

The Spread of the Gospel.

The Gospel of Christ has been in the world nearly two thousand years. The way for its coming was paved by the law of Moses, the ministry of John the Baptist, and fully three years of the ministry of Jesus and his disciples. It was not till the triumphant victory over death, and just before he ascended to heaven, that Jesus said, once for all: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." In this and the future acts of the apostles, beginning at Jerusalem, is the authority to proclaim and perpetuate the Gospel to all nations, in all lands, and in all ages.

The apostles and the first Christians are the model for all time in loyalty and earnest devotion to God, in steadfast fellowship, breaking of bread, and prayer. They stand as a monument to all men of what Christ demands, that his true friends should love one another, and do whatsoever he commands them. Thus, under the Gospel, men are not only saved from sin and brought into fellowship with God and his son Jesus Christ, but also with each other, in the highest, holiest and most dignified relation that they can possibly enjoy in this life, which is also a portrait of that which is to come, and continue for the unnumbered ages of eternity.

Such association with such a leader never appeared till the advent of Jesus and his disciples. The unity of faith, love, and hope displayed by them has no parallel in the world's history. They display the full work of the sonship of Jesus; the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. They added daily to this assembly the multitudes of Jerusalem by faithfully proclaiming the Gospel of God's dear Son to the wayward sinners, and maintained the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace among them, by strictly observing all things that Jesus commanded. Jesus, the great and good shepherd, leads out through the field of peace and love to the waters of salvation, to the realms of heavenly places, and for the joy and comfort of sowing the seed, and cultivating and reaping the harvest. In this grand work the faithful never lose their identity. They are disciples of Christ in their assemblies at Jerusalem, and also in their subsequent scattered condition, when they "went everywhere preaching the word."

Philip, at Samaria, preaches Christ to the people, they believe and are baptized, and having "received the word" they are "no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens of the saints and of the household of God." They are led into that assembly called the church of God.

Whenever the Gospel is preached to and received by the people, and they come into, and become part of that assembly, and are thereby taught to enjoy its privileges and share in its grand work. In order therefore that they may be edified and built up in the faith, the Lord directs the apostles to ordain men with the requisite qualifications as bishops, to feed the church of God. The deacons seem to have looked specially after the temporal welfare of the assembly, and they also help in every good work. The evangelist goes out in the world to caution the great work, of extending the conquest, of converting the world. But in all this variety of work there is nothing to be done without Christ, without the Gospel, without the church, and into every department any one of these servants may enter to aid the other as a fellow helper of the truth. The elders and deacons work generally in the assembly, and the evangelist in the field, yet in this work the church may use any of her servants or members without in the least defacing that systematic, organic unity and fellowship, which is her chief glory and dignity as the body of Christ. The wealth, talent and influence of every member finds abundant scope in spreading the Gospel. It is difficult to conceive of

any work enjoined upon the church that may not be done by elders, deacons or evangelist, and also by any reasonably well developed brother in Christ. Whether we regard the church in its congregated capacity or in its broader scope as the body of Christ her whole duty to her head, and herself, is fully embraced in edifying herself in love, and supporting the truth in sounding out the Gospel to the world. In the first, the evangelist certainly may be a worker indeed, a factor. Even when there are bishops and deacons in the church the continued or frequent help of the evangelist together with them in the church has its legitimate work, confirmed by the examples of Apolos at Corinth and Timothy at Ephesus, who seems to have been working with and for those churches for a time.

In sending out evangelist the congregation should earnestly follow the examples of the early Christians. Her effort to send forth the Gospel into the world will never cease while she does this. This persistent effort will in some way, time and place, receive its reward. There are innumerable difficulties to encounter, and the preacher must meet them bravely. He must be loyal to Jesus and hold on to his work.

At Corinth Paul did not stop his work, but added to it the labor of making tents, till assistance came by Silas and Timothy, with contributions from the churches of Macedonia. Paul continued thus to labor at Corinth and so established a church to whom he afterwards said, "I robbed other churches, taking wages of them, to do you service, and when I was with you and wanted, I was chargeable to no man for that which was lacking to me; the brethren which came from Macedonia supplied." 2 Cor. xi. 8, 9.

This and other Scriptures furnish us abundant examples

1. For our preachers to go out with the Gospel and herald it forth, either with or without help, even to foreign lands.

2. To use his own means or manual labor to accomplish his work.

3. To receive wages of other fields and preachers to forward his work.

Another thought worthy of notice is that these Macedonians who sent Silas and Timothy to aid Paul were the people who only a short time before were crying, "Come over and help us." They having been the recipients of help they now respond with such liberality that Paul says he "robbed" them. Doubtless there were yet many sinners in Macedonia; objects of charity at home for these brethren to have looked after; but they looked after Paul's wants at Corinth all the same. There are not many years for us to follow their example since so many have been passed contrary thereto. When we think of our preachers in the field, at home and abroad, what are we going to do? When we meet on the Lord's day to enjoy the blessing of God's house, what about the people who are not so favorably circumstanced? What we enjoy is in a great measure the sacrifice of Campbell's, Scott's, Smith's, Franklin's *et al.* Shall we feast off of what have been benevolently bestowed upon us without providing any comfort for those to follow? Surely duties enjoined upon Christians in general rest upon every individual in a ratio to their talent and means, and the Lord demands the energetic use of all talents bestowed upon us.

Fraternaly,

S. H. HEDRICK.

Fairfield, Iowa, May 29, 1880.

—Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a safeguard to virtue.

—A professor said of an acquaintance: "He is writing a book on metaphysics, and is really cut out for it. The clearness with which he thinks he understands things, and his total inability to express what little he knows, will make his fortune as a philosopher."

Corners.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA J. KENT.

I was particularly struck, a few days ago, with what I had seen innumerable times before, but which up to that time had suggested nothing of especial interest to my mind: I refer to the worn corners of the streets. Scarcely one, for miles, but was worn off by "short cuts" of hasty travelers,—those wanting to make their journeys a little shorter than the straight road. I thought, tired feet and restless ones, tardy and idle ones, fleet and wicked ones, all have helped to tread down these corners. Children late for school, men fleeing from justice, tired men and women going home from work, friends anxious to meet at an appointed hour, disciples on their way to meet their Master, travelers hastening to the train,—all these had helped to mark and mar these corners. Their symmetry was gone, they looked bare and neglected. I thought how many corners in life we all try to cut off; how we try to change our course, to shorten our way, especially when it looks to us long or dark; how we make new-crooked paths for ourselves by so doing, and bleak, cheerless places for others' eyes to rest upon.

There is a verse in the Bible that reads thus, "He that believeth shall not make haste." This I understand to condemn any undue anxiety on our part, about or in the pursuit of any object, a lack of confidence and trust in the One who has promised to mark out our paths and direct our steps, and to guide and lead us in the way of all truth; or a restlessness which makes us sometimes leave our guide behind us. Somewhere I have seen a book in which is a very suggestive picture representing Christ and a disciple. To the latter a cross has been presented by the Master, smaller and lighter than his own, but having the same appearance, accompanied by these words: "Take up thy cross, and follow me." This cross the disciple soon finds is heavier and rougher than he cares to carry, and proceeds to make it more to his mind by the aid of a saw and plane. He is not willing to bear the cross as presented, as the Master sees he needs. Do we not, when we refuse to follow just where duty calls us, cut off some corner of the path marked out for us? Are we not, when we rebel at certain experience and refuse to see God's hand, or yield to his yoke, cutting off corners at the expense of our future comfort and safety? We practically say, "I will not follow in the straight path marked out for me, and accept the trials, pass the lions, over rough, steep places, or through dark valleys. I can avoid some steps, make the path a little shorter and smoother, and yet reach the end safely." Are we wise or safe in thus doing? In the drill, soldiers are not allowed to choose "short cuts." In the race, those who strive must do so lawfully, according to rules marked down. We certainly need these "corners" in life, and need to pass them fairly and squarely,—corners of sickness, humiliation, fortune and misfortune, neglect, disappointment, poverty, bereavement; but let us not forget that we do not pass them alone.

Let us look for a moment at the worn corners in our homes—more numerous than on our streets and avenues. In our homes, above all places, our duties should be fairly and squarely performed; there should be no "short cuts" where our families are concerned. Our companions and children need and have a right to expect all things done according to Scripture, "decently and in order." Mothers cut off very large corners when they leave their little ones to the care of servants while they are out for amusement or idle gossip. How many heart-aches and wonderings these little ones have, as to the whereabouts of their parents sometimes! Mothers take very short cuts, or in other words, come very far short of

the square thing, when they leave these children to roam about the streets while they are quietly discussing the possibilities of an institution for neglected youth, or the probable future of the rising generation—in general. Fathers make great inroads on the straight path, when they spend their evenings at clubs, or in hotel parlors, or an unreasonable amount of time in their places of business, to the exclusion of the training or even acquaintance of their children. If fathers care not for the society of their children, when they are grown they need not be surprised if the feeling becomes reciprocal. If mothers care not for the society of their little ones, do not sympathize with them in their sorrow, and let them be assured of their whole-souled affection, cutting off for convenience or quiet these very important corners, can they wonder, when the children grow up, that they choose other confidants and advisers, thus rounding decidedly the corners of respect and obedience?

"Is this my little Freddy?" said an English gentleman, on meeting one of his own children in the park attached to his mansion. "What are you going to do now?" said a gentleman to a friend, who had lately failed in business and lost all, for which he had long neglected his family. "The first thing I mean to do," he replied, "is to go home and get acquainted with my wife and family." A wise resolve: perhaps his heavenly Father saw there was no other way to bring him to a sense of his duty. To shirk home duties is a sin against the home circle, and therefore a sin against Him who instituted a home. Let the members of our families be assured they are first in our hearts; let there be no sad memories of home, if possible.

What about a similar neglectfulness in our Sunday schools? I visited a school a short time since, where fourteen teachers were absent; not all from sickness, either. "Where is my Quarterly?" said a teacher, in my hearing, about twenty minutes before it was time to start for his place in the school. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that was his usual time for preparation, and also that he had a bright and promising class of boys. Was not that a corner, worn and bare, that will be remembered when it cannot be remodeled, or the steps retraced? Shall we not be more in earnest, more true to ourselves and those under our care, and trust to our Guide, and listen for the voice which says, "This is the way, walk ye in it?"—S. S. Times.

—Last week several murderers were hung in Pennsylvania. That foolish sentiment of which we have lately spoken, which makes a pet or a hero of a condemned murderer was displayed as usual by some silly women. The Philadelphia Ledger thus chastises the maudlin sentiment displayed. "What a horrible burlesque that was to furnish the Raber murderers with button-hole bouquets to wear on the gallows! Nobody would deny a flower in the hand to a man about to die, but this mixing up decoration and the last dying struggles seems to be carrying hanging courtesies rather too far. The whole business of fervent devotion and display at such times is also overdone. When a poor wretch comes to meet his well-earned fate, whatever he has to say about his spiritual satisfaction at such times should be kept for the ear of his clerical adviser, and not telegraphed as part of the details. He generally makes a tableau of forgiving his fellow men,—of which the least said the better, as they have not forgiven him, or they would not hang him. Such triumphant departures as many previously hardened villains make from the falling trap may be in one sense gains to religion, but they are very bad lessons for humanity. If the man's belief cannot make him live right nor keep him from sending his fellow-men out of this world, it is of very little

use to show that he died right, nor to offset the blood on his hands with a gush of canting assurance on his lips. He may be at peace in his thoughts, but he had best keep his thoughts to himself.—Evangelist.

A Devonshire Manor House.

It was a rambling old house set deep down in a park that was luxuriant in glades and meadows and blooming gardens. The house was approached by a noble avenue of ancient elms, its gable ends peering above a belt of firs, and its old chapel window rising up from a gay garden bed. It was made up of a series of quaint buildings which rambled about a court where shrubs and flowers grew in rich profusion against the gray old walls. A vine with blossoms that later were scarlet hung over the entrance porch, and at one side a white and yellow rose-bush held riotous sway. An ancient building, with the gargoyles and casements of ages, looking out from behind crimson and white roses that some young hands may have planted a few summers ago is very striking to an American eye. At this manor the contrast was peculiarly impressive. As we stood in the porch, still rough hewn with the stone benches of the fifteenth century, we could lift our hands and pick a whole armful of deep crimson and pale "lady white" roses; and the windows fronting the court were ablaze with blossoms.

I think I never saw a more enchanting hall-way than that in the old manor. It was long and low, and lined on one side with the quaintest windows, whose diamond-paned casements swung out against the tangle of vines and flowers; on the other with heavily carved old oak presses, which our friends told us had been there since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The music-room had been a chapel long ago, somewhere in the fifteenth century, when the building was a monastery, and its form was so little changed that the niches for statues and holy-water fountains remained, and the vaulted roof still bore the legends and arms of the various bishops who dwelt here in early days. Near by was an old turret stair; and midway down the hall was a grand room with a great sweeping bay-window; such a room as might have seen stately dances centuries gone by, in all that was sumptuous in fabrics and laces; might have heard the voices and laughter of all that was fair and grand in Devon. Up stairs the rooms were perpetual surprises, as we went from one to another through the picturesque corridors, dipping up and down, with queer angles, and high, deep windows. The most fascinating room of all was that prepared two hundred years ago for the birth of the heir. The roof was arched, the walls were wainscoted, and above was a beautiful frieze with vines and fruit in bass-relief, and over the carved mantel a huge shield with the family crest and coat of arms, and a Latin motto signifying force and courage and fidelity. Those mottoes of old families are fine souvenirs of power; they blazon forth the ambition, the ideal, the final tradition of an old house that perhaps contended for these brave virtues with feasting, riot and decay. The nineteenth century had crept into the rooms with a slow and not ungraceful movement; bits of the artistic decoration of to-day showed here and there like paint and powder on a worn court beauty; the pale faded colors of the past, wherever they remained, were treasured with pious care; but of the mediæval furniture which once graced the rooms hardly any was left, and my lady's fireside looked curiously rejuvenated with a deep-cushioned chair before it covered with dainty chintz and lace.—Mrs. JOHN LILLIE, in Harper's Magazine.

—A great many men who start out to reform the world leave themselves off for the last job.