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From the Watchman.  
Rev. Dr. Armitage's Paper.  
Treatment of Negritism in the Pulpit.

(Continued from last week.)  
Another thing. Those who think it wise to treat of negritism in the pulpit must ever bear in mind the wide distinction between infidelity of the head and of the heart, and must handle the subject accordingly; for these classes are as distinct as possible. We find the man of reason, of culture, of morality and integrity, overtaken by doubt and drawn into infidelity. But with many of these, scepticism is largely a matter of intellectual exercise, as a speculation. This is often mingled with an intense pride of superior knowledge, with that "vain imagination" of which

perpetually allies man with the animal below him, although there are mental and moral qualities in him which he shares in no degree. It insists on linking them up to him by this self-developing process, where the two have nothing in common. It leaps over the task of meeting this difficulty, because the task of meeting it is hopeless. The chain that attempts to link them together may be huge in size, and may be of steel; but as the central link is missing, what then? Simply this: that for the purpose of unity it is a rope of sand. The theory not being harmonious with itself, it is at right angles with all the life that man experiences.

Again, those who think it wise to preach on scepticism should be specially careful not to strengthen the impression which it is constantly trying to make. It is a matter of fact, that the universal known fact, that with a few exceptions, the master spirits of science have been and still are devout Christians. It is the imperative duty of science to inquire into the formation of the universe, and into all its relations to itself. And it would be a great wonder if the inquiry brought no questions which were difficult to settle. All such questions require long and exact discussion. This is the same sort of minute investigation which the Bible has undergone for many centuries, and not always in a friendly spirit, while the object of the investigation has varied with the subject. Science aims at generalization, the Bible aims at the renovation of the individual man. Science is in the search to know, the Bible is in the strife to do. Science elevates the intellect, the Bible purifies the heart. Science throws light on the wonders of creation, the Bible on the wonders of redemption. Science deals with the secret harmonies of physical existence, the Bible with the discords of man's sin. The one is the sphere of the few, the other is the realm of all. They are both necessary, they are both in harmony; the light of both is irresistible when it is allowed to shine in its native glory, and there is room for both in daily discovery and joy, for the field of each is infinite. For this reason, both sceptics and Christians fall into a sad mistake when they limit the relations of Christianity and science to the narrow sphere of geology. Yet this is constantly done, in fact, the battle wages chiefly on this line at present. And why? Certainly it is yet an open fact whether geology can properly be called a science, or not, in its present stage. And if it may, at the best, it is a new science. Pythagoras and the Greek philosophers said much of the earth by guess and deduction, and other great minds have wondered for ages what lay beneath man's feet. But Hook and Ray, Woodward and Thomas Burnett, the "Royal Society," first reduced these studies to a system only two hundred years ago. And what foundation facts are in the possession of geology to-day, about which geologists themselves are not in hot dispute? A few general principles are commonly admitted; but the finding of facts, which constitute the very essence of science, is strangely meagre. Take the question of the immensity of geological times, for example. Dr. Draper says, "Such calculations are on too uncertain a theoretical basis to furnish incontestable results." Take the question of evolution, and on this subject science is only in its hypothetical stage. With the characteristic candor of a true scientist, Prof. Tyndall says in the *Fortnightly Review*, "If asked whether science has solved, or is likely to solve, the problem of the universe, I must shake my head in doubt. Behind and above and around us the real mystery of the universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of the body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages." Again, he says, "There ought to be a clear distinction made between science in the state of hypothesis and science in the state of fact. And inasmuch as it is still in the hypothetical stage, the ban of exclusion ought to fall upon the theory of evolution." "Those who hold the doctrine of evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it as a provisional assent." "They will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life."

"I share Virchow's opinion that the theory of evolution in its complete form involves the assumption that, at some period or other of the earth's history, there occurred what would be now called spontaneous generation. I agree with him that the proofs of it are still wanting." "I hold with Virchow that the failures have been lamentable, that the doctrine is utterly discredited." And yet with this testimony of his chief living Apostle, there is an assumption of knowledge on the subject, on the part of scepticism, which would be perfectly astonishing, if it were not perfectly arrogant and perfectly impudent.

THE MORNING DEW OF CHILDHOOD—Richer beautifully says: "Do not shorten the charming veil of mist covering childhood's futurity by too hastily drawing it away, but permit that joy to be of early commencement and of long duration, which lights up life so beautifully. The longer the morning dew remains hanging in blossoms of flowers, the more beautiful the day."

Rev. Garrick Green.

What Beecher is in Brooklyn what Murray used to be in Boston Garrick Green is in Prodigion. He came to a church that was feeble and in debt. The congregations might have averaged two hundred. This was three years ago. Now that church has a house of worship that will seat fifteen hundred, and it is full every Sabbath. Of course, its finances are booming. It is the popular church of our city. The strangers all go there. The young people drift there from the other churches to the great grief of parents and pastors. What is the secret of this wonderful success? It can be told in a single word: the Rev. Garrick Green is dramatic. He is not an orator, but an actor. He does not preach

form instead of a pulpit. On that platform he appears twice every Sabbath in various characters, and sustains them generally with a good degree of histrionic power. Does he want to make avarice appear mean and contemptible? He takes the part of Judas in the drama of the Crucifixion. Does he want to thrill his hearers, with sympathy for the suffering Savior? He does not hesitate to re-enact the scene on Calvary. He holds up one hand, and pretends to drive a nail through it with the other. He seizes a cane, and thrusts it against his side as if it was a spear. All this he does so naturally and so earnestly that the people gaze with moistened eyes and throbbing hearts. They sit as if they were spell-bound until the performance is over; then they go away, saying to one another, "Was not that splendid? Isn't Mr. Green a grand preacher?"

Now one would think a man so gifted and so earnest would be a great power for good in our city. I asked one of his pious, praying members the other day: "How are you prospering at the X Avenue Church?" I see by the papers that it is crowded every Sabbath.

"Yes," he replied, "we have a flood (here and plenty of driftwood, and yet we don't catch any of it. Though, for the matter of that, it is all water-soaked and not worth catching, anyhow."

"What! are there no additions to the church from that crowd of hearers?"

"Scarcely any. Last year we received six on profession and excommunicated five, a net gain of one. The people come to be entertained. The most of them pay something. The fifteen hundred hearers give an average of five cents each, which makes nearly \$4,000 a year. So we are prosperous financially. Spiritually we are dead. We glory in the popularity of our preacher. We talk about him ten times as much as we talk about Christ. We trust in him to build us up, and don't realize our need of the holy Spirit. I tell you, turning churches into theatres don't pay in the long run, and the preachers who get up performances to attract congregations may be immensely popular, yet I don't believe that they do much good. Our man Green is sincere. He wants to be useful. He thinks that the first thing is to get people to come to church. But if they come only to be entertained I think they might as well stay away. His performances give them the idea that our churches are places of amusement. If he should begin to preach the Gospel pure and simple, to tell these people they are sinners and must perish, he would drive them all away."

Going down the street after parting with this brother, I met a young man who used to come regularly to our church. I said, "Good morning, John, I haven't seen you for weeks. Have you been out of town?"

"No, no," he replied, "but you see I go to Green's now Sundays. All the young folks go there. Some that used to go to the theatre Sunday nights now go to the X Avenue. They say the performances are just as good, and that they need not pay anything unless they choose. Fellows that used to spend two or three dollars taking their girls to other places of amusement now take to Green's. So they do their courting just the same, and save their money and are not tempted to drink. I tell you, Mr. Oldschool, that man Green is a great preacher, and he is doing a power of good."

Well, thought I, it is a good thing to keep people from patronizing theatres and saloons on the Sabbath. But if the minister of the Gospel preaches there, and gives them the idea that that is his mission and the whole of it, does he benefit them, after all? He makes them believe that because they go to church they are as good as anybody; that conversion, a radical change of heart and life, is an obsolete dogma; that the other preachers are dyspeptics and their people bigots; that orthodoxy is a sham, depravity a bugbear and hell a hideous dream. While to be honest and amiable, and to go and hear the Rev. Garrick Green every Sunday, is the sum and substance of true religion.

I had not seen Mrs. Shallow, who is one of our members, in her pew for several Sabbaths. So I thought she might be sick, and went to visit her. She met me at the door. She was cordial, but seemed slightly embarrassed. I said, "Have you been sick?" I have missed you from church for a month or more."

"Why haven't you heard that I have quit you folks and joined Green? The old doctor's preaching used to make me feel uncomfortable. My husband would never go to church with me and would invite company

in on Sunday, and would eat a good dinner. I had to humor him, yet I was troubled because I hear so much in church about keeping the Sabbath day holy. But now, since I have joined Green, I am a great deal happier. He tells us that the Sabbath was made for us, and that it ought to be a day of cheerfulness and joy. We keep it so at our house. We have a nice dinner party, a quiet game of cards, and in the evening we all go to church, my husband and all. John says that if all the Christians were as liberal as Green, he would be one himself. But when I urge him to join, he laughs and says, 'What's the use—there is no difference between the outsiders and the insiders any way.' And I don't really think that there is. John is a good husband. True, he drinks a

swear sometimes, but he is honest and kind-hearted, and I believe he is as good a Christian as some who go about with long faces and make long prayers."

It was useless to argue the case with Mrs. Shallows, so I went sadly home. Whitefield was dramatic in the pulpit. So was Rowland Hill. So are some preachers to-day whom we all esteem very highly for their work's sake. But dramatic power brings with it many temptations. Let the young man who possesses it not depend too much upon it. Let him remember that it is only that truth which reaches the conscience and rouses it to action that does any good. Pulpit popularity is not always the test and the measure of ministerial usefulness.

OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL.

Rev. J. M. Phillips.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Tuscaloosa Baptist church, March 9th, 1884.

Nearly four years ago, Rev. J. M. Phillips became our Pastor, under circumstances which presented peculiar obstacles to his success. His Pastorate, during those years, has been characterized by humble, earnest, patient labor, wisely directed and eminently successful. His life of irreproachable purity, and consecration to his work, evincing so many Christian excellencies, has won for him the warm affection of the Church and community; and general regret of all classes is felt at his departure.

Resolved, 1. That while we feel unalloyed sorrow in parting with him and his eminently pious and cultured

gratitude, the Merciful Providence that gave us their labors of love, during those years, and yield, unremuneratingly, to the guidance of that same Providence, that now directs them to another field of labor.

Resolved, 2. That we commend Bro. Phillips to all concerned, as a man of Christian integrity, and large experience as an able minister of the Gospel, and as a man of high character, who will do us good in the work of the Lord.

Resolved, 3. That Bro. Phillips be furnished with a copy of this expression of our feelings, and that the city papers, the ALABAMA BAPTIST, the American Baptist Reflector, and the Western Recorder, be requested to give it publication.

JOS. M. DILL, Church Clerk.

The Good Shepherd.

I was coming down the coast from Tripoli, and reached the top of this pass, in the narrowest part, just as a caravan of camels were coming from the opposite direction. I turned back a little and stood close under the edge of the cliff to let the camels go by. They were loaded with huge canvas sacks of tibu, or out of straw, which hung down on both sides, making it impossible to pass them without stooping very low. Just then I heard a voice behind me, and, looking around, saw a shepherd coming up the pass with his flock of sheep. He was walking ahead and they all followed on. I called him to go back, as the camels were coming over the pass. He said, "Ma ahlik," or "Don't trouble yourself," and on he came. When he met the camels they were in the narrowest part, where a camel would not pass, and he stepped on the narrow wall, calling all the time to his sheep who followed close upon his heels, walking in single file. He said, "tah, tah," "come, come," and then made a shrill whistling call which could be heard above the roaring of the waves on the rocks below. It was wonderful to see how closely they followed the shepherd. They did not seem to notice the camels on the one side, or the abyss on the other side. Had they left the narrow track they would either have been trodden down by the heavy laden camels, or have fallen into the dark waters below. But they were intent on following their shepherd. They heard his voice, and that was enough. The camels were about to keep them from slipping on these smooth rocks, but the sheep paid no attention to them. They knew the shepherd's voice. They had followed him before through rivers and thickets, among the rocks and sands, and he had always led them safely. The waves were dashing and roaring on the rocks below, but they did not fear, for the shepherd was going on before. Had one of these sheep turned back, would have lost his footing and been destroyed, and thrown the whole flock into confusion.—*Jesus' Women of the Arabs.*

Decency and Order.

Dr. Archibald Alexander, illustrious and venerable name, the founder of the Theological Department of Princeton College, was reported to have said, he would at one time have become a Baptist if the terms of their membership had not been "impracticably strict." An eminent man in the Methodist ministry once said to me, "I like your pastoral system in respect better than ours. I look where a church, and congregation, and pastor all get along well and prosperously for a term of four years. I would be wise to continue the reason indefinitely." I replied, you speak of our system to point of fact, it is to a large extent only in theory, we change about as often as

the subject of church order, in some of its aspects.

I will not dwell upon the frequent changes of pastors on the part of our churches. The evil has been much discussed of late by others. I do not feel competent to add anything valuable to what has been said and written. It may, however, be remarked, in passing, that the evil has been rather pointed out than any remedy suggested. That is what we want. How shall the confessed evil be remedied? Can our churches be disposed to select at first more prayerfully and carefully? Can they be induced to bear with infirmities more patiently? Can pastors be persuaded to "endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," more patiently than hitherto? Pastoral troubles, so far as I have been able to observe, grow more frequently, than in any other way, out of effort to maintain gospel doctrine; and I think I have seen them give way and retire right in a crisis, when a little persistence would have vindicated Christian fidelity. Some are too sensitive to bear estrangement of any sort—to confront and put down

fact.

But the subject on my mind was the non-connection with any church of many so-called Baptists, carrying letters of dismission in their pockets, or having removed without letters out of the bounds of their churches, and remaining in this condition for long periods. Thousands of Baptists, throughout the land, are in this condition. Dr. Alexander, if now alive, could find no fault with Baptist stringencies in this behalf. Very many of them, where they please and do just as please. There was, in my recollection, something like comity among churches. Under the administration of the venerable James M. Scott, long a leading pastor in this part of the country, a custom obtained of sending a committee after a reported Baptist residing long near any of his churches without connection with them. If he reported for membership, and all was found right, that was all of the matter; if he did not, after being fraternally admonished, he was reported to the church whence he came as in disorder. That was long ago; I do not know how long this course was pursued. Such a course was practicable in less shifting times. Now many people are almost always changing their places of residence. Something, it seems to me, ought to be done; I am at a loss to know what. Few church rolls indicate correctly the real state of the church. On my taking charge of the church at Selma, we overhauled the roll, and found about twenty members out of some two hundred, I think, of whom no one could give any certain account, and struck them off. A few afterwards wrote in explanation and four received letters. Many churches have a considerable section who are on the wing, or resident elsewhere, under no church oversight. Meanwhile, if known at all as Baptists the denomination has to carry the odium of their irregularities. This is not just. And their very negligence, if correct in deportment, is prejudicial to the reputation of Christianity. Some churches give letters limited time. That is well, but parties carrying them claim the character, among strangers, of church members as long as they please.

You see that I have little that is practicable to suggest. I start inquiries for the most part, in the hope that discussion may suggest some policy, some understanding among the churches that shall at least mitigate the evil. I have long been persuaded, and the persuasion grows stronger with years, that laxity of church discipline is an evil so much tolerated among us, disarming example of its power, leading to church feud and wreck. Why should terms of church-membership so stringent as some think at first be relaxed after admission to church privileges?

E. B. T.

Be Honest about Religion.

I have very vivid recollections of a hoary-headed invalid, whose very name was the synonym of hopeless impidity, who came hobbling to the front in a meeting I was holding, and, facing the congregation that sat spell-bound with astonishment, spoke to them in language substantially as follows: "Friends and neighbors: I am not here to play the hypocrite. Whatever I may be in respect to what you call religion, I am determined, at least, to be honest as a man. You know me, you know my manner of life, and the opinions I have held. I am not here to renounce them now. I do not believe the Bible. I cannot conceive how it can be true. It seems to me to be full, not merely of mysteries, but of contradictions and absurdities. But my father believed it, and I cannot forget how he lived and died. It cannot be long before

I shall follow him to the house appointed for all living. The sun is sinking, the shadows deepening, the night is coming, and I have no assurance of a morning. I have often wished for my father's faith. It would be to me a comfort, even though it were a delusion. But it has sometimes occurred to me that maybe my father's faith was not a delusion. Maybe he was right. Maybe I am mistaken, and if so, I should only discover it when I am launched into another world, then it would be forever too late to rectify my mistake. Now I want to be right; I don't want to be mistaken. I want you to pray to God, if there be a God, that he will show me that there is a Savior, if there be a Savior.—*Dr. Henshaw.*

An impressive passage in a sermon by Dr. Hulbert, at Morgan Park, on a recent Sunday, suggested the topic of this article. The general subject of the sermon was the Christian warfare, as pictured so vividly by Paul, in his epistle to the Ephesians. Much was said in particular, of those successive ordeals through which Christianity has itself passed, the point most dwelt upon being this ordeal as respects the doctrines of Christianity. It was shown how each of these—the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Person of Christ, of the nature of sin, of the atonement, of justification by faith, has, each in its turn, met the ordeal of controversy and conflict—in the uprisings and collisions of sects, in debates, in great councils, in assault and defense with giants on either side as the opposing champions, and in fact, every form of testing trial through which it is possible for truth in doctrine to pass. The view taken dwelt chiefly upon the early period of Christianity and that of the Middle Ages, but with some reference, also to those assaults upon the Christian faith made in more modern times by deists, by atheists, by materialists, by agnostics, by rationalists.

Now, one thought suggested by this outlook over the great battlefield of Christian doctrine is, the thoroughness with which in the course of such ordeals as these Christian doctrine itself must have been sifted and ascertained. When any form of teaching is made a subject of attack whatever in it is liable to be exposed, and in time eliminated. It is much as when the athlete either strips himself for the arena, or in the course of the struggle casts aside whatever impedes or embarrasses. The Christian in his own race for the prize finds it well to heed the apostolic injunction to "lay aside every weight," and Christianity as a system has been so drilled and disciplined in the arena of this great world-struggle as to get stripped for the conflict, and to stand simply and solely as truth. Have we not, some of us, within our own life time, seen how the defenders of the faith have been compelled to cast aside whatever could not be defended, stripping the doctrine they maintain of every kind of man-made superfluity, and standing by that alone and simply, which is revealed, and therefore certain? Something in this line still, it is evident, remains to be done, yet the process, as we see it in history and as it goes on under our own eye, is certainly a necessary one, and it must have results.

In view of all this, have not the champions of "the old theology" much reason for making large account of what the old theologians have done during all those centuries toward the putting of Christian doctrine in its final forms? Those old theologians were neither novices nor weaklings. If Augustine, for example, lived many centuries before the nineteenth century dawned, he also lived at a much less remote date than we from the very time of the Apostles. If Anselm, and Calvin, and the old Puritan divines had not the good fortune to be contemporary with the new lights of modern science, nor with those experts in literature who became experts in theology without ever having studied even the Bible, they nevertheless lived in a time when the comparative fewness of books made the one Book all the more a daily companion and intimate, and when the "comparing of spiritual things with spiritual" had to answer the ends of both commentary and concordance. It that long Battle of the Doctrines did those ablest men of whom Christian history makes a record leave nothing? Did they fail to search things to the bottom? Did they lack for occasion to state and re-state Christian doctrine in the way that would make the defense of it more sure? Did they, or did they not know what the Doctrines were, and what the Battle meant?

Of course, it is not claimed that the work of any one generation or century, or any succession of such may be done with such absolute perfection as to leave no occasion for revival. In fact, a process of change in method of teaching, and form of statement has for some time been going on, the outcome of which is, to a certain extent, a new theology. But the point is that what is old has a history entitling it to consideration in a way to call a halt for those who are disposed to rush away with new ideas, and even new creed-statements, as if these must of course be true because they happen to be new. Let us not be in too much haste to decide that the new wine of doctrine is better than the old.

Pastor's Salaries.

While many of our pastors are very inadequately supported, yet it is a hopeful sign of the times that the matter is attracting so much attention among our churches. A few facts may be accepted as fully established. It is almost impossible for any minister to do first-class work in the pulpit or as pastor among his people, when his heart and mind are worried about the bare necessities of life. He needs to be free from all such anxiety that he may give himself wholly to his work. And furthermore, he must realize that his labors are appreciated by his people. He cannot work unless he is appreciated, and he cannot so feel while he labors for a people simply able to support him comfortably, and yet they fail to do it.

quite likely to get out of a church according to what he puts into it. If he is diligent industrious, earnest, godly, and feeds his people lavishly on strong food, he is most likely to be bountifully supplied by an appreciative people. If he is wasteful of his time and means, and fails to exhibit a constant and lively interest in his work, and comes before his people with inadequate preparation, he will soon find himself with a poorly fed flock, and all know that it is a well-fed team that is strong and free from balks and confusion. The relation is mutual, and while the church makes certain demands upon the pastor, it should not be forgotten that there is a heavy responsibility also upon the church toward the pastor. The proper way is for both pastor and church to realize the sacredness of the close and intimate relation between them, and then let each seek to do his best in the sight of God, and we doubt whether we should hear much complaint about pastoral support or pastoral inefficiency. The *Examiner* makes a good point on this subject:

Of course many of the churches are poor and can not pay large salaries. We are not writing of them, but of the numerous well-to-do churches that are abundantly able to make a liberal provision for the support of their pastor, and yet fail to do so. Most farmers handle comparatively little money, and \$500 seems to be a large sum. They do not understand, and can with great difficulty be made to understand, how small a sum it is when the whole living of a family is to come out of it. The farmer pays no house rent, his table costs him almost nothing, most of his fuel costs him nothing, the labor of cutting and the nature of his work precludes the wearing of good clothing most of the time. The minister has his rent, most of his table supplies and fuel to pay for and must be respectably dressed at all times.—*Central Baptist.*

Rev. J. H. Griffith, D. D., tells us that once, in one of the Northwestern States, he attended the funeral of a Baptist pastor who had suffered great neglect at the hands of his people and died of a broken heart. But at his funeral there was scarcely any limit to the display of grief. Dr. Griffith says that, as the funeral procession was passing by the open coffin, each looked for the last time into the calm face of the dead pastor, an old sister paused a moment and thus addressed the sleeper: "Oh, dear man of God, if one half of this fuss had been made over you while you were living, you would not be lying here in this coffin to-day." Is there not a lesson here for us all? The dear ones God has given us in all the relations of life—let us be considerate and loving to them while they are alive. Let us not delay opening our hearts to them until they have left us.

The above is one of the "scraps" from the *Religious Herald*.

Your preacher carries burdens upon his heart and mind which are most crushing. Did you ever try a kind word on him? You sometimes hear him preach a real good sermon—did you ever modestly suggest to him that you enjoyed his sermon? You needn't flatter him or say, "That was a grand effort," but tenderly thank him for it. This writer was surprised the other Sabbath when one of his brethren came forward after preaching and spoke kindly of his sermon. He tried to preach a new year's sermon, and a good brother told him a few words after he had preached. He enjoyed it. For months he had been crushed under the fear that he was doing no good by his preaching, but these two brethren have greatly encouraged him. How easy it was to do—only a few words. You must let your preacher know he is appreciated as a preacher as well as a man. Don't wait till he's dead and then praise him; let him have a little of your praises while he is with you. You needn't be afraid of spoiling him. More are killed for the want of kind words than are spoiled by them.

PREACHER.

And Peter Stood and Warm'd Himself.

It was at a critical time in the history of Christ. The supreme moment had come. Most of all he needed the support and sympathy of his disciples; and now Peter, the bold and intrepid disciple who, but a few days before, had expressed a readiness to go with Christ even to death, and had in his impetuosity drawn his sword in his Master's defense, was found skulking among the servants, "warming himself by the fire," making himself comfortable, while the very life of his Lord was in danger. When the critical time came, and a splendid opportunity presented itself for him to illustrate his courage by one grand

stroke of bravery, he was making himself comfortable.

Moral cowardice always shows itself in a crisis; and crises are necessary to test real character. What a lesson is here for us! Let us beware lest, like Peter, when the time comes, as it surely will come, for us to demonstrate our moral courage and our love to Christ, we may be found making ourselves comfortable. When the cause of Christ is suffering, when his enemies threaten, the destitute call for the bread of life, when missions plead in Christ's name for aid, and when Christ's poor cry for bread, let us not be found making ourselves comfortable. That is not the time for us to stand, and warm ourselves.—*Lutheran Visitor.*

Oncken's Conversion.

We find in a foreign paper the following account of the conversion of Rev. Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, whose death was recorded a few weeks since. The record was made in 1853, by Rev. Dr. Belcher: Oncken, then a young mechanic, boarded with a pious Englishman, also a mechanic, who was a deacon in a Congregational church near London. Both this man and his wife were eminent for simple piety, fervent devotion, and quiet, untiring zeal. They had very small talents but much religion. Oncken nothing of religion, but was amiable and obliging and greatly devoted to pleasure as the source of his happiness. For some time after he began to live with them, when the Bible, morning and evening, was laid upon the table, indicative of family worship, it was a signal for his leaving the room, but after a short time, influenced by the amiable spirit and manners of the worthy John Cottman and his wife, he occasionally stayed to observe this solemnity. One evening he came home to dress, that he might visit a place of amusement, when the good deacon said, "I think you had better go with me and enjoy pleasures greater than that which you are going to." "Where are you going?" was the inquiry of the young man. "To the prayer meeting at our church," replied the good deacon. A prayer meeting! What is that? "Why, we meet to sing hymns, read the Scripture, and ask God to bless us." The young man hesitated. "You had much better go," said the good lady in her usual kind tone. "So I will," was the reply. He went, and in that meeting of some dozen persons held in the vestry of the Congregational church, Malze Hill, Greenwich, did God open and soften his heart and excited feelings which led him to the Saviour of sinners for pardon.—*Religious Herald.*

A well-known and venerable Buddhist priest called frequently upon a Christian gentleman of Tokio, to argue with him about religion; but though he spent many hours conversing on this subject, and bringing all his heathen objections against Christianity, he did not seem to get any nearer the truth. The Christian was not discouraged, however, and still labored on and prayed, until one day, when, after arguing as usual, the priest suddenly rose, laid off his robes of office, and said solemnly, "From this day I am a Christian. I renounce Buddhism, for your faith is the true one. I lay aside these robes never to resume them again." These he sent back to the temple, and borrowing ordinary clothing from his friend, he went forth into the world to begin his life anew and to be a Christian. His change of religion brought great persecutions upon him, his life even being attempted by the Buddhists; but he braved the storm, and is now a light in the Japanese churches.

In one of the mission schools of Hangchow was a little girl whose father objected to her complying with some of the rules of the school and came and took the child away. But the influence exerted over this little one was not lost. During the short time she had been in school she had been taught to pray to the true God. In her heathen home she missed her accustomed prayer, and with tears entreated her father to pray with her. But he knew not how to pray. He tried to divert her attention, to soothe her sorrow, but all to no purpose. After a few days he returned to the school with his little daughter, begging that she might be readmitted, saying that he could not understand her oft-repeated request or comfort her. Not very long after this the heathen father gave up his idols, began to inquire about the religion his little girl had told him of and afterwards, as we trust, became a true Christian.

A Hindoo and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their Heathenism, and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces; but that was not all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy he exclaimed "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander, in delight, cried out, "Amen!" These two words not found in their own Heathen tongues were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

HAD Christ's Gospel been propagated with the same simplicity with which it was originally taught by Christ, it would have been to the unspeakable benefit of mankind.—*Lord Balmfords.*

FAITH takes up the cross, love binds it to the soul, patience bears it to the end.











