

# The Believer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

VOL. XXVI.—No. 33.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1879.

WHOLE No. 1333.

## NO ADVANCE IN PRICES!

FULLY PREPARED

FOR THE

## NATIONAL

## POLICY.

Receiving and in Stock, an

Immense Quantity

OF

## Cotton Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

TOGETHER WITH

A FULL STOCK

OF

## Fancy & Staple Goods

AT

OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.

The Best Value in the City for Cash.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

P. McPEAKE,

WILMOT'S BUILDING.

FREDERICTON, April 18.

## THOMAS LOGAN, Fredericton.

DECLINE IN

## DRY GOODS

AND

## Carpetings

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

## Now Showing:

## SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

DRESS LINENS,

## Sun Umbrellas.

## BLACK

## GRENADINES,

## Gloves and Hosiery.

CORSETS,

IN DOUBLE AND SINGLE BUSKS.

## Cheap Dress

## GOODS!

—AT—

FIVE, EIGHT AND TEN CENTS,

Reduced in Price.

LEFT OVER FROM LAST SEASON.

## The Intelligencer.

SORROW.

BY HOWARD CROSBY.

Sorrow is not only a legacy of sin, but in God's hand it is also a minister of grace. The world is full of sorrow, not only because it is full of sin, but also because it is offered Christ's salvation. In this world God deflects the blow from punishment to discipline. Sorrow is made an angel to show man his helplessness and need, that he may have a heart to seek the Divine savior and to soften that heart into sympathy with others. The soul that has not had the rude press of sorrow has not learned to let out its life to cheer others. It is only the pressed grape that gives the wine. David's psalms had never nourished the Church had not David's enemies chased him to the mountains. Absalom was undoubtedly a messenger of Satan to buffet him, yet out of that buffeting the Lord caused a stream to flow down all the ages and make glad the city of our God. The very knowledge of this benediction to millions from the mournful cry of the individual is a precious gift to David there, for such knowledge would have concealed the sorrow, and the sorrow, deep and genuine, was needed for the comfort of the Church. Faith may play the cushion to Sorrow, but Knowledge would destroy it.

David did not see himself as we see him today, the beloved of God, the great type of Messiah, the glorious psalmist of the Church, to whom every pious heart should feel itself bound by a sublime affection through all ages; but he saw himself in all the misery of the present moment that called for all his energies and absorbed his attention.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest"—the swift flight of a dove to a place of security and rest! What a thought for a weary and worried spirit! It is the natural exclamation of a soul in sorrow, but it is the exclamation of a very weak faith, simply to be rid of sorrow is to be rid of God's blessing. It is to let the soul grow weary, to contract into selfishness and to perfect its cowardice. A longing for heaven and its rest is most worthy, if the longing spring from a view of heaven's Christ, and such a desire is always coupled (by the very fact of the Christ in it) with a readiness to renounce and serve the Lord longer upon the earth. There is no higher type of the Christian life than this which occupies the longing outlook upon heaven, and yet in happy patience awaits the joyful promotion. Such a life has an unspoken power. It lives so near to heaven that it is a mercantile of heavenly commodities to other souls. It carries the precious things to those who live farther off. It is a very joyful life too. It can hear the ripple of the brooks of Paradise, and catch the aroma of the twelve-fruited tree. But the exclamation referred to is not indicative of such a position. It is impulsive in the worst sense, and it is not in the glorious heaven. It is a wish to escape war rather than to reach God. The soul is driven by calamity, not allured by love. It is a groan, not an aspiration. It sounds like piety, but it is selfishness. It is no more piety than piety is sorrow. "What kind of rest! Why it tells you. 'Lo, then would I wander far off and remain—where?—in the wilderness.' The heaven that is sought is in the wilderness where there is no persecution.

The world fancies all this. There is no God and Christ in it, but all is self. The world can carry this in one hand and the liveliest egotism in the other, consistently and gracefully. They are complements of one another. The world of fashion has always honored this. Dissipation most to-day, and a convent's nest to-morrow—or folly's fullness now, and when the world ends and the world begins, then a visit of piety to give the soul release. And the wish in the exclamation is a very foolish one. The prophecy upon which it is built is faulty. "Then would I fly and be at rest." "No, you wouldn't—you wouldn't be at rest. You might fly away, but you would not be at rest. You would be free from your present evils only to consort with others. There is no rest in the wilderness, which is all the heaven you seem to care for. We often take these words as an aspiration for heaven, but there is no such aspiration at all. It is a sighing for a release from present sorrow by a flying away from it. It is a rest as a result of the flying away—and just here it is mistaken.

To expect a flying away into rest in this life is to put the soul in a wrong position, to attempt a wrong solution of the problem of sorrow, to put a wrong construction upon God's providential dealings. Men are doing this perpetually, and find that they only toss from one side to the other—that they change the place, but keep the pain.

All our views of second causes do not alter the great fact that God is behind every agency, and the affliction comes by His righteous, holy, and parental will. It makes sorrow very different thing to see it in God's hands. It loses its frightfulness if it does not lose its pain. It is a sign of His power to lessen the blow; more than that, He was present in His Godhead and power in the affliction of the blow. He was as truly attentive to that visitation of sorrow as to movements of worlds and systems.

If there were any easier way of accomplishing the end, the Lord would certainly not use the way of affliction, but in the nature of things there is no other way.

It is as we enter into the Lord's plan of strengthening us through affliction that the affliction becomes tolerable. If I have an internal disease that is working at my vitals, who would I bear the consequences? I would rather have the blisters pinched and burned, and I may leap with its pain, but I say to my physician, keep it on—keep it on. I feel that it is drawing out the internal plague, it is making me a sound man again.

We may lose all the benefits of the affliction, we may have all the sorrow and none of the fruits of righteousness, when the soul is not exercised by the affliction—that is, when it does not receive it as a gymnastic treatment for weakness, looking up to God as the kind Physician and Director of the process, then it is like one who in an ugly and perverse mood uses the dumb-bells and bangs and bruises himself to no purpose, instead of developing his muscles and increasing his manhood. All God's methods can be perverted by us, and then the better they are intended to be the worse they are for us.

You know out in the wildwood country of the frontier, when the fierce storm is raging and the winds howl like tormented spirits, what a blessing there is in the blazing log on the shanty's

death, but sufficient for thee against every thorn in the flesh. When shall we be ready to believe this—not some one or some thing else first (on which the soul really relies), and then Christ afterward (which is a saving clause put in to please conscience); nor is it Christ first and then some one or some thing else afterward. That after clause just marks the completeness of the relief. No! it is Christ, last, and all, as our comfort. Let my eyes look on no other but Jesus. Let my light come only from the sweet face. Let my food be only His Divine words. And then, O how patient I can be! It will not be then, "O, that I had wings like a dove," but rather, with Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, "Lord, it is good to be here."—Church Union.

## THE ISLAND OF LIFE.

BY ISAAC M. FRY.

"Nothing can be more solemn than human life, for it is accompanied by innumerable events, associations, and circumstances which, in their complex interworkings, create moments of issues, and upon these issues depends the destiny of the soul. Youth, manhood, and old age, come and go almost as quickly and noiselessly as the summer clouds. In this life, then, with its helpless beginning, its mournful progress, its mysterious ending, only a solemn faith, or it is the prelude to something that takes hold of the infinite! Who among all the sons of men is wise enough to consider these things? How many are there who give earnest heed to the voice of wisdom! We behold men and women striving for a bread which perishes; we walk through the great city and find them buying and selling, drinking and dancing, marrying and giving in marriage, jostling each other in the counting-room and in the store, on the pavement and in the theatre, on the wharf and in the depot. We find the great ships crossing and recrossing the oceans and seas; we behold the steamboats plying on the rivers, the express trains flying from city to city, and from sea to sea; we hear the clash of arms, the shout of battle, and nation struggling with nation for supremacy, as if the human race were engaged in a great game of chance, and the only way to win was by the sword and the spear. Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

See the weary pilgrim landing, On the jasper threshold standing, The strange, bright scene expanding, Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! What a glory, Far beyond the brightest story Of the ages old and hoary! Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

How we weary and sink down overpowered when we stretch our limbs toward that which is reserved for us! It seems too much to believe that all the unspeakable world of everlasting delight is actually for us. Soon this life passes, and then the purity and freedom and sinlessness of heaven are ours. Soon we shall see the King in his beauty, and in the deep of heaven's glory, and the city of God we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy.

In the flowering gardens of that fair clime we shall meet the good and great of all ages. The heroic souls that dared while on earth to die for the truth shall walk with us, or on tireless wings shall guide us in our wide exploits through heaven's boundless realm. The grand old preachers who went up with their clean souls shall unfold to us the deep mysteries of redeeming love. All that immortal thought can grasp or infinite love bestow shall be ours. Who can understand this and in his heart say, "Here our joys are ephemeral. We find a kindred soul, and when we are ready to join hopes and abandon ourselves to the rapture of our hearts a breath comes in through the narrow portal, and we have left to us only the shadows and the pain; yonder for endless ages, we shall rise into new powers and new glories, and we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy."

It would not do for us to see clearly this patrimony. We could not linger for life's work. Like travelers with their effects packed waiting at the station looking for the train, we would look and wait, and leave the stern duties unperformed. We could not give our hearts to heaven. He says that he will be there, and that is enough. John did get a panoramic glimpse of the city, and forever after he was searching for terms in which to utter the glories of that vision. Paul, with a vast and compact mind, was permitted to see the third heaven. And on his return he could only say, "Surely, what wonders and glories are wrapped up in Paul's silence!"

With this land before us, it behooves us to walk softly before God, and make our calling and election sure. We cannot afford to miss.

When our friends leave us and move over into the city, we can rejoice that their strife is done. Struggling in the breakers seeking the shore with our loved ones, if a whirl in the waves carries them safe to land before we reach it, and we see them walking up the bright shore, we do not wish them back in the surf. Released from prison, we do not wish them back again in those dark dungeons. Surely we can rejoice when we see them rising toward the throne.

Let us work while the day lasts; soon the night comes, when no man can work. Then, when the blessed evenings come, we can enter into that rest that shall make glad the morning of eternity.

"TWENTY MINUTES FOR SERMONS." The recent announcement by a Chicago preacher, that henceforth he shall take but twenty minutes for sermons, has a sound like the notice given by express train conductors at certain stopping-places along the route—"Twenty minutes for refreshments," and the motive which has to do with fixing the limit in both cases seems very much of a piece; namely, to give as short a time as possible to a necessary but rather irksome duty, which at best is an interference with one's plans, and must be done up with despatch. In connection with the twenty-minute sermon in this case, we are informed, the other services are not to be abridged. The organist will take time as usual, and the choir will sing to their utmost, and the long prayer will continue long. Expenses (in money) must be cut down, and a beginning is to be made with the sermon. Such a consideration to the preferences of the average church-goer is expected, no doubt, to stimulate church-going, and this ecclesiastical conductor who is henceforth going to compel his people to stop only "twenty minutes for sermons" evidently counts upon a large increase of passengers.

A good sermon may be preached in twenty minutes; but it does not justify the use of any such device as this to attract men to church. We do not know how the exact announcement may have sounded under what may have been peculiar circumstances; but, judging abstractly, the fisher of men who baits his hook with "twenty-minute sermons" will next be advertising two-minute prayers. Such expedients are undignified, unmanly, unbecoming. They tend

in making his sermons short by confining them within twenty minutes. Some sermons would be long even at twenty minutes, while others are short even at an hour. Some subjects demand longer treatment than others; some occasions allow it, and for a preacher to measure out his "meat" in due seasons "in portions of uniform size, is sometimes to over-feed his flock and sometimes to starve them." Old Dr. Emmons used to say: "No conversions after the half-hour;" and he rigidly regulated the length of his famous theological essays after the same principle. We know of a minister who, when he sits down to the composition of a sermon, takes so many sheets of paper—no matter what the subject and no matter what the occasion, and writes till he has filled them out. Then his sermon is done. Nothing could be more fatal to the best preaching than any such mechanical ways of sermon-measuring. Not the yardstick, nor the lines, should be the preacher's guide, but common sense. When his sermon's length begins to exceed its breadth and its depth, then it is time for him to put a stop to it.

## GOING HENCE.

We journey over a long bridge whose farther end is enveloped in a cloud. As we advance the company that started with us grows less. One by one the friends of childhood passed out of sight. Others crowd around us. We cannot number the throng. But in the great company the old and familiar faces are vanishing. The wonderful life of childhood is rushed away. The loved ones with whom we sported in the old home go over into the far-away land. We are left to toil on alone. Thus it seems unaccountably sad that there is no halting this company.

We are going hence, and it comes with infinite comfort that there is a hence to which we can go. The families broken here can be reunited yonder. The partings here only prepare for greetings in the city of God. We ask, sometimes, where shall we meet? In what strange clime will we find our loved ones? Along what strange shores shall we ramble? How soon shall we rise into that wondrous land, where beauty never fades and love becomes immortal.

As we look in the slightest eyes and gaze up on the motionless breast, and feel the solemn dignity of the unchanging state, how blessed the hope that reaches into the land of eternal youth. We do not mourn at those who have no hope. We are not shut up here in "a vale between two barren rocks." But we have a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens. One look into that city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God, will banish all the weariness of life's journey.

See the weary pilgrim landing, On the jasper threshold standing, The strange, bright scene expanding, Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! What a glory, Far beyond the brightest story Of the ages old and hoary! Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

How we weary and sink down overpowered when we stretch our limbs toward that which is reserved for us! It seems too much to believe that all the unspeakable world of everlasting delight is actually for us. Soon this life passes, and then the purity and freedom and sinlessness of heaven are ours. Soon we shall see the King in his beauty, and in the deep of heaven's glory, and the city of God we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy.

In the flowering gardens of that fair clime we shall meet the good and great of all ages. The heroic souls that dared while on earth to die for the truth shall walk with us, or on tireless wings shall guide us in our wide exploits through heaven's boundless realm. The grand old preachers who went up with their clean souls shall unfold to us the deep mysteries of redeeming love. All that immortal thought can grasp or infinite love bestow shall be ours. Who can understand this and in his heart say, "Here our joys are ephemeral. We find a kindred soul, and when we are ready to join hopes and abandon ourselves to the rapture of our hearts a breath comes in through the narrow portal, and we have left to us only the shadows and the pain; yonder for endless ages, we shall rise into new powers and new glories, and we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy."

It would not do for us to see clearly this patrimony. We could not linger for life's work. Like travelers with their effects packed waiting at the station looking for the train, we would look and wait, and leave the stern duties unperformed. We could not give our hearts to heaven. He says that he will be there, and that is enough. John did get a panoramic glimpse of the city, and forever after he was searching for terms in which to utter the glories of that vision. Paul, with a vast and compact mind, was permitted to see the third heaven. And on his return he could only say, "Surely, what wonders and glories are wrapped up in Paul's silence!"

With this land before us, it behooves us to walk softly before God, and make our calling and election sure. We cannot afford to miss.

When our friends leave us and move over into the city, we can rejoice that their strife is done. Struggling in the breakers seeking the shore with our loved ones, if a whirl in the waves carries them safe to land before we reach it, and we see them walking up the bright shore, we do not wish them back in the surf. Released from prison, we do not wish them back again in those dark dungeons. Surely we can rejoice when we see them rising toward the throne.

Let us work while the day lasts; soon the night comes, when no man can work. Then, when the blessed evenings come, we can enter into that rest that shall make glad the morning of eternity.

"TWENTY MINUTES FOR SERMONS." The recent announcement by a Chicago preacher, that henceforth he shall take but twenty minutes for sermons, has a sound like the notice given by express train conductors at certain stopping-places along the route—"Twenty minutes for refreshments," and the motive which has to do with fixing the limit in both cases seems very much of a piece; namely, to give as short a time as possible to a necessary but rather irksome duty, which at best is an interference with one's plans, and must be done up with despatch. In connection with the twenty-minute sermon in this case, we are informed, the other services are not to be abridged. The organist will take time as usual, and the choir will sing to their utmost, and the long prayer will continue long. Expenses (in money) must be cut down, and a beginning is to be made with the sermon. Such a consideration to the preferences of the average church-goer is expected, no doubt, to stimulate church-going, and this ecclesiastical conductor who is henceforth going to compel his people to stop only "twenty minutes for sermons" evidently counts upon a large increase of passengers.

A good sermon may be preached in twenty minutes; but it does not justify the use of any such device as this to attract men to church. We do not know how the exact announcement may have sounded under what may have been peculiar circumstances; but, judging abstractly, the fisher of men who baits his hook with "twenty-minute sermons" will next be advertising two-minute prayers. Such expedients are undignified, unmanly, unbecoming. They tend

in making his sermons short by confining them within twenty minutes. Some sermons would be long even at twenty minutes, while others are short even at an hour. Some subjects demand longer treatment than others; some occasions allow it, and for a preacher to measure out his "meat" in due seasons "in portions of uniform size, is sometimes to over-feed his flock and sometimes to starve them." Old Dr. Emmons used to say: "No conversions after the half-hour;" and he rigidly regulated the length of his famous theological essays after the same principle. We know of a minister who, when he sits down to the composition of a sermon, takes so many sheets of paper—no matter what the subject and no matter what the occasion, and writes till he has filled them out. Then his sermon is done. Nothing could be more fatal to the best preaching than any such mechanical ways of sermon-measuring. Not the yardstick, nor the lines, should be the preacher's guide, but common sense. When his sermon's length begins to exceed its breadth and its depth, then it is time for him to put a stop to it.

A good motto for preachers is, Stop when you have finished. It is also one which applies to editorial writers.

Enough said.—Church Union.

## ASSEMBLE YOURSELVES TOGETHER.

Loneliness has its perils in the religious life. You hear now and again of a man who says he is going to give up all religious associations of a public kind, and is going to remain at home. Some men amongst us are now boasting that they are Christians *unattached*; independent Christians. What is this religious independence as it is interpreted by these men? Not one of those little gaslights shining there is independent; every one of them is a blink of sunlight. If I saw it coming, I should get out of its road. Tell me that all the stars are caught in one great flame, and that not a sparkle of the glory of the heaven can be lost, and I am proportionally at rest. Loneliness, I repeat, has its perils in the religious life. When the devil gets a man absolutely alone, who'll win? Not the man—in the vast proportion of cases. There was only one man that won in single fight, and that was the Lord Jesus Christ. O, let us shelter one another, let us be mutual protections, let us have a commonwealth of interest and sympathy, let us live in one another's prayers and sympathies and love. Interest is strength: two are better than one—if the one fall, he can be lifted up again; but if he fall alone who will assist him? He is in the way of blessing; if you assemble yourselves together as the manner of some is, God leaves His footsteps on the earth, and if we follow His footsteps we shall find Himself. He has built His churches, raised His altars, and He says, "Where my name is recorded, there will I meet them; there will I assemble a fellowship, a community of interest and spirit and purpose. We are the complement of one another. No one man is all men. You have something I want, I have something you want. In these higher meanings, let no man call himself that he has his own. Let us assemble ourselves together, let us have common, so that there shall be no poor man in the church—the poorest scholar having access to the richest thoughts, the deafest ear having the opportunity of listening to the sweetest music. You remember how the commander of the ship *Fox*, when his crew row almost in unison, and that did far more than all the oarsmen's orders, exhortations and attempts to persuade his all but mutinous companions that all was right. Do not stray away from the music of the church: do not suppose you can hum tune enough for your own soul, or whisper yourself into victory and triumph; your mouth will dry and your voice will cease to be the voice of your mouth. Sing with your Christian brethren. Read the Scriptures together; unite in holy prayer together—in this partial heaven. Thus I again repeat the exhortation, Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together: be diligent to keep the love of one another, which is the love of the brethren, for the love of the brethren is the love of God, and thus the enemy will never find you alone and at a disadvantage, but always surrounded by those who can recall the sweetest memories to your recollection, and enrich your hearts by reminders of the infinite promises of God, and thus a commonwealth shall be the basis of victory.—Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.

See the weary pilgrim landing, On the jasper threshold standing, The strange, bright scene expanding, Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! What a glory, Far beyond the brightest story Of the ages old and hoary! Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

How we weary and sink down overpowered when we stretch our limbs toward that which is reserved for us! It seems too much to believe that all the unspeakable world of everlasting delight is actually for us. Soon this life passes, and then the purity and freedom and sinlessness of heaven are ours. Soon we shall see the King in his beauty, and in the deep of heaven's glory, and the city of God we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy.

In the flowering gardens of that fair clime we shall meet the good and great of all ages. The heroic souls that dared while on earth to die for the truth shall walk with us, or on tireless wings shall guide us in our wide exploits through heaven's boundless realm. The grand old preachers who went up with their clean souls shall unfold to us the deep mysteries of redeeming love. All that immortal thought can grasp or infinite love bestow shall be ours. Who can understand this and in his heart say, "Here our joys are ephemeral. We find a kindred soul, and when we are ready to join hopes and abandon ourselves to the rapture of our hearts a breath comes in through the narrow portal, and we have left to us only the shadows and the pain; yonder for endless ages, we shall rise into new powers and new glories, and we shall abide in perpetual ecstasy."

It would not do for us to see clearly this patrimony. We could not linger for life's work. Like travelers with their effects packed waiting at the station looking for the train, we would look and wait, and leave the stern duties unperformed. We could not give our hearts to heaven. He says that he will be there, and that is enough. John did get a panoramic glimpse of the city, and forever after he was searching for terms in which to utter the glories of that vision. Paul, with a vast and compact mind, was permitted to see the third heaven. And on his return he could only say, "Surely, what wonders and glories are wrapped up in Paul's silence!"

With this land before us, it behooves us to walk softly before God, and make our calling and election sure. We cannot afford to miss.

When our friends leave us and move over into the city, we can rejoice that their strife is done. Struggling in the breakers seeking the shore with our loved ones, if a whirl in the waves carries them safe to land before we reach it, and we see them walking up the bright shore, we do not wish them back in the surf. Released from prison, we do not wish them back again in those dark dungeons. Surely we can rejoice when we see them rising toward the throne.

Let us work while the day lasts; soon the night comes, when no man can work. Then, when the blessed evenings come, we can enter into that rest that shall make glad the morning of eternity.

"TWENTY MINUTES FOR SERMONS." The recent announcement by a Chicago preacher, that henceforth he shall take but twenty minutes for sermons, has a sound like the notice given by express train conductors at certain stopping-places along the route—"Twenty minutes for refreshments," and the motive which has to do with fixing the limit in both cases seems very much of a piece; namely, to give as short a time as possible to a necessary but rather irksome duty, which at best is an interference with one's plans, and must be done up with despatch. In connection with the twenty-minute sermon in this case, we are informed, the other services are not to be abridged. The organist will take time as usual, and the choir will sing to their utmost, and the long prayer will continue long. Expenses (in money) must be cut down, and a beginning is to be made with the sermon. Such a consideration to the preferences of the average church-goer is expected, no doubt, to stimulate church-going, and this ecclesiastical conductor who is henceforth going to compel his people to stop only "twenty minutes for sermons" evidently counts upon a large increase of passengers.

A good sermon may be preached in twenty minutes; but it does not justify the use of any such device as this to attract men to church. We do not know how the exact announcement may have sounded under what may have been peculiar circumstances; but, judging abstractly, the fisher of men who baits his hook with "twenty-minute sermons" will next be advertising two-minute prayers. Such expedients are undignified, unmanly, unbecoming. They tend

It is a more reasonable enquiry to ask, How many more such accessions can the Church stand? or how many more, in order to break down all its moral power in the world? We know well enough that the argument involved in such a damaging influence is entirely unsound, and that it is enough for all purposes of a true logic that there are millions whom even the captious must acknowledge to be genuine Christians according to the true standard. But we know as well the common tendency to turn away from these and look at the unconvincing examples. We know that "one sinner destroyeth much good," especially if he is a church member. And then we cannot shut our eyes to the painful fact that thousands have crowded into the Church that had better be anywhere else, whose lives are either palpably unchristian or so entirely worldly, that but for the Church roll they would never be suspected of being professors of religion. It is the sorest evil under the sun. It is worse than non-profession, or open vice, or infidelity. It more dishonours God, more disparages Christianity, and its effect upon the minds of the young is more pernicious than all these other evils combined. We have no fear of infidelity or any of the assaults of open wickedness; but we are alarmed at the numbers of unconverted persons in the Church, the sins seemingly sanctioned by false professions made and accepted, and the low standard of piety that prevails in many quarters in God's visible kingdom.

The attention of the whole Church needs to be turned earnestly in this direction, and every possible effort should be made to abate this evil. We must seek to have a purer membership—a higher standard for reception, and a higher standard of conduct after reception. We urge no rash and violent pulling up of the tares, but we do think there is a loud call for greater care in the admission of applicants for church privileges, more diligent training especially of recent professors, and a firmer discipline in dealing with offenders. Of course this discipline should be at first mild, and always kind and adapted to recover and save rather than to drive off and punish; but the mind of the whole Church needs to be directed most positively to the purification of the lives of its membership and to the elevation of the entire moral and spiritual tone of our people. We need revivals in the Church.—Southern Presbyterian.

## AN ELOQUENT PRAYER.

The following prayer was made by Rev. Joseph Cook, in the Yosemite Valley:

Almighty God, thou hast created this valley. May we not dedicate it. Thou hast walked in this valley long before known to man. May we in some degree walk worthily in thy glorious footsteps in the presence of these stupendous revelations of thy power. May we be delivered from contempt of thy word and commandment. May we loathe our leprosy and dishonesty and selfishness, as thou dost. Face us with thy precious promises, may we acquire hearts as upright and down-right as the rocks. From the house, which we dedicate to thee, may thy truth be proclaimed as bold as the hills and as tender as the voice of these waters. Our supreme prayer is that thou wilt give us similarity of feeling with thyself. What men say here will little tell of our long remembrance; but it will not forget what thou hast said here. Let the key-note of our speech be thy speech as uttered all around us. May all discussions of thy truth here echo God. May they reflect thee in their hearts as bright and clear as the rocks. Let us have here poets, artists, and statesmen, and reformers. May the influences of this valley be an antidote to the spirit of luxury, and be a rebuke to teachers that lives cheaply. May preachers and teachers find strength and tenderness here in this valley. With thou hast the hearts of all nations in thy grasp, and to thyself. Our ancestors brought from the holy land the glad tidings of the gospel. When the children of Europe and Lebanon come here they may meet thee; and may we meet them in the spirit of Christian brotherhood. When the children of the Himalayas come to the Sierras, and their hearts are strengthened. When the children of the Yellow Sea come hither may they find instruction, and be treated with justice on the shores of the Pacific. The high noon is above us, the voice of God is sounding all around us. In the presence of these glorious works of thine, we dedicate this house to thy service, and we give ourselves up to thee, —an irretrievable, affectionate, total surrender,—and beseech thee to fill this temple, to the latest generation, with the love of God. Amen.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## EXPERIENCE AND INCIDENT.

OUR OWN WAY.—In a large monastery in Tuscany, now emptied of its former occupants and falling into decay, there remains one solitary monk, the cicerone of the traveler who may be attracted to the spot by the loveliness of its site, or the antiquities of the ruined structure. He complained of the tyranny that had destroyed their ancient habitation and scattered the brotherhood, and ended in lamenting that so many men could now no longer serve God!

"Is there, then, no sphere of holiness but in a monastery?" inquired his visitor. "Are we no means by which God can be served out of it?"

The Carthusian looked confused, and after a moment's pause replied apologetically, "It is pleasant to serve God in the place and way one likes best."

Thus it is with all who speak their own thoughts and do their own will, and who, finding a way easier to nature, escape the cross. The Lord in love destroys the work that seems so fair, and scatters the possession not laid up in heaven, teaching us that we are pilgrims and strangers, and not citizens of this world. There is a natural delight in the success of our own schemes, which is not delight in the Lord. The promise is "not done thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isa. lviii, 13, 14.) Let those say who have been cured with much suffering without seeking counsel and strength from Him who is wisdom and understanding—have they not walked in their own light, and in the sparks that they have kindled laid down in sorrow?—The Last Blessing.

## MOSQUES AND THEIR MINISTERS.

In all Mohammedan countries the mosque is the great centre of both religious and political influence. It is especially so among the Afghans. In the cities there are mosques attached to every street, and the villages to each section or parish. The village mosques are usually very simple structures of mud, but not unfrequently they are buildings of stone or brick with architectural pretensions. The ordinary mosque is constructed in the figure of

be constructed within the precincts of the courtyard for that purpose. The floor of the mosque is covered with matting, and the rich and poor pray side by side, the chief with his servant, and the ruler with his subject, men of wealth or rank enjoying no special distinction. Women are not forbidden to attend public places of worship, but they are not encouraged to do so, and in Afghanistan (and the same may be said of other Mohammedan countries) females never pray in the mosques. The Muslim carries off his shoes at the entrance of the mosque, carries them in his hand sole to sole, and places them upon the floor a little before the spot his head will touch in prostration. The mosque is not only the Muslim place of worship, but it is the village school or college, and if the priest in charge should be a man of renowned scholarship or piety, his pupils will be very numerous. The students from a distance reside in the mosque and receive their daily rations from the parish. The mosque is presided over by an *Imam*, or priest, whose pay is derived from the endowments and the free-will offerings of the people. The position of <