "O God! my people, my dear people! this whole place!" It was the ruling passion for souls—still whole in death. I am one of the many hundreds of ministers who owe a debt of immeasurable gratitude to Robert Murray McChesney, and I hope to thank him in heaven for many things. Among other things, I thank him for once exclaiming, "Go on, dear brother, only an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on forever—only an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to perishing souls!" That is his message to every minister of Jesus Christ who reads this article.—Watchman.

Ingratitude.

Ingratitude is one of the cardinal sins. How frequently in this life it defeats a noble purpose and separates hearts. For example: A man had success, and found success, and found friends. His success grows and with it his influence. He attributes his influence to his success, not dreaming that one can exist without the other, not knowing that great influence can live independently of worldly prosperity, and even apart from it. He begins to presume upon his personal powers; he takes to himself airs of superiority and governance. One day he meets with a rebuff, and it stings his pride. He finds that he really cannot in all things have quite his own way, and there is resentment and retaliation and revenge. He is disappointed, if not dismayed, to find that it is possible to take too much for granted, to presume upon his own powers, and upon the liberties and rights of others—that hearts are not to be coerced, but wooed and won. Then he braces himself to overpower others by the sheer force of his will. There is storm and rage, and in the tumult some of the best things of life go down—peace, goodwill, fellowship, joy, confidence.

Now at the heart of a trouble like this there is a canker which is seldom taken into account, but which is the secret source of many a life's disaster—ingratitude. It is the Kadesh-Barnes of the soul. It is said that "Our fathers failed to enter the Promised Land because of their hardened heart? What hardened their heart? Unbelief. What produced unbelief? Ingratitude. Do we ever get faith with ingratitude? Do we ever get gratitude with unbelief? Gratitude is the sun that warms into life the slumbering powers of the soul. Without gratitude winter lies on all the land of life, and winter storms.

This man, again—would he ever have been in danger of presumption and pride if he had cultivated the grace of gratitude? Would not a grateful heart have taught him the sweet uses of humility and charity? A man grateful to God—can he be unkind or discourteous to his fellows? It is not conceivable. Find a man given over to selfishness and bluster, and there you have a man in whose soul no sense of God and his goodness is well-nigh if not quite dead. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" In that lurid first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans where the depraved heart is ruthlessly unveiled, there is one verse which throws into fierce relief the real baseness and significance of ingratitude: "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful!" Then, by an inevitable law they "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

Let gratitude go and life thereafter, however outwardly successful it may be, is a descent of dark steps into the dungeon of unrest, uncharitableness and despair. This, which is true of personal relationships, is conspicuous in the history of nations. It is the beginning of evils which have lost many a man his friends and which have robbed more than one nation of its inheritance.

It is the grateful heart, grateful to God for himself, grateful for the gift of life and the gift of grace, that remembers works of the Most High, and remembers the conquests of the past, and therefore does not see walls that shut out heaven, does not falter when it comes to its Kadesh-Barnes, but thanks God and takes courage, and enters in. "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, . . . and be ye thankful."—The Baptist.

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Jesus and the Children.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

Listen, children! Jesus loves you;
Oh! His love is strong and true;
On the cross he died to save you;
Up in heaven he cares for you.

Listen, children! Jesus knows you;
Knows your names and nature, too;
All our lives are plain before him,
All you think, and feel, and do.

I listen, children! Jesus hears you;
Hears each thoughtless word you say;
Waits to hear your songs of gladness,
Stoops to harken when you pray.

Listen, children! Jesus sees you;
Sees your actions, every one;
Pleased, he marks your good behavior;
Pained, he notes when wrong is done.

Listen, children! Jesus calls you;
Bids you come to him and rest;
Such as you may find a refuge
In his arms and on his breast.

Listen, children! Jesus wants you;
You, yourselves, your heart, your love;
Seek his face, and share his favor,
Serve him here, and then above.

Tryon, P. E. I.

"Prayer is not the ignorant outcry of a clamorous soul seeking to have its own way, but the calm deliberate utterance of intelligent righteousness coming into entire sympathy with the mind of God."

There is a mighty power in the revelation to us of the possibilities of our lives.