

Iowa Preachers.

In no assembly have we found more cheer and comfort, and obtained more courage and strength than in the three days of the preachers' meeting, held at Delta, Iowa, last week.

Although the attendance was not so large as desired, yet in quality the spirit manifested generally was not different than would be seen if all had been present.

The president, D. R. Dungan, had recently been to Nebraska, debating with a Mormon elder, and did not come in till the second day. Bro. L. C. Wilson presided with grace and dignity till his arrival. Bro. B. Vawter, of Illinois, was the only preacher present outside of Iowa workers. He preached a discourse on the first evening to a good house, from the text found in 1 Peter iii-18, 19. His method and manner of presenting the subject was clear and logically argumentative. Manifesting a disposition to find the true import of the text and context, and be content therewith; and I think all felt that he accomplished his purpose. The essays, sermons and criticisms in general were full of good thought and show the thorough work and thoughtful preparation and industry of our preachers.

The papers of A. C. Corban on "What think ye of Christ," J. Mad. Williams, "The law of forgiving injuries," and R. H. Johnson, "Causes of unbelief," were, in our opinion, the most excellent. We requested a copy of Bro. Corban's for the MESSENGER. We may also get Bro. Williams to furnish his. They are lengthy, but full of rich thought, and will pay any one to study them.

We greatly missed the cheerful words of D. R. Lucas, and the sturdy counsel of N. A. McConnell.

We notice a decided increase in the attachment of the preachers of Iowa to the cause of Christ and to one another. They truly have fellowship one with another, and consider it too sacred to trifle with; but that it is to be cultivated, and made stronger. That as soldiers of Jesus they stand shoulder to shoulder, to toil and suffer, if need be, for the Master's cause. They feel that in helping one another they are serving the cause and having fellowship with Christ Jesus our Lord. We pray that they may continually improve; we heard of one brother who had set up a law office, and all feel that his change was not a desirable one.

Three or four years ago we had only 38 preachers wholly devoting themselves to the work in the State, now we have 56, with many very useful and effective men who devote part of their time to secular business.

We further notice some promising young brothers from Oskaloosa College who will, in the course of time, be in the work.

Bro. J. B. Vawter, or State evangelist, is doing good work, and seems as always, hopeful and determined.

Our preachers are mostly well developed men, physically at least, of that enduring kind so that it is seldom one dies. We can now remember but one or two deaths among those who devote all their time since we are in the State. A large majority are men of experience in life and in this good work, several of whom have grown gray in the cause of Christ, yet they have grown also in love, and yet retain their vigorous intellects, and most of all a sweet fraternal disposition; and those who are now turning down the descent of life seem to aspire to this grace also. All seem to think of themselves as boys aspiring to strong manhood in Christ and for the resting and crown of life in the "by and by."

It was a treat to hear D. R. Dungan, the hero of Iowa, battle with some one or more of the Thompson's of all sects and infidels, loved and respected by many in and out of the church, as a man for

all things in the preachers' work, justly regarded as second to none in the State. Speaking of his dependence upon God and his brethren in Christ that he was "truly only a boy less than a David with his sling." This made the rest of us feel humble indeed, but we all felt that although Bro. D. was a little David that many Goliath's have trembled under the force of the sling he carries; that all power is of God, and the most potent in our work is that of the gospel of Christ. With such men and such sentiment and fraternal love to one another and to God, the cause in Iowa will continue to grow and prosper.

Four years in Iowa. We have heard but few expressions and suggestions of doubtful propriety and that would lead to consequences derogatory to the grand work in which we are engaged. We can not for a moment think that there is a disloyal man to Christ among our preachers. Nevertheless there may be such sentiments and suggestions as would lead to fatal results, though neither desired or intended by their authors. A good object and a strong desire to accomplish it, leads some men to accept means that are questionable. The end, however good and desirable, can not justify or admit any thing but lawful means. Some times the bounds of this principle is at least strained somewhat with doubtful means. Men of good motives some times start out at least in theory, admit and use the doubtful means, and once on this road the field of danger is not far ahead, and the effects are anything but the lawful object attained.

Other things might be referred to of a doubtful character, that some way or other get into the mind of a good man here and there. We have found but little of anything of the kind among the preachers of the State, while some people think that these assemblies generate such things—possibly in some cases it does; our experience in Iowa is quite the reverse, as we feel that these assemblies tend to eradicate rather than generate such things. If any one doubts it, let him set forth some such things among our Iowa preachers, and he will soon find some kind brother directing it first to his sorrow because of the fate of his theory, and second to his satisfaction because it will be done so effectually and in such a kind spirit, that he will go away more wise and cautious.

Yours fraternally,

S. H. HEDRIX.

Fairfield, Iowa, May 1, 1880.

All By One's Self.

Notwithstanding all that is said—and said truly—about the help and comfort of human love and human friendship, about the duty of living for others, and the impossibility of living for one's self, the truth remains, that in his real personality every man does, and must, live absolutely by himself, without the possibility of being fully understood by any one else; having his own peculiar feelings, duties, destiny—unshared, in the truest sense, by any human being whatsoever.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." In the tabernacle of every human soul there is an outer court, for the free coming and going of all one's chosen people; and an inner court, or a holy place, where only the priests of one's affections may find admission. But beyond the veil of the heart's holy place there is an inner sanctuary, which only the high-priest of one's own personality can enter. That holy of holies is not lighted from without. It is curtained in on every side. It would be in darkness even to the high-priest himself, unless the shekinah of God's presence were there to give light to the one within. And no high-priest of the soul ever yet made full disclosure of all that he had

learned and felt in that innermost sanctuary of his being. If he should attempt it, his lips would be sealed in silence, like the lips of Zacharias when he had received the message of Gabriel which he might not yet disclose; and his hand would be stayed by his heart before he could transcribe it on a tablet for the eyes of others to read:

"For no men or women that live to-day,
Be they as good or as bad as they may,
Ever would dare to leave
In faintest pencil or boldest ink,
All they truly and really think,
What they have said, and what they have done,
What they have lived, and what they have felt,
Under the stars or under the sun."

None of us are fully understood in this life. None of us really want to be. All of us would be glad to have our best side better known than now; our highest aims and aspirations to be disclosed clearly to those whom we love. Most of us feel that we should be the gainers in the good opinion of our dear ones, if only our nobler motives and desires in their behalf, and our purest and most unselfish endeavors for their welfare, were laid bare to them. But none of us would be willing that our worst thoughts, our lowest imaginings, our most ignoble feelings, should be plainly recognized by any other human being—even our best loved and most partial friend or "other self." And against the mental gaze of the common herd we shut ourselves up as within walls of adamant. Every now and then we are startled by the unexpected disclosure of some man's character as utterly at variance with the popular estimate of him; and the exclamation, "I should never have thought that of him!" shows how little we know of the inner life of those who are about us on every side. A look of calmness on many a man's face may be only as the lava crust above the consuming fires of the slumbering volcano; and the play of a surface smile on a sunny countenance is perhaps but the reflected light which dances over the ice-covered stream—whose current sweeps on beneath, in its unchecked and resistless flow. We do not fully know the truest life of those whom we know best. Some of them are far worthier than we suppose; and others are far less worthy. This is as true of those nearest us as of those with whom our acquaintance is but casual; and it is true likewise with reference to ourselves, as viewed and judged by others.

"We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their eyes:
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp
A distance lies.

"We cannot know their hearts, however we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and prayer;
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay
To enter there.

"Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best;
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,
And tenderest."

The more there is to a person, the less likely he is to be fully known and understood by others; and indeed the greater is his shrinking from the full disclosure of himself to others. It is easy to see the bottom of a shallow brooklet; but who can fathom the ocean's depths? A mind that is open and empty can be known to all, but not so the mind that is densely packed with knowledge and thought. The profounder and more delicate natures are as much more retiring and secluded under observation, in contrast with the superficial and ruder natures, as the eye is more sensitive than the palm of the hand to a touch. As Emerson puts it: "Those constitutions which can bear, in open day, the rough dealing of the world, must be of that mean and average structure, such as iron, and salt, atmospheric air, and water. But there are metals like potassium, and sodium, which to be

kept pure, must be kept under naphtha." Hence it is that "the best are accused of exclusiveness," because of "that necessity of isolation which genius feels. Each must stand on his glass tripod if he would keep his electricity. Even Swedenborg, whose theory of the universe is based on affection, and who reprobates to weariness and danger and vice of pure intellect, is constrained to make an extraordinary exception: 'There are also angels who do not live consoiated, but separate, house and house; these dwell in the midst of heaven because they are the best of angels.' Concealment of one's innermost self is to a certain extent a duty—a duty to which the most sensitive and refined natures are most keenly alive. Lord Bacon says: 'Nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's manners and actions, if they be not altogether open. As for talkers and futile persons, they are commonly vain and credulous withal. For he that talketh what he knoweth, will also talk what he knoweth not. Therefore set it down that a habit of secrecy is both politic and moral.' Let none of us wonder, therefore, that we are unable to fully read our best friends. That which is still a mystery in their conduct and spirit—the something beyond all that we can see or know of their characters—may be the highest proof of their superiority. It is because there is so much in them that we cannot understand it all. Their distinctive pre-eminence as "the best of angels" renders them unable to disclose their inner selves unreservedly to us even if they would; and forbids them to attempt doing so even if they could.

And as in one's feelings and character, so in one's duty and destiny, each man must be all by himself in the world. No man's duty can be done for him. A man of commanding influence, for example, can secure a good position for his son; but he cannot fill that position for his son, neither will any power of his enable his son to fill it. The son must stand or fall by himself, so far as filling that place is concerned. And how helpless we are toward enabling our friends to command from others the love and admiration which we would like them to have! Entreaty to this end is of no avail; nor will indignation over what we deem the poor taste or bad judgment of others accomplish anything in this direction. Each friend of ours must be by himself—in the work he does, in the credit or loss he sustains, and in the confidence and affection accorded to him. And so it must be with ourselves. And when our friend's work, and when our work, is done, then "every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Not as families, not as churches, not as communities, but as individuals, must we "appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

Even where love is holiest, and where intimacy is closest, there comes an hour when he whom the Father has called must say to those nearest and dearest to him, "Tarry ye here, while I go yonder." Each on by himself came alone into this world; each one by himself has his own character and his own duties as he goes on through this world; each one by himself—even though he be redeemed by the blood of Christ, and be bound by the tenderest of ties to others who are also Christ's—must pass out from this world to meet his Savior all by himself.

"Not sweeping up together,
In whirlwind or in cloud,
In the hush of the summer weather,
Or when storms are thundering loud;
But one by one we go,
In the sweetness none may know.

"That to each the voice of the Father
May thrill in welcome sweet,
And round each the angels gather
With songs, on the shining street;
As one by one we go,
To the glory none may know."

—S. S. Times.

The Salvation Army and Earl Cairns.

The "Salvation Army," a detachment of which in New York does not seem to be very successful as yet, originated in England. It has lately commenced service in parts of London, where the higher classes live. We cut from the *Evangelist* the following reference to a distinguished English Jesuit:

Mrs. Booth is the preacher, and her audience is very different one in character and social position from those she has been accustomed to meet in Whitechapel. On the platform with her clergymen and ministers of various denominations, noble lords and ladies, and one has but to glance his eye over the hall to see that it is filled with a highly intelligent and cultivated class. There is a good representation of the *elite* of London society, and upon the seats are many of England's prominent men and women. I will remember but a single instance by name. Lord and Lady Cairns have been in regular attendance. I recognized his lordship as he entered, for I had often seen him elsewhere. And who is Earl Cairns? He is the Lord High Chancellor of England, and presides over the House of Lords. By his position he has precedence of all the peers, and comes next in rank to the royal family; while as a jurist, standing at the head of the "law lords," the court of last resort, he is conceded to be the ablest lawyer in the United Kingdom; and it is said, being under fifty years of age, he is the youngest man who has ever held the office of Lord Chancellor.

The soul of this nobleman, in the eye of the Gospel, is of no more value than that of the most ragged of the rabble whom Mrs. Booth is accustomed to meet in Whitechapel. But still it is gratifying to see a man of his position and influence willing to take a stand in favor of evangelizing the masses. This is no new thing for Earl Cairns to do. Last summer during the recess of Parliament, when up in Scotland taking his vacation, he preached occasionally; and some High Churchman and High Church papers took him to task for "assuming as a layman, the functions of a clergyman."

I saw him on one occasion, and heard him, when I could not restrain an expression of thankfulness. It was last summer, Exeter Hall. He presided at a temperance meeting there, and introduced John B. Gough as the speaker. Mr. Gough gave one of his most pronounced "teetotal" harangues. Earl Cairns then followed Mr. Gough, and said he endorsed his principles throughout.

It is solely in consequence of Earl Cairns' position in English society, his high character as a man, his earnest evangelical spirit, his unrivalled standing as a jurist, and the great influence which these enable him to wield in a country where "rank" and "position" with so many, are about all that furnishes the answer to the much discussed question "Is life worth living?" that I think it worth noting as a gratifying fact, that the Lord High Chancellor of England, with his wife, comes regularly, Sabbath after Sabbath, to St. James's Hall, takes a position in the front seat, and listens to Mrs. Booth as she expounds the Gospel. I have noticed that after the service he goes upon the platform, cordially shakes hands with the woman preacher, and enters into earnest conversation with her. His whole demeanor shows that nothing of this is for display, but that his heart is with her in the work in which she is engaged.—*Pacific*.

—Dr. Jessup, writing from Beyrouth, Syria, says the Government at Constantinople has given notice that hereafter any Moslem who becomes a Christian will be put to death, and that any foreigner subverting Moslemism by teaching Christianity shall be imprisoned without notification to their consuls. In Syria, however, intelligent Moslems condemn this action.