For the Visitor.

THE HEATHEN'S CALL.

Hark! In accents wild and earnest
Hear the Macedonian cry,
From the far-off land it cometh;
Let us send a quick reply.

From the land where darkness hovers
O'er the sovereign and the slave,
And the pall of midnight, covers
All that lies beyond the grave.

Let us listen to the voices,
As they come across the wave.
While our own dear land rejoices,
Let us go the lost to save.

Hear the heathen's earnest pleading,
Send the Gospel to our shore,
For the light our hearts are bleeding
Send it to us evermore.

Fathers, mothers, sisters brothers,
Ir gross error lie enslaved,
O'er our people ruin hevers
Till by Christ's own blood we're saved.

Send the Bible to us quickly,
Let the Christian come and teach,
For we're famished now and sickly
Let us now the Gospel preach.

It will heal the broken-hearted,
Loose the prisoner now in chains
When the *long, long* night's departed
And the true Messiah reigns.

Now, Oh! Christians, hear us pleading,
Hoard not up your gold to keep,
Use it at the Master's bidding,
Go! says Christ, and feed my sheep.

S. W. KEIRSTEAD.

Hampton, K. Co.

Visitor Pulpit.

DANGERS AND TEMPTATIONS OF THE MINISTRY.

BY REV. C. GOODSPEED, A.M., PULISHED BY REQUEST OFF YARMOUTH CO. MINISTERS INSTITUTE.

(*Conclusion.*)

Another reason why we lose interest in our work is because we do not attend to the law of action and reaction. We forget that all feeling which is genuine has truth for its source. All mere stimulation of feeling due to animal magnetism etc., but excites the nerves, and gives no real good to the soul. As the exhilaration of excitement is intoxicating and pleasant, the lower level of feeling which can be maintained, because nourished by truth, becomes tame and insipid. Thus there is temptation to seek this spasmodic elevation of feeling, and despise the even glow fed by the fuel from God's Word, and fanned by God's Spirit. The inevitable result is that, in proportion as the man works himself up to high wrought excitement, will he throw himself into the cold torpor of reaction. But this is not all. Feelings which are shocked into activity and not fed, will be shocked into weakness, and may be shocked to death, just as the fire, blown into the fiercest flame will soon be blown out, unless fuel in proportion be fed. Is not this the explanation of much of the Christian life we see, in many places,—a succession of spasms of life, with intervening sleep and death—the spasms of life growing shorter and less frequent, the intervening death longer and more frequent, until, at last, the spasms cease, and there remain a name to live, and death.

We, brother ministers, are not above this temptation—nay, we are most subject to it. Great demands are made upon our interest and feelings in seasons of special effort, on each Sabbath as we preach, as we go from house to house, to meet this call, we are in peculiar danger of stimulating our feelings to meet the exigencies which continually occur, and of thus throwing ourselves into the inevitable reaction with all its evil consequences. Does this not explain why many who appear most earnest in the early days of their ministry, are the most sluggish in after life? We cannot too frequently remind ourselves that demand cannot exceed supply and not ruin—that we cannot expend more than we gather without pressing on vitality itself—our capital for life—that if we give out much in emotion and effort, we must take in much food for both.

Finally, the great remedy or preventive for loss of interest in our work—the one which conditions all the rest—is, keep the heart sensitive to truth. And how can we keep the heart impressible but by keeping it warm? And how can we keep it warm but by keeping it near the source of heat? This means that we must keep it near the glowing heart of our Lord. Devout meditation can bring us near him, as we apply the truth we preach to ourselves. But prayer and communion can do more. On a heart made soft and tender by fellowship with Christ, the truth will readily leave its impress; but from a heart cold and hard through distance, truth rebounds. The other points I have referred to are important, this is all important.

Thus I have sought to explain some of the temptations which beset us to loss of interest in the truth we preach, and the work we do: we proceed to call attention to a greater danger.

II. That of the destruction of our genuineness as men.

Obsere how a minister is circumstanced. He knows that the people generally give to ministers credit for more than ordinary genuineness and piety. He gladly accepts this reputation, and so tacitly avows his possession of these superior qualities. If he be conscious that he do not have them—if he yield to wrong motives and unhallowed aims, he is accepting esteem under false pretenses. He becomes a conscious deception and fraud. And the consciousness of this will beget a habit which will prey on what of sterling worth remains, and reduce his character to a hollow sham. Other men may be untrue to the esteem in which they are held and not be drained of their remnant of excellency so rapidly; for they are not so perpetually reminded of it. But for the minister, it will prey on the vitals of his moral life like a hasty consumption.

But this is not all. He has to deal with great and solemn truths. He must tell of God's greatness and purity. He must speak of Christ's sacrifice and love. He must attempt to make known the worth of the human soul in the light of eternity and heaven and hell. He deals with measureless motives and with unspeakable dangers. All these are fitted to move a man's soul to the depths. Now if such truths as these do not stir a man profoundly. If he get into the habit of speaking them coldly, without sensibility, there is a double danger. It is said that the intensest cold known to science can be produced in the hottest furnace—so intense that carbonic acid, incapable of reduction to a solid in any other way, is thus turned to ice. And so, if we wish to find natures more cold and hard than elsewhere, seek them where they are touched by the most thrilling motives, and do not respond. If the heat does not make tender, it will make callous. So with ministers: unless they become deeply sensitive under the constant contact of such motives as press them all the time, they are in the extremest danger of becoming as hard and rocky as the nether millstone. But again, as they know that they should have deep feeling, as they are aware that such is expected of them by their hearers, where it is absent, they are in danger of simulating it. This means that they train themselves in spuriousness, and reduce their preaching to cant, and themselves to a mere seeming.

But more than this. A minister is required to enforce high moral truth. He must hold up pure motives, exalted and unselfish aims, and a virtue and devotion as pure and perfect as the character and life of our Lord. Now let such a man be prompted himself by wrong motives and possessed by low aims. Let ambition—a desire for popular applause—move him. Let selfishness rule him. Let him be a man pleaser, or his thoughts be low and impure. How soon will he become a moral wreck, an empty, arrant hypocrite. Other men, who do not make such great pretensions by insisting so continuously on such a high standard, maybe untrue, and not be altogether wrecked; but the man who is proclaiming such high truths constantly, and still in his heart of hearts is insincere, this very circumstance will spread the moral not more rapidly. His whole character will be reduced to a corrupt mass and the thin shell of outward consistency, like that of a bad egg, will be liable to collapse at any time. The sad and sadly frequent examples of men who have long stood high as ministers, suddenly marking shipwreck of character, to the reproach of the cause, is a startling witness to the stern reality of this danger. Need we, probably, go outside of our own experience to be convinced of the greatness of the temptation. There is a charm in successful oratory, which is intoxicating. And how are we thus tempted to play the orator, when we are avowedly seeking to save souls from hell. As other men, we like to be well thought of by our fellows, and how are we tempted to become men pleasers not men profiters, and so seek to tickle the ear with pleasant words, rather than stir the heart with solemn truth, or the conscience with what is distasteful. In these, and in scores of other ways, we are tempted to use the sacred desk, where we are all supposed to hold up Christ, as a place where we may exhibit ourselves, and to hide behind the avowed purpose of devoting our selves to unselfish labor to rescue perishing souls, a real ruling desire to pamper our vanity, and gratfy our ambition.

But this is not the worst. A minister must speak not only to men, but also to God. Four times, at least on Sunday, and numberless times at sick beds and family altars and prayer meetings during the week, he is expected and he does bow before his Maker and pray. He is not permitted as his brethren, to choose whether he shall lead the devotions of others. Feel as he may he must yet speak solemn words to his God. Now suppose he do not feel in the spirit of prayer,—and it is no easy thing always to feel thus. This most sacred of all exercises is reduced to a mere formality. The habit soon is formed of mouthing words which have little or no conscious meaning—of expressing gratitude, love, desire, which we do not really possess, in the solemn presence of God himself. Need I say that a man is thus in danger of becoming the most revolting of all semblers, if not of dissemblers; for it is not before men but before God.

But is there any safeguard? you may ask. The discussion of the danger suggests the only security. Through the force of the circumstances of his position—of the high truth he preaches, and the high motives he constantly enforces, there cannot be, in a minister of the gospel, any compromise with insincerity, and petty ambition, and vanity. I do not mean by this, that he must reach, in actual living, the high standard of life and aim he presents to others, or else have his character sapped. We must all preach better than we practice. But we may, in deep yearning desire, be all that we hold up to others, as the moral of their living. We may and we must, if we are to be kept from emptiness and hypocrisy, be true in heart to the high truth we proclaim. We may, and we must, be struggling to realize in our lives the high ideal of the gospel. As a moral poison which would paralyze the very vitals of religious life, we must shun all pretense, all simulation. As a deadly serpent coiling round our hearts, must we watch against the blasting sin of hiding behind the apparent purpose of saving men, the real one to exalt self. With all the tax upon heart power, with all the demands for approach to God in public prayer, we must by much secret abiding at the mercy seat, make prayer a habit and fill up the soul, so liable to be drained of sensibility, from the great fountain. Our Saviour has condensed it all into the words, "Watch and pray."

Grand responsibilities rest upon us. We are to give, in our lives as well as in our teachings, the key note to the churches. On the church life, so largely moulded by us, and on our personal power and the power of the truth as we preach it, depend, instrumentally, the eternal weal or woe of souls many. Upon the impress we make on the churches will depend largely, in the future, their influence to continue this same work which touches heaven and hell, and both eternally. May the Spirit of God help us to be strong and true, and to clear our skirts of the blood of all men.

THE IRON CAGES AT MUNSTER.

We see it stated that the tower of the church of St. Lambert at Munster has been ordered to be torn down. It stands not far from the market-place where, on Jan. 22, 1536, the three leaders of the so-called Anabaptists were first pinched with red-hot tongs, and finally pierced with red-hot daggers. John Bocklesohn, Bernard Knipperdolling, and Bernard Kreehting may have done things worthy of death; but it is a grave question, whether they could have been much worse than their barbarous ecclesiastical judges and executioners. Not satisfied with such a death as they inflicted, they had the bodies of their victims placed in three cages made of bars of iron just large enough to allow them to stand upright with the heads projecting above. These cages were lifted high up on the tower of St. Lambert Church and fastened firmly there. All the remains of the victims wasted away long ago; but the cages still hang there, sad memories of the barbarism which reigned in Munster nearly three and a half centuries ago.

As if ashamed of such desecration, the tower some years ago began to sink on one side, and at last was deemed so unsafe that it was ordered to be taken down. Munster is to be congratulated, on thus getting rid of the relic of such a hideous barbarism.

The English Baptist Missionary Society reports, in its statistics for 1881, 38,397 members in its various fields, including 26,712 in the Jamaica Union. The baptisms for the year were 3,373, of which 2,394 were in Jamaica. The baptisms last year numbered 2,181. The net gain in communicants is 4,592. The net gain of the Jamaica Union is 3,945, from which it would appear that the work in the mission-fields proper has not been very prosperous. The pastors of self-supporting churches have increased from 57 to 61.

The Bishop of Frederiction has addressed a letter to his clergy on the subject of petitioning Parliament against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which will be introduced the coming Session. We direct attention to it, and also to the first of a series of letters on the same subject from the able pen of Prof. Roe, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

ROCK AND SAND.

On the morning that I set my eyes on the Island of Corsica where Napoleon the First, was born, and the island of Elba, on which he was confined as a discomfited prisoner, the coming shadows of Waterloo hung over his bleak exile. The next day I saw the spot where another famous prisoner landed on his way to Rome, and where he "thanked God and took courage." Napoleon's boasted "rock" of imperial power proved to be but a fog-bank. What a contrast between the defeated and disappointed exile of Elba, and the glorious old prisoner of Cæsar, who sang triumphantly in his cell:

"I have fought a good fight? Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day!"

The French Emporer's crown was a lost bauble; the apostle's diadem will blaze with stars through all eternity. There is no sharper contrast in all history between the wisdsom of building on the rock and the fatal folly of building on the quicksand.

We might commend a remark made by Mr. Spurgeon at his bazaar opening to those who are everlastingly speaking of Baptists as "so bigoted, you know!" He said that the Stockwell Orphanage—though, of course wholly the child of Baptists—recognized no distinction of creed on the part of the parents; while, as a matter of fact, "the larger proportion of the children received came from Church of England parents." With him, we should indeed like to see a Church of England orphanage where most of the benefit was bestowed on the children of Dissenters! The truth is, as he pointed out, it has always been the characteristic of the Baptists to be the least sectarian in their action of all denominations.

Mr. Spurgeon said they hoped the bazaar would realize from $6,000 to $7,000 of the amount required, according to the purchases made, for there were already vastly more goods than could be displayed. When you buy, said Mr. Spurgeon, you will not be considering the value you get, in a penurious manner, though you will get good value. You will not be like a gentleman who, on his way home one dark night, was encountered by a footpad, with the demand, "Money or your life." The gentleman's reply was, "You can't have any money; I have been to a bassar." The highwayman immediately recognized the force of the reasoning, and even offered a contribution.

CREDULITY OF SCEPTICSM.

"Gentleman," said the First Napoleon to some of his officers who had been very freely ventilating their unbelief in the Bible as a revelation from God, "Gentlemen, it seems to me you make amends for not believing the Bible *by believing every thing else*!"

It was a home-thrust. And now another illustration of the same truth presents itself. Clifford, a young English scientist, left the following triplet for his epitaph:

I was not, and was conceived,
I lived and did a little work,
I am not, and grieve not.

Now it has been remarked, that all this might as well be said of a dead horse. For *he* was not, and was conceived. He lived, and did a little work. He is not, and grieves not—only the horse doesn't tell us so! He has more sense than to try to. For who is the "*I*" that tells us all this? And that tells it to us when the "*I*" that tells us has no existence?

As Hugh Miller makes a plain farmer say of the evolution of Man from the Ape—"It takes a *great deal of believing to believe that!*"—*Presbyterian.*

A London paper relates the following: The rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the muddy cross-walks, his face had become familiar to many of the passers by. The clergyman asked him if any one had called on him during his sickness. "O yes," replied the boy, "Mr. Gladstone came to see me." "Mr. Gladstone!" exclaimed the rector, "what Mr. Gladstone?" "Why" said the boy "the only Mr. Gladstone." So the great English Premier could find time, amid all the onerous duties of public life, to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a "dirty street sweep." All the attractions of aristocracy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcasts. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems to us so noble and Christlike as this simple incident.

Columbia College is the most richly endowed educational institution in the Union. Its funds amount to $4,800,000, or nearly a million more than those of Harvard.

The Calvary Baptist church, New York City, Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D., pastor, has paid $150,000 for a plot of land on the north side of Fifty-seventh St., about midway between Sixth and Seventh avennes. A church and chapel to cost $200,000 are to be erected on it. The piece of ground is 160 feet front by 100 feet deep. The lower part of the edifice will be of Medina sandstone. The church proper will be 100 feet wide by 100 feet deep. The chapel will be 50 feet wide by 100 feet deep. There will be two towers, the main one 190 fret in height. The general features will be Gothic. The work upon the new structure is already begun. The wall upon one side is laid, and a large force of workmen is engaged in blasting. The work will be pushed rapidly. It is expected that the edifice will be ready for occupancy by next January. A parsonage will possibly be added.

Just here we may notice another feature of correspondence with which editors sometimes make acquaintance. A writer sometimes accompanies a communication with a request—in tone scarcely distinguishable from a demand—that it appear "in the next issue"—"in full"—"without mutilation"—etc. There may, of course, be circumstances in which immediate publication is due, or in which the other requests would be reasonable,—circumstances the force of which is as likely to be recognized by the editor as by any one else. But they are quite as often made without as with good reason, and indicate that the writers forget the distinction between the functions of the correspondent and those of the editor.—*Watchman.*

The number of Moravian mission is still seventeen. There are 282 missionaries, male and female, 1,481 native agents, 98 stations, with 15 out-stations, 39,776 baptized adults and 26,836 baptized children, 1,406 candidates for baptism, the whole number of persons under instruction being 74,440 an increase the past year of 1,044. There was a gain in all the missions except Jamaica, where there was a loss of 509, and St. Thomas, which lost 12.

Joseph Cook takes a hopeful view of the prospects of evangelical religion in Germany. He says: "As a sect in biblical criticism, the Tabingen school has perished. The mythical theory as to the origin of Christianity is exploded. Strauss is no longer heard of here in discussions with infidels. His day, and even that of Schenkel and Renan, have gone by. The most dangerous tendency of the newest form of rationalism connects itself with the philosophy of evolution and the speculation of materialistic physicists."

Some stupendous figures are finished by the recent census of the British Empire. Its total population is 234,750,000 square miles is almost five times as great. A sixth of the queen's subjects are Christians, a little more than a tenth mohammedans, over two-fifths Hindoos, and a fourth heathens of various sects. The titled property holders of Great Britain number 186,000.

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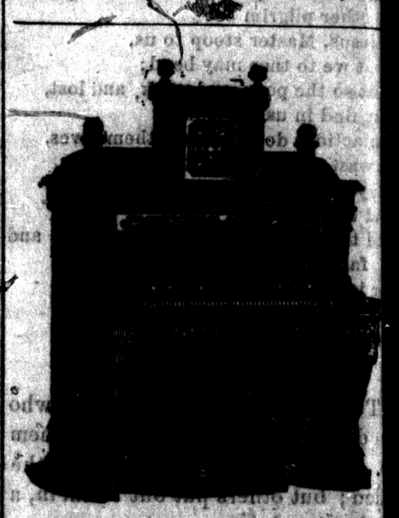
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