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PASTORAL VISITING.*

BY REV. E. M. GREEN, D. D.

WHILE preaching is the chief work, it is by no means the only work of the ministerial office. In order to perform the duties of his calling with any measure of fidelity, the pastor must come near to his people—nearer than he can get in the pulpit. It is the “house-to-house” part of his work that brings him and his message into closest contact with them. Not only does pulpit work need to be supplemented by personal work, but his intercourse with his people in their varied and often striking experiences develops to the pastor’s view innumerable applications of divine truth, sometimes new and surprising; the experimental knowledge thus acquired he carries back with him to his study and his closet, and subjecting it to the crucible of his own thoughts, he seems to get a new message from on high; then carries that message into the pulpit, prepared to preach with unwonted appropriateness to their real necessities. The best sermons are not manufactured in the study; they are born amid the throes of pastoral sympathy.

The pastor must know his people—know them all, old and young; and there is no way in which this can be done so well as seeing them in their homes. He must cultivate their affections, drawing them to himself, that thereby he may draw them to Christ. He should feel, and lead them to feel, that he is one with them in heart, and in those great interests of the soul which bind men closest together—one with them not only in church

*Part of an address to the students of Union Theological Seminary, May 28, 1899.

HOW TO REACH THE KLONDYKE.

BY EDWARD O. GUERRANT, D. D., WILMORE, KY.

THOUSANDS of men, and not a few women, have anxiously asked that question in the last few years. It is very far, over long stretches of snow-clad mountains and dangerous rivers, without public conveyances, hotels, or accommodations of any kind. Hundreds of men have lost their lives in trying to reach that golden Eldorado in the frozen Arctic regions.

Yet they got the answer; and any railroad or ship agent will tell you how to reach the Klondyke. The man or woman who wants to go there can soon learn how.

But to reach the Klondyke he must not stop at Fort Wrangle, nor Juneau, nor be deterred by the terrors of the Skaguay Pass, nor frightened back by the dangers of the White Horse Rapids of the Yukon. The Klondyke is beyond all these, and more. The difficulties are not in knowing *how* to reach there, but in being willing to undergo the hardships.

Yet the question, "How to reach the masses," is still debated seriously in church courts and conventions, and asked, strangely enough, by those who were commanded by the Great Captain, many years ago, "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

One would think it was a hard way to find, after all these hundreds of years of search, and yet the answer is as easy as the question, how to reach the Klondyke, and much easier to do.

The Saviour found no difficulty in reaching the masses. He simply *started and went to them*. He received them, and ate with them; preached to them; walked and talked with them, healed their sick; bound up the broken-hearted; comforted those that mourned; fed the hungry; wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with them that rejoiced. No wonder the "common people heard him gladly." He loved them—"had compassion" on them.

The instinct of human nature told them he was their friend, and they followed him in multitudes. He found it easier to

reach the masses than the classes, for "Not many wise men, after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

Of course, all this involved much self-denial and sacrifice, but the "way of the cross" is not one of luxury and indulgence. We cannot reach the masses, or go to heaven, either, on "flowery beds of ease."

The difficulty is not in knowing how to reach the masses, but in being willing to go on the only road they can be reached.

Between you and the Klondyke is a plain way, but there are many hardships and privations. The man who goes must be willing to suffer these. He must climb the snowy heights of Skaguay Pass; must take the chances of shooting the dangerous rapids of the Yukon; must endure the rigors of the Alaskan winter, with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero. If he will not, he need not start. But let him not sit at a comfortable fire at home, and discuss "how to reach" the gold fields of the Klondyke.

So let us no longer ask "how to reach the masses," and consume valuable time and breath in discussing a question which has been answered for thousands of years, and tens of thousands of times. Jesus answered it long ago; and Paul and Peter answered it. Luther and John Knox, and Wesley, and Wm. Carey, and Adoniram Judson, and David Brainerd, and George Whitfield, Robert Moffett, David Livingston, and thousands of other and humbler servants of the Master, men and women, who had his spirit and walked in his footsteps, have answered it.

I learned when a boy that "where there's a will, there's a way," and I have found it so. If a man has a will to go to the masses, he will *find a way*, or *make one*.

Dear Dr. Dabney used to pray that God would give us a "holy avarice for souls." That is what we want; not an unholy avarice for wealth or pleasure, or place or power, but a "holy avarice for souls." The man who has that will not ask the question, "How to reach the masses."

The man who has the avarice for gold will go to the Klondyke, though difficulties and death stare him in the face.

I would not conceal the fact that there are difficulties in reaching the masses. There are Skaguay Passes, Yukon rapids, and Arctic winters sometimes.

Pride will build mountains; self-indulgence will dig rapids,

and perverse human nature will often make your reception cold as the Klondyke.

But the "avarice for souls" will surmount these mountains, and brave these rapids, and suffer these winters of indifference and neglect.

Thank God there are no miles, mountains, nor rapids, on the way to the masses comparable to those on the way to the mines of gold on the frozen Klondyke.

Many delicate men and timid women have reached the masses, at home and abroad, without loss of life or limb, and won treasures richer than all the Klondykes of the world contain.

The road, though thorny and blood-stained sometimes, is plain and not far. You will find it easily, if you have this divine "avarice for souls," and you need not inquire "how to reach the masses."

Take up your cross and follow him.