

Family Circle.

SHOULD HE BE PERMITTED TO PREACH?

CHAP. IV.

Richard Landon visited that portion of Kentucky known as the "Blue Grass Region." A section of the State so justly noted for its fertile fields, its beautiful scenery, high state of cultivation; and beyond all this, for the intelligence, refinement and the hospitality of its people. Every farmer is a lord.

He mingled in the society of the cultivated and religious. He was charmed with the kind and elegant manners of the Kentuckians, and realized that the half had not been told him respecting their easy dignity and munificent generosity.

It was his good fortune to attend a meeting of the Elkhorn Association, that historic body whose churches have done so much for the cause of Christ in this highly favored section, and have sent heralds of the cross abroad through all the States of the South and West. He listened with deep interest to the preachers on the occasion. There was one that specially impressed him. This was young G.—, a man about six years his senior. This favorite minister was gifted with fine talents, excellent voice, deep earnestness and peculiarly winning manner. His influence was extended and powerful. Throngs crowded to hear him. His name was on every lip. He preached Christ Jesus our Lord, because he loved Him and the Gospel He taught. He told men of the "Glad Tidings," because he loved and desired them to be saved from the wrath to come. This young man, so successful and so beloved, immediately became Richard's Landon's model. He studied his every word any act. But while he did this a strange rasping feeling of envy sprung up in his heart. He admired this young preacher more than any one he had ever heard, and yet he was stirred to jealousy and silent resentment whenever he heard him praised by others. As the grouse, while feeding on the purple heather, secretes in his back a bitterness which spoils the flavor of the meat so Richard Landon contracted a dull, low feeling of dislike to the man he admired. A man's head and heart often hold different views.

Richard Landon, like thousands of others, knew the right and yet the wrong pursued. Religion is worth nothing if it does not regenerate the entire man. The heart, the head, the entire moral nature of man must be brought under the Spirit of Christ. "If ye have not the Spirit of Christ, ye are none of His." Man must believe with the heart before he can be a child of God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As Richard Landon listened to young G.— preach the love of Christ, the fullness of His atonement, His willingness and power to save, His purpose to keep us until the day of the restitution of all things, and to make us conquerors over all our foes, he felt in his inmost soul that this young man possessed some power which he did not understand. What he was he could not tell. In comparing himself with young G.—, he felt intellectual equality. His voice was as clear, as full, as manageable. He had as much power—could have as much pathos. His manner was quite free from embarrassment, and as polished. He was doubtful about its impressiveness. He knew he was noted at college for his power as a speaker. There he was the envy of more than a score of his fellow-students. He had always greatly relied on this gift and had expended hours in its cultivation. "Manner, manner," said he, tells as much on an audience as any thing else. I must win by my manner."

He also flattered himself that he could draw out as much from a text as could his model, and yet with all these very favorable comparisons he was conscious of a sad lack of an element of strength which was possessed in a degree by him whom he would excel. He studied the question in all its phases as it presented itself to his mind. But after all the thought he could bestow upon it, it remained unexplained. It was a power he could not comprehend. This power was the power of consecration. "All I have, all I am, belong to Him, who has redeemed me from eternal death," was the life within, of this earnest ambassador for Christ. He realized that he had been bought with His precious blood, and therefore from henceforth he was Christ's servant to obey. He studied the will of his Master. He strove ever to do His will. He was shut up to the faith. He must preach the Gospel,—the message of love and life from heaven to man—must, in

Christ's stead, plead with men to be reconciled to God.

How different from thousands who stand as leaders of the people of divine life. Many study every thing but the Bible, and week by week stand up to preach a gospel about which they know, alas! but very little.

Spurgeon's experience tells this sad story most graphically. Five years his young heart was wrung with sorrow of the deepest nature. He went to every place where he thought it possible he might learn the way of salvation. He longed to be saved—but he did not know the way to be saved. Five years of anxious seeking here, there, everywhere, where he thought he might find the way. One day he heard a practical sermon—"What Christians Ought To Do,"—but he could do nothing. He was not saved. He wanted to be saved. He strove to learn how he could be saved. But no light came to his poor aching, out-reaching heart. He went next Sunday—his anxiety greater than ever. Now the sermon was on electing love. But he was not elected, and had no part in the joys and privileges of the saints. Then came an experimental sermon. "But here the child was told how to put his foot into the stream and to swim—but he was painfully aware that he had not—could not—get to the stream at all." Again he went, "and the law cut his soul to pieces."

"For five years," he says, he did not "once hear the plan of salvation unfolded."

Now note this fact which he himself gives—learn that not by power nor by might, but by the Spirit of God he was led to the Cross.

"I shall never forget," he continues, "entering a little chapel where there was a poor local preacher—a man without learning or ability. He came into the pulpit and read the text: 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.'" He was not wise enough to preach any thing but Christ. He had not learning enough to run away from his text. He was such a poor simpleton that he was obliged to stick to the simple gospel. Would that there were more simpletons of that sort." Amen and Amen, we say, "I well remember how very simple he was. Yet, poor thing, he was in great earnestness. He told us that whosoever should look to the cross of Christ, should be saved. My soul looked to Jesus then for the first time. I knew what was meant by believing in Him, and in that hour my spirit knew the joy of the redeemed ones. I could have leaped from my seat and sung with joy unspeakable—'I am forgiven!—I am forgiven!—I am forgiven!'"

We should justly laugh to scorn that man who would undertake to teach us of the manners and customs of a people about whom he knew nothing but a few notions of them clipped from the daily press. We should regard that man insane who, having worked at the artist's easel all the years of life, should suddenly throw aside his palette and brush and come forth to build a house merely because he has been furnished with material out of which a house could be constructed.

If men would preach Christ, they must know Christ—know in whom they have trusted. They must know him as their Redeemer and Sanctifier—as the Redeemer of the word—the Saviour of all who believe in him; must know him in his divinity, must know him in his humanity; must know him as the Messiah, as the Anointed One; know him as Mediator, as King, as he who will come again to rule on earth, as king over his kingdom. When he was a "Man of Sorrows" he was also a king; but his kingdom was not established—it was only introduced—"set up." Now we have the kingdom advancing, making conquests over the nations—but the King is absent—has gone into a "far country;" but he shall come again to reign as a king in his kingdom. His enemies shall be destroyed, and there shall be none left to oppose. Now if men do not study these things how can they tell them to others?

Men cannot preach Christ unless they know Christ, and they cannot know him except they study him as revealed in his word, and are taught by the Spirit.

Richard Landon was not spiritually improved by his visit to Kentucky. As the world opened up before his eager vision, his ambition for position and fame increased tenfold. When he returned home from his visit he was thoughtful, yet restless. He longed to be where he could be making progress toward the goal of his desires.

It was moved on the first Church meeting day after he came back from Kentucky, that he should be licensed to preach. This was a great satisfaction to his parents, whose interest in their son, and admiration

for his marked advancement increased every day. Richard's feelings were largely mixed on this occasion. There was a voice within his soul urging him onward towards the consummation of his purpose, and another condemning the step—why he could not tell. He thought it was fear. His dear pastor thought it was self-distrust and, sympathizing with him in this supposition, spoke words of hope and encouragement. He told him life had difficulties wherever we might be cast—that trials await us at every turn; but he brought to him the precious words of Jesus, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end," and told in earnest words of the great reward he should receive if he should faint not. Richard was not able to analyze his feelings or his motives. But while ambition urged him forward, conscience whipped him with goading doubt. Of this inner struggle no one was aware: he kept it locked up in his own bosom, and submitted to the desire of his friends and of the church.

He bore his certificate with him on his return to College in September, and was recognized there as a licentiate. He applied himself to his studies with redoubled energy. He did not go at all into society, nor did he mingle to any extent with the other students. He led a life of almost complete isolation. As a student, his standing was unexceptionable. He was regarded by all as a model young man. God looked into his heart and read therein the record of each day: "Sowing to the flesh," must have been written under each summing up. Thousands of professed Christians live as Richard Landon lived; live for self, (not exclusively, it is true, but mainly)—while the law of Christ's gospel is, "Seek first the kingdom of God,"—not first in point of time, but first all the time. Let this kingdom of heaven be pre-eminent in our thoughts, let it always be our highest desire. Let us strive for its advancement above all things else. Let us give our best thoughts, our time, our talents, our money, our prayers, first to it. If the followers of the Lord would seek to obey his positive commands, the world would be convinced of the reality of the profession they have made, and would be led to admire and to look into a system which develops such wonderful influence over the lives of men. Would that each were an epistle known and read of all men, then Christ would be honored in all who profess him.

And now the dreary winter is past. Spring has come to touch the world into life and beauty. How joyous this awakening to those who, through days of penury and suffering have fought both for themselves and their little ones the gaunt form of starvation, while their hearts quivered, and their arms faltered, and their frames shook in the unequal contest.

Oh! the myriad heroes and women who, all unnoted by the busy world, fight fierce daily battles through long years, unflinchingly; girding on the armor each morning, and laying it aside, weary and worn, for the rest which the night gives, weary and which they enjoy not only as a present good, but as the type of that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Grand souls are they of whom the world is not worthy, but whom God in his love to fallen men kindly keeps here as the salt of the earth. How different the divine discernment from that of earth. "Only a beggar at the rich man's gate," cries the world. "A child of God to dwell forever in Abraham's bosom," says the Eternal Spirit. "Behold Dives, the rich man, honored man, dressing in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day," cries the world. "A son of perdition, a soul lost, forever in hell, to lift up his cries being in torment," says the Eternal Spirit. How it nerves the soul to know that God does not see as man sees, and that the day will come when the balances of eternal right will weigh the inhabitants of earth. Take courage, then, Oh, fainting heart, stand sure by the cross of Christ. Be not troubled. Patiently, energetically, hopefully, cheerfully do the right, swerving neither to the right nor to the left. God will make it all clear and satisfactory in the end. Patient continuance in well doing here, eternal life with its glory, honor, and blessedness hereafter. Certainly the prize is worth the race. Let us run it with patience and with courageous heart.

To be continued.

Reports from the foreign mission fields of the Irish Presbyterian Church indicate great progress and promise for the future. The Jewish mission is especially prosperous.

Smiles.

Tutor: "Your writing is so wretched, sir, that I can't make anything out of it: How have you rendered *Cæsar's bonæ leges*?" Sub-freshman: "Why, 'The bony legs of Cæsar,' I believe, sir." (Small earthquake).—*Acta Columbiana*.

A lady was entertaining at dinner a stranger who had brought a letter of introduction to her husband, and at the end of the meal coffee was served. The lady asked her guest if he took sugar with his coffee; he replied, "Oh, never, madam; that is to say, hardly ever, unless the coffee is very poor." A few minutes later he said: "Will you please give me a little sugar?"

The small boy of a clergyman in Portland, Me., was detected by his mother in the act of "ornamenting" with a jack-knife a costly inlaid table by a deeply-cut carving of his ideal steamboat. A day or two after the lady saw him from the door looking with admiring eyes at his partially completed work, and heard him sigh, "By George! I wish I had got the smokestack on before she licked me."

A pretty girl "out West" told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?" "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you're just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.

Pastor A. A. Cameron, of Ottawa, in speaking of the Women's Foreign work, said they had raised \$4278.80, and he supposed they had had as many bonnets as formerly, and each had had "an additional feather in her hat"! Good.

Only a pin; yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy; yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
He stooped for a while, with a look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair; but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when, fizz-bang-pop!
He leaped like a cork from out of a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell, though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy and man, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

The *Hawkeyeman* thus shows his politics:

Grant us, good Lord, four years of strength and peace
Grant us from lawless force a sweet release;
Grant us the dawning of a brighter day;
Grant us the blessing of a hero's sway;
Grant us deliverance from brutal might;
Grant us an arm that dare defend the right;
Grant us the man whose actions for him speak;
Grant us the shield that gleams before the weak;
Grant us the man in whom our hopes we plant;
Grant us the "man on horseback," grant us Grant.

Appleton's American Cyclopædia.

A LIBRARY OF

Universal Knowledge,

In Seventeen Volumes Containing 50,000 subjects and Illustrated by 6,000 Fine Engravings

AND LITHOGRAPHIC MAPS.

This work cost the publishers over \$500,000 to prepare it for the printer and its excellence is fully commensurate with the expense.
An improvement in this over all other Cyclopædias is the analytical index prepared by Dr. Conant. By means of this, any subject may be turned to with the smallest possible loss of time.

A Volume is Issued Annually,

Containing information on

ALL SUBJECTS

that have attained further developments during the year.

A FULL SET

May be seen at the

"VISITOR" OFFICE.

Payments may be made in instalments.

LOAN AGENCY!

Loans negotiated on Real Estate or other good securities. Capitalists can have their money safely invested with good interest. Cash advanced on liberal terms.

JAMES E. WHITE,

77augdon

7th Wharf,

THE

VISITOR BOOK ROOM

99 GERMAIN ST.

NEW BOOKS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

School Books

As perscribed by the Board of Education

Stationery

In Great Variety.

HYMN BOOKS.

TEACHERS' BIBLES.

MOTTOES.

S. S. CARDS.

CLASS BOOKS

All requisites for Day and Sunday School and Churches.

J. E. HOPPER,

99 GERMAIN STREET

FARM FOR SALE

OR TO

LEASE!

THIS Farm is situated on Butternut Ridge, and will be sold or leased for a term of years to a good farmer. Any person wishing to invest would do well to call on DR. ALWARD, St. John.

TERMS EASY.

ORGANS For sale. One 11stop Organ Price \$1100. One 15stop Organ Price \$1100. See for circulars. F. W. CLEAR, 54 Germain St. John N. B.