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Poets' Corner.

So will we sing and praise thy power.—Psalms 21:13

Gratitude.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth, and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.
We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitteth a sorrow or pain
We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased,
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.
We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.
We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee—
That all our Eternity form, though thy love,
One thanksgiving day in the mansions above

Will Carleton.

Selected Articles.

Wise men lay up knowledge.—Proverbs 10:14.

I Got There.

J. S. LAMAR.

A chiel's amang you takin' notes;
And, faith, he'll prent it,

When I call to mind that my purse is commonly a sort of "aching void," I am surprised that I did get there. Nor am I altogether easy about the way I took to get there. It has always been my aim to be at least moderately apostolic; and if Paul and Barnabas went up from Antioch to Jerusalem in a Pullman palace-car, I was all right. But this admits of some doubt. Most likely they went afoot. I recognise this as an "approved precedent," but just think of my walking from Grovetown to Cincinnati! Seven hundred miles! My comfort is that the apostles must have paid out a good many shekels before they "got there," however they travelled. If so, I am still in touch with them, for I certainly did the same. Witness the greatly increased "aching" of my "void."

My readers should be apprised, in the very outset, that I brought back home with me a largely increased stock of personal vanity, which must be disposed of somehow. I hope to rid myself of a good deal of it by pouring it freely into these memory-notes of the great Convention. I shall offer no apology for the liberal use of the big "I," for in my opinion it is the only perfectly upright and absolutely straight letter in the whole alphabet, and is, therefore, a great favorite

with me. Moreover, *Magna Charta* has never been repealed; my readers have their sacred rights and privileges; *they can skip*.

In the matter of entertainment it was anticipated that the Queen City would cover herself with glory, as she did. I, for one, knew what she *could* do if she spread herself. The princely hospitality which Governor Bishop and his gracious family had dispensed to me in days *lang syne* had never been forgotten. But here now was the biggest sort of a contract—nothing less than to provide bed and board for ten or fifteen thousand people for a whole week—and I naturally thought that if a little old man like me, from way back, could secure a good, soft plank in some friendly hall or corner at night, with a cup of coffee in the morning, he should consider himself highly favored, and be thankful. But, bless your heart, *I had the very best place in the whole city*. My large and elegant room was furnished with every comfort and luxury that love's own hand could supply; and I was fed, and feasted and fatted, till I hardly knew myself. With tender and tireless solicitude my every want was anticipated at home, and I was lovingly guided and guarded when abroad. Thinks I to myself, there is some mistake about this thing, as sure as you are born! These good people evidently think me a great metropolitan bishop, or some high and mighty millionaire just escaped from Wall-st. or Boston. It even looks like they take me for a prince of the blood, travelling *incog.*, or at the very least a member of the highest nobility—a duke, for instance. (N. B.—No apology for this mistake is demanded, and explanations are not in order. If the friends judged according to *appearance*, the mistake was, no doubt, natural, and there let it rest!)

Of course the other delegates could not have been treated quite so royally as I was. There is only one Brother and Sister John L. Shuff, the more is the pity; and though their hearts were big enough to take in the whole Convention, the line had to be drawn somewhere, and by great mercy it was so drawn as to include "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." The "son John and his wife" are commonly known as Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Williamson, but their summary adoption into my family here is a great help to my "poetry" and in any case their presence added to the sunshine, and multiplied the kindnesses, of the bright and blessed home.

Going forth from such happy surroundings and influences, I was in the best possible condition to enjoy the public exercises. I would enter the big hall feeling that a little bird was singing, singing in my heart; and as I sat upon the rostrum and realised that by the blessing of the Lord I had *got there*—that after all these desolate and lonesome years, I was at last and one more time in the very midst of my brethren, and breathing an atmosphere of sympathy and love and wor-

ship that seemed to have been wafted from a better world—I felt that my very face was radiant with joy and gladness.

I think I must have done a world of good by going to that Convention. It is true, I seemed to be sitting there, doing nothing and saying nothing, but did you notice how I *beamed* upon that vast congregation? and what an effect it had upon them? Their faces would light up as though the sun were rising. Their eyes sparkled with gladness, and their very hearts leaped for joy. If ever you saw a happy crowd, it was one there before me. I tell you, my most eloquent flashes of silence are something wonderful. They are thrilling; they are "spell-binding." I make people happy by being happy myself; I do them good by feeling good. And that is why I think it was so fortunate that I *got there*. All this may sound somewhat sportive and jocular. Be it so, if only it answer the purpose for which it is designed, of opening the door to something serious and solid which lies behind it.

I believe that, in our human world, the gracious and gladdening, the saving and uplifting influences, are not all found in speech and action. Every one of us is the bearer, in heart and life, of a power that proclaims not its own existence; that arrests no eye; that startles no ear; that is unobtrusive and voiceless like the almighty and omnipresent Spirit of God. It is not the studied attitudes, the graceful gestures, the dazzling pyrotechnics of the orator that move the depths of the human soul. These may play upon the surface, may delight the taste and even instruct the intellect, but, if alone, they can go no deeper. After all, it is *what we really are, what we really feel, that tells upon our fellow men*. And these essences of heart and character speak out their own true story as no tongue can speak, while their influence, like that of a potent spirit, is insensibly felt by those who receive it, as it is unconsciously exerted by those who wield it. Oh, that all of us, both in the pulpit and out of it, might become "able ministers" of this unutterable, but irresistible gospel! No, I do not know so well about going to Kansas City next year. Sometimes I think I had *better* go, and try to give the brethren one more happy convention! But I am not sure about it. I am afraid the good people in that far-off city will never hear of the glory that has come upon me, and that *they* will take me for a common old back-woods preacher, seedy and sad and sorrowful, and pouring out his woes and his wailings continually; and they might treat me accordingly. Now, you see, after Cincinnati, I could not stand that. But we shall see. Maybe, after all, the presence or absence of the "apostolic shekels" will turn the scale.

A notable feature in the Jubilee Convention, and, perhaps, the only one that I shall bring forward in the present paper, was the special attention and honor accorded to the

old men and women. I speak of it, not because I was of the number, but because the exceptional character of the occasion seemed to demand it, and it was the right and proper, as it was the gracious thing to do. Many felt that it was worth the trip to Cincinnati just to see those grand old veterans, and to look into the sweet faces of the dear, saintly old women, their lifelong companions in labor and tribulation. It made our hearts rejoice to see the venerable patriarch, Graham, our "handsome Englishman," whose crystal life has, for so many years, been the glass through which the shining glories of heaven's otherwise dim and distant stars were revealed to us. And there was one who *would* have stood by his side, and whom we had hoped to see there, but he was absent. On his way to this meeting of faith God called him up to the more blissful meeting of sight. But we saw him with us still, bright in our memories and warm in our hearts—the great and good, the beloved Pendleton.

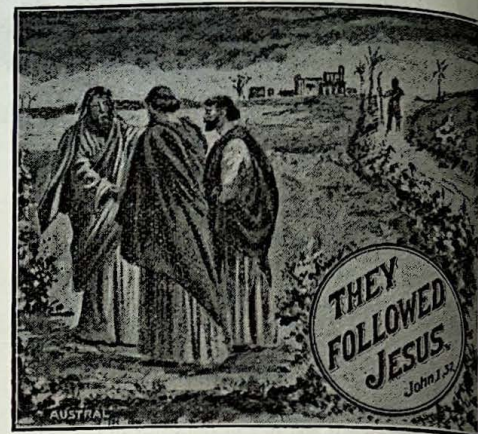
Many at the Convention had never before seen some of the old soldiers that were introduced to them there—Dr. Belding, H. R. Pritchard; the almond-crowned Loos, old and yet ever young; Brethren Leslie and Carson; J. W. McGarvey, whose honored name has gone to the ends of the earth; and good Bro. Hayden; yes, and Harrison Jones, the bright particular star of the Western Reserve; but if they never saw them in the time of their manly strength, nor on the fields of their victorious conflicts, they will at least not forget—and it will be a sacred memory—that they have seen them once—once, just as they were leaving the world, just when they were rising above its storms, and when eternal sunshine was settling on their heads.

I came near forgetting to say that, last of all, notwithstanding my boyish heart and my shiny young face, they actually introduced *me* as an old man! Think of it—*me*! I did not object, for I love to be in good company. I feel honored to be classed with the Old Guard—the mighty men of the past age—men of faith and valor—heroes who fought, bled and died through all the crises and trials of our own "Revolutionary War." I do not think, however, that I contributed much to the result of that war. True, I was *in it*. I maintained the dangerous outpost where the Captain had placed me. I kept the flag flying; and sometimes, when the enemy was very pressing, I drew my little sword, and scared 'em—made 'em run! But in my judgment it was the big guns that whipped the fight. My little shotgun made a tremendous noise, but did very little execution. It scattered too much. It made the feathers fly without bringing down the bird. The bird went with the feathers.

Still, it was gratifying to be assigned a place among the other distinguished noblemen. It is a good place, and I was sorry for some men—those who *just did miss it*! It is painful for a man to be reaching and stretching, and fairly tiptoeing after a thing, and not be quite able to reach it. There was our distinguished and beloved brother, Garrison, for instance; and there were the Tylers and Dr. Thomas, and ever so many more, exhibiting their white heads in full view of the whole crowd, and evidently look-

ing and longing for a chance to get in among us "Four Hundred." No use, my young brethren! You should have had the grace to be born a little sooner. But do not be discouraged. You are in "a hopeful state." Your chances will improve from year to year. *Maybe we will let you in some time.*

And now, to come back from our wandering, let me say that the old brethren appreciated the public honor conferred upon them, and were thankful for it. For one, I think it was managed just right. None of us, I suppose, wished to make a speech, long or short. We did not care to bring our old-fashioned pronunciation and our halting grammar before such a concourse as that. Ordinarily, even what *was* done would neither be expected nor desired by us. But this was an unusual, a quite exceptional, occasion, representing the gathered harvest and product of the old men's early sowings and labors, and we wanted the younger generation, our successors in office and work and responsibility, to know us. We felt, and it was pardonable, that in a sense that was peculiarly *our* Convention. We were its fathers. It was our first full-grown daughter. And we were so proud of her! Well we remembered her youthful bloom and promise. We thought there was "come-out" in that girl, if she only had a fair chance; and we toiled and skimped and screwed and saved, so as to send the little thing to college; and she had learned "ologies" and "osophies" of all sorts and sizes, and had become an accomplished scholar. She had travelled, too, in the great West, and in the East and in the South; she had even gone abroad into foreign lands—India, Japan, China, and almost everywhere. And now she has come back to the old homestead, the home of her fathers where she was born. She looked fine and grand. She walked a very queen. We thought her beautiful—and *so like our dear mother*, whom we first met away back yonder at Pentecost! How we did admire and love her, and feast our eyes upon her! I do not know how it was with the other old men; possibly they did not have as good taste as I, but I felt like I wanted to embrace and kiss—not all of her, but *as much of her as I could*. The inclination was lovingly powerful, but I managed to restrain myself—mostly! And, taste or no taste, all of us wanted to keep close to her; to rejoice over her; to feel our strength renewed in her, and, laying our hands upon her dear head, to say, May God Almighty bless you, my child, and make you a blessing to the world. This expresses about what we wanted, and this was the privilege that the Convention so gracefully and opportunely extended to us. We thank them for it.—*Christian Standard.*



When Jesus returned from being tempted by Satan in the wilderness he made his way to Bethabara again, where John had continued preaching and baptising, making many disciples. As Jesus was walking along the shore of Jordan river, close enough for John to see him, he looked upon him and pointing with his finger at Jesus said:—"Behold the Lamb of God." These words were caught by two of John's disciples who immediately left their old master to follow a new, in the Lamb of God. The two who thus left were Andrew, brother to Simon Peter, and John, brother to James Zebedee. It seems that Jesus walked on while Andrew and John followed behind not daring to encroach upon the solitude of Jesus. They had not gone far, however, when Jesus turned and asked them what they were seeking. The answer seems to us to be rather impertinent, viz., where do you live? The simple reply is, come and see. They went and abode with him for it was getting late. At the first opportunity Andrew finds his brother Peter, tells him the Messiah was found, and brings him to Jesus. Jesus looks upon him, acknowledges his coming, and changes his name from Simon to Cephas, which means a stone. The next day they all journey into Galilee, where they find Philip and he becomes the fourth disciple. Philip belonged to Bethsaida, a little fishing village at the head of the Sea of Galilee, the home of Andrew and Peter. Philip no sooner enjoys the society of Jesus and Andrew, John and Simon, than he goes in search of Nathaneal, tells him that at last, he of whom Moses wrote in the Law, Jesus of Nazareth, had been found. Upon being informed that the Messiah came from Nazareth he was doubtful of the truth of the statement, for Nazareth had a bad reputation, and nothing good, apparently, had ever come out of it. The only answer that Philip gives is a wise one—Come and see.

There is life for a look at the Crucified One.
There is life at this moment for thee:
Oh, look unto him, all ye ends of the earth!
Oh, look for salvation is free."

JAS. JOHNSTON.

Sunday School.

Then were there brought unto him little children.
—Matthew 19: 13.

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 8.

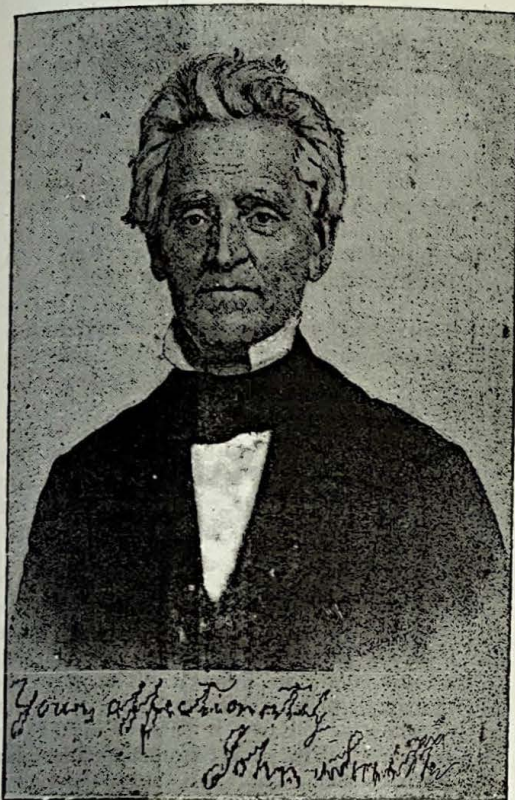
"The First Disciples."

JOHN 1: 35-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus."—John 1: 37.

Gospel Light.

This is a book of about 400 pages, comprising all the Tracts published by the Austral Co. It is just the thing to lend to your neighbor who may be inquiring about our position. Price, Cloth Binding, 1/6; post, 1/10.



Biographical.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
—Proverbs 22: 1.

Life of Elder John Smith.

CHAPTER III.

The time soon came when the farmers on the Holston began to raise a surplus, and to supply wants which, unfelt at first, became more pressing as the country grew more populous. But George Smith could not, in the midst of his present prosperity, lose sight of the future welfare of his children. He had a natural wish to see them all comfortably settled around him, tilling their own land and living in their own houses. To enlarge his farm was impracticable; the price of land where he lived was too great, and the soil was not such as he wanted. He resolved, therefore, to give up his home on the Holston, and, trusting in the Providence that had hitherto helped him, plunge into the wilderness once more.

In the autumn of 1795, he sold his farm in Tennessee, and took his family into Powell's Valley. As soon, as he saw them snugly sheltered in the Valley, he started with his two boys to Kentucky.

Their scanty stores, their ploughs and other implements of labor, were packed on horses. Two or three cows, which were to be their main dependence through the winter, were driven along before them. Following the track which led to Crab Orchard, and thence descending into the valley of the Cumberland River, they crossed that stream, and stopped at the foot of Poplar Mountain, in a delightful valley, now a part of Clinton County.

Here, on two hundred acres of forest land,

they began their labors. Two other settlers had already moved into the valley, from one of whom—Thomas Stockton—it took its name. Their farms were three and four miles distant. Besides these settlers, there was not a civilized man nearer than Burksville, twenty miles further west. With the help of these two neighbors, a cabin was soon raised. Space for a garden and corn-patch was marked off, and their busy axes were soon ringing in the smoky clearing.

The pack-saddle was an invaluable contrivance in the back-woods, where vehicles were unknown, and roads were but narrow traces winding through tangled forests. It was merely the limb of a tree, which forked with the proper angles. This was cut the right length, and the prongs were chipped out so as to fit the animal's back. To this rude frame, short boards were fastened with wooden pins, and the thing was complete. A good fork was not to be found every day, and the settler was sure to note any tree that bore so rare a product. It was with a full appreciation of its value that Joseph Craig, an old pioneer preacher, once stopped short in his exhortation to a large congregation in the woods, and while his eyes were still turned devoutly to heaven, suddenly pointed his finger to a branch of the tree that shaded him, and exclaimed:

"Brethren, behold up yonder a first-rate crotch for a pack-saddle."

George Smith had brought with him to Stockton's Valley two or three horses, and they were already furnished with good pack-saddles. One evening as he sat with his boys he said, "John, we must have some bread, and soon we will need some corn to plant. It is more than a hundred miles to Horine's mill, 'tis true. But you are now twelve years old, and I know you are smart enough to make the trip. It will keep back the work too much for me or Joe to go. Suppose, then, that to-morrow you get ready the pack horses, and start? Follow the track that leads north to Crab Orchard—people there will tell you where to find the mill." John was ready at sunrise next morning to start on his journey. It was winter weather, and he was poorly clad. His only suit, which he had brought with him from Powell's Valley, was torn almost to tatters by the green briars and thorns of the wilderness. His father had, it is true, a pair of deer-skin trousers nearly ready for him; but hunger and seed-time could not wait. Mounting one of the two horses, and leading the other for the pack, he started for the northern settlement. His wallet was well stuffed with bear's meat and wild turkey's breast, and a small buck-skin purse held his money. Aided by a stranger, he crossed the swollen Cumberland, his horses swimming the river at the side of the canoe. For three or four days he threaded the wilderness alone, haply finding each night a hospitable cabin in which to sleep. It was nightfall when he reached the mill, cold and hungry and tired. He would have gone in at once to the miller's house, but a merry crowd had already gathered there for a dance, and there was no one for a while to notice him. Tying up his horses, however, he stepped to

the door of the cabin and looked in. The scene made him forget for a time his hunger and rags. A rustic reel was beating the puncheon floor to as merry a fiddle as ever was played. The fiddler himself was the most conspicuous figure in the group. He was a young man of fine face and form, and was dressed in a gay coat and yellow velvet breeches. Drawn by the strains of the violin, our ragged mill-boy crept as close as he could to the genius that inspired all this mirth—and for the first time in his life, John Smith looked upon the face of Jeremiah Vardeman. Next morning he retraced his toilsome way back to Stockton's Valley, having accomplished his mission to the satisfaction of his father.

The winter at last wore away. As soon as the corn was in, and a few garden seeds were planted, they made the cabin and the dreary spot around it as pleasant as they could for the mother who was waiting with her children for a home. When all was done that their resources enabled them to do, the father set out for Powell's Valley, to bring his wife and children to Kentucky, while the two boys were left alone in the wilderness, to take care of their little crop.

It was midsummer when John's ringing shout greeted his father's little caravan, as it moved into the valley. The journey over the mountains had been a safe but toilsome one. The weary pack horses—the motley herd—the guard of stalwart sons, each carrying a trusty weapon, or some implement of toil, upon his shoulder—all gathered wayworn to the cabin yard, and the trials of a frontier life began once more. The family consisted, at this time, of thirteen children—eight sons and five daughters—several of whom were grown. Five sons and three daughters were older than John, who was now in his thirteenth year.

Stockton's Valley was soon settled up by a plain and honest people from Virginia and East Tennessee. These were mostly Baptists, severe in doctrine and ardent in piety. In 1799 Isaac Denton, an humble and godly man, came out to live among them as a minister. Settling on a small farm in the neighborhood of Smith, he organised a church and took the charge of it. His brethren soon built a meeting-house near where he lived, on the banks of Clear Fork, a tributary of Wolf River. The spiritual interests of the Clear Fork Baptists could not have been entrusted to more faithful hands. He was kind in disposition, sound in faith, and zealous in the work of his office. Under his ministrations the church prospered; it grew in piety and in numbers; the elect were industriously gathered in, and faithfully instructed in the nature of their high vocation.

The schoolmaster soon followed in his wake; and John was again signed as a scholar.

A school-house of round, green logs was thrown up by the neighbors in a day, and on the next he stood, eager for knowledge, in the presence of the new master. He was an uncouth Irishman, who had drifted on some chance tide to the shores of the new world, and had been thrown at last, homeless and aimless, on the frontier. His unfitness for business, and his aversion to every kind of labor, forced him, by a kind of necessity, to keep school; for beggary among honest frontiersmen was too precarious a means of living.

A school in which indolence may sit unobserved, and ignorance blunder on without exposure, is, even in our own times, too often but a reputable way of escape from hard work—a mere refuge from starvation or disgrace.

This master was lazy and illiterate—too ignorant, in fact, even for unlettered people around him. He was simply a vagabond, without the skill or the industry to teach what little he knew. He was, besides, a slave to the flagon, and he would frequently sit in his stool reeking with the fumes of his usquebaugh, and sleep off his stupor, while a boisterous holiday frolicked around him. John's ambition to learn then died away in disgust.

One day this pretender stood up before his school and bantered them to puzzle him with some question in arithmetic. John, watchful of every opportunity to annoy him, and to bring his pretensions into contempt, arose, and prudently taking his stand by the door, asked him, "Master, how many grains of corn will it take to make a square foot of mush?" The pedagogue for a moment just winced at the question, but when he saw that he was only mocked by his tormentor, he flew into a rage, and hastened to report him as an incorrigible defender. But father's censure was so mild, that it was construed as a license to continue the war.

A few days after this the master, again grown stupid from his cups, fell fast asleep in his chair. His persecutor, wishing to bring on the crisis, seized the wooden shovel, and lifting it full of hot embers from the hearth, poured them into the huge pocket of his linsey coat. The children trembled and stood aghast at the prank; then seizing their books they rushed out into the woods. The toper slept on, till the smoke of his homespun awoke him. His pocket was consumed; like Saul of old, the skirt of his mantle was gone—his enemy had triumphed while he slept, and his sceptre had departed. The school—which had lasted three weeks—was now at an end. One of the employers, getting the article of agreement into his hands the next day, threw it into the fire. The poor pedagogue bowed to his fate, and was seen in the valley no more.

The time at length came when the older sons began to find homes for themselves, and three of the daughters were married to respectable and industrious young farmers of the neighborhood.

Such vices as drunkenness, profanity and gambling, John had been taught from his infancy to hate, and though his mirthful disposition had sometimes led him astray, he had never been guilty of any of those grosser offences, and he was now in the eighteenth year of his age. Some of his brothers were exemplary members of the church, but others were worldly, if not wicked, in their disposition. He was, of course, exposed at times to the influence of their evil example. One of his married brothers, who lived in the neighborhood, once brought home a pack of cards, and began to play in his own house secretly. It was not long before John was persuaded to come and join in the game. Night after night he would leave home, and steal through the dark woods to the house of his thoughtless brother to play. Finally, he would go off to the thickets on Sunday, and there play with

idle companions. His father, in the meantime, suspected them, and he was distressed with that anxiety which none but a father can feel, when he fears that all is not right with his boys. But he said nothing to them, for he never provoked his children by hasty or premature censure.

One Sunday morning the goodman left his house and went out alone to pray, with the burden of his children's sins upon his heart. There was, not far off, a dense thicket, overrun with wild vines, where he had often knelt in prayer, unseen by any but the All-seeing Eye. Thoughtful and humble, he now entered that leafy closet, to pour out his full heart to God. But there, on the trunk of a fallen tree, in the very midst of their father's sanctuary, sat John and his brothers wickedly playing at cards.

He stood for awhile unobserved, and looked on his boys in silence and sorrow. At last one of them noticed him, and whispered, "Father!" The game ceased, and the cards dropped from their hands. The eyes of the boys glanced upwards, but instantly fell to the earth again, for the gaze of the good old man was upon them, his face spoke a heart full of pain, and great tears dropped from his furrowed cheeks to the ground. He turned away from the scene that so much distressed him; and, without speaking a word, walked back through the forest.

The boys sat there for awhile in silence. At last John, whose heart was almost bursting, said:

"It is wrong to distress so good a father as ours—it is a sin and a shame!"

And they all felt it; for they silently threw away their cards, and went home, resolved never to play again while they lived.

John expected a talk from his father that evening, but he was left all night long to his own bitter reflections. On the morrow, while they were together in the field, he brought up the matter himself. He owned his faults, and promised never to indulge in that pastime again. And he sacredly kept that pledge all the days of his life.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church.
—1 Corinthians 14: 12.

—O—

Mountain Heights of Scripture.

W. D. LITTLE.

Calvary takes us down to the depths; the depth of man's need and God's compassion; the final deep of human degradation and the infinite deep of divine love. The transfiguration exhibits the greatest height to which thought can attain or heart aspire. It shows the divine and the human indissolubly blended, as the God in Christ plainly reveals himself, causing the face of Jesus to shine as the sun, and his garments to become white as the light. The loftiest peaks rise not suddenly out of the plains, but crown the ranges. Jesus specially chose mountains as places of prayer, and upon one taught the principles of the kingdom; and he dwelt upon the Alpine summits of character. We may lovingly and reverently trace the path by which the Master reached the height of

transfiguration in order to follow in his steps. The whole Bible speaks of him, and these mountains stand out prominently in it—Sinai, Zion, and the place of transfiguration.

The Mount of Duty.

Sinai represents God's law containing that which men ought to do or avoid doing. Even those who received not the specific code from the mountain itself have that which it signifies—"the law written in their hearts." It is an incontrovertible fact that there is for every one a voice in the inner heavens saying "thou shalt." The vast majority, dwellers on the plain, say "Let not God speak to us any more" and setting up their idols, sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play. Others, answering "I ought," make weak attempts to climb above evil tendencies and degrading influences, but from weakness of head or heart fail to rise any distance towards a full recognition of duty. Jesus overcame all difficulties and victoriously gained the height. The path marked out for the Messiah was more intricate than for others; he concentrated all his attention upon it. The way was thorny, beset with suffering; he "set his face steadfastly." Early in life he asked his mother, "Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?" He told the disciples, "All things must needs be fulfilled that are written in the Law of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms concerning me." God's will was absolute; to be done by him or in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." The Son of Man must go unto Jerusalem and suffer many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and be killed." Conjugating the verb of duty in both his active and passive significations; in complete surrender to the father he stood upon the Mount of Duty.

The Mount of Delight.

Zion is a delectable mountain; not only the place in which the Lord delighteth, but also the joy of the whole earth. He who climbs upward from a realisation of duty to careful performance of it, finds the cloud that hung on Sinai's brow succeeded by a clear pure azure, the pealing thunder ceases, and the silver trumpets sound, where arid rock were seen the vine and olive grow, and flowers spring up around at every step. Obedience to recognised truth brings man into harmony with himself, with God above, and the universe around. The first mention of this mountain in the Psalms declares "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion," and the last commands that "the children of Zion be joyful in their king." Submission to the authority of heaven brings such blessings in its train that he who experiences them exclaims, Oh, how I love thy law! "Thy testimonials are my delight." The joys of Zion are manifold, and there are indications that Jesus possessed them all. To him truly duty was a delight. There is a joy of assurance in "Mount Zion which cannot be moved, but remaineth for ever," and Jesus declared the Son abideth for ever." Power increased by use brings delight. "Awake! put on thy strength, O Zion"; Jesus said,

"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." The contemplation of beauty affords pleasure. "Beautiful in elevation is Mount Zion." He who could best appreciate the beauty of holiness told John "it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." There is joy in transmitting blessings to others. Through Zion "the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. Jesus rejoiced in spirit when the twelve returned telling the results of the power bestowed by him. Zion's chief joy was communion with the Lord who dwelt in the midst of her. Jesus could say, "I am not alone for my Father is with me." Performance of duty affords a twofold happiness. First in the doing, I delight to do thy will, O God! second in its completion; and our Lord trod the Mount of Delight when he exclaimed, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

When the Son of God answered his Father's "thou shalt" with "I must" it indicated oneness of thought between them. The delight experienced in working and through suffering proved unity of feeling. Well might he say "I and the Father are one." Sinai, with the divine mind, and Zion, with the divine heart, led up to the

Mount of Glory.

with the divine appearance. Of the two who were present with him in glory, Moses had received the law and Elijah had known the rapture of translation. Of the three who were privileged to gaze, John says, "We beheld his glory—glory as of the only begotten of the Father," and Peter testifies, "He received from God the Father honor and glory . . . when we were with him in the Holy Mount." In their epistles James gives prominence to the royal law, the law of liberty. The disciples who reclined in Jesus' bosom exhibits the feelings of the heart which throbbed there, while Peter dwells upon the glories of Christ and the sufferings connected with them. For ever upon the Mount of Transfiguration the subject of converse was "His decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." The living chief corner-stone had to undergo a severe process in order that grace might shine forth with radiant lustre, and the graver's tool must cut deeply that truth might be easily read. But through all the scenes of pain and humiliation which followed the glory was there, only veiled. The glory was essential not circumstantial, and therefore he must always have retained it, although it was only once beheld by mortal eyes. With longing gaze upon that wondrous sight, let us remember that the Master said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." We, too, must do all things that are written concerning us. Though of ourselves we can do nothing, if in the moment of trial we call upon the Strong One, he will reach down a helping hand, and we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Experiencing his power may we find delight in duty, and be able to rejoice in tribulation also. Transfigured lives will be the outcome; and those who become partakers of the divine mind and heart shall also share the divine glory.

Endeavor.

Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.—1 Chronicles 22 : 16.

Saul of Tarsus has reached a climax in his life. The bitter opponent of Jesus Christ is about to be converted into the ardent supporter. He had carried on his persecution with great vigour, for whatever he did he did with his whole soul. The persecuted Christ appears to him as he is on his way to Damascus, and in a single day the whole tenor of his life is changed. He is struck to the ground and hears the voice of Jesus speaking to him. He at once realises the gigantic mistake he has been making, for it is the Christ of God and not the designing impostor, upon whom he has been venting his bitter hatred. But what I want you, Christian Endeavorers, to specially notice is the practical character of Paul as here demonstrated. No sooner is the fact conveyed to him that he has been committing a mistake, and that it is the Lord who is addressing him than he asks the question which characterises the man, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

His whole energy and perseverance had been exerted to extinguish the cause of Christ. He had entered into the work with his whole heart and soul, and now, as he realises his mistake he longs to make reparation, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The same Christ whom he had been persecuting he is now willing to serve, to work for, and in whose cause he is prepared to devote all his energy and activity.

And here is the lesson I would wish to impress upon you, as you begin another year of service in the Lord's army. The old year has passed away and we have welcomed the dawn of another. As we look back upon the past year's service, with its successes and its failures, its joys and its sorrows, as we "remember all the way in which the Lord has led us," can we say before him that we have done what we could or what we ought to have done?

The work that we are engaged in is a noble work and a godly work. The future lies before us with its many golden opportunities. Many around us are going down into Christless graves. The Macedonian cry is being raised on every hand, "Come and help us?" Moreover the voice of our Saviour is speaking to us. Shall we not all cry out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do!" and I believe we shall receive the answer, "Arise! arise!" We have remained dormant too long; we have been too content to sit with folded arms. But a year's joyous service for the Master lies before us. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Arise! arise!"

We may only have one talent but let us not bury it, let us use it for the honor and glory of God. Do you love Jesus? Yes, you say. Then does not the love of Jesus constrain you to work for him. A higher call than that of duty comes to you—the call of love.

Then let us see to it that we do all that lies within our power to make this year the most successful and most profitable one that we have ever experienced. Let us each re-

solve that we will do all we can to lead at least one soul to the Saviour. We want to carry on a great campaign against the great power of darkness during the coming twelve months. We want to storm the citadel of Satan successfully and rescue many imprisoned souls. And we can only do it by a united effort. If we would each make a personal application of the question raised by Paul, and make it our daily prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" we need have no fear as to the success of the year.

Young men and young women, brothers and sisters in Christ, the Lord is calling you to work in his vineyard: sin-stricken souls are crying to you for help. Will you not hear?

Our president in his address at the annual Christian Endeavor meeting put very plainly before us our individual responsibilities. "WE OUGHT to work for the Lord," he said. "WE CAN work. Let us say 'We will work.'"

Opportunities will present themselves to be useful in the Lord's service during this year. Wide spheres of influence will be opened up for each one of us.

We ought to be useful, we can be useful, we will be useful. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Note the answer:

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,

Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:

Weep o'er the erring one lift up the fallen,

Tell ALL of Jesus the mighty to save.

H. PEACOCK.

Rules for Church Killing.

J. L. HYATT.

Don't come.

Don't imagine that the front seats are for you.

Come bound to find fault with the preacher.

Never commend his sermons, but tell his faults to others.

If he says something that helps you, don't tell him. It might make him conceited.

If he asks for prayers, don't think about praying.

Never be caught singing.

Above all, try to run the church.

See that the preacher's salary is always behind.

If a stranger comes in treat him as cool as possible.

Do not attend the midweek meetings.

Never go to your church on Sunday night.

Never pray for the preacher or the work.

Talk about your neighbor.

Correct everybody's mistakes. Never think about correcting your own.

These precepts are given for "church killing." Probably they will enable the many church murderers to find a way in which to murder the church for which Christ spilt his blood. If these precepts are observed, the preacher may exhaust every faculty until the body has lost all of its vitality and the church will remain a dwarf.

THE

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The AUSTRALIAN CHRISTIAN pleads for:

The Christianity of the New Testament, taught by Christ and his Apostles, versus the theology of the creeds taught by fallible men.

The divine confession of faith on which Christ built his church, versus human confessions of faith on which men have split the church.

The unity of Christ's disciples, for which he so fervently prayed, versus the divisions in Christ's body, which his Apostles strongly condemned.

The abandonment of sectarian names and practices, based on human authority, for the common family name and the common faith, based on divine authority, versus the abandonment of scriptural names and usages for partisan ends.

The fidelity to truth which secures the approval of God, versus conformity to custom to gain the favor of men.

For the right against the wrong;
For the weak against the strong;
For the poor who've waited long
For the brighter age to be.
For the truth, 'gainst superstition,
For the faith, against tradition,
For the hope, whose glad fruition
Our waiting eyes shall see.

The Leader.

Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths.—Jeremiah 6: 16.

The Place and Function of the Preacher.

The Great Commission which Christ gave to his disciples, that they should "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is one that has placed a great responsibility upon the church—a responsibility which has been universally recognised in every age to a greater or lesser extent. It is one of the things about which there is the utmost unanimity. There may be differences of opinion as to how the work may best be done and as to the details that constitute the gospel, but as to the necessity of preaching the gospel there is, practically, no difference at all. It is realised by all sections of the religious community that no church can be regarded as living which does not, in some shape or form, proclaim abroad the glad message of salvation. This responsibility of course carries along with it the obligation of providing suitable persons as preachers of the gospel. For though in a general way the obligation of preaching, in some shape or form, rests upon the shoulders of every Christian, yet there is a recognised need for the setting apart of a certain number who will give themselves entirely to "the ministry of the word." The need of this was realised in apostolic days, and advancing centuries have only served to emphasise it. And as the conditions of life become more complex, and the struggle for existence more difficult and arduous, the need of a greater number of preachers devoting themselves entirely to the ministry of the word will become increasingly necessary. This being so, it cannot be out of place to give some consideration to the place and function of the preacher, the more especially as that

place and function is frequently misunderstood.

The distinguished author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush," who seems to have been travelling through America, and to have observed the manners and customs of American churches and preachers, takes occasion to institute some comparisons between the new style of preacher, which finds its most advanced exponent in the American type, and the old—some of which yet survive and are to be found in America and Great Britain. First of all he gives us some idea of the really "up-to-date" church, the existence of which has created a demand for the new style of preacher. He says: "Religion, it is urged, must provide not only for the soul, but also for the mind and body, so that a Christian will not need to go outside the church for culture or amusement. If he wants relaxation, entertainments must be provided for him at his church, so that he need not go into worldly society, and whatever be his intellectual taste it must be met in his ecclesiastical home. His literary and debating society, and drawing-room and concert, must all be under one roof, so that the young Christian may be sheltered from temptation. As this social tendency of the congregation is becoming more marked every year, and new inventions are being added, it is vain to urge a return to the simplicity of the past, when the congregation was a body of people met to worship God and study his will and do good works, but it may be worth while to point out certain drawbacks in the new development. For one thing, if congregations are to become 'universal providers' another kind of minister will be needed." What kind of minister this will be, we shall see presently. In the meantime, we may note that the congregation is largely responsible for the new development and the formation of the preacher to suit it. If there is degeneracy in the new type, it is scarcely fair to lay the blame entirely on the shoulders of the preacher. The church is for the most part responsible, inasmuch as it demands a certain thing and gets it. Indeed, there are many churches that can find no place for the old-fashioned kind of preacher. They require the "up-to-date" article described in the following words:—"For this kind of institution a teacher to expound the Bible, or a pastor to watch over and train the character of his people is hardly needed, and certainly he would not be appreciated. The chief requisite demanded is a sharp little man, with the gifts of an impresario, a commercial traveller, and a auctioneer combined, with the slightest flavor of a peripatetic evangelist. . . . From morning to night he toils, telephoning, telegraphing, dictating, compiling, hurrying around, conducting 'so-

cials,' 'bright evenings,' 'giving,' 'talks,' holding receptions, an unwearied, adroit, persevering man. No one can help admiring his versatility and honesty of intention, but if he is to be the type of the minister of the future, then he will supersede and exclude a better man." This "up-to-date" kind of preacher is not only in demand in America, but in England as well. In the latter place we are told that efforts are being made to popularise the church. Thus, one church secured a new set of communion plate by the popular device of a dance; various congregations gave private theatricals, and in one case had a stage property of their own.

"Ian Maclaren" calls this "up-to-date" business the "candy-pull" system. And doubtless it is not inappropriately so described. How far this system is obtaining in other parts of Christendom it is hard to say, but from what we have been able to observe in these colonies the spirit of it is gradually gaining ground. No so much, we should say, in any visible demonstration in the shape of entertainments as in impatience manifested with preachers who do not happen to be stars of the first magnitude. For this, we do not need to go any further than our own churches. Men of fair average preaching ability, and true Christians into the bargain, are finding it hard work to continue in the field of labor which they have chosen as their life's vocation. It is said that they have not the "go" in them that makes successful preachers. It may be so. On the other hand it may be that the churches are forming wrong ideals of what a preacher ought to be. Of course, in this matter there are two sides. There is the pulpit and the pew. The average preacher cannot expect to be successful in his work by preaching alone. It is only the few who sustain an interest and draw good audiences year after year, by the mere power of oratory. The average preacher cannot do this. To achieve success in this direction he must work harder in other ways than his more fortunate brother. We do not mean that he should adopt the "candy-pull" system—far from that, but we mean that he should put his heart and soul into all the legitimate work belonging to the church. Earnestness and intense zeal will be needed not only in the church but outside of it. The average preacher to be successful must be known, and known favorably, outside the church. Some of the most useful and successful preachers we have known have been anything but orators. Their speaking ability would never of itself fill a church, and yet the churches they were connected with were generally fairly well filled. The secret of their power lay in the fact that they had found their way into the homes and hearts of the people.

So far as the "pew" is concerned there should be more sympathy with the preacher and less criticism. The officers and congregation, should not regard the appointment of a preacher as the one means of achieving success in church work, and an opportunity for them to take back seats and find fault. Given, a Godly earnest preacher, of average speaking ability, and a Godly-earnest church, success will be found to lie on the old lines and not on the new. In view of this we endorse the following by Ian Maclaren:—"There are men who possess every becoming gift of learning and insight, and devotion and charity, who are utterly incapable of running a church on modern lines. They could guide a soul in spiritual peril, but they have no talent for amusing young people; they can declare the Everlasting Gospel of Divine Sacrifice, but they have no turn for machinery; they can expound the principles of righteousness, but they refuse to meddle with a recent strike of motormen. As regards the gain of the new departure, is it certain that the socializing of the church will make her creed and life attractive? If it come to be a competition between the amusements of the church (or her feasts) and the amusements of the world (or its feasts), is there any sane person who thinks that the church can win? Like Cæsar, the world offers her magnificent shows; the church, like Christ, presents the victorious cross."

Editorial Notes.

In fundamentals, Unity; in incidentals, Liberty;
in all things, Love.

Dowie's Troubles.

"Dr. J. A. Dowie and his "Christian Catholic Church" are in trouble. We learn from the *Independent* of New York that one of Dowie's subordinates, a Mr. Fair of Philadelphia, and some others of the communion have been demanding from Mr. Dowie an account of funds they had placed in his hands. In return Mr. Fair was promptly dismissed, but he intends to see if he cannot get hold of his investments. At the same time charges of malpractice in cases of disease have been increasing, and a physician who was for some time with Mr. Dowie has withdrawn in disgust, and gives some very serious testimony as to the number of deaths under the Dowie treatment. "The Chicgoo mob seems to have been aroused by a widespread conviction that the method practised by the doctor in his faith treatment was dangerous to life. He was besieged till past midnight, his guard pelted with eggs and stones, windows were broken, and it took a considerable force of police to protect him."

Increase the Circulation.

Two of our leading American papers, the *Christian Standard* and the *Christian Evangelist*, are making special efforts to double their circulation. They very rightly contend that an increased subscription list means an increased interest in all departments of church work. The great success of the cause in America, as indicated by the recent Jubilee Convention, is admitted to be largely owing to the influence of our papers. Our missionary and educational interests are kept well to the front, and every worthy movement finds in their pages an opportunity of reaching the hearts of the brotherhood. The man who does not read a church paper is necessarily out of touch with the movement of which he professes to form a part. He can take but a narrow view of its aims and progress, and his usefulness is proportionately limited. The reading of our progress in this and other lands and the live thoughts of our leading thinkers has a stimulating influence which cannot be otherwise obtained. To extend the circulation of our own paper is to increase the zeal and efficiency of the brethren. And this may be done by a little effort. We know of one church where the subscription list has increased from 13 to 46 during the last three or four weeks, simply as the result of one brother's energy, and this might be the case in scores of churches, if brethren who read it would but take sufficient interest to recommend the paper to others. We ought not to be satisfied until the *CHRISTIAN* is taken in every family represented in the church.

What Remains to be Done.

There is much cause for thankfulness that in various parts of the world, and especially in America, those who are pleading for a return to primitive Christianity are rapidly increasing in numbers. But, after all, numerical progress is not, or should not be, the great end in view. To grow in knowledge is more important than to grow in numbers, and to grow in grace than either. It is not less requisite to be sound in deed than to be sound in doctrine. When Paul exhorted Titus to "speak the things which become sound doctrine," he explained that these things were those which related to sound life, and the soundness which does not affect the life has too much sound and too little solidity. It is a great step to restore the apostolic worship on the Lord's day, but we must also restore the apostolic life on the week day. The *Christian Evangelist* well says:—"In discarding party names and party banners, in restoring the New Testament doctrine and ordinances, in pleading for Christian unity and standing for the church universal, in exalting Christ above

all creeds and confessions of faith, and in rejecting all other leadership than his, we have done well, and in so doing have made a profound impression upon the religious thought and life of our times. It remains, however, to make this tremendous religious advantage available in securing a higher order of church life, a higher ethical standard in our individual lives, and in securing a more united effort against social wrongs and iniquities." We advocate a more scriptural system than other religious bodies, but to complete our reformation we need to live a more scriptural life than they.

"Romanism in its Home."

We cannot judge of Romanism by what we see of it in a Protestant country, where it is qualified by its environments. To see it in its full development we must go to papal countries. The American Baptist Publication Society has published a book by Dr. J. H. Eager, who has lived for sixteen years in Italy, and from quotations in an American exchange we judge that the work "Romanism in its Home" is calculated to give a good idea of that system pure and unadulterated. Here is a quotation on penances:—"A most horrible form of penance consists in licking out the tongue at full length, pressing it on the stone and crawling thus on hands and feet from the door of the church to the high altar at the other end, tracks of blood being often left by the poor deluded victim. This I have seen, and I shall never forget it." The blasphemous worship of the mass is most common, and we are told that mothers buy masses for their sick children, peasants for prosperous crops, shepherds for their flocks, travellers for safe journeys, and merchants for profitable trade. One man testifies that after a horse race he saw the winning horse, "gaily caparisoned, standing before the altar, while the priest was saying mass for him, and hundreds of people witnessing the ceremony. And the Romish Church teaches that what the priest offered for that horse was the entire Christ, body, soul and divinity, a true expiatory sacrifice!" Then we are told of a church in Rome which professes to have the chain with which the Apostle Peter was bound. Near to where it is stored away stands a contribution box with these words on it: "Alms for the worship of the venerable chain." The author also deals with the claims of the Pope, and quotes from Cardinal Bellarmino, the great R.C. theologian, these horrible words:—"God and the Pope form one consistory . . . The Pope can do almost anything which God does. The Pope does what he likes, even things unlawful, and is more than God. If the Pope should err by commanding vice and prohibiting virtue, the

church would be bound to believe that vice is good and virtue is evil; otherwise she would sin against conscience." In the face of such evidence is it not surprising that some weak-kneed Protestants are to be found in Australia sending their children to Roman Catholic schools, while others actually support the Romanist claim for Government support of these schools?

From The Field.

The field is the world.—Matthew 13: 38

South Australia.

QUEENSTOWN.—The church took possession of its new premises on Lord's day, Jan. 7th. The recent amalgamation of the various sections of the Methodist Church has enabled us to acquire, for the sum of £500, a very fine chapel—known as "Whitaker Memorial," which originally cost £1300. The building is capable of seating 225 persons, and it is replete with every convenience, excepting a baptistery, which has, however, been promptly supplied, and is now ready for use.

The opening services were well attended. In the morning Jno. Verco spoke from Rom. 5: 1—"Let us have peace." He impressed this as an excellent motto to adopt in the interests of the church. In the afternoon Bro. Verco exhibited to a full audience of Sunday scholars and friends his "model church," and used it to illustrate the text, "We also, as living stones, are built up a spiritual house," &c. In the evening Wm. Moffit preached an earnest and instructive discourse to a crowded audience upon the theme "Beginning at Jerusalem."

On the 9th inst. the church held its "house-warming," when a large rally of brethren and sisters from other churches of Christ took place. The public meeting was presided over by Jno. Verco, and congratulatory addresses were delivered by H. D. Smith, F. Pittman, W. Campbell, J. Warren Cosh, J. Weeks, A. T. Magarey, A. M. Ludbrook, W. Moffit, and Bro. Lucraft from Perth. The absence of T. J. Gore and Dr. Verco, through their being out of the colony, was noted with regret, but this will inform them that they were not forgotten. A. C. Rankine and R. Glastonbury were also unavoidably absent. A highly enjoyable meeting was brought to a conclusion by a vote of thanks, moved by C. Lawton, to the workers who had so ably contributed to its success.

The secretary's report, which was a record of the history of the church was as follows:—

Brethren and friends,—In giving you a hearty welcome to our new home, we desire to lay before you a brief statement of past events concerning the Church of Christ in Queenstown. As far back as August 2nd, '69—thirty years ago—the truth as we plead for it, was represented in this district, and six members then met in the home of Bro. Cosh, in Pt. Adelaide (whom we congratulate on being a member with us to-day). In connection with that effort we find the names of Bren. W. H. Burford, S. Kidner and James Manning. Five years later—in August, '75—through the instrumentality of sister churches (of whom the church at York deserves honorable mention), and with the assistance of Bro. Magarey, the services of an evangelist were secured, in the person of Bro. W. H. Martin. This effort resulted in the formation of a church of 50 members in Port Adelaide. The church, however, practically expired on the departure of Bro. Martin—

a small remnant of six, under the leadership of Bro. J. Rundle, remaining loyal, and preserving in the district the existence of the Lord's institutions. On the death of Bro. Rundle, in May, '88, this little company found a fresh leader in Bro. A. Wilson, who manfully struggled on with varying success. Three years later—early in '91—a new era in the church's history was entered upon, which has culminated in our present gratifying position. A number of Baptists who were meeting in a private house were brought by Bro. R. Harris into contact with Bro. A. Wilson, and through him were led to agree to a friendly conference. Being anxious that no mistake should be made on this important occasion, the little church thought it wise that advice and assistance should be sought, and agreed, on the recommendation of Bro. Williams—who came from Tasmania, a former sphere of Bro. Moffit's labor, to seek his services in the matter. This was heartily accorded, and bringing with him Bro. John Verco, several evening meetings were held, at which in a plain and emphatic manner the fundamental items of our plea were presented, with the effect that twenty hearers entered heart and soul into the spirit of our movement, and were duly added to the church. At the earnest request of the church Bros. Moffit and Verco consented to undertake a provisional oversight. A large room, known as Leslie's Schoolroom, was secured, and a lease of the same taken for six years. Being in a very dilapidated condition, the church first set to work and converted the schoolroom into a ten-antable chapel—by putting on a new roof, laying down a new floor, and constructing a new baptistery, and furnishing it with new seats, &c. Then the church set to work in prayerful earnestness to convert the people, and now, after an effort of nine years, with a membership that has expanded from 6 to 103, we feel that we may regard the promise duly fulfilled which says: "Be not weary in well doing, for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not." But lest it should be thought that we cherish any idea of self-exaltation we would say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." And in bidding adieu to Leslie's Hall, let us not forget that we have left some sweet and precious memories there—memories of happy times, of sweet communion, of glad song, of fragrant prayer, which recall to us voices that are silent and chairs that are empty. We would fain have the departed with us here to-night; but we need not be despondent, for

"One family we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

We have to rejoice, then, that our place of meeting having become too small for us, our Father has provided us with more ample accommodation. Our friends the Methodists having discovered the truth that we have been preaching so long to them, that Christ demands the organic unity of his people, have taken that step towards primitive Christianity, and thus conferred a blessing upon us by enabling us to acquire this beautiful building, and so putting it within our power to go on more effectually "contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints." I may summarize our position thus:—We have a chapel at a cost of £500, of which £100 is paid off, and £100 to be paid off when our other site is sold. We have a church of 103 members, presided over by three elders, and served by four deacons and two deaconesses. We have a Sunday-school of over 100 children. We have prospects that promise brighter than ever before in our history. Before concluding, we would wish to recognise the services of some who have largely contributed to our success by their work of faith and labor of love. We desire to record our high

estimate of the self-sacrificing and indefatigable labor of Bro. W. Moffit. He has only been with us at intervals, but when we have had him we have experienced a harvest home of precious souls, and during his two extended visits of the year just closed, 45 have been added to the church through his instrumentality. Nor would we be doing justice to ourselves were we not once again to record our appreciation of the services of Bro. John Verco. Through all our troubles, difficulties, and embarrassments, he has proved a trusty pilot, and we have found him "a friend indeed." Then there are those dear brethren who have spoken for us during these years: Bros. Jno. Hawkes, Jas. Weeks, Jno. and Theo. Fischer, F. S. Willoughby, J. Thomas, W. L. Johnson, W. C. Waklin, Dr. Verco, J. Warren Cosh, H. Moore, Jno. Anderson, W. Campbell, Jas. Manning, A. Glastonbury.

And now we desire, in contemplating the past, to raise our "Ebenezer," saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," while as regards the unknown future we humbly "commend ourselves to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build us up, and to give us an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

R. T. C.

HENLEY BEACH.—We had a good number at our meeting yesterday morning. Bro. Keay was also with us and it gave us much pleasure to see him extend the hand of fellowship to two sisters who had formerly been baptised.

G.H.

PROSPECT.—The Sunday School sends greetings through the CHRISTIAN to all S.S. workers. At the recent S.S.U. examination we sent up 13 scholars to compete, and the result just lately made public is very gratifying to us. Out of 13 competitors, we gained 7 first-class certificates, and the highest prize offered—the first prize, senior division, being gained by our Bro. Jas. Whitfield, whilst the second prize, teachers' division, was won by Sister J. Whitfield. Our school, though small, has collected during the quarter the sum of £15/3½ for benevolent work among our Kanaka friends in Queensland. Our attendance has increased wonderfully during the past year, and improvement is shown in every department of work in the school. We thank God for past encouragements, and go forward into the year with a desire for greater things for the Lord in the Sunday School. T.F.

Queensland.

WEST MORETON NOTES.—The annual tea at Vernor on December 26th proved a great time, and visitors were there from Milbong, Marburg, Mt. Walker, Mt. Whitestone and Rosewood. A great crowd attended the night meeting, which took the form of a social to P. J. Pond. The chair was occupied by Bro. W. Süchting, and appropriate addresses were given by Bren. C. Adermann, F. Süchting, J. J. F. Hinrichsen and W. Pond, to which our departing evangelist feelingly responded. A number of musical selections and recitations were also very nicely submitted. The departure of P. J. Pond from this district is very keenly felt, and the various farewells were very moving and pathetic. During the last twelve months our evangelist has baptised 19 persons, and 11 more have been added from other sources, making 30 accessions in all.

We thankfully acknowledge amounts to our Evangelistic Fund received since last March:—Marburg, £10; Mt. Walker, £8; Rosevale, £7/7/3; Spring Creek, Greenmount and West Haldon, £6; Milbong, £4; Vernor, £4; Mt. Whitestone, £3; Thoratton, £1/9/6. We have received for home mission special collection—Sister Hinrichsen, Rosevale, £1; J. Johnson, Greenmount, 10/-. That's right, don't be afraid of sending too soon. We will acknowledge, per favor

CHRISTIAN, all collections taken for home missions as they arrive. W. BAILLS.

ROMA.—The disciples here have for some time past been praying for more laborers, and we now thank the heavenly Father for having sent amongst us Bro. R. J. Gilmour. Already our meetings and attendances have increased, and prospects are hopeful. Our brother delivered a very able address, "The Preacher's Question and the People's Answer," which has created a very favorable impression. Our brother intends having lantern meetings, and open-air gospel Saturday night meetings. We feel sure that these means will assist the grand and glorious cause, the gospel of our Lord and Saviour.

Jan. 11.

L. A. HOSKINS.

New South Wales.

COROWA.—Our Literary Society, which was organised a few weeks ago, is making splendid progress. It now numbers 44 members. It is held in the main church building. The attendance to-night was over 60. In addition to benefitting the young people of the community, we believe it will do great good in the way of popularising our church services.

Jan. 9.

WM. H. AHGAN.

MARRICKVILLE.—On the 7th inst, a Tea and Public Meeting was held here for the purpose of welcoming Fren. J. Colbourne and P. J. Pond who have come to labor at Marrickville and Merewether respectively. About one hundred and forty sat down to tea, after which a crisp and enjoyable meeting was held under the presidency of D. A. Ewers. Brief addresses were given by representatives of churches in the neighborhood, including Bro. Lawson who spoke on behalf of Merewether. Brethren expressed themselves as highly pleased that Bro. Colbourne had returned once again to the Sydney district. Bro. Colbourne in reply impressed upon the church that he had come to labor "with them" not "for them." Bro. Pond gave a little of his Queensland experience and expressed high appreciation of the assistance given by the southern churches to the cause in Queensland in the past. The sisters contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by song and by something more substantial in the shape of a carefully prepared tea.

A. PRICE.

New Zealand.

AUCKLAND.—A fortnight ago two sisters confessed Christ and were immersed into his name, and last night a young man owned Jesus as Lord and was buried with him in baptism. May these fellow-believers be loyal to Jesus in all the days to come.

The writer rested the last few days of '99 in the hospitable home of Bro. and Sister Fordyce, Helensville. On the Lord day fellowshiped with the little assembly there, and preached in the evening.

Hearty greeting for 1900 to all our fellow-workers.

Jan. 8.

THOS. J. BULL.

Victoria.

NORTH RICHMOND.—Last Sunday evening I had the honor to preach for Bro. T. Hagger in the North Richmond church. Bro. Hagger being about his Master's business, assisting the church at Barker's Creek. I would like to say a word in reference to the success that is attending the labors of Bro. Hagger at North Richmond. I found the building well filled, extra chairs having to be brought out to accommodate the few who were late to arrive. On all hands the church is loud in its praise of Bro. Hagger and the

excellent work he is doing, and they are working energetically and harmoniously with him. Last year they set an aim before them, viz., One Hundred Additional Members, and I believe they succeeded in getting 90, over 40 being by faith and immersion. Surely this is good work for a little church like North Richmond. Bro. Hagger is an untiring visitor, missing no opportunity for restoring the wanderers, strengthening the saints and winning souls for his Master. Bro. Shain of the church at Brunswick is doing a similar good work, his motto being Brunswick for Christ, and much success is attending his labors. Both these young men are too devoted to Christ and their work, to be other than encouraged by a word of praise.

I might add that the church at North Richmond, well pleased but not satisfied with their last year's work, have again resolved at getting one hundred new members during 1900, and have already, although two weeks only have gone by, obtained six.

Three confessions, the result of Bro. Hagger's work were taken last Sunday evening, and one of the confessions, a promising young man, buried the same hour of the night with his Lord and Master.

JAN 16.

F. M'CLEAN.

Here and There.

Here a little and there a little.—Isaiah 28 : 10.

P. J. Pond's address is 268 Melville-street, Merewether.

J. Colbourne's address now is Silver-street, Marrickville.

It will save some trouble may be for us to state that the Almanacs are sold out.

N.S.W. Conference Secretary, R. Steer, change of address, 25 Perry-street, Marrickville.

It is expected that Bro. E. Bagley will take up the work in the Tabernacle, Fitzroy, for a time.

One baptism and two more confessions at North Richmond last Lord's day evening, F. McClean preaching.

By glancing at the acknowledgment column of the Victorian Missions the reader will see why the heart of the treasurer is glad.

One confession at North Fitzroy last Sunday night, W. Wilson preaching. T. Bagley, from Sydney, will preach next Sunday evening.

As will be seen by our advertising pages, we have a few copies of the Sunday School Commentaries for sale. Don't delay, but send at once.

Thos. Hagger reports good meetings at Barker's Creek on Sunday. *He only spoke four times!* Barker's Creek took up £3 1s. 6d. for Home Mission collection.

Attention is desired to the advt. of the South Australian committee under "Wanted." They want, if possible, to put two or three good men into the field at an early date.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Bro. Payne of Brunswick Church, which took place on Monday evening last. Bro. Payne was the father of Bro. Herbert Payne of Sydney.

If all our subscribers will be a little patient with us everything will be straightened up in a few days. Just at this time of the year there are many changes, and it requires some time to make them all.

Will those sending money for subscription to the CHRISTIAN kindly watch the acknowledgments, and if they do not see their names and amounts paid in the course of two weeks after money should have been received, write us at once.

FEBRUARY 4. SOUTH AUSTRALIAN



FEBRUARY 4.

Advance, South Australia, February 4th.

Feb. 4th is an important date for South Australian Churches.

"The only money we can never lose is that which we give away." South Australians bear that in mind on Feb. 4th.

Will all members of churches of Christ in South Australia get ready for the special collection for evangelisation on Feb. 4th.

Bear in mind that the collection for Sth. Australian Missions will be taken up the first Sunday in February. Prepare for it.

"The field is the world," and part of that world is South Australia, for which the collection is to be taken up on February 4th.

All subscriptions received up to and including to-day claiming the book bonus will be supplied. But the offer closes to-day definitely. We are prepared to keep our contract but no more.

Special gospel meetings successfully commenced at Harcourt on Sunday, 7th. Preaching in the afternoon and evening of that date and following Tuesday night by Bro. Moysey. Good attendance and two confessions. Bro. Hagger will continue the work for two weeks, which will be continued by other city preachers.

There was one baptism at Rookwood Jan. 7th. On the 8th there was a large temperance meeting, the Sisters' Conference and Chinese class assisting. On Jan. 15 a meeting was to have been held to inaugurate a Band of Hope. On the evening of Jan. 14th two confessed Christ. L. A. Williams is carrying on the preaching there.

Some of our readers we presume will now be more comfortable when they glance over our advertising pages: Now that they are gone we trust these very fastidious people will rest easy. Of course they never think of looking at a secular paper because of the advts. in it. We trust now that they will do what they can to increase our circulation.

A correspondent writes:—"Some of our readers object to advertisements and I know of one subscriber who has dropped the paper this year for this reason. Such people do not realise that but for the advts. the paper could not be published at all. I know of another person, a Methodist, who was lent a few copies, and now he subscribes, pays in advance, and affirms the CHRISTIAN to be the best religious paper he has seen. In this case the Methodist shows more practical appreciation of primitive truth than the disciple, and this is not a solitary case."

The following is an extract from the South Australian department of the *Southern Baptist*:—"Mannum church has practically dissolved. Not enough loyal members remain to carry on the work. Placing confidence in the profession of a man who asked admission to our ranks, we recommended him to this church, but he used his position to turn the people away from the Baptist faith. He has now gone over to the Church of Christ, and we believe with his help, and under his influence, the majority at Mannum have formed a church of the same order. We have

a high respect for the disciples, and we are sure that such men as Messrs. T. J. Gore, H. D. Smith, and Dr. Verco would utterly condemn the part this man has acted, and the way he still visits Baptists and tries to lead them away from their churches."

If you do not see your subscription acknowledged drop us a post-card at once.

Obituary.

To live is Christ: and to die is gain.—Phil. i: 21.

BROWNE.—Another of our number has been called away to enter into that rest that remaineth to the people of God. On Dec. 4th, at her son's residence at Brim, after an attack of influenza which lasted about three weeks, our beloved Sister Harriett Browne fell asleep in Jesus at the ripe age of 84 years. Sister Browne was baptised by Bro. W. D. Little some 13 years ago at Murtoa, and was a member of that church until Bro. Browne's removal to Brim, when our sister took membership with us, and has been a consistent member of the church here during the last five years, showing her loyalty to her Lord by walking in his footsteps. She esteemed it a precious privilege to be present at the Lord's table, and at all the meetings in the Lord's house, and nothing but illness would cause her absence. During her illness the writer had the privilege of speaking to her and expressing a wish that she would soon be well again and meeting with us in the Lord's house. Her reply was, "I shall not be well again, but I will meet you over on the other side, brother." Her faith and hope was strong in sickness and death. A faithful follower of the Master while here, our sister passed away in the hope of a glorious immortality. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved ones. May they find comfort in the hope of a meeting in that land where death shall never enter.

She shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In that bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come.
In his own good time he'll call us
From our rest to home, sweet home.

H. E. QUIRE.

CRAWFORD.—It is with sorrow that we report the death of our esteemed Sister Crawford on January 11th, in her 22nd year, whom, after a short but painful illness, our heavenly Father thought fit to call home to that haven of rest where we are told there will be no more pain, no more sorrow, no more sighing—that rest to which all the people of God are hastening. Our sister was truly loved by all who knew her. Our earnest prayer is that the comforting arms of our Father may encircle the bereaved.

Sydney.

F. N.

DENFORD.—Bro. S. T. Denford of Petersham whose Sister wife died as reported on December 3rd, has now been called upon to part with his infant daughter aged seven weeks. She breathed her last on January 2nd. Much sympathy is felt with the bereaved father in this additional loss. But is it a loss? The Proprietor has plucked the bud from his earthly garden to adorn his heavenly mansion. Shall the gardener complain?

JOHNSTON.—We are called upon to sympathise with Sister Mrs. Alex. Johnston and her husband in the loss of their first-born, aged four years and eight months, who fell asleep after considerable suffering on 2nd January. May the great comforter of the afflicted grant his consolations to the bereaved.

Safe in the arms of Jesus;

Jesus—the children's friend.

Auckland, N.Z.

Thos. J. BULL.

HALL.—After several months of intense suffering from internal cancer, on Jan. 3rd, our Bro. Benjamin Hall passed peacefully to rest in the Lord. He will be remembered by those members of Grote-st. church, Adelaide, who were gathered in when Bro. H. S. Earl labored in South Australia. Bro. Hall was one of those, and was baptised in '71. He continued in membership till '74. In '87 he resumed fellowship, and with his wife was a regular worshipped until disease prevented. Bro. Hall was of a retiring disposition, but a courteous and well-informed man, and highly respected by personal friends and business men. He was a wood carver, and for 41 years carried on that business in Adelaide. He was the father of a large family, of whom two sons and three daughters are

now living. He had for months faced the prospects of death with complete resignation, and his talk was about Christ and eternal things. His home life was sweet and consistent, and his relatives were deeply attached to him. Sacred to them, and the brethren, will be the memory of this good man.

S.

VICTORIAN MISSION FUND.

Church, Footscray ..	£4	6	8
Fitzroy, per Sister Clydesdale ..	2	0	0
Shepparton ..	2	0	0
Swanston-st. (including 2 friends, 30/-), per Sister Gladish ..	4	2	0
Warracknabeal ..	0	3	6
South Yarra, per Sister Craig ..	1	7	7
N. Richmond, per Sister Morris ..	1	9	7
Wedderburn ..	5	0	0
Bro. W. Baird, Hanson South ..	1	0	0
Bro. Smith and Family, Boort ..	1	0	0
Bro. J. Gilmour, Tallarook ..	0	12	6
Bro. Thos. Potter, Meredith ..	1	0	0
Bro. R. T. Wilson, N.S.W. ..	0	5	0
"M.B." ..	2	0	0
Bro. H. W. Crouch ..	10	19	6
Bro. J. Flood ..	1	0	0
A Brother and Sister, Euroa ..	0	10	0
Bro. and Sister Scott, Euroa ..	0	5	0
Sister M. Harwood ..	0	5	0
Bro. and Sister McClure, Carlsruhe ..	0	10	0
Bro. A. Smith, Nathalia ..	1	0	0
Bro. J. J. Booty, Brisbane ..	3	0	0
Three Members at Croydon ..	0	3	0
Bro. M. W. Green, Cheltenham ..	0	10	0
Bro. W. Hendry, Wedderburn ..	0	10	0
Bro. J. T. Russell, Buangor ..	0	5	0
Echuca, per W. A. Kent ..	6	10	0
Church, Pretoria, S. Africa, per Bro. Oliver ..	0	10	6
Footscray, per Sister N. Livett ..	1	5	0

£53 9 10

ANNUAL COLLECTION.

Swanston-st. ..	£27	9	0
Bendigo ..	13	10	0
Fitzroy Tabernacle ..	10	10	0
Wedderburn ..	6	7	2
Cheltenham ..	5	10	0
Lygon-st. ..	5	0	0
Brighton ..	5	0	0
Berwick ..	4	0	0
North Richmond ..	3	18	2
Hawthorn ..	3	16	6
Ballendella ..	3	14	6
Dunmunkle ..	3	5	0
Doncaster ..	3	1	6
South Yarra ..	2	8	6
Bet Bet ..	2	3	0
Malvern ..	2	2	0
Port Fairy ..	1	19	9
Ascot Vale ..	1	17	3
Shepparton ..	1	15	0
St. Kilda ..	1	15	0
Galaquil ..	1	15	0
Footscray ..	1	14	0
Drummond ..	1	11	6
Warrnambool ..	1	7	0
Echuca ..	1	5	6
Bairnsdale ..	1	2	0
Emerald ..	2	2	0
Kerang East and Murrabit ..	2	2	0
Murrumbidgee ..	1	2	0
Maryborough ..	1	0	6
Toolamba ..	1	0	0
Cosgrove ..	1	0	0
Lillimur ..	1	0	0
Castlemaine ..	0	16	0
Bayswater ..	0	15	9
Collingwood ..	0	15	0
Mount Clear ..	0	14	0
Mooroolbark ..	0	13	0
Yarrawalla ..	0	12	6
Minyip ..	0	12	0
Croydon ..	0	10	9
Hopetoun ..	0	10	0
South Melbourne ..	0	9	9
Elmhurst ..	0	8	0
Bordertown ..	0	6	0
Mildura ..	0	5	0

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R. J. Somerville, Auburn ..	0	5	0
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Collector ..	9	15	1
J. K. Tozer, Tora, Mangawai, N.Z. ..	1	0	0
C. of C. Sunday School, Brunswick ..	0	13	6
Charters Towers, Q. ..	1	6	0
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Visitor ..	0	10	0
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WANTED.

The Evangelistic Committee of South Australia desire to hear from brethren whose services, in the capacity of evangelists, are available for that colony. Intimations and particulars to be received by the secretary, A. M. Ludbrook, Jeffcott-street, N. Adelaide, by Thursday, February 8th.

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