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Poets' Corner.

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

The Web of Life.

Full soon the web of life is spun—
The thread is snapped; the work is done;
And, rising from the whirling loom,
We pass within the larger room
From out the weary din of life,
To where peace overcometh strife;
And in the Master's presence sweet
Lay down our little tasks complete.

But still we'll note with throbs of pain
Where tangled threads made effort vain,
Remembering how grief's heavy seal
Was set, our errors to reveal;
And sadly own, through tear-filled eyes,
That careless hands could ne'er devise
A plan to guide the shuttle right,
Upon life's loom, from morn till night.

So, when, the weaver's heart to cheer,
The Master Workman draweth near
With words of counsel to advise,
And patients fingers, skillful, wise,
He draws the tangled threads apart,
And lays them straight and smooth athwart
The bar then listens, that a call
For help may ne'er unheeded fall.

But when the web at length is spun,
The thread snapped off, the work all done,
The weaver bears it from the loom,
Where, in the sunlit, larger room,
The Master sits, all tasks to scan,
And judge the workers, man by man,
Full joy 't will be if we but hear
The Lord's "Well done" all sweet and clear.

Lillias C. Nevin.

Selected Articles.

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

F. D. Srygley.

[Discourse delivered by T. B. Larimore at the burial of his lifelone friend, benefactor, and biographer, F. D. Srygley, on August 3, 1900, and reported by Miss Emma Page, of Nashville, Tenn.]

When Stonewall Jackson fell, Lee, immortal hero of the "lost cause," said: "I have lost my right arm." Some of us—I am one—lost infinitely more than that when F. D. Srygley fell; and the cause that can never be lost, lost much more than our dear brother ceased to write, to talk, to breathe, than the "lost cause" lost when Stonewall Jackson said, "Let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees," and silently passed to the eternal shore. His life was brief, but eventful and important; his life and labors were such that all the ravages and revolutions

of time can never erase the impressions he made. The present generation may never properly appreciate him, but generations yet unborn shall know his worth and speak his praises. Such is the history of men who have towered above their fellows. A costly monument marks the place where Burns, the peerless bard of Scotland, died in poverty and want, neglected and despised. America's own Washington, known the wide world over and almost worshipped now, was shamefully slandered, bitterly reviled, and relentlessly persecuted, while living as sublimely patriotic and unselfish a life as sage or statesman hath ever lived; and some poetic scribe hath said,

Seven cities strive for Homer dead,
Where living Homer begged his daily bread,

history teaching that each of those "seven cities" claimed the honor of being the birthplace of the blind, old beggar-poet. The heartrending history of the human race is replete with such lessons as these. Few are the flowers, filled with the fragrance of love, we give to the living: many, bedewed with the tears of regret, we give to the dead. Yea, the hand that crushes the living sometimes crowns the dead.

Our beloved friend and brother, Fletcher Douglas Srygley, was born in the hill country of North Alabama on December 22, 1856. In August, 1884, he was born into the church, the family of God' "the household of faith," the fold of Christ.

Believing the Bible with all his heart; perfectly satisfied with the word, the will, and the way of the Lord; hence deeming it his duty, as it was his desire, to be a Christian—"only this, and nothing more"—he never "joined" anything, never belonged to any denomination. He was simply a Christian. It was joy to him to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints"—pure, unadulterated, undenominational Christianity."

His not becoming a Christian when he was a little boy, instead of when he was almost a man, was a natural result of a marvellous cause—a cause that should never have existed. The impression prevailed in that community then that children should not be encouraged to enlist in the army of the Lord. Possibly that same pernicious opinion prevails in some communities now. Why, no mortal may ever be able to explain. Satan may strive and smile to have and see it so, but heaven hath never willed it. The will of heaven should be done.

Some of the sublimest of the sublime servants of the Lord were lambs in the fold of the divine Shepherd of souls in children's happy days. If my information on the subject be correct, Jesse Sewell obeyed the gos-

pel when he was only nine years old; Isaac Errett when he was only ten years old; and David Lipscomb, known and loved, respected and revered, as a veteran of the cross who would die for his convictions any day, when he was only eleven years old. Neither reason, revelation, history, observation, nor experience justifies the thought that children should not be encouraged to obey the Lord.

At Mars' Hill, Ala., on December 22, 1878—his twenty-second birthday—our beloved brother was married to Miss Ella Parkhill, a sweet, Christian girl, scarcely sixteen years old, who made him a good, faithful, helpful, happy wife.

At Hopkinsville, Ky., on December 26th, 1888, he was married to Miss Jennie Scobey, who did her duty as faithful, Christian wife, so lovingly, so tenderly, so wisely, and so well, that his brother, Filo, was constrained to say to me, a few moments ago, "He was an invalid and had been for years when she married him, and I verily believe she added ten years to his life." He never enjoyed perfect health.

More than thirty years ago I went from Nashville, Tenn.—my native state—to Alabama, to Rock Creek, to the now historic Rock Creek meeting-house. My mission was to preach the word. The church there then numbered seven souls. As, the first time, I approached the door of that old log cabin meeting-house—a penniless stranger in a strange land—I saw, standing about thirty feet away, to the right and in front of me, twenty feet from the path I was travelling, and thirty feet from the door I was approaching, a bright, little, black-eyed, bareheaded, barefooted boy, a picture of health, happiness, peace and contentment, perfectly beautiful—to me—then as, on memory's page, now. His cheeks were rosy, his eyes were black. Faultless in form and feature, he stood silent, motionless, and erect.

He was standing there to see the preacher as he passed, probably not caring to ever be nearer him than then. Instinctively I turned toward him, went to him, took his little right hand into mine, put my left arm around him, said something I deemed appropriate to him, and led him into the house. From that day to the day when in the delirium of death, he, suddenly recognising me, enthusiastically grasped me by both hands and thrilled my soul with an expression I can never forget, he was my voted friend.

The body of that faithful friend, than whom no human friend was ever truer, lies, in the silence and stillness of death, before us.

Notwithstanding he was my bosom friend, having and holding my confidence, love and

esteem nearly a third of a century; my constant correspondent a quarter of a century; and, with jealous care, kept watch and ward over me, even as a brave, true husband shields and shelters the wife that he loves, as a fond and faithful mother cares for the babe that she bears, four and twenty years at least, if not, indeed, thirty; he lacked four months and twenty days of being forty-four years old when he went away, closing his eventful career on earth about fifty minutes after midnight, on August 1, 1900—morning of August 2, 1900—a day long to be remembered in sorrow and sadness by those who knew him, and therefore loved him.

As a child he was always submissive, obedient, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, happy and kind. His loving, unselfish devotion to his mother was simply sublime. Where she went he was glad to go; where she was he was glad to be; what she did he was glad to do. He, though never very vigorous, deemed it not a burden, but a blessing, to make a full hand in the field, cultivating crops, and, while others rested, help his mother card and spin, wash dishes and cook—work with her, from parlor to pantry, anywhere and everywhere she went and worked. He simply bore, gladly and lovingly, as much of his mother's burden as it was possible for him to bear. Blessed be the boy who bravely bears his mother's burdens, and so fulfils the law of love.

As a husband, he was what every husband ought to try to be. O. S. Fowler, prince of phrenologists, says, in a chart furnished him long ago: "You will make as good a husband as any man." Those who knew our brother best and loved him most believe the peerless phrenologist tells the truth.

It is probable that no man on earth—even his own father not excepted—knew him more thoroughly or intimately than I, and I believe he always treated his wife and children with all due kindness, courtesy, consideration, and respect. To this, I believe there was never an exception. Blessed be the memory of all such men.

His trust and confidence in Ella, the child wife of his youth, and his trust and confidence in Jennie, who blessed him so much longer than Ella did, were simply what a good husband's trust and confidence in a pure, faithful, Christian wife should be. He told me himself, as others have told me, that in his literary work he rarely permitted anything he wrote to appear in print until he had read it carefully to Ella, when Ella was his wife; to Jennie, when Jennie was his wife; that she might suggest any changes she might deem it important or proper to suggest.

Without an exception, he cheerfully adopted all such suggestions, and he assured me he had never had cause to regret it, while he had often realised that it was a marvellous blessing. He thus, because he believed it would be pleasant, gratifying, and helpful to her, as well as because he needed her help, consulted Ella on the day of her death—the darkest day of his life—and he told me her mind was as clear and her suggestions were as good that day as they had ever been.

Jennie tells me there was one exception to his reading everything to her before permit-

ting it to go to press. He did not, because he could not, read all of his last book to her before it passed from his pen to the press.

I believe this is one reason why he was so anxious to review his last book, in the light and shadow of all that might be said about it. He realised it was his last and he wanted her helpful companionship and counsel in perfecting his last book.

He trusted in, confided in, and relied upon his pure, Christian wife to such an extent, that while she, in her sadness, misses him much, it is not impossible that he had missed her more, had she been taken and he left.

The magnitude of his literary labors was simply marvellous. Few have any conception of the amount of work that he did. Through both secular and religious press he reached the heads and hearts of hosts of the sons and daughters of men. He pressed and impressed through pulpit and press, upon the minds and memories of many—of tens of thousands—intelligent, appreciative people, some points of vital importance, as no other uninspired man is known to have ever pressed and impressed them. He gave thousands of his hearers and readers clear conceptions of the grandeur, glory, and divinity of the church as a divine, not a human, institution, which, though old as the Bible, were practically new.

His literary labors began about twenty-seven years ago—when he was my schoolboy, and were a signal success from the beginning, eliciting complimentary comment from both secular and religious press, and continued till the sweetly solemn summons came to call him to his God.

The preparation of his last book, "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore," for the press was purely a labor of love. He had long contemplated preparing and publishing a series of such volumes, and many had urged him to do so. In answer to an appeal urging him to bring out a book about me and my work, containing some of my sermons, he wrote, ten years ago: "I dislike to do anything he disapproves; but when he is gone, if I outlive him, that shall be the work of my life." Realising that the day of his departure was at hand, he resolved to prepare "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore" for the press, which he did in three months, being inexpressibly sad all the time.

A few hours before he left us he called for a copy of the book. I found it in the hall, near him, and handed it to him. He opened it, looked at it a few moments, mentioned a correction that he said "must be made," closed it, handed it to me, and said: "I would like to live to read it and all that may be said about it by the press, revise it, and perfect it; then, I suppose, my work would be about done. I now think of nothing else I want to do."

The story of his home life should be told, remembered, and appreciated wherever there are homes. Marvellous as were his literary labors, he did not exclude himself from family or fireside to study, read, or write.

Instead of shutting himself up where friend nor wife nor child could bless or kiss

or caress him, he did his home reading, writing, and studying in the family room, with loved ones working, talking, singing, laughing, and playing all around him.

He had to deviate from this delightful rule in getting out his last book, however. In preparing "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore" for the press, he had to examine an immense amount of matter that had accumulated as a result of a continuous, interrupted correspondence embracing a period of about thirty years.

This made it necessary for him to go from the family room—which he reluctantly and regretfully did for the comfort and convenience of his wife and children more than for his own—into the room just across the hall, where he arranged around himself on the floor—the contents of trunks and boxes and drawers of letters and sermons and selections he had to examine.

He felt lonely, sad, and far away from wife and little ones there then; but that separation was necessary, and he made the best of the situation. There, feeling, as he said, that he was writing my obituary and realising that he was prematurely finishing his life work, which was scarcely begun, always busy and always sad, he prepared for the press his last book.

His home has always been an abiding place of peace, purity, and love; absolutely free from the baleful, blighting influence of unhallowed strife, selfishness, affectation, and pride.

Scolding stands close to the head of the list of home curses. Though I have been as intimately acquainted with him and his as a twin brother longer than he has been the recognised head of a home, I have never seen the slightest semblance of sinful strife or heard even one sentence of scolding there. So far as I know, his home has always been free from all such blighting curses. His loved ones at home always received from him, as he received from them, sympathy and succor, instead of censure and scolding.

Once, a few months ago, when he and I were sitting on his front porch about sunset, we heard one of his little boys crying. He asked to be excused, left the porch; returned, after a few moments, with the little fellow in his arms; resumed his seat, and said to the child: "Long ago, in the country called 'Egypt,' lived and reigned a wicked king, called 'Pharaoh,' who commanded his soldiers and servants to kill all the little Hebrew baby boys born in his kingdom. The Hebrews were his slaves. One Hebrew mother, who loved her baby, as your mother loves you, put him into a little basket, etc." Thus he told the story of Moses, while the listening child forgot his troubles and his tears.

His wife tells me that he, when at home, always prepared the boys for bed, immediately after supper, while she prepared the girls. Then, every member of the family, being present, he related some humorous, pathetic, or otherwise interesting story in such a manner as to make it entertaining and instructing to the little ones, as well as to his wife; then they read two or three times as many verses of scripture as there were souls in their little circle—each one who

annual meetings is probably the greatest gathering of representative scientific men the world knows of. At its last meeting the preacher for the occasion was Dr. R. F. Horton, who spoke on the subject of "Science and Religion." Before such an audience, a distinguished scholar like Dr. Horton would weigh well every sentence he uttered. What he said, therefore, on the subject he dealt with would have more than ordinary significance. Here are a few extracts: "Science is only truth about the physical world. Religion is truth about the super-physical world. But truth is one. Its obligations hold in all the worlds. The same duty that bids us accept the truths of religion obliges us accept the truths of science. . . . There is nothing in the world more irreligious than a religion which has become indifferent to truth. . . . But now that it is a scientific duty to be religious seems to be the conclusion to which all thought and knowledge at present point. In arguing this, I think I am only saying with a little more emphasis what the leading men of science say or imply. Haeckel, for instance, has made his confession as a man of science. It is summed up in 'a conviction that there lives one Spirit in all things, and that the whole cognisable world is constituted, and has been developed, in accordance with one fundamental law.' What a stride that seems from the days of triumphant materialism! It is certainly an advance beyond naturalism and agnosticism. . . . I can imagine, he concludes, a time when science will not only require a man to be religious, but will also bid him be a Christian, pointing to the clearest light and surest truth in the realm which is not her own, and reminding him that it is her method also to welcome all truth, and to turn aside from no wonder, however great, if it be a fact." Instead, therefore, of religion and science travelling on parallel lines which never meet, they are seen to be travelling on converging lines, of which the terminus is all ascertainable truth.

Another point in which Mr. Wallace shows his unfitness as a guide in religion and science is found in his reflections upon the conception of God, necessitated by our increased knowledge of the universe through the researches of science. "Time was," he says, "when the unknown regions of infinite space furnished ample room for the conception of God as transcending and enveloping his universe, but as material knowledge has extended its sphere, and the material universe has expanded before it into what, to human capacity, is practically infinity, then a new conception of God is forced upon us." This new conception is that God does

not transcend and envelope his universe. This conception, however, has not even the merit of being new—it is as old as Pantheism. Indeed, it is one of the most illogical propositions we have ever heard from the lips of any man claiming to be a scholar and a Christian. It amounts to this. That inasmuch as astronomy has revealed to us the greatness of God in transcending what we previously knew, therefore he must be less than what we thought prior to our possessing this knowledge. Even a number of fine words cunningly strung together will not hide the transparent absurdity of this proposition. Herbert Spencer, who was not a Christian minister, is a safer guide in this matter than Mr. Wallace, for he tells us—"The belief in a power of which *no limit in time or space* can be conceived is the fundamental element in religion. All philosophers, avowedly or tacitly, recognise this same ultimate truth." Our commonsense should tell us that the larger our views of the magnitude of the world, and the wider our conceptions of its order and beauty, the more exalted must be our thoughts of him who has made and sustained the universe. In the words of John Legge, whose early death left these colonies the poorer in intellectual power—we may say—"And the day will surely come, not precisely such a day as they or we would make, but the day will come when, as we have a true religion, we shall have a true science. Astronomy with its crown of stars, chemistry with its magic wand, geology with its ancient pedigree of past creations, the science of life with all its fairy tales of truth, will come and swell the cry of a happier, a more restful, and reverent age." "Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are all thy ways; who shall not fear thee and glorify thy name."

"And verily many thinkers of this age,
Aye, many Christian teachers, half in heaven,
Are wrong in just my sense, who understood
Our natural world too insularly, as if
No spiritual counterpart completed it,
Consummating its meaning, rounding all
To justice and perfection, line by line,
Form by form, nothing single or alone,
The great below clenched by the great above."

Editorial Notes.

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

Are Sunday Schools Declining.

It has been generally believed that Sunday Schools are increasing in numbers and efficiency and that whatever fluctuations marked the course of other departments of religious work the Sunday Schools, at least, were an ever-growing force for good. But

this belief has received a rude shock in England by the publication of figures by Mr. Howard Evans, which tends to prove a decrease of Sunday Schools. The *Christian Commonwealth* says: "Many friends of Sunday Schools have declined to credit these figures. But there is too much fear that they are accurate." The general secretary of the Sunday School Union, has publicly stated that, "He was bound to say, from the testimony of the heads of the various denominations whom he had consulted, there was a unanimity in believing that there was much truth in what Mr. Evans had alleged." A writer in the *A.C. World* says: The falling off in the Church of England is stated to be 7,000; the Baptists, 7,000; the Calvinistic Methodist 4,300; the United Presbyterians, 1,200; the United Methodist Free Church, 3,000; and other denominations complain of similar losses." The explanation of the *Commonwealth* is that "Every good thing has been subjected to a back-set, during this year of war, jingoism and carnivals. The national fever has even effected the young. And movements like the Boys' Brigades must have encroached not a little on spiritual institutions." It does not appear that the Sunday School is a declining power in America. The writer in the *World* referred to says: "The Presbyterian Church in America, instead of raising so many thousand guineas to celebrate the Twentieth Century, started a movement to secure half a million new scholars for their Sunday Schools. Up to the end of August, 1900, nearly 450,000 new scholars had been enrolled and the effort to secure 500,000 will no doubt be eminently successful." It would be interesting to know if the Sunday Schools of Australasia are retaining their influence over the young, and whether the attendance is keeping pace with the increase of population.

American Finance.

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society of our American brethren celebrated its silver jubilee last month at the Convention in Kansas City, Missouri. Particulars of the meetings are not yet to hand, but we learn that the receipts for the year amounted to £36,000. They set out last year to raise £40,000, and although they did not succeed, they raised £5,470 more than the preceding year, a very material advance. The Church Extension Fund (for assisting churches to build) has reached £50,420, the amount aimed at being £50,000. Besides these are the General or Home Mission Fund and the Women's Christian Board of Missions. Scarcely a third of our American churches contribute to these funds, many objecting to such conventions, and still more merely neglecting to co-operate. Every year, however, marks a very decided

increase in the number of co-operating churches.

Preach the Gospel.

We commend to any preachers who may feel disposed to give the gospel a rest while they preach politics or social reform, the following from the celebrated Dr. Parker as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth*. The general elections in England were exciting great interest, but Dr. Parker said at his usual Thursday morning service on the 4th of last month: "What is it that abides? It is the gospel. I have never preached upon collisions, earthquakes, great railway accidents, or even upon general elections. I let the opportunity go by with great thankfulness. I see that they are calling one another liars, pretenders, hypocrites, and they are just as bad on one side as the other, and I propose to have nothing to do with either of them. I will, endeavour, God helping me, to preach the truth, to lay down great principles, to elevate and sanctify human conduct, and then the result will be seen in the practical life of the nation."

Sunday Closing.

Things are somewhat mixed on this matter in Sydney just now. Fruit and refreshment shops do a good trade on Sunday, a day largely devoted to pleasure seeking in the mother city. Backed up by strong religious sentiment, the police have recently compelled many shops to close. It is urged by the advocates of Sunday trade that as fruit is perishable, fruiterers will suffer by the loss of their goods if compelled to keep them over Sunday, but this argument will apply with at least as much force to the butchers, who find no difficulty in closing. Then it is urged that many of the fruiterers are poor people who could not stand the financial loss involved in Sunday closing. With much greater reason this was urged against the Early Closing Act by the owners of small grocers and drapers shops who are compelled to close at six every evening except one, and to shut one half day in every week. The Early Closing Act is enforced in the interests of the community as a whole, and for the same reason the Sunday closing law should be observed. Those who require fruit on Sunday can easily obtain it on Saturday night, and the small army of men now employed on Sunday in this business could obtain their weekly rest. The Italians and other foreigners are the chief offenders, but their example is followed by Englishmen who contend they are thus bound to keep open in self defence.

Sunday School.

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

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 9TH.

"Bartimæus Healed."

MARK 10: 46-52.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Lord, that I might receive my sight."—Mark 10: 51.

The scene of this lesson opens at Jericho, a city in the valley of Jordan, five or six

miles from the river, and situated on the great highway from across Jordan to Jerusalem. The incident happened about March, A.D. 30. Jesus with his disciples and a great number of people were leaving Jericho for Jerusalem, when a blind beggar, Bartimæus by name, interrupted the procession, not by asking alms, not by an appeal for pity from the crowd, but by calling out to the central figure: "Rabboni, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" Bartimæus was a son of Timæus. Though not being able to see Jesus or the miracles he performed, yet he has unbounded faith in Jesus of Nazareth, for when made aware of Christ's nearness he began to cry out with all the vigor and strength at his command. Many in that throng would have silenced him, but his need was great, his opportunity was now or perhaps never, and too much was at stake to quietly let Jesus pass without an appeal for mercy from him whose hands had cured, healed and restored to sight so many others. Bartimæus reasoned, if he has cured others he can cure me; and it will not be my fault if he refuses my cry. Who ever heard of Jesus refusing a cry of need? The more he was rebuked the more he shouted to the passing Saviour. The scene is changed, those who rebuked him now say: "Be of good cheer; rise, he calleth thee." How Bartimæus listens to the sweet tones of that voice that calls him! How his poor heart leaps for very joy at the anticipation of presenting his need to Jesus face to face! Those who had hindered now make a human avenue through which the blind man hastens to the Master. His prayer for mercy is answered; now Jesus inquires how he can satisfy the blind man's need. Bartimæus, blind, timid, tremulous, without his outer garment, which he had cast aside in his eagerness to reach Jesus, says in reply to his Master's "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" How definite is his request; his cry for mercy was vague, but his petition to the Master now is definite. Sight is restored according to his faith on the Son of David, the Messiah. Grateful, he now follows Jesus, a living testimony of his power, glorifying God for all he had received. There is no doubt that this man not only received sight to his eyes, but that he also had the consciousness of sins forgiven, for only as a forgiven sinner can we expect him to glorify God. Well might he say—

"Once I was blind, but now I can see
The Light of the world is Jesus."

JAS. JOHNSTON.

From The Field.

The field is the world.—Matthew 13: 38

New South Wales.

SEWING BEE.—I am pleased to report the "Sewing Bee" a great success. The sisters took it up very heartily, and showed great interest in the work. On Thursday, August 2nd, 150 sisters assembled, and 18 sewing machines were kept busily going the whole of the day. Altogether 693 yards were cut up into garments, and 270 "Kuratas," 28 skirts, and 8 quilts, were made in the day.

Many sisters gave material, 30 yards of which came

from Sister Butler of Mungindi. Bro. Marcus Clark sent a large parcel of material, and in other ways helped us. Marrickville and Rookwood sisters, not finding it convenient to meet on the day set apart, did their work locally, the Dorcas class at the former place sent 16 garments, the latter 31. Sister Saxby also kindly sent 6, which made a total of 359 garments sent away in the box. It was despatched to India on September 8th.

To all who donated material or money we are very thankful, but I think that our special thanks are due to Sister Elliott, who gave so much of her time, and worked so hard to make the "Bee" a success. We are also greatly obliged to those sisters who loaned machines, and to Sister Gole who paid for the carriage of the same back and forth.

In conclusion, I believe that all who helped felt it was a day well spent, and I am sure if the occasion should arise, when such another "Bee" is required, the sisters will be ready and willing for another day's work.

The following is the Balance Sheet:—Receipts: Collected by Sister Elliott from Sydney sisters, including 10/- from Sydney Endeavorers, £7/1/6; Petersham Dorcas, 5/-; do. M.I. Class, 5/-; do. two sisters, 5/-; Enmore Endeavor, 10/-; Collected, Enmore, 10/-; Rookwood, 5/-; Total, £9/1/6. Expenditure: Material, £7/16/6; F.M. Committee, £1/5; Total, £9/1/6.

On behalf of the F.M. Committee,

EMILY EWERS.

Queensland.

WALLUMBILLA.—Last week our church had the very great pleasure of a visit from R. C. Gilmore, of Roma, with his limelight views. The views on the Life of Christ, accompanied with the splendid address, were both instructive and impressive. Considering it is the busy time of harvest the congregation was good. We have good cause to believe that the seed sown will bring forth much fruit. We are anticipating great things at our brother's next visit.

J.C.

WEST MORETON NOTES.—The half-yearly meeting of the Combined Country Churches of Christ in West Moreton was held at Marburg on the 9th November. Mr. Watkins occupied the chair. After devotional exercises, Bro. Watkins extended a hearty welcome to the various delegates, intimating that he was pleased to see representatives from the Rosewood and Ma Ma Creek churches present.

After the minutes of previous meeting had been confirmed, and the correspondence dealt with, the secretary was instructed to invite correspondence from any brother who is desirous of entering the Master's Service, and prepared to work in conjunction with our present evangelist, whose report will give a very good outline of the work to be done.

EVANGELIST'S REPORT for the period included in MAY 12TH TO NOVEMBER 9TH, 1900:

"During the above period I have travelled a distance of 1,804 miles, 82 of these by rail. During that time I have delivered 111 addresses—57 to believers and 54 gospel addresses. I have paid over 150 visits to members, and about 100 visits to non-members. I immersed eight persons—four at Mt. Walker, three at Rosewood, and one at Spring Creek. I have visited Mt. Walker ten times (including five Sundays); Rosevale eight times (including five Sundays, one of these Sundays being too wet to hold meetings); Marburg eleven times (five Sundays); Vernor five times (five Sundays); Rosewood one Sunday and Sunday night when our baby died; Greendale and Sunday night when our baby died; King's Creek on mount two Sundays; also visited King's Creek on same days; Mount Whitestone 5 visits (two Sundays); Milang six times (no Sundays); Thorriton seven times (no Sundays); West Haldon twice (no Sundays).

Spring Creek twice, no Sunday; Coley-Ville twice (no Sundays. Have celebrated two marriages—one at Bundamba and one at Rosevale.

For the first few weeks my health seemed to be very good, but I have since had such frequent bad attacks of indigestion, etc., as to sometimes seriously interfere with the heartiness of my labors.

I sincerely hope that another man may soon be placed in the field, as one man is utterly unable to do the work with satisfaction to himself or to his brethren. I trust that the Lord of the harvest may soon send laborers into his field. I am very grateful to the brethren and sisters who have so kindly looked after my bodily well being whilst visiting the various centres of labor, and trust that the Lord will reward them for their good deeds. I have, as treasurer, prepared a report with respect to all monies that I have received, for whatever purpose, but I would like to say that some churches have sent money away to various objects direct, so that I could not put down a statement of the amounts they have so sent, and hence they do not get all the credit they deserve for good work done.

Hoping that the next report may speak of much greater achievements in the cause of Christ than have been attained during the past six months.

Receipts to Evangelical Fund from August 12th to November 9th:—

Vernor, £5 3s. 2d.; Mt. Walker, £4; Marburg, £2; Rosevale £2; Milbong £2; Thornton, £1 os. 6d.; Mt. Whitestone, £1; Per Individual Contributions: Bro. A. McGregor Simpson 10/-; Bro. A. Henrickson, Mt. Walker, £1; Bro. Sören Jensen, £3; From Reserve Fund, per brethren W. Pond and W. Sealey, £2; Total contributions from and to above date, £23 13s. 8d.

I regret to state that the above is £10 2s. 2d. less than for the first quarter Brethren wake up.

Mt. Walker—November 13th. WM. BAILLS.

Victoria.

CHINESE MISSION.—The teachers, scholars, and a few friends, of the above held their annual picnic at Preston Reservoir on the 12th inst.

The various sports were entered into with the zest that always characterises the Chinese picnic. Chinese musical instruments were in evidence all day and seemed to compete with the fireworks in point of prominence for first place. A tug of war was twice repeated between three picked scholars and three Europeans, and, after surprising many of the onlookers both in regard to their strength and staying power, the scholars were defeated. Bro. Hagger of South Yarra, who is one of our teachers, supplied the good things for the table, and gave every satisfaction. Just as the sun went down we gathered in a circle and sang "All the Way my Saviour Leads Me"; and after being led by our president in a few words of appropriate prayer we hastened to our train, feeling that the picnic of 1900 had been a decided success.

Nov. 19.

E. M. SIMMONDS.

WARRNAMBOOL.—The seed sown by Bro. Macarthur at Glenormiston is bearing fruit. Yesterday morning, before the meeting, a young man who came down here for the purpose, put on Christ in his own appointed way, and we hear others are to follow shortly.

Tasmania.

LAUNCESTON.—"Veni, vidi, vici." This well-known quotation is *apropos* just now in connection with the arrival from Bendigo of our evangelist, Bro. C. Streader, and family, for as far as can be seen at present, he has won the hearts of the brethren. The female portion of his family suffered much from mal-

de-mer crossing the Strait, but now that they are getting "straightened" up in their new home, they "forget the things that are behind" in the anticipation of joys to come. On Wednesday evening, November 14th, a welcome social was given to our newly-arrived brethren, and a very warm and hearty reception they received. After the usual welcome addresses had been delivered and replied to, a programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through with much credit, the evening's enjoyment was brought to a conclusion by a coffee supper.

Just while writing this, information has come to hand that the Hobart church has lost, by a very sudden death, our esteemed Bro. John Bradley, M.H.A. We extend our sympathy, and pray that this divine dispensation may help each of us to more fully realise the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared at all times for the Master's call.

The annual school picnic was held on Nov. 9th, and passed off very satisfactorily, the weather being fine. A large number of prizes and toys were distributed to the children, who went home tired and happy. May the teachers be encouraged in their good work, is the earnest desire of

THE SECRETARY.

New Zealand.

SOUTH WELLINGTON.—Since our last report things are moving along quietly. The morning service is well attended, and the attendance of strangers at the preaching service in the evening is also encouraging. We have to report three additions by faith and obedience, and one more made the good confession last Lord's Day evening.

Nov. 6.

A. CLARK.

South Australia.

STIRLING EAST.—Since last report we have received one into the church by faith and baptism. On November 1st Bro. Thomas paid us a visit, when he preached on Lord's Day, 4th. On Monday we had a social to welcome Bro. Thomas, and a pleasant evening was spent; chairman, Bro. Taylor. Addresses were given by Brethren S. Page and G. Rudd; solos by Bro. A. Rudd, Sister Dinnis, and Miss Rudd, after which a social cup of tea was handed round; the benediction brought the meeting to a close. Our brother also preached on the 11th, and although there has been no decisions, we trust the seed sown will bring forth fruit.

Nov. 12.

E. TAYLOR.

UNLEY.—Splendid meeting to-night. Two, who last Sunday night confessed Christ, were baptised, and the son and daughter of Bro. John Mann came forward and made the good confession.

On 12th November we held the annual S.S. picnic. Five well-filled drags proceeded to Pile's Paddock, Kensington, where a most enjoyable day was spent.

Nov. 18th.

PERCY STORER.

HINDMARSH.—The Sunday School continued its anniversary on Monday 12th inst. by holding the annual picnic, which has assumed a huge affair, upwards of twenty large conveyances were needed for teachers, children, and friends. These gathered at the chapel buildings in Robert Street at half past eight, and were all seated ready for a start at nine o'clock, for the beautiful grounds of Mr. Everard of the "Black Forest." This lovely spot had been wisely chosen by the S. School management for the camping place, and was distant about four miles along a good road, with a magnificent view of our Mount Lofty ranges. The fair city of Adelaide with her suburbs gently sloping therefrom to the adjacent plains making a charming picture. The day was bright and clear, just a real summers day; but the

sun's hot rays were tempered by the shade. Those monster trees in the "Black Forest" made where child, with teacher, drank in full delight their social joys, from morning until night. All kinds of games such as swinging, jumping, racing, &c. were indulged in throughout the day, with the necessary intervals for lunch and tea. The meals were of the choicest, and were splendidly arranged, each class forming a group of itself. The teacher and his assistants attending to the supply of food for the children. The whole school thus seated on the beautiful green sward formed a sight worth remembering. It was a hard day's work to the teacher, who, however, seemed to thoroughly enjoy it, making it a pleasure rather than a toil. From start to finish we never saw better management anywhere, reflecting credit upon those who worked wisely and well for the happiness of the whole school. We tender our warmest thanks to each and all. We arrived home just as dusk made herself visible, happy and well.

14/11/1900.

A.G.

LOCHIEL.—We held our anniversary on 4th Nov., when we had with us Bros. Pittman and Selwood. Bro. Pittman addressed the church in the morning and delivered the gospel message in the evening, taking for his subject, "Naaman the Leper"; and Bro. Selwood spoke in the afternoon on "Following Jesus." All the meetings were well attended. On Monday evening, 5th Nov., we held our tea meeting, which was also well attended, our sisters knowing well how to provide for the wants of the inner man. At the after meeting Bro. A. Greenshields presided, when Bros. Pittman and Selwood gave short addresses. The meeting terminated with a lantern display of 100 views, from cities and scenes from England, Scotland, Naples, and Victoria, by Bro. Selwood. During the evening there were several well known pieces rendered by the young people which helped to make the time both enjoyable and profitable. We are looking for some fruit in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

J. SELWOOD.

GLENELG.—Good meeting last (Sunday) night; one confession and baptism.

Anniversary Services, next Lord's Day, 25th; Bro. Manning in the morning, Bro. Rankine in the evening. Tea and public meeting on the following Saturday, Dec. 1. "Cheap fares, sea breezes and pleasant company," promised to all who come.

W.A.K.

KERMODE ST., N. ADELAIDE.—The flight of another year was marked by the annual picnic in connection with the united Sunday School of Kermode St. and Prospect, held at Glen Osmond, Nov. 12th. The weather was all that could be desired, and the ride to and fro in vans was much enjoyed by the young folks, who entered with zest into a variety of outdoor games, and gave ample proof that they were perfectly satisfied with the good things provided for them at meal time. The catering committee deserve a word of praise for the satisfactory way they carried out the duties assigned them. During the day a number of visitors availed themselves of the tram service, and a most enjoyable day was spent.

V.B.T.

NORWOOD.—Since our last report four have been received by letter, two formerly baptised, and last night week two made the good confession. Yesterday week was our S.S. anniversary, and we had crowded meetings all day.

On Monday, Nov. 11th, we had our S.S. picnic, which was largely attended, over 500 people being present; a very pleasant day was spent.

Nov. 18.

A.C. RANKINE.

Here and There.

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

Some church news and other matter crowded out. Good meeting at North Fitzroy on Sunday night. One baptism.

Splendid meeting at North Melbourne on Sunday night, and two confessions.

One confession at Brighton on 18th November. Bro. F. M. Ludbrook, preacher.

One confession on Saturday night last at the prayer meeting at North Richmond.

**Home Mission Sunday,
20th Century.
Special Thankoffering,
Lord's Day, January 6th, 1901.
£250 Required.**

Splendid meeting at Swanston-street on Sunday night. Three confessions. Bro. Johnston's subject being "He was a Good Man."

The usual monthly meeting of the Victorian Sunday School Union will be held at Lygon-street Chapel on Monday evening, the 26th inst. Business: General.

The Sunday evening preaching at Geelong has been done for some time past by Bros. Hall and Seedsman. Two additions by faith and baptism recently.

The church in Kaitangata, N.Z., has ordered 240 of the Senior Leaflets on First Principles, and propose to canvass the town with them and preach on the subject each Sunday evening.

Will Sunday School secretaries please remember that if they want the Leaflets on "First Principles," that they must be ordered on or before December 1.

Temperance Day in the churches is due this Sunday, 25th inst. Will preachers and teachers endeavor to awaken our people to the need of a determined and speedy death of the drink fiend.

We hear that D. C. McCallum, who is preaching at Surrey Hills, has accepted an invitation from the N.S.W. Conference Committee to labor for twelve months in the Moree and Mungindi districts, and will commence his work there early in January.

Please will secretaries and others who want the leaflets on First Principles remember that they must be ordered. Do not take it for granted that because you take the Austral leaflets that the ones on First Principles will be sent in their place; they will not be sent unless ordered.

Bro. W. T. Collins, of Williamstown, S.A., gave us a pleasant though hurried call on Monday. Bro. Collins is postmaster in his town, and is on his annual holiday, which he is spending in Melbourne and Sydney. He reports that Bro. D'Nesi is doing good work in Williamstown.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Bro. John Bradley, of Hobart, Tasmania. He was a very old and valued member of the church in that city. We give a few particulars from the secular press, but no doubt we will be furnished with a suitable obituary notice by the church in Hobart.

The Conference Temperance Committee kindly ask the Melbourne and suburban brethren to reserve Friday, 14th December, for a Cantata and Temperance Demonstration to be held in Lygon-street Chapel. Arrangements are made for a really good programme, which will be carried out in Conductor Nat Haddow's best style.

"The sudden death of Mr. John Bradley removes from public life one who could ill be spared. He had none of those glittering superficial qualities that too often attract the multitude, nor did he owe his position as representative of the people to wealth or station. He had worked his way up among the community in which he lived, and, although no orator, but simply a plain-spoken man, with little about him that was attractive, yet the people of Hobart placed him in positions of honor and trust. Mr. Bradley, however, possessed qualities of the more sterling kind, and chief among them was his honesty of purpose and trustworthiness. Imbued with liberal ideas, he did not allow himself to be led away by the clap-trap which too often does duty for argument; but once having made up his mind to a course which he

conceived to be right, he did not swerve from it one iota. "Honest" John Bradley was the term which was often applied to him. It is a homely word, but the man who has fairly won its application has achieved a position of which he might well be proud. It is so rare nowadays to find among our public men one who can thoroughly be trusted. We may differ from him, and he may even oppose our most cherished convictions, but when we come to realise that he does so because he also has his standard of right and wrong, and is prepared to act conscientiously, come what may, we honor while we differ. It was the possession of these qualities which caused Mr. Bradley to be chosen by the Hobart electors as one of their representatives, and which won him the esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. It is not often the electors have the discernment to prefer the man with sterling qualities, but in John Bradley they realised the truth of Pope's imperishable line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."—*Launceston Examiner.*

Obituary.

To live is Christ: and to die is gain.—Phil. 1: 21.

LANGENBERGER—On Wednesday, Oct. 24th, Bro. C. S. Langenberger fell asleep in the Lord, and in the joyful expectation of the rest that remains for God's people. Our brother, who was 24 years of age, was baptised at Unley, S.A., some years ago, and was a faithful, earnest Christian, commending the gospel by his exemplary life. Owing to his parents coming to reside in Victoria, and his own health being feeble, he also became a resident of this colony, and worshipped with the Collingwood church. As consumption was the disease he suffered from, his physical strength gradually faded away, but amid all his weakness he was patient and resigned, and confidently resting in Christ until the call came to him, "Come up higher." M. W. GREEN.

Coming Events.

Observe the time of their coming.—Jeremiah 8: 7.

DEC. 2 & 5.—South Yarra Church and Sunday School Anniversary Meetings in South Yarra Hall, near Station. Wednesday, 5th, Tea 6.30; Public Demonstration at 8. Splendid programme. Reserve these dates.

DEC. 14.—A Grand Demonstration under the auspices and in support of the Conference Temperance Committee will be given by the Christian Temperance Choir, when Darnton's "Song of Creation" will be performed. Principals: Miss Nellie McLelland, Mr. W. G. Barker, and Mr. Sidney Pittman. Mr. James Johnston, L.B., will give the elocutionary and descriptive portion of the work, and during the interval Major Reay, M.L.A., will deliver a short address. Chairman, Mr. W. C. Morro, B.A.; Conductor, Mr. Nat Haddow; Pianiste, Miss Jeannie Dickens. Admission free; Collection in support of temperance movement. To be held in the Lygon-street Chapel, at 8 p.m.

NOV 29.—Thursday. A Home Missionary Meeting will be held at Hawthorn, to which all are cordially invited. Good speakers. No collection.

IN MEMORIAM

SYMES.—In sad and loving memory of my dear husband and our dear father, George Symes, who passed away at his residence, Harcourt, on November 17th, 1899, aged 57 years. A good husband, a kind and devoted father.

So sadly missed.

A life made beautiful by kindly deeds;
A generous heart and hand for sorrow's needs;
A smile that chastened grief by its warm glow;
A tear not for his own but others' woe;
A presence making sunshine where he trod;
Glad with the happy resting now with God.

Inserted by his loving wife and daughters.

BAKER.—In loving remembrance of our beloved daughter, Edith Emily, who departed this life to be with Jesus, November 25th, 1899.

Though sad we mark the closing eye
Of those we loved in days gone by:

Yet sweet in death their latest song—

We'll meet again—'twill not be long.

T. H. AND E. E. COWLEY.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Amounts received as under:—

Per S. Burt—		
S Burt, Tumby Bay ..	£0	10 0
J. J. Lawrie ..	0	5 0
Friend ..	0	2 6
N Lawrie ..	0	2 6
N. Lawrie ..	0	2 0
(Above amounts were received in August, and not acknowledged.)		

QUEENSLAND.

Proceeds Tea Meeting at Zillmere, per C. M. Fischer ..

Coll. by Kate Browne, Roma ..	8	10 0
Mission Band, Boonah ..	1	10 0
Coll. Card, Boonah ..	0	10 6
Chain Letter per Miss Pfrunder, Boonah ..	0	7 6
NEW ZEALAND.		
School, South Dunedin ..	0	2 0

VICTORIA.

Sis. Jones, North Carlton ..	1	14 6
	0	10 0

NOTE.—Any money not required for relief of famine the Committee propose to devote to the support of orphans left to the care of our missionaries in India as a consequence of the famine. Bro. Drummond writes to say that at one station they expected to have the care of 500 orphans.

VICTORIAN MISSION FUND.

E. E. Hill, St. Kilda ..	1	0 0
Three members at Croydon ..	0	3 0
Sister Black, Macorna ..	0	10 0
F. G. M. Apollo Bay ..	1	15 0
Church, Barker's Creek ..	7	10 0
Church Lillimur ..	6	5 0
Church Kaniva ..	2	15 0

£19 18 0

J. A. DAVIES, Treas.,
"Milford," Church-st.,
Hawthorn.

M. McLELLAN, Sec.,
233 Drummond st.
Carlton.

To Subscribers.

A. Roy, 4/2; Mr. Glaisher. J. Patterson, Mrs. J. Gallie, 5/-; Miss McLelland, 10/-; Jos. Wright, 14/6.

1901

is the first year of the

TWENTIETH CENTURY

and of the

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH,

And so is a year whose history will be of far-reaching effect. During the year that is gone the

AUSTRALIAN CHRISTIAN

Has been much improved, and the circulation has gradually gone up. For two years now we have, about this time, made

A Very Special Offer.

Which we have found to work well, as it encouraged both our patrons and ourselves—our patrons to pay, and us with the

READY CASH.

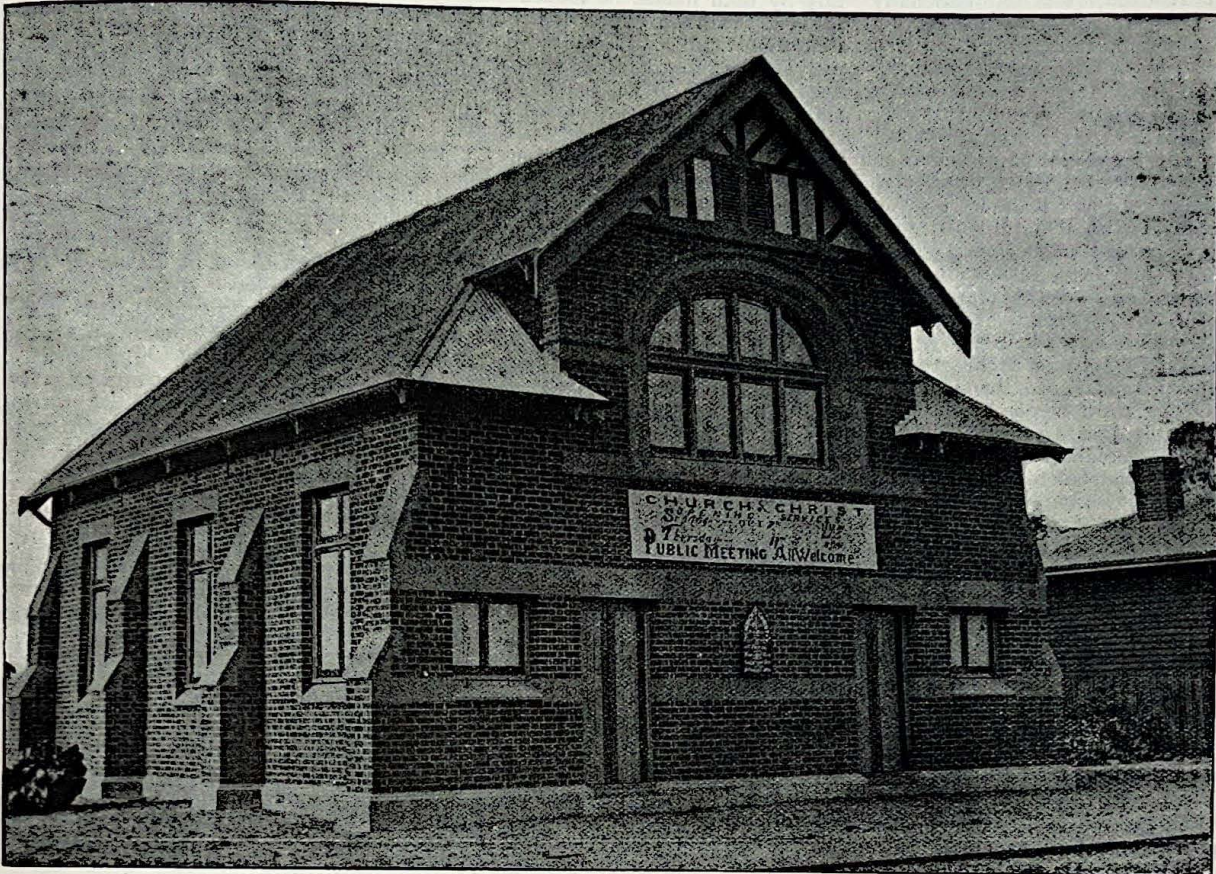
In the light of past experience, we make the following offer:—To everyone paying their subscription in full for 1901, whether 5/- or 7/-, we send post free any one of the following books:

Life of Campbell (cloth),
(Or 2 Copies in Paper),
Out of the Desert (cloth),
Truth in Love (cloth),
Elements of the Gospel (cloth),
The Way (cloth).

Remember that the amount must be paid in full and free from exchange, and that the offer applies to either old or new subscribers, whether receiving through an agent or direct. In the case of old subscribers all arrears must be paid up to Jan. 1st, 1901. Besides this, all new subscribers will be furnished with the paper from the time subscription is received up to the end of the present year free of charge.

This offer will close absolutely on 19th January, 1901.

Printed and Published by the Austral Publishing Co.,
528 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne.



New Chapel at Subiaco, W.A.

Photo by Hart Co., Perth

could read, reading; and father or mother reading for each one who could not read, it being thus understood that even baby read as many verses as papa read.

The reading over and comments finished, the entire circle knelt, the baby in its mother's arms excepted, while a fervent prayer went up from that happy home to God; then the children were put to bed, and father and mother talked and worked till nearly "noon of night." If you think such a life is not above reproach and adverse criticism, please ask yourself the question: "How much better is the life that I am living?"

Long ago he said to me: "I am going to write me a book some time." Many a time did I mention that book to him, reminding him of the importance of writing it without delay; and in January, 1900, when he was wanting my permission to publish the last book he ever prepared for the press, I insisted that he should write his book first. His heart was set on the other, however; but while preparing it for the press and keeping up his other literary labors, he wrote three chapters of his book—a work that no mortal can ever complete. I believe his book had been completed it, would have astonished, delighted, and blessed the world and the church.

The warp of that book was to be a beautiful, pathetic, love story; the woof, the teaching of the Bible, relative to the origin, unity,

grandeur, glory, perpetuity, divinity, design; and destiny of the church, the church of Christ, the church of God, the church of which we read in the word of God.

As is well-known, he believed and taught the church to be a divine, not a human, institution, of which every child of God on earth is a member by virtue of the new birth; and, therefore, claimed every other Christian on earth as his brother or his sister "in the Lord."

He believed the name, the nature, the nativity; the doctrine, the discipline, and the destiny, of the church are all clearly revealed in the love light of God's eternal truth; that all God's children should be one, should be Christians—"only this, and nothing more"—and that all Christians should "love one another with a pure heart fervently."

All these things—the law of induction into the kingdom of Christ, the law of the Christian life—and many other things of thrilling importance—creation, redemption, and salvation—were to be woven into that book, his book, the wonderful book that he never wrote, the book that can never be written.

Early in this year—a few weeks before his death—he went to Coal Hill, Ark., the home of his father and mother after their removal from their dear old Rock Creek, Ala., home. There, in the room to which he took his beautiful bride immediately after his second marriage, which was their home during the

first year of their married life, and in which he kissed his mother good-bye the last time he ever saw her, he wrote his wife the sweetest, and me the saddest, letter he ever wrote. To me he wrote: "I cannot stay here long: it is too sad."

That was his last missionary tour. He tried to preach at Marianna, Ark., but Dr. Robinson and others, knowing he was in a dying condition, sent him home.

At home, immediately after his return, he wrote me: "The doctors sent me home from Arkansas—sick. They say I must not try to preach. I cannot meet you in Murfreesboro on June 30, as I hoped. We will be glad to have you in our home whenever you can come."

He preached from the pulpit as long as he could—longer than physicians deemed proper, longer than prudence would permit. Through the press he preached as long as he lived. In our hearts and in heaven he shall continue to live. Through the press he continues to preach. His influence may preach forever.

He believed and preached that "owe no man any thing, but to love one another" (Rom. 13: 8) applies to money matters, as well as to other things. He practiced what he believed and preached. M. H. Meeks, his life-long friend, confidant, and legal, as well as business, advisor, says there are no complications in his business affairs. It is not known or believed by those who knew him best and loved him most that he left one

penny unpaid. If he did, it was unintentionally done; but it is scarcely possible that he did. Moreover, if he did, that penny will be promptly paid.

His writings were strictly—and, to some, sometimes seemed severely—scriptural, as well as intensely logical; and, while they were sweet and precious to those who knew and loved him, some who felt the force of his logic, the facts he related, and the scripture he quoted, sometimes thought him unkind. Though I knew him long, intimately, and well, I never heard an unkind expression fall from his lips—never. A brother once said to me: "In this week's *Advocate*, Srygley says Bro. — has lied." I was sure the brother was mistaken, but I examined the paper to see. Without one word of comment, Bro. Srygley had simply quoted two brief paragraphs from the pen of Bro. —, either of which positively contradicted the other. That was all. This is a sample of Bro. Srygley's hard sayings. To his writings I appeal for proof. Read what he wrote, that you may know what he said. Please permit him, our brother and friend, to speak for himself.

Christianity, pure and simple, is the religion he practiced, preached, and professed. The Bible is the only book he regarded as authority in religion. How often he read the Bible through, from beginning to end, no mortal knows; but it is known that he read it through consecutively ten times during the last ten years of his life—once each year.

He labored as an evangelist, principally among the poor, with whom he always sincerely sympathized. He said: "The Saviour preached to the poor. It was one of the proofs that he was the looked-for Messiah that the poor had the gospel preached to them. The rich are able to pay for preaching, and many of them have more preaching than they are willing to hear. I want to preach the gospel to the poor; they need it and appreciate it, and in preaching to them I do as my Saviour did."

I thank God that his providence permitted me to spend the last week of our dear brother's painful pilgrimage through this world with him and his sorrowing family. I started home once. He did not protest. Had he done so, I would not have started. A few moments before I started, he said to me: "We have parted many a time, parted to meet again: but when we part this time, I think we part to meet no more." I started, but returned. I could not go. I am sorry I started. I knew not what to do. I thought I had to go. It was so sad to see him suffer, so hard to see him die. I thought we could not give him up. We all did for him all we could; we tried to do the right.

A few hours before his death—after he had been unconscious several hours—Bro. Scobey said to him: "Brother Srygley, Brother Lorimer has come; here is Brother Lorimer." He open his eyes wide. At first he looked startled. The next moment he looked surprised—astonished. The look that immediately supplanted that—his last conscious look—was a radiant expression of rapturous delight that swept me back to the joyous days of his innocent childhood. He was in a gently reclining position; he could not lie prostrate. Grasping me enthusiastic-

ally by both hands, he looked steadily into my eyes with an expression of tenderness that almost talked. I said: "do you know me, Brother Srygley?" He said: "Yes." I said: "How do you feel?" He said: "I feel good." Then he closed his eyes and relapsed in an unconscious state that lasted till, without a struggle, he simply ceased to breathe.

Our brother left, to lament their loss, while in loneliness living without him, a wife, who tenderly loves him; Jeffie, Ella's only living child, about eighteen years old; James S., nine; Fletcher D., six; Sarah Alice, five; Augusta, three; Jean, the baby, only eight months.

Ella sleeps in the cemetery at Savannah, Tenn.; little Mamie lies in the family graveyard at Mars' Hill—my home—four miles from Florence, Ala.; and the body of the mother our beloved brother so tenderly loved rests at Coal Hill, Ark.—no two in the same State, and all sleeping among strangers, far away from home and loved ones.

His body is to await the resurrection morn in Mount Olivet—Nashville's beautiful cemetery—the only city of the dead I have ever seen that looks, not lonely and gloomy, but bright and attractive to me. There would I bury all my dead and there would I be buried, if I could.

Though always armed with sparkling wit, charming humor, and ready repartee, our beloved brother was no exception to the rule: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." He was no exception to the rule: "Man was made to mourn." He has ceased to suffer; we are left to mourn. Let us all so live that, "some sweet day," we may meet him and know him and love him in that love-lit land of pure delight, where sorrow is unknown.

Biographical.

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

Life of Elder John Smith.

CHAPTER XIX.

One would misconceive the object of John Smith's preaching to suppose that he wished to build up a new sect, by means of a schism in the North District Association. He still preached and proselyted as a member of the Baptist Church; and those who, under his teaching, had renounced the Calvinian theory of conversion, still lived in formal, if not cordial, fellowship with those who stood resolutely by the old church covenants. True, the two parties were incessantly discussing the new issues; but neither, in the beginning, dreamed of a separation. One was laboring in reform; the other, to reclaim. Smith hoped that all his brethren would one day accept the ancient gospel, and adopt the ancient order of things; many of them, on the other hand, looked on his abandonment of the old paths as an error from which he would soon turn, with all whom he had led astray.

He was, for awhile, much embarrassed by this state of things; and he anxiously wished for the day to arrive when all the congrega-

tions, like that at Spencer, would admit to baptism a penitent believer on the simple confession of his heartfelt faith in Jesus. Until that time should come, he boldly preached the gospel in the word of Peter, and raised no strife with his brethren about the examination of candidates for baptism—satisfied that those whom he instructed in the way of the Lord, would relate no experience at variance with the doctrine that faith comes by hearing the Word of God.

At length an incident occurred at one of his meetings, in the spring of 1828, that relieved him of all further embarrassment in this matter. He was preaching in the woods, on the banks of Slate Creek, in Montgomery County, to a great multitude of people, that had come together from every quarter to hear him. At the close of his discourse, he invited any that believed with the heart that Jesus is the Christ, to come forward and confess that faith before man. Two or three at once presented themselves, and, as usual, gave a brief history of the change through which they had passed. There was present on that occasion, Colonel John T. Mason, who had come out from Virginia, some time before this, and purchased an interest in the iron works on Red River. He was an intelligent gentleman, a lawyer by profession, the father of Governor Mason of Michigan, and justly esteemed one of the first men in Kentucky. He had often heard John Smith contrast the "ancient gospel" with the systems of the day, and he well understood the nature of the reform that was now urged.

When the invitation was extended a second time to believers, Colonel Mason arose in the congregation, and, with much dignity of manner, said:

"Mr. Smith it is my wish to be a Christian, and I now present myself for that purpose. I do not wish, sir, to blunder at the start. I could tell you much concerning the workings of my mind in reaching my present conclusion, but I do not believe that such a statement is divinely required as a condition of baptism. I believe, with all my heart, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and upon this simple declaration I wish to be immersed."

The preacher, grasping him warmly by the hand, replied:

"I thank you for this, Colonel Mason, I have long been convinced that there is nothing in the Book that requires a sinner to tell all the workings of his guilty conscience, before he can lawfully be baptised."

He now exhorted the people to wait no longer for miraculous visions or changes; but, if they believed in Jesus the Messiah, to arise and be baptised for the remission of their sins, calling on the name of the Lord.

A dozen persons or more arose, and, following the example of Colonel Mason, were forthwith immersed in the waters of Slate Creek. From that day Smith never received an experience again.

A heresy that thus seemed to deny the influence of the Spirit on the heart of the sinner, was, to many, no better than infidelity itself. Under the name of *Campbellism*, it was stigmatized as a cold, proud, and unspiritual system of religion that flattered the unregenerate with the promise of the Holy Spirit and of heaven, on the condition of an historical faith, a worldly repentance, and a baptism of water!

In opposing the doctrine of regeneration by the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, and advocating that of life through the belief of the truth, he offended not only thy Calvinist, but the Arminian also; and it was not long till he found himself assailed on all sides by Methodists and Presbyterians as well as Baptists.

Correspondence.

I also will shew mine opinion.—Job 32: 10.

The Open Membership Drift Among the American Churches.

In the issue of 8th November, in your reply to Bro. R. Burns, one paragraph is devoted to the American churches, and you find among them an "evident drift" towards open membership, and as proof cite the example of two churches. I do not wish to become a party to the dispute between yourself and Bro. Burns, but I do desire to correct an error into which you have fallen regarding these churches in the United States. You say—"A short time ago the largest of our churches in St. Louis divided on the question of membership—one section becoming an open membership church." The cause of the division in this church was the repudiation, by one section of the congregation, of the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. At the close of a sermon, in which such doctrines were advocated, a number of members arose and announced their determination of calling for their letters. A division in the church followed. The party that adhered to the preacher ceased to affiliate with our brethren, and chose the name of the "Unsectarian Church." Ever since this preacher and his body have been recognised as Unitarians. The question of baptism never came up in the dispute. As my home is not far from St. Louis, and I well recall the circumstances, I can speak from knowledge. There is no open membership church in St. Louis. The other case you cite is a church in Cleveland, Ohio, which you say "declared itself in favor of open membership, and is now practising the same." This church never declared itself in favor of open membership, and is not now, nor did it ever, practice the same. These are the facts:—The congregation one Sunday morning was surprised to hear the preacher declare that, in his opinion, we made too much of a barrier out of baptism. Some of the members agreed with him, but, on the whole, it created about as much stir as the proclaiming of the same doctrine would in one of our Melbourne churches. The preacher was giving utterance to an immature judgment, for a few weeks later he admitted that he was hasty, confessed his error, and *recanted*. He reached his conclusion by such soundly Biblical reasoning as the following:—"We are baptised into Christ; in Christ, in the church; therefore we cannot be members of the church unless we are baptised. This is now the position of the preacher, and it has ever been that of the church. It never admitted one soul to its membership without baptism, nor have I ever heard of any church in the United States doing so. This up to the

present is the high tide of this "evident drift" of the American churches toward open membership, and it has subsided long ago. The facts concerning this Cleveland church are well known to Bro. Jas. Johnston, and it was he that supplied them to me. He heard the preacher give his reasons for coming back to the old paths.

I repeat that I have not written this to become a party in the dispute between yourself and Bro. Burns. I have written this prompted by a desire for justice toward the brethren of my own native land. I feel that your statements will cause many of the Australian brethren to regard the churches in America as unsound on the subject of baptism. Too many already believe them half-heretical, and I regret anything that will widen the breach. I desire that the bands of unity between the churches of the two lands may be tightened rather than loosened. Every Australian who has been in America will join with me in saying—and I am persuaded you will also say—that our brethren over the sea have never once wavered in proclaiming baptism as a command of the Lord, and by obedience to it we are brought within that circle wherein we receive the blessings of Christ's life and death, blood and body.

W. C. MORRO, B.A.

[We likely know as much of the two cases named, and of American churches in general, as either Bros. Morro or Johnston. Before we get done, this will likely appear. We have a distinct recollection of reading the discussion in the St. Louis case, and the impression now on our minds is that it was a question of general doctrinal looseness in which that of membership was involved, but as we have not the facts now before us, we grant for the time being that Bro. Morro is right and that we are wrong. As to the other case, it happens to be different. Bro. Morro says: "This church never declared itself in favor of open membership, and is not now, nor did it ever practice the same." In the *Standard*, of Oct. 5, 1895, Robert Moffett, one of the most widely known and esteemed brethren in the United States, and who lives in Cleveland, says:—"It becomes our painful duty to record the fact that the Cedar Avenue Church, of this city, has 'gone out from us, because they were not of us.' We have been hoping for more than a year that a man so good and so sensible as H. R. Cooley, would come to see how utterly untenable his position; and for this reason we have said very little about it. But the time has come to speak out. Last Sunday Bro. Cooley felt called upon to vindicate his action—seconded by his congregation—in admitting to membership several persons who had not obeyed the Lord in baptism." Our readers can judge of this matter themselves. In speaking of the sermon delivered on the occasion, Mr. Moffett says, "There are signs all through the sermon that Bro. Cooley is ready for a much larger fellowship, even to the acceptance of infant sprinkling, and, in fact, no baptism at all, provided the applicants seem to live devoted lives." Bro. Johnston thinks this was a matter of a passing fancy. R. Moffett says that this peculiar doctrine was being advocated for more than a year before the crisis came, and E. L.

Farzier, writing in the *Standard*, of Jan. 25, 1896, nearly four months afterward, says:—"A church of our kind in Cleveland is receiving into membership some who have not been immersed, but have had water sprinkled on them for baptism." Again, in the *Standard* of March 21, 1896, nearly six months after, a letter appears from F. M. Rains, treasurer of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, refusing to accept a contribution of \$50 from this Cleveland Church, lest it "would be regarded as an endorsement of the course of the church." Now this preacher and church may have recanted, but we have for years read very carefully all our American church papers, and we have seen no record of it. We shall only be too happy to know that this is the case. If we have not proven our statement, there is nothing in evidence. Bro. Morro says he has never heard of any church in the United States receiving the unimmersed. We have; and as we have the facts just now before us, we will give them. In the *Standard* of 16th February, 1896, a paragraph appeared to the effect that "reports of irregularities in the region of New York City, in the way of receiving the unimmersed into church," had reached them. To this paragraph B. B. Tyler replied. He says: "There are six small congregations, supposed to be congregations of the disciples of Christ, in New York City and vicinity." Speaking of the church on 119th-street, he says: "The pastor says that they receive unimmersed persons into the fellowship of that church." Of the church in Brooklyn, he says: "There are reports, and I partly believe them, that the church of Christ on Sterling-place, in Brooklyn, receives the unimmersed into its fellowship." Then he concludes: "Four of our churches in New York and vicinity conform to the New Testament teaching in the reception of persons into church fellowship; one certainly, and one probably, does not." We know from other sources that the church in Brooklyn, at least at one time admitted the unimmersed into its membership. We leave our readers to judge as to who is right. —Ed.]

"On the Rock," which for some time we have not had in stock, is now ready again to go out on its mission. Paper, 6d.; cloth, 1/-.

F. D. Srygley was one of our leading brethren amongst the disciples in the southern part of the United States. We have been greatly influenced and helped by his writings. In this issue we publish an address delivered on the occasion of his funeral. We hope all will read it, as we are sure they will find it helpful and suggestive.

A brother in South Australia referring to the correspondent of West Australia who criticised the tract for saying that there were countless millions of worlds, maintains that the Bible teaches that there are other worlds than ours, and quotes Heb. 1: 2; 11: 3 in support of his contention. He also thinks that there may be inhabitants on them. So there may be, but we know absolutely nothing about the matter, and it is perfectly useless to speculate about the subject. The South Australian brother advises the West Australian brother to read Dicks' "Solar System," a small book which can be bought for 2/-.

THE Australian Christian.

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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 New Theory of God.

Quite recently, at the annual meeting of the church of England, Sir John Madden gave some excellent advice to the "clergy" of that organisation. Among other things he advised them to keep more to their own particular domain in the matter of preaching. He was of the opinion that the effectiveness of a preacher depended to a large extent on his preaching the simple gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and deprecated the proneness of modern preachers to wander into fields not immediately connected with theological interests. To a certain extent we can endorse the remarks of Sir John Madden. But while admitting that the preaching of the gospel must be the ordinary and habitual practice of the preacher—that Christ and him crucified must be the pre-eminent theme—yet there are times when our religious teachers are called upon to grapple with scientific, social and other problems, in so far as they touch upon the religious sphere of operations. And in fairness to many of the gifted preachers of this and other days, it must be admitted, that in touching upon such subjects from the standpoint of religion, they have succeeded in placing them in their true perspective, and have given them a unity in the general scheme of things which otherwise they appeared to lack. In other words, they succeeded in showing that between, for instance, true religion on the one hand, and true science on the other, there is no necessary antagonism but a real and substantial unity. It sometimes happens, however, that preachers of the gospel in dealing with ques-

tions relating to religion and science, manifest asomewhat indecent haste in subordinating the the former to the theories of the latter, besides showing that they fail to appreciate what seems to be an evident fact, that the antagonism which once prevailed between them is gradually, but surely, giving place to a more friendly feeling. An example of this failure is afforded in the sermon recently delivered by the ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly. This sermon has excited considerable interest and was considered to be of sufficient importance to find a place in the columns of the *Argus*. That it has certain merits no one will deny, but that it is a satisfactory statement of the question dealt with, is a proposition we are not prepared to accept. On the contrary it appears to us that some of the positions assumed are neither new nor true.

The title of the sermon is "The New Theory of God." In dealing with this theme, Mr. Wallace took for his text, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him" Psalm 25: 14. He defined the "secret of the Lord" as being the truth about God's existence and about his character and will, and that to get an intelligent conception of this secret was the end and aim of all religion. And in so far as the sermon emphasises the fact that God reveals himself to those devout souls who earnestly seek him, it emphasises a point that is patent to the consciousness of all sincere Christian men and women. And this thought is, without doubt, the main thought of the sermon. It occupies the largest place in it, and had it been confined to the enforcement of this truth, we should have simply recognised the fact that Mr. Wallace was voicing the sentiments of all holy men, from the time of the Psalmist down to those of the present day. In this respect there is nothing new about the "theory of God." It is when he touches upon the domain of science that we find ourselves compelled to part company with him, and to insist that he is mistaken in representing the present trend of scientific thought as being in the direction of Agnosticism. It is not in accordance with fact to say, "With all his profound study of the processes of nature; with all his discoveries in the laws that regulate these processes; with all the clearness with which the doctrine of evolution has revealed the unity of animated nature, from the lowliest organism up to man, its head, the scientist, as scientist, has not come one step nearer to God as the author of nature." It will help us to understand the incorrectness of this statement, if we first of all define what science is. Science, according to Dr. Noah Porter, is first of all an *interpreter*. "Though it begins with facts, it

does not end with facts. Though it begins with the seen, it looks beneath the visible and strives after the invisible. So soon as it compares and explains, it connects phenomena and interprets events by forces and laws, by hypotheses and theories. Let it test its theories by experiments a thousand times repeated, what it tests is something gained by interpretation, that is something not seen but believed. Following the unseen along the lines of interpreting thought, into the very presence of a thinking God." And it is this great fact that Mr. Wallace ignores. In effect, he tells us that science has nothing to say about God, whereas he ought to have known, that the chief discovery of modern science is the discovery of God.

This discovery may not have been announced in the precise terms of the Christian apologist, but it has been announced nevertheless. Let us hear what some of them say. Dr. Carpenter, as president of the British Association, said: "Whilst the deep-seated instincts of humanity, and the profounder researches of philosophy, alike point to *mind* as the one and only source of power, it is the high prerogative of science to demonstrate the unity of that power, which is operating through the limitless extent of the universe." "The belief," says Herbert Spencer, "in a power of which no limit in time or space can be conceived is the fundamental element in religion. All philosophers, avowedly or tacitly, recognise this same ultimate truth." Professor Huxley, in speaking of miracles, says: "Atheism is absurd, and denying the possibility of miracles is as unjustifiable as atheism." Wallace, who with some important distinctions stands side by side with Darwin in reference to the origin of species, says: "It does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be *will force*, and that the whole universe is not merely dependent on but is the will of one Supreme Intelligence." A gifted writer in the *British Quarterly* of some years back, says: "We shall find our scientific men, under the leadership of their most philosophical leaders, accepting something like this—that the super-natural is the cause of the natural; and if they go thus far, they cannot long withhold their assent to the theistic views of the Christian." Extracts of this nature might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough have been given to sustain our proposition. But, in addition, it is worthy of note that the British Association at its annual meetings makes a rule of inviting some distinguished preacher to take part in its proceedings in the delivery of a sermon and the conducting of religious services. The British Association in its

Temperance.

Wine is a mocker.—Proverbs 20:1.

"Papa, You Will Vote for Prohibition First. Won't You?"

HARRY BENTON.

(Continued.)

"I wonder why temperance is never the main issue?" questioned Ruth. Then she thoughtfully added: "Probably the 'issues' are made to order."

Time glided swiftly by. The day of election was over and the returns were coming in. The chilly November night drove the people from off the streets. At a late hour the stores were closed, at which time Harold and Guy Adamson started for home. As they went up the street they came before a well-lighted room. The screen doors swung in and out at the touch of many. As the two young men stood before it, Harold said:

"Let's venture in, Guy. Everybody else is going."

"But, Harold, I wonder what father and mother would say?"

"Oh, I guess they would not object, I don't believe saloons are as bad places as they are said to be. The folks used to tell us every few weeks that we must not go near them; but since we have grown older, and there is temptation to go in, they never say much about them. Guess it is all right for fellows as old as we are to go in, or the folks would continue their warning."

"Yes, Harold; and you know father did not vote for prohibition this time. If the saloons are not bad enough to vote against, they are not too bad for us to go in, and there is no other place for us to go and get the news tonight. This is a respectable saloon. You know the bartender's wife sings in the choir down at the new church."

As they thus reasoned, three cheers for one of the candidates sounded from inside the saloon. At this critical moment the bartender chanced to look through the screen, and when he saw the boys almost persuaded to enter, he stepped out with a winning smile and said, "Come in, boys, there's no use freezing out there. We have got all the latest news, red hot off the wire, free lunch, good music, lots of fun; come in."

They went—of course they went—for when the devil says "come," it is the arm of Christ alone that can resist.

The brilliantly illumined bar-room was almost dazzling. There was not a piece of furniture in the room that was worn or marred. The costly paintings adorning the walls showed great artistic skill, skill disgracefully coupled with obscenity. These would attract the eyes of the artist.

To be Continued.

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