

Original Communications.

HOW WE BEAT THE MINISTER.

[From the Autobiography of a Trustee of — Church.]

Well, you see, the salary had got considerably behind. The fact is, the gospel is an expensive luxury, and when hard-working people have to contribute four hundred dollars a year to keep a man in idleness, it does pinch pretty close. I always did think that the church had got sadly out of apostolic gear about this matter of paid ministers. Why don't the preachers follow the example of the apostle Paul? He wasn't guilty of the meanness of expecting pay for his labors in the gospel among the early churches. He had the true spirit of consecration, and was thankful to the people for giving him a hearing. Contented with that, he labored with his own hands, scorning to be chargeable to any one. He possessed the true hunger for souls, and didn't crave loaves and fishes. I believe he does hint somewhere that he had a right to the carnal things of those whom he had helped in spiritual things, but then he didn't exercise the right. His theory was all straight and proper, of course, so long as he did not try to put it in practice. Theory is theory, but practice is something else, as we all know. I've no objection to our minister holding just such views, but when he undertakes to put them into operation, he'll find he has got the wrong sow by the ear.

He has found it out already. Ever since I've been a trustee, I've fought against pampering the clergy. Some of the others were a little soft hearted and would have even gone beyond the salary pledged, but I put my foot down and said No! I've read somewhere that that is a herd word to say. I never found it hard. It jumps out of my lips just as easy, whenever any of your new-fangled notions are proposed.

Take our minister now. He's an able-bodied man, and could earn his living in twenty ways. Yet he expects to be supported by a congregation. I'd have more spirit than that. As to the work of making sermons from week to week—bosh! His preaching don't do me any good anyhow. When he has finished I don't know what he has said. Half the time I don't even remember the text. He puts people to sleep, too. Only the other Sunday somebody snored right out loud, close by my pew. It didn't disturb me much, for I was meditating at the time, but my wife pinched me sharp and shook her head at me. She seemed to think it was me. People ought to be more careful about snoring in church, for it may get innocent folks into trouble.

Well, some of the women folks began to say it was a shame and not honest, for a church to run behind with the salary it had promised. So they agreed to get up a donation party. I was down on it from the start. Still, you can't get very far ahead of the female disciples. There's a hateful streak of stubbornness that runs right through women's dispositions. Now, if there's anything I can't bear, it is stubbornness in man, woman or child. These people that are always opposing you are an abominable lot. I know what they are, for I'm that man you've read about in the papers who got on a jury with eleven of the most obstinate men in the county. They wouldn't see the thing as I saw it. Put it as I would they still stuck to their miserable, narrow-minded, conceited, ill bred opinion. But I wasn't going to give in, and so we went into court and were discharged. The Judge was mighty wrothy, and gave it to them well. That'll learn them to disagree with me another time.

However, the women beat me, and the donation affair was got up. It was agreed all around that the cash brought in was to go toward paying up the balance due on last year's salary, while such truck as was given was to be considered extra, a present to the pastor and his wife. I knew a trick worth two of that, but I laid low and said nothing.

It was a bright moonlight night, and quite a company got together at the minister's house. We haven't got any parsonage, and I don't mean we ever shall have. Pretty how-dye-do, if a place is always to be kept in repair for a parson. If he's poor let him pay rent as other poor people have to do. People oughtn't to be stuck up with high notions, especially the followers of the meek and lowly Master. "Foxes have holes," you know—eh? "The servant is not greater than his lord," you remember—don't you?

There was quite a little heap of things brought in, and I noticed that some of the poorest people brought the most. Now, I call that downright wicked extravagance. How can you expect the Lord to bless you in basket and in store, when you fill your basket with store goods and give it right away under His eyes? Don't you expect He'll mark such iniquity as that? I haven't got that sia to answer for, any way.

There was a lot of mouldy sweet potatoes down cellar, and some apples, all specked and rotting pretty fast, so I had the boys get them out and take them over to the minister. I didn't think it worth while to have them wiped off or picked over. Let the people do that, who get the favors.

I saw the parson's face brighten as the things came in. I don't mean the ones I sent, for I saw him look real ungrateful at them. So when everybody had come and all the articles were laid together in a heap, and the minister was talking quite pleasant and his wife was smiling among

the women, and the folks that brought the things were tickled at their own folly, and thought themselves smart because they were just going in the road to beggary, I felt it was time to open my batteries.

I stepped up to the preacher and says I, very politely, "Take a strict account of them things now, for they are every one of them to be counted as part of this year's salary."

He's a big man, but I tell you that knocked him higher than a kite. It was better than a play to see the pleasant look go out of his eyes, and the grin off of his lips. I never saw a man look so like a stuck pig in my life. I could have haw-hawed right out. He didn't say anything, but only stared at me, not mad either, but astonished like and sort of grieved. His calculations were so suddenly spoiled I reckon, that he could only feel sorry at first. When I had enjoyed myself enough over his disappointment, I walked away, and began to joke and carry on with some of the young men.

Pretty soon I saw him moving around among the people in a quiet cast-down sort of way and saying a few words to each one. After a while he managed to gather all us trustees in one corner. There he had the impudence to tell us, that as he understood from the donors that they did not intend to have their presents put on the salary, he could not consent to take any account of them.

Our Board of Trustees is the kind that you have to manage. If I had argued the matter there, some of them might have sided with the parson, and that would have made trouble. So I said no more at that time; and presently the party broke up. But I had counted every head of cabbage and reckoned up every quart of potatoes, and estimated how many pounds of coffee and sugar were taken. They can't get ahead of me, I know. I was elected to look after the interests of the church, and I'm the one to do it. I guarantee to run the concern cheaper than the best of them.

I called the Trustees together a few days afterward, and I set the matter before them in such a light that they agreed I was right. The majority did, anyhow. I had a committee appointed to wait on the preacher and tell him our decision. That settles it, and the church is at least forty dollars better off than it would have been if I hadn't economized and schemed for them.

Some might think the minister would go away, but he durs'n't. I'll tell you why. We've had some interest this spring, and several persons are going to join at the next communion! He won't dare to go away, and leave them like lambs in the midst of wolves. I believe the Lord would curse him if he'd do such a dishonorable thing as that.

Even if he should, it's no matter. Ours is a desirable field, and there's plenty of ministers would be glad to come to so pleasant a charge. For the chance of doing good to souls, and for a faithful, laborious, upright, downright, zealous, economical Board of Trustees; there's no portion of the vineyard that can excel our vineyard.

HUGUENOT.

THE AMERICAN CHAPEL IN PARIS.

[From a Private Letter.]

On two successive Sundays I have attended the services in the American Chapel here, now under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Robinson, late of Brooklyn. That important enterprise is thoroughly successful. I had the pleasure of seeing the chapel filled with a deeply interested congregation. The preaching is such as to make it manifest that the pastor is not only securing the attention of his hearers, but taking hold of their hearts and consciences. Last Sunday being communion day, thirteen persons were received to membership in the church—five of them on profession of their faith. It was a special privilege to witness the public acceptance of an Evangelical Creed and of an Evangelical Church Covenant in this city of Paris.

In the course of a private conversation I had with Dr. Robinson, he spoke in strong terms of the efficient and valuable work accomplished here by his predecessor, Dr. Eldridge, in preparing the way for the organization of a church, which it was the privilege of the present pastor to gather. The church commenced its existence in November last, with 48 members, and now numbers more than 70. An admirable arrangement has been adopted by which members of American churches, who are spending a few months in Paris, connect themselves with this church by a public acceptance of its creed and covenant, thus becoming "Resident members," greatly to their own spiritual advantage and to the strengthening of the church. In this way sojourners here are made at home in the church and introduced to the fellowship of its members, and the fellowship of their Christian work. On last Sunday I was rejoiced to see one of our distinguished American citizens, Dr. J. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., entering into this relation with this young and growing company of Christ's disciples. He has accepted the superintendency of its Sabbath School, and is cheerfully identifying himself with its interests and activities. Surely this is a wise and happy arrangement, by which the way is opened for Christians who would otherwise be strangers in this great city, to become recognized members of the church here and have access to the same opportunities for Christian fellowship and Christian usefulness that they had at home. Thus they are "no longer strangers

and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

Besides the many and happy evidences of the outward prosperity and success of this important, and in many respects difficult enterprise, the heart of the pastor is cheered by clear indications of the special influences of the Holy Spirit attending his labors. Tender consciences and earnest personal inquiries for the way of life are the most precious tokens of the divine favor and afford the most substantial encouragement to the heart of the Christian minister anywhere, and in the presence of these among his people this pastor is permitted to rejoice.

It seems to me Dr. Robinson is admirably adapted to the position to which he is here appointed. He is an able, interesting, instructive, practical and faithful preacher. He has boundless tact and skill in managing the difficult and delicate emergencies of his position. Socially he is affable, bright, cheerful and eminently sympathetic. The American and Foreign Christian Union have put the right man in this place, and if they can retain him here (and I think he is becoming more and more interested in the work here, and is willing to stay), they will have only encouragement and joy in this part of their work.

D. T.

PRESBYTERY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

At its late meeting, the following Minute on the death of Rev. HALSEY DUNNING, was adopted:—"Halsey Dunning, pastor of the First Constitutional Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, died at his home, the 11th of January, 1869, from consumption, which disease had for years afflicted him, and in the last two or three, interrupted his labors among the people of his charge, whom he had faithfully and efficiently served for fourteen years. Our departed, beloved brother was born in Sussex County, N. J., a graduate of New York University and of the Union Theological Seminary of that city. His first pastoral charge was in Richmond, Va., where he labored with success until called to Baltimore. Here, in his last charge, he occupied a most prominent and important position, and in times of great anxiety in political relations and changes in the country and the Church. He met his responsibilities and discharged his duties in the fear of God, rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. He wrought a great work in the name of the Lord Jesus. The fruit of his toils, anxieties and consecration, will be gathered by his successor in office, and the people among whom he was faithful in all his days as a servant. A member of Presbytery, he was always present, unless providentially hindered, gave constant attention to the business, and was held in highest esteem by his brethren as a man of God, conscientious and true. He was a ripe scholar, a progressive man, and to him, important examinations of candidates were generally committed. His last days were full of light divine. The joy of his Lord was his strength and consolation, and we, his brethren, make this brief record of our beloved brother, who has entered into the joy of our Lord."

The Presbytery, during the year, licensed two candidates—Ninian B. Remick, now pastor elect at Troy, N. Y., and Jason Rogers, now stated supply at the Quarries church, Md., ordained one, S. D. Noyes, and installed four pastors—namely, Rev. C. P. Glover, pastor of Harmony church, Md.; Rev. Sella Martin, pastor of 15th Street, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Wm. Hart, Assembly's church, Washington, D. C., and Rev. S. D. Noyes, First Constitutional, Baltimore.

Every church is now regularly supplied with the means of grace, and all show steady progress and hope of a prosperous future. The 6th Washington was pronounced the banner church of Presbytery. Notwithstanding its pecuniary difficulties of last year, caused by the financial embarrassments of some of its most liberal and devoted members, it paid off its last \$1,000 of debt, and contributed to all the six benevolent operations of our church.

GEO. H. SMYTH, S. C.

RESULTS AND PROSPECTS IN INDIA.

In your report of the A. B. C. F. M. late annual meeting, I notice you represent the Prud. Com. as saying, "The success of missionary efforts in India is not encouraging." Pray why is this? With some 2500 communicants in her own mission churches in India and Ceylon, is there not encouragement? When our Methodist brethren in Northern India are able to report 200 converts—mostly from high castes—gathered in the fold of Christ in a single month, is there lack of encouragement in this work? Do the more than 8,000 communicants won to Christ by our German brethren in Central India, in the last few years, argue lack of encouragement? The Rev. Mr. Tucker of Southern India, as the work of 22 years, reports 3,500 baptized by his own hands, 54 idol-temples destroyed, 64 Christian churches built, and 13 of his native converts ordained to the Gospel ministry. Does this large and glorious result of one man's labors show that "the success of missionary efforts in India is not encouraging"?

If this had been said to dear old Dr. Judson 30 or 40 years ago, or when he had won but half a dozen converts to Christ by the persevering toil of 20 or 30 years he would have looked a tearful rebuke and replied, "The prospect of suc-

cess in India is as bright and sure as the promises of God." But now when the precious seed he sowed in suffering, toil and tears, has sprung up and ripened into a glorious harvest of 360 Christian churches with 20,000 living communicants, among whom are 66 ordained and 346 unordained native preachers, are the churches of America and the infidel world to be told that "the success of missionary efforts in India is not encouraging"? Will not He who is so often grieved and "wounded in the house of His friends" again exclaim, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Give us men and means for this work, and no bow of promise was ever brighter than that which spans India at the present moment. The Government of the country is becoming less heathen, less disposed to support this old corrupt system of idolatry and superstition from the treasury of the State; the past labors of missionaries—or rather the truth and Spirit of God—are telling so effectively on the minds of intelligent Hindus that they are combining to reform their false faith and practices, preaching with vigor themselves against idolatry, caste and the more indefensible enormities of Hinduism; errors in the past working of missions are being corrected; more true salt and light are being developed in the existing body of native converts and their number largely increasing every year; and many influences are combining to secure much greater and more rapid progress in this blessed work—progress which it is the church's privilege and duty to augment every year in geometrical ratio, till these idols shall utterly perish out of this land, and He whose right it is shall come and repossess India as His own rightful inheritance. For this glorious result let us cease not to pray and work on in hope. In the love and service and blessed hopes of the Gospel.

Yours sincerely,  
R. G. WILDER.

THE VALUE OF A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

It is but a trite remark, that one of the most powerful agencies of our modern civilization, is the press. The influence of the invention of Gutenberg is felt in ever-widening circles. Every department of human effort has found it necessary to call to its aid, this recent but mighty force. Science no longer garners up her results in vellum-bound tomes; but in monthly or more frequent issues gives them forth to the people. Trade likewise has its organs in which finance, manufactures, and commerce are daily discussed for the enlightenment and guidance of the business world. Modest art seeks a like channel, by which she may communicate with her votaries. And any interest that does not subsidize this agency will soon be effete and behind the times. Therefore, true religion, to keep abreast of the age, must propagate truth through this modern instrumentality. The Church must seize, and use this agency to attain influential power and assure her triumphs. But there are special reasons why good men should foster and maintain the religious newspaper.

It imparts religious information. But you may say the secular press publishes news from the Churches. This is true, yet their work in this direction is only incidental; while it is the great business of the religious press, to collate facts from every source which the reader may utilize. Again you may affirm, that your house is filled already with religious books, and you have the Bible. Now the advocate of the religious newspaper would not withdraw you from the reading of thoughtful books, or the study of the Divine Word; but would only ask you to make the paper a handmaid to other religious reading, that your interest in this direction may be quickened, and your curiosity excited. Every experienced pastor notices a difference between the reader of a religious newspaper, and the person who is unfamiliar with it. So that looking at the result, in breadth of view, in quicker acknowledgment of Christian enterprise and progress, in higher appreciation of Divine Providence in the daily history of the Church, this mode of Christian usefulness is vindicated. Often the believer has been stirred to greater fidelity by some suggestive paragraph or fitly told incident. And may we not hope that the impenitent, reading the Gospel offer as not unfrequently presented on these papers, has lingered in contemplation—entranced by its matchless sweetness—and thus has been won to holiness and heaven! Why not such a result from a newspaper article, if not from a tract? Never until the great day will it be known, how often Christian zeal has been stimulated, or how much Christian character has been developed, or how many souls have been born unto God, through the instrumentality of the Evangelical press.

Again, the religious newspaper helps to elevate the secular press. It is a serious question with thoughtful men, what is to be the final result of the vast freedom of discussion we enjoy in this land. The press which has here been usually allied with Christianity and freedom may be prostituted to Infidelity and Indifferentism. Hence the necessity of manly and truth loving religious papers, to tone up the weak nerved and weak-jointed secular dailies and weeklies. An example of this need is seen in the late discussions upon the Sabbath question. Hardly a word would have been spoken, in behalf of God's law of the Sabbath, had there been no religious press. The large Sabbath-breaking element of our population would have disapproved of an independent and manly course in this direction. Hence Chris-

tian men waited in vain for newspapers to speak out in favor of Divine and Human Law. It is too much to expect of the secular press, that it shall go diametrically opposite to its pecuniary interests. And yet there is an insensible influence which affects decidedly this class of publications. It is the power of the religious press standing on all moral and religious questions with conscience and God. Honest and manly words for truth, and the best interests of society are never spoken in vain. Hence the restraining and elevating influence of evangelical newspapers. While making these remarks, it is admitted that the religious press is not what it should be. In no case, does the ideal paper exist. And yet we do claim for it, conscientiousness, devotion to principle, and in a greater or less degree, fidelity to the Gospel.

Moreover, moral and religious questions are continually arising which demand discussion and solution. Here is the proper sphere of the religious press. And here is needed bold criticism, and the utterance of convictions, which will honor God and subserve the true interests of society. Glancing over various evangelical weeklies, the acknowledgment is readily made, that to a great extent, these are true to their mission. Although every religious newspaper may be itself a subject of criticism; yet as an individual must be judged not so much by a single act, as by the general aim and spirit of his life, so likewise should the religious press be estimated by its manifest intention, its controlling purpose.

M. P. J.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—The Massachusetts Legislature exempts cider and lager beer from the operation of the prohibitory law.

—The prohibitionists of Iowa are enforcing the prohibitory law of the State quite thoroughly, at least in some sections. At the last session of the court in Clinton County, 23 rum-sellers were convicted. Their fines and costs amounted to \$4,000, or nearly \$150 each.

—The National Baptist says: "In a walk of fourteen squares (north of Arch Street and west of Sixth), one morning last week, we counted no less than eighty-five liquor shops, in full blast, with plainly-painted signs. How many secret rum-holes there may be, within the same distance, we know not. There are almost always a few young men standing around the door, at these saloons, and a painful but very common sight it is to see mechanics and day-laborers, on their way home in the evening, stepping in to get a drink. Is it not time that something should be done?"

—The Christian Secretary says: "Facts show that of the vast army of the intemperate—of the five hundred thousand in our land, who are wending their way toward a drunkard's doom, comparatively few are reformed—only here and there one is saved. The deceptive power of appetite and habit, like some evil spirit, blinds folds its captives, leading them speedily on to utter ruin."

—Mr. Barnes says the first Temperance Society in this country that he is aware of, was formed in Morristown, N. J., when he was pastor there. Each member was pledged not to drink more than a pint of whisky a day—the usual allowance was a quart. There were no less than nineteen distilleries of apple whisky, as he humorously expresses it, "under his pastoral charge." He preached a series of sermons on temperance which were attended by constantly increasing congregations to the close. And although no offence was given to any one, and though the wealth of the community was in apple orchards and inwoven with the business of distilling, all but one of these establishments was closed, as the result of the effort.

A Modern Drinking Song.

Adapted (slightly) from the old poets, to the new style of "Beverage," and dedicated, by George Sennott, to the "Whisky Ring."

- I. Fill high the bowl with Fusil Oil! With Tannin let your cups be crowned, If Strychnine gives relief to Toil, Let Strychnine's generous juice abound! Let Oil of Vitriol cool your brains, Or, animated atoms brew— And fill your arteries, hearts, and veins, With glee—and infusorial glue!
- II. Vine! That died out in '58— What fool would have it back? And how The "cup that will inebriate" And never cheer, they sell us now! "The conscious water saw its God And blushed?"—What of it? Don't you feel That water knows the Druggist's rod, And blushes now—with Cocchineal!
- III. Ah! Fragrant fume of Kresote! Bewitching bowl of Prussian Blue! Who would not soothe his parching throat With your mild offspring, "Mountain Dew"? Stronger than aught that flocks the frame And shock the mighty brain of Burns, Surely, ye'll set our heads aflame, Where'er his festal day returns!
- IV. Bring on the Beer—Fresh Coppereas foam! With Alum mixed, in powder fine, How could my foolish fancy roam In search of whiter froth than thine? Thy Indian Berry's Essence spread Through amber wavelets, sparkling clear, Benumbs dull Care—strikes Feeling dead— And narcotizes Shame and Fear!
- V. Far down thy bubbling depths, Champagne Drown'd Honor, Love, and Beauty lie— They fought th' unequal fight in vain— Shall we, too, merely drink—and die? Sweet Acetate of Lead, forbid! Who every drink with poisons—and tell What tortures could—and always did— Anticipate the stings of Hell!
- VI. Then drink, boys! drink! We never can Drink younger! And we never will Be men—or aught resembling man, While poisons have the power to kill! Amen!—From Frenzy's wreath of mirth To mania's Sorrow's driving flow, We'll rave, through scenes unpeopled on earth, And not to be surpassed below!

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